
IRON KINGDOMS™
WORLD GUIDE
ROYAL VALIANT
FULL METAL FANTASY™
VOLUME 2
PRIVATEER PRESS™


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IRON KINGDOMS™
WORLD GUIDE
FULL METAL FANTASY
VOLUME TWO

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Foreword

You are holding in your hands the *Iron Kingdoms World Guide*, Full Metal Fantasy Volume Two, the companion guide to the first volume, the *Iron Kingdoms Character Guide*. Together these two huge offerings make up 800 detail-filled pages fleshing out the environs of western Immoren, half of the continent home to the lands of the Iron Kingdoms.

For those of you set to play in this campaign world—since you are reading this book, we assume you are—bear in mind that it is in utter turmoil. Humanity has fallen into the grip of war in most places, but this need not mean you must play a military-style campaign. If you own the *Monsternomicon* then you have plenty of challenges to face without ever running into a patrol of roving soldiers or a wandering warcaster convinced that every adventurer he meets is suspect of treason. However, many details and callouts entitled "Winds of War" provide options to allow a campaign to be at least moderately touched by the hand of war (if you are interested in this facet of our game, check out our WARMACHINE line).

This Guide has a multitude of choices: campaigns can be styled for adventurers seeking to uncover treasures and relics, to right wrongs, to make a difference in the war, to dabble perhaps in politics of either church or state in the upper echelons of Immorese society, or to engage in a combination of these. Aside from the five lands of men (Cygnar, Khador, Llael, Ord, and the Protectorate of Menoth), journeys can be made to—or begin from—the lands of the elves (Ios), the dwarves (Rhul), the winter elves (the Nyss), or the grisly, blighted places of the tortured and the undead (Cryx, the Nightmare Empire).

Details for locales and every city on the enclosed map are here for the taking. Each is a solid launch point for adding to any Iron Kingdoms campaign. Want to start your campaign in Caspia? Go for it. How about Korsk? You can. Ghord? Sure. Five Fingers? Yep. Skell? Uh, yeah… but are you sure about that? The point is that we have gone to the trouble to give you a feel for EVERY city, so no stone is left un-nudged if not unturned. Not only that, but callouts entitled "Rumor Has It" are provided sporadically herein, intended to jumpstart an adventure session or two or even an entire campaign for some of them (hence, players should avoid reading these if possible; consider them for GM's eyes only).

We mentioned Full Metal Fantasy Volume One, the *Iron Kingdoms Character Guide*, and it is important you get your hands on a copy. That is, if you want to realize the full experience. Whereas this tome provides world-related details, the Character Guide contains plenty of rules-related bits: base classes, prestige classes, information on races, weapons and gear (pistols, rifles, grenades, and goggles!), cosmology, religion, and plenty of detailed magical and mechanikal affects. You want to play a gun mage, an arcane mechanik, a battle chaplain, or a warcaster? You need the Character Guide.

Whether you have *Full Metal Fantasy Volume One* or not, now is the time to settle in and let the Iron Kingdoms unfold before you. Take a deep breath. You are about to be immersed. We do not suggest reading the book straight through in one sitting, for that can be dangerous to your health and sanity—but if both of those are already shot, go right ahead! The history chapter is right up front, and that is where we suggest you begin. Once you have a firm grasp on the human-centric historical details, you will be ready to navigate to your favorite kingdom and dive right in. Four hundred epic pages, my friends. Eight hundred if you have both Guides.

We'll see you in a few days on the other side.



—Joe Martin, Editor-in-Chief

World Guide Summary

Aside from spells and magic related terms that require italics due to the directives put forth in the OGL, words that are considered unique Iron Kingdoms terms are often emphasized in italics the first time they appear in a particular chapter. This primarily serves to bring emphasis to these Iron Kingdoms-specified terms.

Some character names throughout the IKWG are followed by abbreviated stats in parenthesis. Characters with abbreviated stats are considered alive and well somewhere in western Immoren and the creators urge you to feel free to place these characters in your Iron Kingdoms campaigns. See the appendix for a complete list of all of the characters in the IKWG along with their abbreviated stats.

A Word about Callouts

Whenever text is set aside in this method in the book, it is strongly suggested as intended for *GM's Eyes Only*. Those who read these callouts will typically learn more than the game master would like, hence players should avoid them.

Below is a summary of the chapters to follow:

Chapter One: Timeline and History

Chapter one presents a basic overview of the history of the Iron Kingdoms integrated with a timeline of events along with key dates. In this chapter the reader will find general details regarding the historical perspective according to humans, more or less, and this chapter outlines the various eras as perceived by men.

Chapter Two: Industries, Institutions & Society

The second chapter presents aspects of trade in the Iron Kingdoms including currency and exchange rates, a history of mechanization and industrialization, loads of mercantile organizations with which characters may interact, common trades and professions, details on education, entertainment, and law in the kingdoms, and loads of useful callouts to help GMs flesh out their Iron Kingdoms campaigns.

Chapters Three through Eight

Every kingdom receives its respective chapter in this Guide complete with hierarchies, rulers, philosophies, details for EVERY city in the kingdoms, and more.

Abbreviations used in the IK

BASE CLASSES

Bbn: barbarian

Brd: Bard

Clr: Cleric

Drd: Druid

Ftr: Fighter

Mnk: Monk

Pal: Paladin

Rgr: Ranger

Rog: Rogue

Sor: Sorcerer

Wiz: Wizard

Abj: Abjurer

Cjr: Conjurer

Div: Diviner

Enc: Enchanter

Evo: Evoker

Ill: Illusionist

Nec: Necromancer

Tra: Transmuter

NPC CLASSES

Adp: Adept

Ari: Aristocrat

Com: Commoner

Exp: Expert

War: Warrior

IK CLASSES

Amk: Arcane Mechanik

Alc: Alchemist

Bdg: Bodger

Flc: Fell Caller

Gmg: Gun Mage

IK PRESTIGE CLASSES

AdvSch: Adventuring Scholar

Bcp: Battle Chaplain

Blc: Blackclad

BnGr: Bone Grinder

Exe: Exemplar

Inf: Infernalist

MgHtr: Mage Hunter

MonHtr: Monster Hunter

Ptr: Pistoleer

Rfl: Rifleman

Scr: Scrutator

Ssm: Second-story man

Wrc: Warcaster

IK BOOK REFERENCES

IKCG: Iron Kingdoms Character Guide

IKWG: Iron Kingdoms World Guide

WFT: Witchfire Trilogy

TLN: The Longest Night (WFT #1)

SOTE: Shadow of the Exile (WFT #2)

LOLS: The Legion of Lost Souls (WFT #3)

L&L: Lock & Load

L&L:CP: Lock & Load: Character Primer

MN1: Monsternomicon, Vol. 1



History & Timeline

You are too ripe with the insolence of youth! You should at once realize we must not—we cannot!—forget our own legacy. As we take breath, so do we breathe life into our heritage, as do the Khards, the Umbreans, the Skirov… even the southlanders! We possess something sacred and beautiful that must not die. It is called history.

—Vislan Skazagor, a Kossite sage admonishing some brassy academics and kayazy

The Chronicles of the Past

The depths of knowledge and its secrets are unto a long lost ruin with hidden halls, for inside them the treasures of wisdom, knowledge, and learning await discovery. Those who lack the vision to learn from the errors of the past ignore such lore. They are blind to the cautionary tales of history while those who are observant learn from them, arming themselves with the knowledge of the past. Chronicles and records exist from the earliest stages of human civilization, and ruins and legend hint at the mysteries hidden within the depths of time. Scholarly pursuers of history's secrets have delved into such places, most notably Ancient Icthier, and uncovered telling clues to the origins of human history.

Of course, matters exist outside of human history as well: the rise of the Rhulic Moot, the fall of the Bridge of Worlds, the Athanc War, and other tales have surfaced from within the envelope of time. Aforementioned accounts from Ancient Icthier date back to the Warlord Era when Menite priest kings ruled with absolute power and the Lawgiver's blessing. Beyond that comes the time of the Thousand Cities, when independent states clashed and the great civilization of Morrdh fell to ruin. The ascension of Morrow and Thamar changed the light of religion and created a vast schism that exists even now. It brought about a revolution of faith that usurped the rule of the Lawgiver and brought about a religion based on compassion and freedom as well as a cult devoted to darkness and fear.

Just as innovations of thought and progress were transforming western Immoren, in came the Orgoth with their bloody swords and dark magic. Centuries passed and the fires of invention and the sparks of a dark gift ushered in the Rebellion Era, when colossal machines walked the lands and sent the invaders fleeing back across dark Meredius. Once the Orgoth left Immoren, the Iron Kingdoms truly began. Nations were founded by the Treaties of Corvis and formed the major building blocks of the Modern Era.

Annals of the previous two centuries reveal astounding progress in so short a time. Most notably, constant innovations have given rise to a deadly new age of warfare in which ten-ton engines of destruction meet on blasted battlefields illuminated by constant gunfire and lightning from the heavens. Now the road of the past leads to the desires of an ambitious queen, a kingdom under siege by those it exiled, and a dark threat from beyond the Broken Coast. Now more than ever,, understanding the past is vital in such turbulent times.

Tracking the Past: Time and History

Modern human accounts of history use the Morrowan Calendar as the reference for dates and times. Times before the Orgoth rebellion are referred to as Before Rebellion (BR) while times after the rebellion are referred to as After Rebellion (AR). Some historical annals may use the ancient Caspian Calendar, which is somewhat compatible with the modern Morrowan Calendar. This allows scholars to approximate a corresponding date without too much difficulty. While the calendars of Rhul and Ios are used in reference to the passage of time, scholars have studied them, and through a complex set of formulas they have converted these dates into Morrowan approximates. It is not necessary to understand the intricacies of the Eternal Wheel or the Iosan Calendar, for all of the events are approximated here via the Morrowan Calendar.



The Sands of Icthier: Immoren's Pre-History

The Old Races: Lyoss and the Rhulic Moot

Historians theorize that before man discovered the gift of civilization, a time of chaos existed when nomadic tribes and clans lived amidst the wilds of Immoren. The only true civilizations known to exist were those of the Rhulfolk and the Iosans. The Rhulfolk were well in the beginnings of their own society millennia before humans began to thrive. However, constant strife between the clans of the dwarves held back the progress of their civilization. 2,500 years before humans settled the lands now comprising the Protectorate of Menoth and the Bloodstone Marches, the dwarves of Rhul fought a great and bloody war. The dwarves refer to this dark and angry time as the Feud of the Ages, and historians estimate this took place about 8,500 BR.

The Feud of Ages ended abruptly circa 8,200 BR when a group of clans withdrew and moved north. Their leaders realized that further conflict would drive the Rhulfolk apart into utter barbarism, so thirteen clans left the others to their ends and moved their people to settle in what is now known as Ghord. The well-defended region surrounding the dwarves contained bountiful land, water, and wildlife, and these Rhulfolk prospered in their relative isolation.

The foundation of the Rhulic Moot predates human civilization by about 1,000 years. This is the best guess of historians based on the remnants of Moot records. The earliest tablets are ancient religious artifacts the dwarves claim date to circa 7,500 BR. Human historians assume the dwarves founded the Moot to regulate the feuds arising between clans in the region. Many dwarven historians, typically priests, claim the Great Fathers themselves handed down the tablets of the Moot and they contained instructions and laws allowing the dwarves to co-exist without worry of decaying into a barbaric state of constant war ever again.

The Arcane Arts of Rhul

While stone tablets and ancient scrolls do exist that supposedly predate the creation of the Moot, it is a fact that once the Moot was established the dwarves began to manifest an ability in arcane magic. Whether the Great Fathers handed this knowledge down to the dwarves is up for debate. Most of them firmly believe that the Great Fathers imparted the wisdom of magic with strict rules regarding its use, and dwarven practitioners of the arcane are known to follow specific rules and rites in accordance with their magic. While not necessarily religious in use, the dwarves' wizardry is treated as a power deserving respect and caution.

Older than the Moot are Rhulic records of the Empire of Lyoss far to the east across the expanse that would become the Bloodstone Marches. Rhulic and human historians agree that Lyoss thrived as far back as 10,000 BR, and the elves of this empire had a civilization that produced mathematics, textiles, stonework, and metals such as bronze, copper, and enchanted iron. The elves of Lyoss relied on magic as a tool in their society and used it as a way to accomplish nigh-impossible tasks.

The foundation of Lyoss was supposedly due to the unification of elven tribes gathering for the purpose of veneration. It was an ancient civilization ruled by Fanes who communicated directly with their deities. Under the tutelage of the Fane, elves developed a complex society emphasizing harmony with natural forces, communion with the gods, and the pursuit of martial and arcane perfection. At some point Lyoss collapsed, leaving a shattered and beleaguered populace striving for survival in hostile lands. Although details of this time are scattered, the collapse of Lyoss coincides with cataclysmic events that impacted humanity.

The Ascent of Man: The Wisdom of Icthier

While the dwarves warred with one another and the Lyosans pursued knowledge and learning, humanity was comprised of nomadic clans. The threats of the time were considerable. Harsh weather, deadly monsters, and the predations of other human tribes often forced different groups to form alliances. Competition with other races also posed a threat, and it is interesting that bogrin, gobbers, trollkin, and ogrun all managed to survive human settlement of western Immoren. Many historians theorize that civilized humanity came not from within western Immoren, but from the south or perhaps the east.

Menite priests maintain that the first human civilization rose up around what is now Ancient Icthier where the ruins predate human history. For Menites this city is the revered origin of the *Canon of the True Law*, their first and most sacred scripture, for it was at Icthier that the holy text was discovered inscribed upon

the walls. The *Canon* outlines the worship of Menoth as well as the basic laws of human society. Though historians consider Icthier a web of mysteries, they agree humanity began settling the surrounding area in great numbers around 6,500 BR. Oddly enough, this also coincides with the first human records of the worship of Menoth and the rise of the priest referred to as Cinot.

Legends state Cinot could turn ash into grain and salt into nectar. His faith in Menoth was undoubtedly powerful, yet his greatest gift seems to have originated from the implementation of agriculture and law. He taught not just simple farming either, for signs of irrigation ditches and complex aqueducts are as old as Icthier's settlement. Cinot was a true marvel of the time. He was an engineer, scholar, philosopher, and healer who exalted humanity from a shuffling collection of warring tribes into a grand civilization. The Temple Wall of Cinot still stands in the High Temple of the Canon in Ancient Icthier, supposedly available for privileged Menites who wish to study writings personally translated by Cinot.

During this time, Menite priests formed a distinct hierarchy. Sage-priests taught the populace, dispensed wisdom, and tended the sick, elderly, and dying. Warrior-priests defended the people from the dangers of predatory barbarian tribes to whom historians refer as the Ur-Molgur. Warrior-priests also enforced the law and hunted down beasts and creatures that stalked the lands of Icthier's settlements. This division of duty shaped the distinction of orders that continue today, especially in the Protectorate of Menoth.

Ancient Icthier served as the cradle of human civilization, yet around 5,500 BR a warrior-priest known as Belcor and a sage-priest named Geth led the Exodus northward. The lands around Icthier had become too populated, so over the next 700 years the Exodus led Menites to settle all lands from Icthier to the low-lying valleys where the Black River empties into the Gulf of Cygnar.

From Below it Devours: The Threat of the Molgur

Throughout the rise of human civilization, other races warred, grew, and learned. Between the ogrun tribes, trollkin and goblin clans, and barbaric, shamanistic humans of the time, conflict had no lack

Timeline of the Iron Kingdoms

Prehistoric Era (Old Races Era)

c. 10,000 BR	All of the elven tribes unite as the Empire of Lyoss (far to the east beyond the Bloodstone Marches).
c. 8500 BR	Feud of Ages begins among the dwarves.
c. 8200 BR	Feud of Ages ends Stone Lords of the Thirteen Great Clans settle in Ghord.
c. 7500 BR	The Dwarven Moot composed of the Hundred Houses in Ghord is established; Dwarves are granted the lore of arcane magic by their gods with strict rules regarding its use.
c. 6500 BR	*The Canon of the True Law* is discovered at the ruins of Icthier by tribes of nomadic humans. Menoth worship begins.
c. 6000 BR	Many tribes of nomadic humans begin settling into agricultural communities around Ancient Icthier. Cinot is credited with teaching agriculture to early tribes.
c. 5500 BR	Menite priests Belcor and Geth lead Exodus northward from Ancient Icthier in search of more fertile lands.
c. 4800 BR	Humans begin settling around the Black River at the Valley of Morrdh.
c. 4250 BR	The elves begin to build the mystical Bridge of Worlds in order to span the gap between Caen and the Veld.
c. 4000 BR	The Bridge of Worlds is completed and the elven gods come to Caen, whereupon the bridge explodes and destroys Lyoss.



A Trollkin shaman of the Molgur divines the will of the Devourer Wurm.

of company. Many human tribes learned to tap into a destructive force that knew no bounds—the Devourer Wurm. Through sacrifice, ritual, and ordeal, barbarian shamans learned how to supplicate and harness such power, and the sacrificial rites of these tribes involved cannibalism, mutilation, and all manner of depravity.

Eventually the tribes began to take on a new shape. Some of them, led by shamans wise in the ways of the Wurm, began to take ogrun, trollkin, and gobber slaves. These tribes amalgamated into a complex tribal society, sometimes led by humans or at other times by bogrin or trollkin, and this eventually led to the formation of the Molgur.

The Molgur were unlike anything seen before or since. "Molgur" is an ancient word with a lost meaning, but many say it is synonymous with ogrun, for they still speak a variant of the original dialect. In the past, however, the Molgur were perhaps the most frightening sight a warrior-priest of Icthier could face. Imagine a thousand fierce warriors tattooed and painted with the blood of captured slaves and fallen foes, frenzied all the more after having feasted on the hearts of their enemies. They were referred to as half-man and half-beast which coincides with historic evidence that the Tharn also existed among their number. Side by side, ogrun, trollkin, human, and Tharn charged towards the spear and sword-wielding men of ancient times like a wave of darkness against the bright light of civilization.

Unexpectedly around 4,000 BR, storms and a vast bright light erased the night in the lands surrounding Icthier. From all accounts, the night sky became as day with light shining in all manner of baleful colors. The very earth opened up to swallow entire towns and settlements while a rain of fire lasting sixty days and sixty nights blasted the verdant plains of the Bloodstone Marches. The shape of the land changed, and overnight the northwestern lands of the Marches became incredibly hostile. Lakes dried up, livestock became barren, and the storms washing out of the plains forced aggressive, dangerous creatures to roam into human lands. The Time of the Burning Sky, as the sage priest Angrund named it, scattered the Menites of the northeast plains and forced the dwellers in southern lands into the region near modern Caspia and Sul. The proud city of Ancient Icthier, the first city of men, was abandoned, and it would remain so for several millennia.

c. 3900 BR	Shyrr is founded along with other great cities in Ios.
c. 3700 BR	Molgur tribes dominate most all of western Immoren and vie for control.
c. 3500 BR	Lords of Morrdh unite settlements, creating the first civilized kingdom of humans. Morrdh begins claiming Molgur territory. Toruk creates his dragon brood.
Warlord Era	
c. 2800 BR	Warrior-priest Valent Thrace establishes the Hold of Calacia.
c. 2230 BR	Priest King Golivant of Calacia is born.
c. 2200 BR	Priest King Golivant drives the Molgur tribes from the Wyrmwall. Priest King Khardovic is born.
c. 2175 BR	Priest King Golivant dies and his kingdom breaks up.
c. 2170 BR	Priest King Khardovic founds the Kingdom of Khard.
c. 2050 BR	King Golivant III re-conquers Calacia and renames it Caspia.
c. 2045 BR	Priest King Khardovic dies.
Thousand Cities Era & the Rise of Morrow	
c. 1930 BR	The Twins, Morrow and Thamar, are born.
c. 1900 BR	The Twins, Morrow and Thamar, ascend after the march to Caspia. The Cult of Morrow begins to spread.

The Ruin of Lyoss

In 4,250 BR, the elves of Lyoss began a project that, thanks to their pride and hubris, would bring about cataclysmic changes for themselves and humanity. Encompassing all facets of their civilization, the elves single-mindedly devoted themselves to a great work that would bring their living gods from the Veld. They set out to create a bridge to span the distance between the Veld and Caen and act as a conduit between the two worlds.

It took only 250 years to create the arcane framework of the Bridge of Worlds, which was a surprisingly short time considering the elves' arcane power in this era. Once opened, the bridge allowed the elven gods to come from the Veld to Caen, but something went awry. Perhaps some ancient elven fane holds the secrets of this terrible mishap, but whatever happened is unknown to man or dwarf. The effects, however, were spectacular and disastrous. The Bridge of Worlds succeeded in bringing the gods of Lyoss to Caen from the Veld. While the gods arrived unscathed, the bridge tore itself apart in a spasm of arcane destruction. The resulting calamity dropped fragmented portions of the bridge upon Caen. Priests of Menoth called this event the Time of the Burning Sky, and Rhulic records call it the Lament of Ghor. Both races reported it as a great glowing in the sky.

Lyoss, the earthly palace of the elven gods, was destroyed by the shockwave at the aperture that formed the gateway to the bridge. The city, in every way the center of elven society, was leveled in an instant by an explosive force so massive it eradicated any possibility of ruins or remnants. The surviving Lyosans, nursed by their wounded gods, abandoned the smoldering corpse of their nation and moved west at the behest of their Fane, settling in the region that would eventually become Ios.

Spare your people the ruin of dragons!

—Khardic inscription on an unearthed tablet, circa 792 BR

The Athanc War

For centuries scholars infatuated with the lore of the monstrous have hinted at a vast struggle often so terribly subtle that man has not noticed it even when caught in the midst of the battlefield. This conflict is the Athanc War, and the dragons of Caen have been fighting it for millennia.

As told in the *Wyrmsaga Cycle* (circa 600 BR), the Athanc War started in the time of the rise of Morrdh. The Great Dragon Toruk, arrogant with power and filled with the desire to dominate all things, gave birth to His get by splintering His own massive heartstone, His *athanc*, and hatching a brood from the shards of His soul. These creatures were to be His children who would stand beside Him and enforce His claim over Caen. However, in His arrogance Toruk failed to account for the nature of His get.

His children, hungry for their own freedom, rebelled against the Dragonfather and tore at His hide with claw and tooth. Some escaped Toruk's wrath; others rejoined His flesh when they were consumed by His teeth and the flame in His belly. Since the beginning of this struggle, the accounts of the Lord of Dragons have been terrible indeed, for He has hunted His children through the ages seeking to devour the shards of His heart that they contain within their breasts. The Athanc War is much more than a war between dragons it would seem: it is a god struggling to reclaim power from His unwilling children.

Over the years it has been proven to scholars and explorers that the dragons themselves did not simply band with one another to defeat Toruk. No, the competitive nature of dragons drives them to consume each other, feasting on one another's heartstones to grow in power. As Toruk reclaims the fragments of His soul, so do His children inherit the power of the siblings they devour. Each athanc is part of a whole and seeks to be together, yet the mind of each dragon guards that power.

For millennia, dragons have fallen to one another. Ancient works of art confirm that Toruk slew the legendary White Dragon of the Wyrmwall Shazkz, the scourge of Calacia, in an epic battle recorded in tapestries and woodprints as well as in the *Wyrmsaga Cycle*. One record dating back to the Occupation recounts the Orgoth slaying an unnamed dragon. The creature was said to be reborn within the confines of an Orgoth temple where its athanc was to be sacrificed. In the resulting carnage the dragon laid waste to the temple before flying off under the cover of darkness. The Iosans are known to have slain the dragon Everblight in 390 after it assailed the city of Issyrah. Their army suffered horrendous losses, but they eventually felled the great beast. It is said Everblight's athanc lays ensorcelled within elven wards at Nrynrr Lyss, or the "Top of the World."

Then there is Cryx, a dark empire forged in Toruk's shadow. Though the foundation of the Nightmare Empire is shrouded in mystery, it is believed the Dragonfather established His black nation in the days of the Thousand Cities before the Orgoth. Since its onset, Cryx has grown in power: Cryxian reavers have continuously raided the coastlands, testing the strength of its nations and stealing away with both living and dead.

Sightings of the great dragons continue into present day. Blighterghast, Halfaug, and Scaefang have been seen near the realms of mortal men. Perhaps the Athanc War—that silent menace looming over all of western Immoren—is on the rise again.

The Rise of Morrdh

At roughly the same time the Molgur began to grow in strength, a human tribe settled an area between what is now Cygnar and Khador. Before becoming a region of swamps and tangled forest, it was known as the valley of Morrdh. The forests were unsettled and primal, but

the valley—its precise location now unknown, its ruins lay moldering somewhere beneath the canopy of the Thornwood—was the center of Morrdh.

While the Molgur assailed Menites to the south, warriors of Morrdh began taking Molgur lives in the north. While this kept a balance in terms of civilization versus the barbaric throngs, it also meant that Morrdh was an aggressive culture even in the early phases of its development. It is said the kingdom arose out of ten separate smaller provinces, each controlled by a warlord. The warlords of these regions decided to unite around 3,500 BR under the banner of one leader. Morrdh soon became a fierce opponent of the Molgur but never came into conflict with the southern kingdoms or even the kingdoms of Khard.

The fate of Morrdh remains a mystery. What historians know is that references to Morrdh by other cultures call it the "Black Kingdom." Writings recovered from the time claim that the dead did not die in Morrdh and that the spirits of ancient evils dwelt there in number. While this may be superstitious mythology, there is no doubt the people of Morrdh left a mysterious legacy and undoubtedly great evils slumber in the depths of the Thornwood.

From the Lawgiver to Man: The Warlord Era

The Warlord Era is the foundation of civilization, when Menite warrior-priests struggled against the forces of barbarism. It was a raw time of great savagery and bloodshed marked with the founding of new city-states. It was a new time when even the smallest village existed behind walls, and prayers to Menoth were often the only difference between life and death in the dark wilds. With the beginning of the Warlord Era, the priest-kings of Calacia and Khard would tame the wild with the rule of law and the judgment of steel. Truly, the Warlord Era is a time when the worshippers of Menoth faced off against the barbaric throngs enslaved to the Devourer Wurm's fierce energy and chaotic ritual. It was a struggle between the gods fought by their followers. If the Menites had failed, civilization would have fallen into utter darkness.

Calacia: The Shield of Thrace

The beginnings of modern Cygnar came into being at the edge of the Wyrmwall, sandwiched between the

c. 1880 BR	Menite priests initiate the Purging.
1866 BR	Orellius I founds the Divinium in the Wyrmwall Mountains.
c. 1850 BR	Rab Vinstra leads the Midar from Morrdh and establishes the Midar Kingdom.
c. 1690 BR	Kossite, Skirov, and Khardic tribes battle for regional dominance.
c. 1670 BR	Plague ravages Kossite and Skirov tribes. Khards seize Molga and rename it Khardov.
1612 BR	Human clans unite establishing Thuria. Trollkin migrate northward.
c. 1500 BR	The kingdom of Morrdh disintegrates due to causes unknown.
c. 1450 BR	Khardov, the largest city of the north, begins exercising dominance over neighboring territories, primarily through force of arms.
1421 BR	Sveynod Skelvoro declares himself first Emperor of Khard.
1415 BR	Khard-Kos War begins.
1387 BR	Toruk kills and consumes the athanc of the dragon Gaulvang.
1382 BR	Kos surrenders to the Khards ending the Khard-Kos War.
1370 BR	Several allied warlords establish the nation of Tordor.
1330 BR	Horselords join the Khardic Empire.

hunting grounds of the Molgur and the wastes of the Bloodstone Marches to the east. The settlements, towns, cities, and various temples and outposts that riddled the area near modern Caspia unified in voice and purpose under the lawful decree of the warrior-priest Valent of Thrace around 2,800 BR. The united towns quickly amalgamated defenses and resources, and under Thrace's rule they formed the Hold of Calacia numbering over 50,000 men, women, and children united in purpose to weather the assaults of the Molgur together.

Over time, Calacia grew. Thrace's legacy, a lineage of warrior-priests now known as priest-kings, eventually came to rule over roughly 300,000 human souls. The forces of the Calacian Priest-King patrolled not only the stone walls known as the Shield of Thrace, but also the edges of the Wyrmwall combating the Molgur and tracking their raids back to the source. Despite the Time of the Burning Sky, the Menites had endured.

The Shield of Thrace

The low-lying wall once known as the Shield of Thrace spans the distance between the fortress of Eastwall and Salt Vale Lake. During the time of the Molgur, the wall itself stood 18 feet high with a 30-foot tall tower roughly every mile and a heavily guarded gate every five miles. Caspians scavenged the wall hundreds of years later for building supplies, since the threat of the Molgur no longer existed and the need for stones and building material increased. Still, some sections of the wall exist specifically near the rail lines that bring trains from Steelwater Flats to Caspia.

During its time, the Shield of Thrace formed the final line of defense between the Molgur and the ripe lands of Calacia and was patrolled by 3,000 men and warrior-priests trained to defend the towers and raise alarms at all cost. Beyond the Shield were settlements and walled villages that extended out from the wall to the foothills of the Wyrmwall. These were the Swordlands and each one was under the jurisdiction of a specific warrior-priest and his cohort of troops.

The advancement of weaponry also aided Calacia. With long iron blades from their forges and the use of the recurved longbow, the warrior-priests and soldiers no longer had to rely on simple short spears and swords to fight the Molgur. They could now employ superior tactics, weaponry, and ranged combat. The warrior-priests were also taught prayers of fire and protection that, *"scaythed the eyrth, and grant'd thym the stryngth of strong boughs und thee flyghty spyd of mörcats,"* or so state the *Songs of Calarth* penned by an epic lyricist of the same name. The Calacians, it seemed, had learned to make the Molgur truly bleed.

Near 2,230 BR, the Priest-King Golivant was born. Under his rule, the kingdom of Calacia began to repay the Molgur for millennia of bloody conflict. The tribes of Molgur in the remaining wilds found themselves quickly hunted down and exterminated, and Golivant himself decimated the Gor-Murdrom Molgur with the aid of a legion of warrior-priests and a massive army that numbered 40,000 strong. With the last dying breath of the shamans of the Gor-Murdrom, the Molgur were driven northward from the Wyrmwall. Some survivors fled to deeper valleys and chasms in the upper Wyrmwall where they could lick their wounds, while others left the mainland completely and settled in the Scharde Islands.

Golivant died roughly 25 years after driving the Molgur out. With his death, Calacia fractured under a struggle between factions attempting to seize control of the throne. Rivals assassinated Golivant's son as he attempted to take the throne, and it was not until 2051 BR that Golivant's grandson, Golivant III, united the kingdom again and eventually renamed it Caspia.

Khard: The Stirring of the Wolf

As Golivant lay dying in Calacia (circa 2,175-2,170 BR), a fierce warrior-priest named Khardovic was attempting to unite his people in the north. Khardovic was a giant of a man, fierce and proud and given to paroxysms of prayer. With Menoth's blessing, he unified the northlands through blood and iron—it is said the crossroads in those days were decorated with pikes suspending the skulls of his enemies. Within five years Khardovic had forged his kingdom, whereupon he soon assembled an immense host with the purpose to assault all Devourer-worshipers in or near his realm.

The priest-king's attack was brutal and efficient. He had no time for a protracted war, and following the commandments he heard from Menoth, he took the war straight to the shamans of the mighty Molgur tribes. Oddly, once they were conquered many of the Molgur simply acquiesced to the rule of Menoth. With their shamans killed, the tribes laid down their arms and adopted the new religion; after all, Menoth did not ask them to sacrifice their second sons or virgin daughters to the beasts of the wild. By the time of his

death (circa 2,045 BR), Khardovic had converted over a million savages to the worshipping of Menoth.

The priest-king's bloodline endures to this day; indeed, the people of his nation's origin are called Khards. Fierce loyalty to his ideals and the ideals of the nation he called his "motherland" have instilled what is now Khador with a nationalistic pride back to the time of his reign. Some records suggest that Khardovic may have lived for over 150 years, and other chronicles show that he fathered over 30 sons and daughters to eight different wives during the span of his life. Because of this, almost every Khadoran noble claims some connection to the ancient priest-king.

The Fall of the Molgur

The Warlord Era closed with the extermination of the Molgur. The tribes had fallen into decline beneath the arrows and swords of Caspia and Khard. Ogrun and trollkin separated into their own clans while some ogrun fled east eventually settling in Rhul and forming kinships with the dwarves. Others fled south and across the sea, eventually embracing the teachings of Lord Toruk. The trollkin developed their culture and took what attributes from the Molgur that were unique to them. Kith and kriel became vitally important as well as the worship of Dhunia. Goblinkind, both gobber and bogrin, also began forming independent kriels with some taking to Dhunia worship. As the Molgur faded, so did the structure that had once unified these races in mad savagery.

The Warlord Era was a time of great strife, and stability increased as the constant warfare subsided. New innovations introduced such weapons as crossbows and steel blades and production facilities like waterwheels and mills. With the passing of that age the world grew more civilized, less driven by nature and the need for survival. It was a world where the privileged could now control the populace around them and build success for themselves and a legacy that would endure with time.

One Thousand Lords: The Thousand Cities Era

Rise of the Church of Morrow

By the close of the Warlord Era (circa 2,000 BR), the Menite faith had become the dominant religion. What

1322 BR	Tordoran Conquest of Thuria begins.
1313 BR	Tordor annexes Thuria ending the Tordoran Conquest.
1277 BR	Most Skirov chieftains renounce the Devourer, convert to Menoth, and pledge loyalty to the Khardic Empire.
1250 BR	Primarch Lorichias is assassinated by Khorva, a Menite scrutator. Asc. Katrena appears and slays Khorva in a massive display of power; ascension of Sc. Khorva.
1141 BR	Khardic Empire attacks Hellspass.
1118 BR	Hellspass War ends with ogruns swearing an oath to Khardic governors.
1102 BR	Umbrey declares itself an independent principality from the Khardic Empire.
1100 BR	Voldu Grova writes the earliest records of alchemy and refers to crude liquid explosives.
1073 BR	Kingdom of Rynyr is established.
c. 1000 BR	Toruk is forced from the mainland by his brood and relocates to the Scharde Islands.
940 BR	Printing press with moveable type is invented by Rector Janus Gilder.
840 BR	The Divine Court leaves Ios in search of a means to return to the Veld.
838 BR	Aeric discovers Nyssor in an icy chasm. Nyss settle in the far north.

began in the ruins of Icthier had laid the foundation for a religion that was church and state, law, order, and reason. All of the chains of spiritual fealty connected to Menoth and each vassal of the kingdoms of Caspia and Khard owed their souls to the Shaper of Man for his guidance and protection.

Scholars have come to mark the beginning of the Thousand Cities Era with the birth of Morrow and Thamar. Until the time of the Twins, a man could not choose his spiritual destiny. Before the rise of the Cult of Ascension, once a person was born his soul belonged to Menoth, but his body belonged to his earthly master. Representing Menoth on Caen were the priest-kings that ruled the cities of men. On Caen, the power of these tyrannical lords was absolute. Their subjects would serve from birth until death, at which time they would serve Menoth directly in Urcaen for all time. Though civilization had come to Immoren, for the vast majority this meant only servitude.

The Ascension of the Twins

Morrow and Thamar grew up in the realm of Caspia. Their great trials as they wandered together, as recorded in the pages of the *Enkheiridion*, led them to discover the path to Ascension—a divine state of being achieved by transcending the binds of a mortal existence. As they traveled the Twins spread their message of liberation, not just from slavery but also liberation of mind and soul. Over time they amassed a great number of followers on their journey, all eagerly pursuing a doctrine of "The Power of the Individual."

By 1,900 BR, what began as the Twins' personal trials had erupted into a movement. Morrow and Thamar had assembled an army of followers that they lead on a march through the center of western Immoren. They issued a call to the inhabitants of each city of oppressed Menites to seek their freedom. Thousands of desperate citizens poured from the cities in response. Sometimes they were allowed to leave peaceably but other times not without resistance. Always though, the Twins' flock swelled.

The march ended at the gates of Caspia. Tens of thousands in the great city responded to the Twins' call. Unlike the priest-kings of the other cities that had displayed little more than a perfunctory show of arms, the priest-king of Caspia sent out his army to destroy the heretical Twins and their supporters. In the pitched battle that ensued for six long days, the Army of the Twins was ultimately victorious.

It is written in the *Enkheiridion* that for three days, Morrow engaged the Priest King himself in mortal combat allowing Thamar to regain her strength, for she had suffered many wounds during the fray. Beyond the brink of exhaustion and wounded as well, Morrow summoned the last of his strength, and in a single stroke felled the champion of Menoth. As her brother collapsed in fatigue near his foe's corpse, it entered Thamar's mind that this great victory would be chronicled as Morrow's alone. She would not be second to anyone, even her own blood, and in that moment of his weakness, Thamar plunged a dagger into her brother's back and Morrow died. Holding his body aloft, she proclaimed him a fraud. Thamar stated that had he truly followed the path of Ascension he would never have been defeated in such a way, but at that instant Morrow's form evaporated in a brilliant display and his essence was seen rising skyward.

The assembled crowd had just witnessed the first Ascension, and the truth of what Morrow had preached for years was realized. For Thamar's betrayal, hundreds of Morrow's enraged followers set upon her. At the moment of her death, her soul too exited her body in a twisted plume of black vapor. It is written this blacked out the sun for several minutes and cast a shadow as dark as night and a chill as cold as the dead of winter. It was a second Ascension, but very few among them heard Thamar's final words: "The power of the individual is defeated by the chains of compassion."

Through Ascension, Morrow and Thamar proved that men could not be controlled by the will of the Creator or under the lash of men. They had become divine beings free of earthly and spiritual bonds and proved that men could aspire to anything and become whatever they wished.

Morrow and Thamar were so powerful in their realization of divinity that they became iconic in representing the paths that one could follow in order to gain enlightenment. At the time of their deaths and Ascension, the story of the Twins spread like wildfire through the Thousand Cities and marked a change in the age of humanity. Challenged by a religion that claimed souls could be free and not vassals to Menoth in Urcaen, many thousands converted from the rule of the Menite clergy. Over the next generation, the growing Cult of Morrow threatened the power of the priest kings. In response scrutators began the Purging by executing any and all Morrowans. They mercilessly eradicated entire communities and fought a war of intimidation that drove the flock of Morrow further into exile. In 1,866 BR, Nolland Orellius founded a monastery deep within the Wyrmwall Mountains dedicated to the study and worship of Morrow. The monastery was called the Divinium of Morrow and Nolland Orellius became Orellius I, the first Primarch of the Church of Morrow.

History Timeline

The Warlords Shadow: The Wars of the North, the Fall of Morrdh

While the Caspian scrutators were busy burning heretics and menofixing the unfaithful, the Khard's were still hard at war. By 1,690 BR the Kos, fragmented Skirov tribes, and Khardic warriors fought for dominance in what would become the central portions of Khador. This long running war was finally ended by a terrible plague that swept through the Skirov and Kos but mysteriously left the Khards unscathed.

In the days following the plague, the Khards grew strong while the Kos and Skirov struggled to recover from their losses. Soon the Khards fell upon them and conquered large portions of their lands. Among the cities conquered by the Khards was Molga, renamed Khardov in 1,673 AR in veneration of Khardovic whom they believe had delivered them from the ravages of the plague.

During this time, the kingdom of Morrdh, now past its peak, was torn apart by internal strife. Over 150 years before Khard went to war with the Kos and the Skirov, a Morridane lord led an exodus from the black kingdom of Morrdh. Morrdh and the Midar were at odds because of some "horrible affront." While historians are not certain of the facts, whatever the cause it was enough for war to break out and begin the fall of the Black Kingdom. The Midar later became the Midlunders and formed a strong independent culture. Morrowan refugees from the Purging found their way into Midlund circa 1,700 BR, and the spread of Morrows faith began in earnest.

By 1,500 BR, Morrdh was fragmented and broken. The rulers disappeared literally overnight, by all accounts fading from the earth like pale ghosts. What remained were fragmented clans and territories. The nation of Thuria, formed by united clans to fight the trollkin of the area, became the predominant culture near the southernmost remnants of lost Morrdh. Taking to Morrow's teachings and brought by Midlunders from the east, many Thurians adopted the religion as their own. The core bloodlines of Morrdh, the modern Morridane, became a degenerate and faithless culture willing to prey on those around them and lacking the strength to regain their formerly great kingdom.

By 1,443 BR Khardov was the largest city in the north, and it began to exercise its dominance over

822 BR	The Long Sun, a prolonged drought, kills over one million Immorese natives.
821 BR	The Horselord Wars begins between the Umbrean princes and the Khardic Empire.
743 BR	Drago Salvoro creates the first steam engine.
716 BR	Korska is conquered and the Umbrean princes swear fealty to the Khardic Empire ending the Horselord Wars.
714 BR	Korska, dubbed Old Korska, is made the eastern capital of the Khardic Empire; Khardov remains the primary seat of power as the western capital.
712 BR	Morrowans move the center of the church from the Divinium in the Wyrmwall Mountains to the newly founded Sancteum in Caspia.
c. 700 BR	The dragon Halfaug begins terrorizing the far north.
664 BR	Khardic Empire reaches its height.

Orgoth Occupation Era

600 BR	Orgoth blackships land in western Immoren and begin conquest of the Thousand Cities.
c. 600 BR	The Wyrmcycle Saga is penned.
593 BR	Tordor surrenders to the Orgoth after its powerful navy is utterly destroyed.
586 BR	Western Caspia falls completely under Orgoth control.

neighboring territories. Khardov's army was a well-trained, brutal fighting force that subjugated nearby settlements and continued to seize territory from the Kos and Skirov people. In 1,421 BR Sveynod Skelvoro declared himself the emperor of Khard.

During the spring of 1,415 BR, the Khard-Kos War began at Emperor Skelvoro's command. The war lasted for 33 years and saw some of the fiercest fighting in the north since the fall of the Molgur as armies numbering in the hundreds of thousands clashed. The Khardic Empire rapidly subjugated the Kos and brought them the teachings of Menoth.

By the end of the Khard-Kos War, Emperor Tzelevya Skelvoro, heir to Sveynod, continued his father's legacy of conquest by marching on the warlords of Tordor to the south. United against the Khards, the Tordorans repeatedly withstood Khardic offensives into their territory. In 1,330 BR, Emperor Skelvoro had once again turned his attentions to the north and persuaded the powerful horselords of the north to join the Khardic Empire. Though they submitted to Khardic rule, the horselords would not swear fealty to the Khardic emperor. With the horselords' aid, in 1,319 the Khardic Empire assailed the last strongholds of the Skirov. By 1,263 the last of the Skirov warchiefs abandoned their Devourer worship and pledged loyalty to the Empire and Menoth.

As time passed the strength of the Church of Morrow increased with many worshippers, churches, and temples throughout Caspia, Midlund, Tordor and Thuria. It grew to rival the strength of the Old Faith. By 1,250 BR, the Church of Morrow finally announced that it would no longer tolerate Menite persecution. In retaliation, the Menites dispatched Scrutator Khorva Sicarius to assassinate the reigning Morrowan Primarch Lorichias. The first Menite ever to visit the Divinium in the Wyrmwall Mountains, Khorva pretended to come on a mission of peace. Khorva was successful, but his success led to scandal and woe for the Temple of Menoth. As Khorva slew the Primarch, Ascendant Katrena appeared and slew Khorva. Khorva, believed to be a devout Menite, immediately ascended as a scion of Thamar. The resulting scandal shook the Scrutators to their core, and High Scrutator Hevellor Chasmius began an immediate inquisition to seek out Thamarite heresies within their ranks. Unable to deny Morrow's divinity, the Temple of Menoth ceased open hostilities against the Church of Morrow and declared its worshippers capable of doing good work though outside the wisdom of Menoth's guidance.

Horselords settled the Umbrean region in 1,169 BR uniting through trade and arranged marriages that established the noble lineages of the Tzepesci's, Umbreyko's, and Chardovosk's. By 1,102 BR Umbrey was powerful enough to declare itself an independent principality, and the horselords separated from the Khardic Empire. Korska became their capitol, and to the east of Umbrey, Gorlym of Hythyll established what would become the kingdom of Rynyr in 1,073 BR.

The Age of Reason: The Clockwork Renaissance

Around 1,100 BR an apothecary named Voldu Grova wrote about how to admix reagents in order to create a liquid explosive. The mixture, volatile when exposed to open air, could be stored in a sealed glass flask and thrown at an enemy to bathe him in fire.

By 1,000 BR Khards had devised a railed road upon which a horse-drawn carriage could be moved with speed. Although but thirty miles long, this innovation made traversing between town and mine easier, and many cities and mining communities built several dozen such roads. With applied engineering the rail systems soon appeared in mines to extract ore, move miners, and increase production to new heights.

Around this time in Mercir a reknowned rector of Morrow named Janus Gilder, an innovator by profession, built high quality clocks. Using his expertise, he applied a technique in making woodcut prints and combined it with clockwork. Janus commissioned a skilled woodcarver named Bortle Manhussen to hand carve reverse images of each page of the *Enkheiridion* in plates of hardwood. Using a clockwork mechanism, Janus ran ink across the blocks and fed sheets of vellum into a rolling mechanism passing them over the carved blocks. In this way, Rector Gilder produced a few dozen copies of the *Enkheiridion* in the space of a few days. This mechanism known as the Janus block press in time evolved into the Janus type press, and soon after paper printing by moveable type had been born.

Scholars say at this time the Age of Reason began in earnest. During the next two hundred years, clockwork

mechanisms came into vogue as new ways to deal with problems. The clockwork-repeating crossbow, the Adler stereoscope, and other inventions of the time escalated the wonders of Caspia and Khard to include such things as the first practical telescopes, observatories, and sextants for measuring the stars and distance. Cartography advanced immensely during this time, and cartographers and charters made the first accurate maps of the Broken Coast and the shores of Meredius.

Naval warfare also became more prevalent. The primitive longships of the past were obsolete. Now rigged cutters and frigates sailed between nations carrying casks of liquor, bolts of cloth, spice, and grain. Trade increased and commerce grew.

The Time of The Long Sun in 822 BR marks a downward turn in history. This drought slew Idrians in the hundreds of thousands and forced many to vacate the Bloodstone Marches for a more hospitable location. Some Idrians seeking to escape drought settled near a ruined city where water from the Harger River sat fresh in vast stone-capped reservoirs. Lying partially buried by the sands of time, this city possessed writing engraved on the streets, walls, and ceilings of every structure. It was, in fact, the remains of Ancient Icthier. The Time of the Long Sun did not slay those who dwelt near the dusty ruins, but the Bloodstone Marches grew immensely over the next decade. The desert expanded from the fringes of the Pillars of Rotterhorn to the shores of the Cygnaran Gulf by 812 BR.

By 730 BR Caspia had claimed all of the land south of the Dragon's Tongue River and west of the Black River. Midlund and Thuria had become provinces under Caspian protection. In 712 BR the Primarch of Morrow moved the Sancteum from the Upper Wyrmwall to Caspia, by then called the great City of Walls.

Meanwhile, much war and strife befell the north as the horselords of Umbrey submitted after a decades-long brutal campaign with the Khardic Empire. The Umbrean princes of the Black Ring were forced to swear fealty to the Empire in 716 BR whereupon the Horselord Wars came to an end. Korska itself became the eastern capital of the Khardic Empire and began being known as Old Korska while Khardov remained the primary seat of power in the west. As a gesture to bring their peoples together, the Khards renamed Stasikov to Korsk to honor the Umbrean Princes, and it became the location of many horselord estates and holdings.

581 BR	Orgoth invasion stalls at the southern provinces of the Khardic Empire.
569 BR	Khardic Empire falls to the Orgoth; Old Korska is completely destroyed.
542 BR	Orgoth armies conquer Rynyr.
538 BR	Toruk destroys an Orgoth fleet bound for the Scharde Islands.
433 BR	Orgoth Empire exercises absolute power over the kingdoms of men in western Immoren.
370 BR	Orgoth are said to have slain an unnamed dragon at Uld Vroggen. The dragon's athanc is placed in a temple; within the month the athanc hatches and the wyrmling burns the temple to the ground.
c. 150 BR	Thamar negotiates the Gift of magic and imparts it to men.
140 BR	The Rivening: almost all elven clerics lose their power.
137 BR	First Immorese person with sorcerous abilities discovered at Tarna.
96 BR	Sebastien Kerwin, the Father of Wizardry, circulates his study of the principles of arcane magic entitled *Dissertations on Thaumaturgical Formulation.*
90 BR	Sebastien Kerwin pens *The Essence of Divine Magic.*
81 BR	Sebastien Kerwin tutors wizards and institutes the Arcanist's Academe.
73 AR	Sebastien Kerwin pens *Principia Arcana Magus.*

Technology continued to progress as Copolius penned *Crucibilus Synthetatus* in 753 BR, the most detailed work on alchemy in its time. Large quantities of the book were printed, and it became the key text and reference for alchemists throughout the Thousand Cities. In 743 BR the engineer Drago Salvoro witnessed an explosion as he tested the first heated boiler. As inventor of the steam engine, Salvoro received the Imperial Scientific Bursary. After Salvoro died in an unfortunate accident, his work continued on the shoulders of an astute dwarf named Urbul Rothbal who pioneered the first effective steam engine. By 698 BR steam engines powered most of the heavy equipment in Khardic mines. Haulers, steam powered drills, and ore sifters were all converted to run from steam power instead of water driven mills.

At the height of the Khardic Empire (660-605 BR) all manner of technological innovations were implemented. Leonid Bratakov invented the first trinary piston-driven steam engine in 635 BR, which became used in heavy equipment and industry. 620 BR brought forth the first construction of steam-powered vessels built by Tordoran merchants and Caspian shipwrights, and around that time the first powered locomotive was constructed in Korsk. The Khards also intended to construct a rail line from Korsk to the mines of Skirov, but their plan suddenly halted by the momentous landing of hostile invaders from the sea. The Khardic Empire immediately refocused its energies into defense.

As construction of the Archcourt Cathedral finished in Caspia around 610 BR, the news of the invaders caused a great deal of concern. At first many dismissed the reports because they believed the incursions were made up of marauding long ships from the Broken Coast or the Scharde Isles. After communities ceased sending dispatches and couriers however, it became apparent this was not the work of simple raiders.

A Storm from the Western Seas: Orgoth Occupation Era

Darkness Upon the Shores: The Arrival of the Orgoth

The earliest records of the Orgoth come from firsthand accounts of Caspian sailors who witnessed the arrival of Orgoth blackships in 600 BR. Such vessels had largely been the subject of rumor and hearsay in the southlands, yet there was little doubt the Khardic Empire was at war with some mysterious force from either the north or Meredius. By the end of that year, countless Orgoth troops landed bearing steel and were aided by dark magic as they began taking the Thousand Cities by force.

Tordor, the nation that had held off the Khardic Empire for generations with such bravery and skill at arms, folded under the Orgoth assault. In the space of three years, Tordor was reduced to a nation of slaves. The Tordoran navy, once a proud and powerful fleet, had been reduced to tinder with storm magic wielded by terrible warwitches. Orgoth invaders spread like blight and conquered everything in their path despite the increased resistance put up by Thurians and Midlunders. The Tordoran warrior-poet Dergen Marterosa (623-592 BR) penned the appearance of the Orgoth in his journal only weeks before his death at their hands:

They are the blackest of things. I have seen them shearing the hair off women and children to make rope with which to hang their own fathers and husbands. While we strike at their armored beasts, they laugh. Their robed women make play with strange words, turning the air dark with hate and causing fires that boil flesh. Even the prayers of our priests faze them little. They are implacable, as dark as the deepest waters of Meredius. They are made of hatred and blood and covered in armor wrought with leering faces that actually howl in torment. These Orgoth have brought an evil stain with them.

While the Orgoth carved out a hold in Tordor, they began staging attacks against both Caspia and the lower Khardic provinces. By 589 BR, the steam powered river vessels of the Caspians and Tordoran exiles began making river raids against Orgoth outposts. This effectively irritated the Orgoth but did little more. Thuria and Midlund still fell in 586 BR, and 15,000 sworn soldiers to the Caspian crown sought mercy. They were executed to the man, slain with their own swords or burned alive on wicker pyres, and their deaths seemed to make the Orgoth stronger. The invaders moved their forces from Tordor and Midlund northward against the Khardic Empire. The southern provinces held out and the Orgoth were forced to regroup and wait for the arrival of their warwitches. By

569 BR, with the total destruction of Old Korska even the mighty Khardic Empire had fallen to the Orgoth conquerors.

Now established, the Orgoth began building temples and fortresses using the natives as slave labor. The Orgoth taskmasters showed no mercy and drove even the youngest children to work in mines and camps. By the time the Orgoth moved to conquer Rynyr in 542 BR, they had established a fortified and undeniably dominant presence in western Immoren.

The Wrath of Cryx

Of all the nations only Cryx successfully held the Orgoth at bay. Lord Toruk Himself took exception to their activities when they approached His island in 538 BR. Galled at the arrogance of the would-be conquerors, the Dragonfather ordered 50 Satyxis ships against the Orgoth. When only a score of them returned, He personally flew out to sea and obliterated the remnants of the Orgoth fleet. Thereafter the enemy wisely left Cryx alone.

The Fall of the Thousand Cities: The Seeds of Rebellion

It took a full two centuries before the Orgoth Empire was firmly established. This brought about the demise of the Thousand Cities Era, reducing many of the towns and villages to ruins. It had been the first time Morrowan and Menite paladins had put aside their differences and fought side by side, yet it availed them little. The Orgoth had proven unstoppable. In the year 433 BR an Orgoth warlord made this declaration outside the walls of Caspia, as scribed by the Menite cleric Garven Dratheus:

You are ours. Your women, your children, they are no longer yours. You belong to us, your every breath, every drop of blood, every inch of skin. Every tear, every laugh, every broken bone, every drop of sweat is ours. You are the chattel of this land made fat by your own weakness. That I deign to speak to you this once is a warning. Your souls are ours; in death, you shall also belong to us.

After uttering this speech, the warlord—since known as the Butcher of the Wall—drank the still warm and flowing blood of the Morrowan Primarch Gallumus and the Menite Hierarch Sadron IV. Their corpses were bled dry and dangled on gallows by ropes made from the hair of their own priests until their bones were pecked clean and fell untouched to the earth.

69 BR	Orgoth commit the Vicarate Slaughter; over 500 priests are slain.
67 BR	Sebastien Kerwin founds the Circle of the Oath.
64 BR	Sebastien Kerwin theorizes the arcanodynamic accumulator and rune plate in his book *Synthesis*, the first text on mechanika.
63 BR	Orgoth destroys Arcanist's Academe; Sebastien Kerwin thought slain but his body is never recovered.
34 BR	Scyrah returns to Shyrr, but will not speak of the fate of the Divine Court.
25 BR	The Order of the Golden Crucible is founded by survivors of the Circle of the Oath.
1 AR	Beginning with an uprising in Fharin, the Rebellion is declared against the Orgoth by the Iron Fellowship.
7 AR	Iron Fellowship is utterly destroyed by the Orgoth.
26 AR	Oliver Gulvont, alchemist of the Golden Crucible, creates the first handheld firearm.
32 AR	Orgoth are temporarily repulsed from much of Tordor after the Battle of the Hundred Wizards.
40 AR	Orgoth recapture Tordor and put all known wizards to death.
c. 80 AR	Alchemists of the Golden Crucible build the first rifles with the patent pinlock fire mechanism.



The Orgoth washed over the face of western Immoren laying waste to all in their path.

History Timeline

Amazingly Caspia never fell to the Orgoth, and the City of Walls was almost constantly under siege. The city lived on the ample supplies brought in from the Gulf of Cygnar, otherwise it would have surely fallen. With food, fresh water, and well-fortified walls, the citizens of Caspia held fast.

Beyond those walls however, the Orgoth were ever hard at work. Three centuries of oppression undid Immorese progress with acts of barbarism unseen since the days of the Molgur. Few cultures escaped the oppression, although most trollkin and ogrun had retreated into the wilds and remained relatively untouched. Rhul had shut its borders and opened them only occasionally to deal steel and ore with the Orgoth, but trade relations were few and far between. No Orgoth scout venturing beyond the borders of Ios ever returned, so the Orgoth left the elves alone for the time being. They did, however, enslave many gobbers and some of the other beast races. Farrow, for instance, were the hunting hounds of the Orgoth during these years.

Still, in dark alleys and hidden catacombs study and religion continued. The people of western Immoren worshipped Morrow and Menoth in secret, and the Orgoth mostly left the populace to their deities since the gods of lesser races meant little to them. For the Orgoth, their own dark gods were enough.

The Gift

Magic itself is pivotal in the history of western Immoren, for it was through the combination of arcane magic and alchemy that the Iron Kingdoms gained their freedom from the Orgoth. Still, the origins of human wizardry and arcane talent rest in the darkest of legends. The Gift, as it is called, was brought to man by the Dark Twin seeking to bring humanity from the brink of destruction at the hands of brutal oppressors.

Why Morrow did not deliver the gift to humanity is unknown to all but perhaps the ascendants and Morrow himself. Credited as the deliverer of this powerful tool, Thamar also brought witches and necromancy into the fold allowing man to delve into dark powers. Many religious scholars perceive the Gift as both a boon and a curse.

It is believed Thamar negotiated the Gift with the consent of Morrow. The Gift placed arcane magic into

84 AR	Rynyr liberated by rifle-wielding revolutionaries dubbed the Army of Thunder.
85 AR	Army of Thunder cuts off Orgoth supply routes in Midfast and Merin.
86 AR	Orgoth armies reclaim Rynyr except for Leryn, slaughtering the Army of Thunder and its supporters.
93 AR	Rip lung kills thousands in Rynyr, Tordor, and Caspia and is ended in part by Asc. Corben prior to his ascension.
107 AR	Victor Baerd creates the first arcane rune plate based on Kerwin's theories.
111 AR	Fraternal Order of Wizardry founded.
147 AR	Umbrean horselords lead armies of nomads and liberate Korsk and Rorschik.
160 AR	Iron Alliance forms.
177 AR	Elias Decklan meets with the Council of Ten to suggest the creation of the Colossals.
181 AR	Iron Alliance begins the construction of secret Colossal factories.
185 AR	Khards secretly begin construction of Colossals.
188 AR	Orgoth destroy Khardic Colossal factories.
191 AR	The first Colossal emerges from a hidden factory in Caspia.

the hands of mortal men so that they would not require the aid of the gods in defeating their enemies. Orgoth pogroms undermined the aid Menoth, Morrow, and Thamar were capable of providing, and while the churches and cathedrals of Morrow remained safe havens, Morrow's clergy dared not risk inciting their oppressors for fear of the harm that might come to the populace. Indeed, the Menite clergy did not seem to take much action either and stayed cloistered in their temples.

In 137 BR the first known sorcerer, a young girl named Madruva Dagra, manifested the ability to throw fire from the palms of her hands when angered. She defended her sisters from Orgoth soldiers, slaying three of them before fleeing into the woods. In retaliation, more Orgoth soldiers slaughtered her entire bloodline in the village of Tarna in northern Thuria and left the corpses for the ravens. In the years following more sorcerers appeared. Wherever they surfaced the Orgoth would cull the bloodline and put the location to the torch. This reaction was so swift and brutal it almost seemed fearful.

At this time the now-legendary Sebastien Kerwin began studying the phenomenon of sorcery. Based on his observations Kerwin began to construct a model for arcane science, or "wizardry," theorizing that magic was a force that an individual could learn to harness whether or not they were innately gifted. Kerwin went on to publish his *Dissertations on Thaumaturgical Formula* (96 BR). It was a study of the practice of harnessing arcane power with alchemical formula by creating a closed circuit of mystical energy that one could shape with material, somatic, and verbal components. Revolutionary at the time, the book was the first attempt at a unified magical theory stating that anyone with the proper discipline and talent could harness the power of magic.

Over the next years Kerwin published many famous texts: *The Essence of Divine Magic* (90 BR), *Principia Arcana Magus* (73 AR), and the revolutionary work *Synthesis* (64 BR) among others. Modern arcanists consider *Synthesis* one of the most important texts of all time. Within its pages, Kerwin theorized the existence of an alchemical means to capture and store arcane energy. His theory of energy accumulation in an alchemically stabilized matrix spawned the first arcane accumulators, and the rune plate, a sheet of alchemically sealed glyphs, was also a concept originated within the tome.

With his writings, Kerwin attracted many devotees. The Orgoth had not yet suppressed the practice of alchemy, and Kerwin's travels were under the auspice of the business of alchemical manufacture. The plight of western Immoren was vividly apparent, and Kerwin formed a cadre of students that he tutored individually in secret. In 81 BR this group formed the core of a society known as the Arcanist's Academe. The society practiced and taught magic in the catacombs and tunnels beneath Ceryl. Kerwin himself organized the students to oppose the Orgoth by teaching battle magic and defensive wards.

In 69 BR Dominic Cavanaugh, a disciple of Kerwin's, led a raid to rescue over three hundred people claimed in a slave tithe. Knowing the slaves were to be sent to a location from which none had returned, Cavanaugh acted without thinking, for his wife and daughter were among the slaves. He successfully rescued his family, but the cost was high. Many slaves and a few wizards died fighting Orgoth soldiers guarding the slave pens. Among the slain wizards was a devoted lay cleric of Morrow, a man named Jeredon Tauthis. It had an extreme impact.

The Orgoth identified Tauthis, and assumed the raid was the work of divine agents. The Orgoth Prelate of Fharin ordered the execution of every priest in the city. The Vicarate Slaughter, as it came to be called, spread to several other towns, and by the end of 69 BR the Orgoth had slain over 500 Morrowan priests and clerics in Fharin, Corvis, King's Vine, and Caspia.

Such atrocities made a mark on Kerwin. After learning of Cavanaugh's actions the tone of Kerwin's writings changed. Now 62 years old and powerful beyond the measure of all of the other Immorese wizards combined, Kerwin and his students banded together. Unified in purpose, the group formed the Oath of the Circle and vowed to stop the Orgoth at all costs.

About a year after the Circle of the Oath formed, spies discovered the Arcanist's Academe and Orgoth forces launched a massive surprise offensive in Ceryl. The pitched battle culminated beneath the city streets in a showdown in which Kerwin was slain. Firsthand accounts claim that the wizard took

the lives of over 170 Orgoth, including a cadre of warwitches, and as they sifted through the ruined bodies in the warrens where the battle took place, Kerwin's body was never recovered.

Agathius Nerrek, Kerwin's most powerful disciple, soon enough reorganized the Circle of the Oath. Under his direction they established safe houses in Ceryl, Fharin, Merin, and Merywyn by 59 BR. Even so, hundreds of wizards were slain as the Orgoth commenced their Wizard Hunts in 54 BR.

The Order of the Golden Crucible was founded in 25 BR by fragments of the Circle of the Oath. The few remaining original members of the Circle were too old to lead forces into combat, thus the Order of the Golden Crucible formed from a splinter group devoted to perfecting the art of alchemy for offensive and defensive purposes. By 20 BR, the Crucible had begun to experiment with the use of blasting powder derived from an ancient formula for the creation of alchemist's fire.

The Call of the Iron Fellowship: The Rebellion Era

Broken Chains: The Rise of the Gun

In the end of the year 1 BR, the Orgoth Prelate of Fharin declared the entire city must pay a slave tithe of 8,000 souls. The tithe was to be decided by picking lots. Those selected would be "blessed" by journeying "across the sea." In response to the proclamation, Fharin's citizenry rose up and with pitchforks, spades, clubs, and crude explosives provided by the Golden Crucible, they overcame the Orgoth troops. Warwitches were burned at the stake, warriors were stoned to death, and the prelate's head was paraded through the streets on a pike.

The Iron Fellowship rose up the following year (1 AR) with a declaration of war, and the people of Thuria, Midlund, and Caspia united to combat the Orgoth. The Rebellion lasted for six years until in 7 AR a cadre of warwitches and warriors captured its leaders and publicly executed them. Still, the rebellion had begun and would not be stopped. Over the next two decades the fighting persisted. The Orgoth killed almost a million souls in order to regain control over the regions where Rebellion was thickest.

198 AR	The Iron Alliance mounts a multi-pronged assault against the Orgoth. The Iron Alliance begins liberating large territories. Orgoth initiate the Scourge.
201 AR	The last Orgoth depart from western Immoren.
Modern Era (or Iron Kingdoms Era)	
202 AR	The Council of Ten ratifies the Corvis Treaties and defines the modern Iron Kingdoms.
211 AR	Steam & Iron Workers Union is founded in Caspia.
c. 220 AR	Cygnar and Ord begin building steam-powered riverboats.
233 AR	Order of Illumination is founded in Caspia by Vigilant Magnus Severin Copernicum.
241 AR	Magnus Bastion Rathleagh creates the first steamjack with the aid of the Steam & Iron Workers Union.
242 AR	Trollkin uprising to reclaim lost lands leads to the First Trollkin War in Ord and Cygnar. Larkholm is pillaged and burned to the ground by Cryxian raiders.
243 AR	Greylords Covenant forms in Korsk.
247 AR	First Trollkin War ends as trollkin are beaten back to their warrens.
250 AR	Khador invades Ord and Llael beginning the Colossal War.



Maximillin Rivin and his apprentice Elias Decklan work to perfect the cerebral matrix.

In 28 AR, Aurumn Alchemist Oliver Gulvont created a prototype weapon that fired a lead pellet through a board of wood at ten paces. Shortly after in 32 AR the region of Tordor turned into a bloody battlefield of smoke and fire during the Battle of the Hundred Wizards. Supported by local nobles, wizards repelled the Orgoth from the Tordoran border. The battle so severely damaged the Orgoth military that it took eight years for them to retake the region. The Orgoth re-captured Tordor in 40 AR and executed hundreds of wizards and suspected collaborators, yet despite this, Tordor continued to resist albeit more subtly.

Having been hard at work for almost a century, the Order of the Golden Crucible finally produced the first pinlock firing mechanism and by 80 AR had begun manufacturing firearms in earnest. The legendary Army of Thunder rose up to liberate Rynyr from the Orgoth just four years later wielding the firearms manufactured by the Golden Crucible. The Army of Thunder left the smoky streets and fields of Rynyr slick with Orgoth blood.

Over the next two years the Orgoth fought pitched battles with the Army of Thunder and finally drove them back to the gates of Leryn. At the Battle of the Thunderhead in 86 AR, Leryn held strong and repelled an army of 10,000 Orgoth troops with an arsenal of deadly spells, alchemical concoctions, and well-crafted firearms. The rest of Rynyr fell under the Orgoth siege, as the other cities were not as prepared and the enemy seized several leaders of the Army of Thunder as well as their rifles. Brutal interrogations provided the Orgoth with the secrets of making their own firearms. Within a year Orgoth infantrymen were spotted firing ironbound firearms called *blackdrakes*. Not as accurate as the Rynnish rifles of the time, blackdrakes made up for their lack of range or accuracy with their stopping power by using loosely packed pellet shot.

The entire area of central

History Timeline

Midlund and Rynyr as well as the fringes of Tordor and Thuria was in much upheaval at this time. The Orgoth were challenged every step of the way by militants, resistance fighters, and organized groups of spellcasters and swordsmen. In 88 AR, a group of rebels in Corvis created the Tradeway Union. These rebels formed a council of mercantile interests that in later years smuggled slaves to freedom and supplies to other resistance organizations.

Though progress had been made, the strife of the period of the Rebellion was far from over. From 83 AR to 93 AR, the plague known as rip lung struck Rynyr, Tordor, and Caspia—even Orgoth were affected by this devastating sickness. It scythed through the streets leaving thousands of bodies in its wake. The Orgoth put entire sections of cities to the torch rather than bury the massive amounts of dead. Eventually a wizard and apothecary of tremendous skill named Corben managed to find a cure by studying its effects and determining an alchemical treatment. He saved tens of thousands of lives in the space of a few months, and by the end of 93 AR the epidemic had been halted. Nine years later after leading a life devoted to the healing and protection of others, the elderly Corben died. As he exhaled his last breath, his body became a conflagration of soul fire and a glowing vision of the man ascended into the heavens. Word spread quickly that Corben had ascended to Morrow, and apothecaries and healers quickly took to wearing a medallion or other icon bearing his sacred image.

The first century of the Rebellion had come to pass, and still the Orgoth held their conquered lands. However, the Immorese had been most industrious. After working for years, an alchemist and wizard named Victor Baerd developed the first working arcane rune plate. In 111 AR, he and a dozen Thurian refugees formed an elite cabal of artificers called the Fraternal Order of Wizardry. The Order set up their forges and halls in the warrens underneath Ceryl, the very same network that had once housed the Circle of the Oath, where Sebastien Kerwin had supposedly taken so many Orgoth along with him to the grave.

Meanwhile, the Tradeway Union expanded its operations and began a campaign of silent liberation. In 112 AR the Union successfully began freeing slaves. Those liberated traveled under disguise in a caravan the merchants dubbed the Western Gateway

257 AR	Khador is defeated by a coalition of Ord, Llael, and Cygnar.
262 AR	Second Trollkin War begins in Cygnar.
267 AR	Second Trollkin War ends with King Woldred the Diligent traveling to Hadriel Fens for peace talks. First warjacks are built in Caspia.
277 AR	Larkholm is rebuilt and renamed New Larkholm.
283 AR	Cyriss is discovered by Adept Aldophous Aghamore, an astronomer of the Fraternal Order; Cult of Cyriss is founded shortly thereafter.
286 AR	Colossal Guard formally disbands. King Woldred the Diligent drafts the Accord-By-Hand Covenant.
290 AR	King Malagant the Grim begins persecution of Menite clergy in Cygnar and has over 200 priests hanged.
293 AR	King Malagant the Grim names the Church of Morrow the official religion of Cygnar. Khador begins border war with Cygnar. Khador recruits Tharn.
294 AR	Khadoran Institute of Engineering is established in Korsk.
295 AR	Queen Cherize Vanar disappears on the Lost Day. King Malagant the Grim dies soon after.
304 AR	Construction of Stasikov Palace is completed.

Project. The refugees arrived by boatloads in Thuria and Caspia, lands relatively free of Orgoth presence. Reclaiming their lives, many joined one of the various groups combating the Orgoth. During the course of a decade, the Tradeway Union managed to free over 20,000 slaves. The Orgoth, taxed by uprisings and insurrections, took notice but did little to halt the escapees; instead, they increased their slave tithes in every major city to compensate for the losses.

The Mechanikal Revolution

The Mechanikal Revolution was the marker that set the pace for the remainder of Orgoth rule. For nearly three centuries they had ruled unopposed with sufficient numbers, brutal magic, and vile rituals that subjugated those held under their sway. Now with so many rebels trying to release the hold of Orgoth tyranny, the enemy's resources had been stretched to the limits.

Opposition to Orgoth rule continued as tiny rebellions erupted across western Immoren. Up until the year 147 AR most of the conflict had occurred in Midlund, Thuria, and Tordor. Descendants of the proud Umbrean horselords gathered and led an army of nomads to liberate Korsk and Rorschik from the hands of the tyrants. The horselords had been fighting the Orgoth for as long as the enemy had been in their lands, and the first sacking of an Orgoth-controlled city was supposedly at the hands of horselord warriors. The insurrection continued and in 149 AR the Orgoth assaulted the Khards and their Umbrean allies at the gates of Korsk, but they were repelled by the heroic northmen.

In the Golden Crucible labs, something momentous would change the face of mechanika forever. Under the leadership of Phineas Bainbridge, Magnus Aurumn of the Golden Crucible, a collaboration of engineers, alchemists, and wizards began the first experiments in

Colossals engaged in battle



mechanika based on Kerwin's theories. They succeeded in creating a stable arcanodynamic accumulator. The keg-sized device stored sufficient charge to power an arcane light source, so the Crucible frantically began work on making the device lighter, more powerful, and smaller.

Inspired by the struggles of the Iron Fellowship at the onset of the Rebellion, the free cities of western Immoren united and formed the Iron Alliance. Comprised of armies from the cities of Korsk, Rorschik, Leryn, and Caspia, they came together under the banner of the newly-formed Council of Ten in 164 AR. The Iron Alliance declared open war against the Orgoth.

The Colossals

The Rebellion was a time of rapid mechanikal advancement. The Immorese desperately developed new technology they hoped would give them the edge over their oppressors. The most dramatic of these was the Colossal. The development of these great machines is traced back to Maximillian Nivin, an alchemist and early arcane mechanik that developed a small steam-powered automaton. The key to Nivin's construct was the cerebral matrix, a simple mechanikal brain that enabled his creation to respond to simple verbal commands. Nivin presented his work to the Fraternal Order of Wizardry, and they granted him immediate membership into their Order. He continued working into his elder years, and Nivin, along with his apprentice Elias Decklan, produced a man-sized automaton in 158 AR. Although Nivin passed away soon after finishing the creation, Decklan continued and began to innovate the design.

After spending years realizing Nivin's theoretical concepts, Decklan developed ambitious plans for a towering construct he called a Colossal, a steam and magic driven behemoth intended to stamp out the Orgoth presence once and for all. Decklan presented his plans to the Council of Ten and convinced them that his Colossal would escalate the field of war to the point where the Orgoth, lacking the capacity to manufacture mechanika, would be helpless against them. For the next decade the greatest human minds in western Immoren drafted, debated, and shaped the most significant project ever attempted.

305 AR	Khadoran forces and their barbarian allies are destroyed during the Siege of Midfast. Ascension of Asc. Markus after he is killed during the Siege.
313 AR	Border Wars officially end. Ord cedes Port Vladovar to Khador. Khador cedes Laedry to Llael. Cygnar and Llael officially become allies.
326 AR	Fortress of Northguard complete.
350 AR	First recorded sighting of Deathjack.
356 AR	Father Ghil Lucant, a priest of Cyriss, discovers a planet which is named after him.
390 AR	The dragon Everblight destroys Issyrah and is slain by an elven army. Everblight's athanc is said to be buried at the Top of the World.
393 AR	Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly is founded.
464 AR	Khador invades Ord after long disputes over piracy.
468 AR	Peace declared between Khador and Ord after Cygnar intercedes.
475 AR	Visgoth Sulon declares himself Hierarch and organizes a pilgrimage; thousands of Menites journey to Caspia.
478 AR	Construction is completed on the Korsk-Skirov Rail Line.
482 AR	Cygnaran Civil War begins in Caspia between Menites and Morrowans.

The massive scale of the project required skilled labor from all over western Immoren, but the architects of the Colossals kept the secret of their creation to themselves—though not for long. Soon after construction began the Khards, bitter about being left out of the development process and afraid of losing the support of the Alliance, had stolen plans to create their own Colossals and secretly began building their own factories. In 188 AR the Orgoth discovered the Khardic facilities and assembled a powerful army to destroy the metalworks. Captured alchemists and wizards responsible for the project suffered indescribable torments at the hands of their Orgoth interrogators.

The Rhulic Alliance and the Betrayal of Khard

The Rhulfolk aided the Iron Alliance with several conditions. First, Rhul was paid a handsome reward for the required steel and machinery for building the Colossals. The Rhulfolk had built mining machines on a massive scale for centuries and their know-how proved invaluable. Second, the Fraternal Order shared the secrets of the cerebral matrix with the Rhulfolk. Third, the dwarves were allowed free passage along the Black River for no less than 300 years. Finally, the Rhulfolk demanded that the creation process of the Colossals be kept out of the hands of the Khards. Rhul feared that the Khards, once re-established, would attempt to use the Colossals against Rhul, so the Rhulfolk wanted to ensure that the Khards could never field Colossals of their own.

Some scholars offer an alternate theory: that the Iron Alliance betrayed the Khards to the Orgoth to buy themselves time to complete their own Colossals. The destruction of the Khardic factories apparently bought the Iron alliance roughly two years worth of production time as they began to ramp up creation of their Colossals. It should be noted that amassing such a large force caused a massive lapse in the Orgoth supply chain at the time, and the Khardic casualties were in fact quite low in comparison to other battles with the Orgoth, not to mention that no real knowledge of Colossal creation was ever gained by the Orgoth inquisitors. Whether or not this was Rhulic prejudice as the Khadorans claim or a clever gambit by the Iron Alliance, no one truly knows.

Learning of this and fearing reprisal the Iron Alliance tripled its production efforts, and the first Colossal strode out from the gates of Caspia in 191 AR. With five other Colossals completed in rapid succession, the Iron Alliance was ready to strike. Controlled by Fraternal wizards, the Colossals destroyed an Orgoth fortress near Fharin, and when the dust settled 5,000 of the enemy lay dead. By 198 AR the Iron Alliance mounted its first major offensive of the war—a complex series of tactical strikes intended to cripple the Orgoth. Controlled by wizards from the Fraternal Order of Wizardry, a small army of Colossals crushed all opposition underfoot, and the Iron Alliance began leveling Orgoth holds, keeps, and religious sites.

Within weeks the eastern borders had collapsed, and the empire had diminished by a third. Victory seemed imminent, but as the Colossals proceeded further into Orgoth domain, the enemy adapted. They found it easier to take out the handlers than the actual constructs, and several wizards fell in a short time until those remaining gathered companies of men-at-arms about their persons and scouts to keep them all informed of the dangers on the periphery. The tactic was effective, and in due course, entire command groups followed a few dozen yards behind each construct. Small armies gathered in the wake of each Colossal with the wizard-general at the center acting as troop commander by giving orders and assimilating information from his group, all while driving his towering behemoth onward.

Appropriately enough warcasters of the Modern Era liken themselves to these wizard-generals, embracing them as the forefathers of their martial profession, for they had developed skills and training beyond the arcane studies to which wizards were accustomed. They were effective officers and combatants in their own right and learned to place the same energy into their own combat skills and weapons as they did into the Colossals. Several legendary names from this age are known to modern warcasters: Willem the Ward, "Sharp" Jen, Skarblack, and Fennmark the Blind to name a few.

As the Orgoth were beaten back to the sea they initiated the Scourge. The fleeing invaders did their best to destroy every record of their passing by burning every city, temple, or fortress in their path. Their own great black keeps were no exception as all their holdings were laid to ruin. The Scourge reduced dozens of cities and towns to waste. The Orgoth salted fields, poisoned wells, scorched the earth, and slew untold numbers of slaves as they fled to their ships in

the west. The Scourge was so frighteningly thorough that not one credible map of the Orgoth homeland has been uncovered in all the centuries since. In spite of the sweeping devastation left in the wake of their occupation—a last reminder of so many centuries of bondage and death—western Immoren had finally been returned to its native people.

The Iron Kingdoms: The Iron Kingdom Era

The aftermath of the war left most of western Immoren in a stunned silence. The Orgoth had left a scar upon the earth, but they were gone. Though most of the Orgoth fortresses and temples had been destroyed, the surviving structures were refitted to make them livable. Slowly, families reunited and survivors returned home to begin anew. Amidst the carnage and death, the Iron Alliance had the vision to see that order had to be established quickly or the fractured peoples of the land would soon fall to squabbling and fighting for precious resources. Not willing to let chaos threaten what they had accomplished, the Council of Ten met in the city of Corvis.

In order to determine what was to be done about the already-beginning chaos, the Council convened and held emergency negotiations. They rapidly granted the Khards and Caspians authority to restore order in their specific domains, and Rynyr and Tordor were left to rebuild within their old lands. The Tordoran nobility quickly reassumed power. The Ryn relied upon a combination of mercenary forces and Golden Crucible mages in Leryn. Umbrey went without patrols, but a Rynnish military force began to distribute food and establish law and order within the region while the horselords were away restoring order in the service of the Khards.

Caspia united the regions of Thuria and Midlund and policed the Thornwood ensuring that bandits could do little harm to mercantile and civilian traffic along the Dragon's Tongue River. The Caspians also provided the Tordorans with civil aid in the form of food, clothing, and military forces. Tordor and Thuria were the regions that had been misused hardest by the Orgoth, and the lands themselves were sour and wasted by the Scourge. They required Caspian aid to help feed them through the tough years ahead.

483 AR	Coin War begins between Khador and Llael.
484 AR	The Cygnaran Civil War ends with the death of Hierarch Sulon. Protectorate of Menoth is established. Sul is officially founded. Coin War also ends.
504 AR	Idrian tribes submit to Protectorate rule. Protectorate and Llael begin fighting over mineral rich lands in the northern Marches; Llael concedes after minor skirmishes.
510 AR	Khadoran King Ruslan Vygor attacks Cygnar starting the Thornwood War.
511 AR	Thornwood War ends after the Battle of the Tongue in which an outnumbered Cygnaran force defeats the Khadoran army. King Ruslan Vygor is killed in battle.
546 AR	Serfdom is abolished in Khador.
551 AR	Kayaz Simonyev Blaustavya founds Blaustavya Shipping & Rail.
566 AR	Deathjack is spotted at Porsk and Skirov.
576 AR	King Vinter Raelthorne III dies. Vinter Raelthorne IV crowned king of Cygnar. Raelthorne IV begins purging political enemies.
579 AR	King Vinter Raelthorne IV creates the Inquisition.
581 AR	Ios abruptly closes its borders to outsiders.

With the exception of some Skirov territories, the Khards rapidly established order. Some Skirov were a bit obstinate about surrendering their new holdings, and these regions were pacified with the aid of the horselords. Meanwhile, most Rynnish efforts in Umbrey went to feeding the wives and children of the horselords and pacifying the riots and raiding near Old Korska, which threatened trade and traffic along the Anvil.

By mid 202 AR matters were well in hand and the Council of Ten had successfully maintained relations and set a precedent for establishing order. However, Caspians and Khards as well as the Church of Menoth were challenging the power of the Council, so in the fall of 202 AR the Council of Ten called the nobilities of each to Corvis for a summit.

The Corvis Treaties and Reconstruction

The unification of Cygnar, the foundation of Khador, and the future of the regions of Tordor and Rynyr all emerged from the signing of the Corvis Treaties in 202 AR. The treaties established the boundaries of the kingdoms of western Immoren based on economic and political allegiances as well as the regional foundations that the Orgoth had established. The footprint of the Orgoth is evident in the structure of the Iron Kingdoms today, for the regions of Khador, Cygnar, Ord, and what was Llael were much as they were during the Orgoth occupation. In order to understand this, one must realize that the Orgoth controlled trade and traffic without opposition for over 350 years. Even though the Council loathed using such boundaries as a guideline, it was undeniable that they made sense since the Orgoth had structured the borders for efficiency.

Though the architects of the Corvis Treaties based their blueprint on the Orgoth provinces, certain concessions were made to reflect current political realities. The Ryn, bolstered with the argument that the Golden Crucible's many advances in mechanika and alchemy lent to the success of the Iron Alliance, laid claim to Umbrey as well as their traditional lands. After all, the Khards had abandoned the region and left it to fend for itself. If it were not for the aid provided by the Ryn, many thousands would have perished during the first years following the war. The Council knew full well that the Khardic nobility would be unhappy with the decision, but they were pushed to provide Rhulfolk with a buffer between the lands of Rhul and Khard. The Council gave authority to the noble families of Ryn to establish a monarchy, the borders were drawn, and Llael was established.

Tordor became the nation of Ord, although the Cygnaran Crown (formerly the Caspian Crown) established rites of management and approved succession of the Ordic throne. The Cygnaran Crown then approved a Tordoran ally on the Council of Ten to serve as the first king of Ord. The kingdom has since lived under Cygnar's shadow as a nation independent of Cygnaran rule yet servile to its whims. Because of this, a silent resentment is still held by Ordic natives against the Cygnarans to the southeast.

United by the Rebellion, its aftermath, and the need for Caspia's resources, Thuria and Midlund joined Caspia to form the kingdom of Cygnar although Khardic interests argued the Caspians had overstretched their boundaries. Caspians countered that it made good sense and only confirmed what had already been forged in the flames of war. Indeed, by the time the Corvis Treaties were signed, the Cygnarans claimed they were already "one people united."

The Khards on the other hand had to cede Rynyr and the north of Tordor before their nation of Khador emerged. It was, and is, still the largest of the Iron Kingdoms. The new boundaries established the Thornwood as a natural border between Khador, Ord, and Cygnar. On the momentous day of Gorim 1, Ashtoven 202 AR, the pens of kings and rebels forged the Iron Kingdoms in the City of Ghosts.

As the Immorese rebuilt they also gained momentum. Technological gains reaped from the development of the Colossals provided immense benefits and each year saw new improvements. In 211 AR, the newly established Steam & Iron Workers Union began building foundries for the production of mechanika. Within twenty years steam-powered boats were traveling the waterways for the first time since the Orgoth had invaded. Meanwhile the Fraternal Order produced the first cortex built on improvements in the cerebral matrix.

In time, these innovations led to another important development. Magnus Bastion Rathleagh of the Fraternal Order, with the aid of the Steam & Iron

Workers Union, created the first steamjack in the year 241 AR. This instrument was not intended for war but for making the lives of citizens easier. Over the next few years, steamjacks found use in all manner of heavy industry from fabrication to heavy labor, and they worked in inhospitable conditions. With an improved cortex, the steamjack followed more complex orders than a Colossal could, and they consumed less fuel and water—the amount needed to fuel a single Colossal could power between 30 to 40 steamjacks.

On the down side, upset by human expansion into their lands, trollkin began waging war specifically against Cygnar around the borders of the Thornwood and all along the banks of the Dragon's Tongue River. The conflict became quite bloody in a short amount of time and the Cygnarans were forced to send their Colossals against the deadly threat. Led by Cygnaran warcasters, the behemoths and their troops routed the trollkin armies. However, when a permanent Colossal Watch was established at Deepwood Tower so near to the border, a major uproar arose from Khador.

The Colossal War: The End of the Iron Giants

By the end of 242 AR, Cygnar's production of weapons and their own skilled force of tradesmen and alchemists had outshined Khador by far, and the indignation of the signing of the Corvis Treaties still burned in the minds of the Khadoran nobility. King Levash Tzepesci, a man of vision, sought a way to stabilize Khador's footing so that it might remain strong over the years.

King Tzepesci called for all skilled citizens of Khardic or Kossite lineage to return to their "Motherland." In previous generations, many Khadorans had moved elsewhere to learn mechanika, magic, gunsmithing, alchemy, and all manner of craft and artifice. Few remember the incentives Tzepesci offered them: skilled tradesmen returned to a reward of coin, homes, and lifetime employment. Soon enough, alchemists and mechaniks were hard at work producing goods and weapons for Khador.

The most notable men and women who answered Tzepesci's call were wizards from the Fraternal Order. This tightly knit cabal had always held each other in high esteem not only for their heritage, but for their

582 AR	Arius becomes the Primarch of the Church of Morrow. Vahn Oberen takes control of the Inquisition. Commander Adept Sebastian Nemo invents the storm glaive.
583 AR	King Vinter Raelthorne IV passes the "Edicts Against Unlawful Sorcery and Witchcraft" outlawing sorcery.
584 AR	Scharde Invasions begin. The first sorcerers are put on public trial in Corvis; two men and five women are hanged in Widower's Wood; over 250 people are executed for "unlawful sorcery" throughout Cygnar and Llael.
587 AR	Ayn Vanar XI is crowned queen of Khador. Orsus Zoktavir commits the Boarsgate Massacre.
588 AR	Scharde invasions end. Garrik Voyle becomes Hierarch of the Protectorate of Menoth.
593 AR	Infamous Corvis Coven Witchcraft Trial commences in Corvis in which five women are beheaded.
594 AR	Leto Raelthorne succeeds in a coup against King Raelthorne IV. Leto is crowned king of Cygnar.
595 AR	Llaelese King Rynnard di la Martyn dies without an heir, beginning long debates. Prime Minister Lord Deyar Glabryn IX is appointed by the Council of Nobles to govern Llael.
596 AR	D.H. Wexborne, captain of the Mercarian ship *Seacutter*, is the first Immorese sailor to return from Zu.
601 AR	Deathjack wipes out the Red Fist mercenary company along the Cygnaran-Khador border.

mutual skills in artifice and evocation magic as well. The mages stole away to Khador with a most prized possession: the secrets of the cortex. King Tzepesci rewarded them with private estates and noble titles and soon enough, the Greylords Covenant had become the most powerful order of wizards in Khador.

King Tzepesci quickly put his Greylords to work producing cortexes for the Colossals of the Khadoran army. By the time the wizards had retrofitted and modernized the constructs, they were equal to anything Cygnar could field. Warcasters were trained, and within seven years they were put to the test. In 247 AR, the Trollkin War had ended. Cygnar had erected Deepwood Tower and placed their Colossals to watch the Thornwood. Three years into the watch, the Greylord influence in the Motherland became quite apparent. Khadoran forces with their Colossals marched to the cities of Midfast and Corbhen in Ord and Laedry in Llael. The desperate Ordic throne beseeched Cygnar for aid, and their call was answered. As the Khadorans threatened to topple the walls of Midfast a dozen Colossals and 20,000 Cygnaran soldiers entered the conflict, and thus the Colossal War had begun.

It lasted for seven years. Massive iron giants tore each other apart amidst fields of rifle fire, bloodied pikes, and explosive displays of arcane magic. Ultimately the Khadorans could not afford the cost of upkeep and repair on their constructs, nor could they match the combined strength of the Ordic, Llaelese, and Cygnaran forces. The aid of the Fraternal Order and the Golden Crucible had proven crucial as well, for the Greylords were simply outnumbered and overmatched.

In the spring of 257 AR, after a decisive battle at Volningrad, the Khadorans became unwilling to risk further loss and surrendered. Ordic forces disarmed Khadoran troops at Midfast as King Tzepesci issued a cessation of hostilities. At the Disarmament Conferences held in Corvis, Tzepesci consented to dismantling all of his Colossals and the foundries where they were built. In return Cygnar returned all Khadoran territory seized during the war but went on to found the Colossal Guard to ensure Khadoran expansion remained in check. The Fraternal Order oversaw the destruction of the Khadoran facilities and their titanic war engines.

During the Colossal War, the trollkin had regained their strength, and in 260 AR they rose again. What began as trollkin incursions into Ordic and Cygnaran territory escalated into a full-scale war by 267. Cygnar's Colossal Guard proved ineffectual against the unpredictable trollkin guerilla tactics. In response, King Woldred the Diligent commissioned the Fraternal Order to build the first warjacks based on existing steamjack designs, for they were "better able to fight in the woods and thickets." Though used in small numbers, the warjacks proved effective. After the first warjacks took the field, King Woldred personally attended peace talks to end hostilities at Hadriel Fens once and for all. The Crown granted trollkin expansion rights for their fens and bestowed upon the kriels of the region a yearly sum for the use of waters bordering trollkin lands.

Changing of the Guard

Though the Colossal Guard created a lasting peace that allowed the Cygnaran King Woldred time to orchestrate a new era of growth, progress proved to be the downfall of the age of iron giants. Military strategists were quick to see the tactical applications of the new warjacks. The new constructs were smarter, faster, and quicker instruments of war. Warjacks also proved less taxing to warcasters in the field. Where a warcaster could only control a single colossal, he could control three or more warjacks. Where Colossals were tools of siege warfare, warjacks could be for surgical attacks. In 286 AR King Woldred decommissioned the Colossals. Over the next few years, the massive machines fell apart due to much disrepair.

That same year, King Woldred drafted the Accord-By-Hand Covenant that allowed Cygnaran kings to choose their own successors. Menite leaders supported the Accord, provided the successor be of noble birth and they could hold exclusive right to bear witness to each king's passing terms. When King Woldred suddenly died in 289 AR, the Temple quieted calls of treason and prepared to gain absolute access to the throne. However, when the traditional time of mourning ended, the Menites discovered Woldred's terms of succession had disappeared. Within a fortnight Woldred's nephew Malagant—soon to be called The Grim—entered Caspia with a small army and claimed the crown. As the Menites were unable to produce Woldred's terms, Malagant became king.

The Maiden of Gears

In 283 AR Adept Aldophous Aghamore, an astronomer of the Fraternal Order, discovered a celestial body he first logged as a "Dark Wanderer," nearly invisible next to the brightness of the Eye of the Wurm. Soon after discovering it he was beset upon by dreams and wrote of them in his observations, naming the dark wanderer the Body of Cyriss, or simply Cyriss. Soon after, Aghamore preached of a god-machine, a "maiden of gears" aloft in the sky just beyond the reach of the Eye of the Wurm. At that time, the Cult of Cyriss was born. Nearly two decades later, Aghamore was found besotted, his arm crudely hacked off in an attempt to mesh it with a mechanikal appendage. He later bled to death despite the care of a skilled healer.

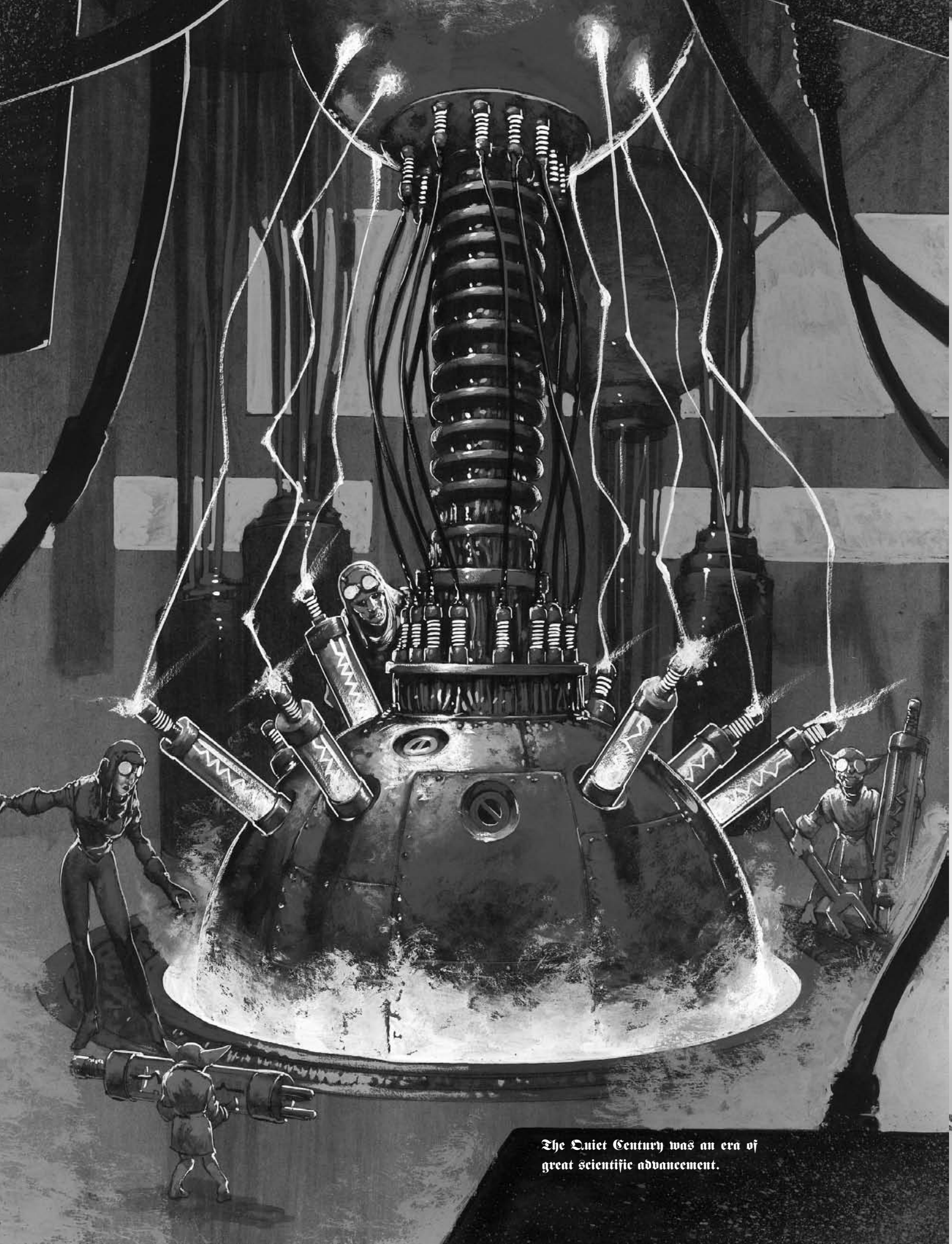
The Reign of Malagant: The Grim Years

Malagant was a man of infinite treachery and savage political conduct. No Cygnaran king has so rightfully earned the title of tyrant or despot except perhaps Vinter Raelthorne III. Malagant had stolen the throne from Woldred the Diligent's chosen successor, and it was certain that his own network of spies and lackeys had suppressed the terms of Woldred's succession. By the time of his coronation, factions loyal to Woldred had been stripped of office or title and cast off to make way for loyalists of Malagant's.

Public outcry was immense. In order to placate the masses, Malagant approached both the Church of Morrow and the Temple of Menoth to legitimize his claim. The Church of Morrow did so with no qualms, but the Menites refuted Malagant's claim, inciting a secret conflict between the Temple and the sovereign. Many of the Menite clergy, including high-ranking members, were subsequently arrested for treason. The sentence for which was hanging until death. By the end of 290 AR, over 200 Menite officials had been sent to the gallows.

Matters grew worse as two assassination attempts against Malagant's family went awry. With civil unrest threatening the state of the nation, Malagant made a move typical of his reign. By royal decree on Malleus 8th, Cinten 293 AR King Malagant announced that the Church of Morrow, its rites and prayers, its blessings and sacraments, were the official rites of the royalty and supported it as the sanctioned religion of Cygnar. He made his war against the Menites the business of the Church of Morrow as well, and in that time Menites began to identify Morrow worship synonymous with the persecution of the Temple of Menoth.

602 AR	The Protectorate of Menoth builds secret factories to produce warjacks. Deathjack assaults the main gates of Fort Faulk.
603 AR	Vinter Raelthorne IV invades Corvis with Skorne allies. The Harbinger of Menoth is discovered and brought to Imer to meet Hierarch Garrik Voyle.
604 AR	Khador launches a full-scale invasion of Llael. Cygnar declares war on Khador in response.
605 AR	Khador defeats the Llaelese army and pushes Cygnar out of Llael after the fall of Merywyn. Riversmet is burned to the ground. The Order of the Golden Crucible surrenders Leryn to Khadoran forces without a fight. The Golden Crucible agrees to produce blasting powder exclusively for the Khadoran military. The Harbinger of Menoth calls upon all Menites to relocate to the Protectorate. Hierarch Garrik Voyle calls a Crusade to reclaim western Immoren. The Protectorate attempts to raze the walls of Caspia. Cygnar counter attacks Sul. Protectorate forces led by Feora, Priestess of the Flame, burn the Llaelese village of Myrr to the ground. Cryxian raiders strike deep into Cygnar, poisoning crops and burning grain silos as far as Bainsmarket.



The Quiet Century was an era of great scientific advancement.

As whispers of a religious war begin to rumble in the streets of Cygnar, Khador initiated a bold move recruiting Tharn warriors from the Thornwood. The Khadorans sponsored a series of small border skirmishes to test Cygnaran defenses. Finding the results to their liking, Khador immediately began small-scale incursions across the border into Cygnaran territories. While unfortunate as an event can be, the invasion effectively sidetracked Cygnar from internal disputes and stalled what might have become the first Cygnaran Civil War.

The border war outlasted both the reign of Malagant the Grim and Queen Cherize of Khador. Cherize disappeared without a trace from her own chambers on the eve of a celebration for her highness on Vendarl 3rd, Doloven 295 AR. Shortly after on the morning of Malleus 13th, Ashtoven 295 AR Malagant the Grim was found in his bed lifeless and wasted from sorrow and fever. Shortly after, a deadly plague called the Ten Ills scoured the tribes of the Tharn. All of these stories are interwoven aspects of the war and are recounted best in the *Enduring Books of Cygnaran Lore and Tradition, Volume IV* (505 AR).

The Legion of Lost Souls

Tales of Cherize's treachery and her enmity with Malagant the Grim are legendary. Stories of the Grim King and his warrior companion Raven and the betrayal that led to the demise of Malagant's reign and the death of his beloved Queen Serahza also spawned the legend of the Legion of Lost Souls. Hundreds of years later, the legion proved to be more than legend at the Battle of Black River Bridge in Corvis (see the Witchfire Trilogy: LOLS).

The Border Wars continued for some time, expanding to involve Llael and Ord. Queen Cherize's successor Ayn Vanar V was but five years of age at the time, so Lord Regent Velibor ruled Khador in her stead. Cygnar's new king, Crowle Malfast, was crowned in the month of Ashtoven, and as the fighting with Khador increased King Malfast "the Fist" ordered the use of warcasters and warjacks in the Battle of Broken Sword (297 AR). Khador was unprepared for the Cygnaran warcasters' tactics and found themselves at the mercy of warjacks armed with swords, pikes, and cannons.

The war continued with a persistent series of skirmishes. Ord and Llael were constantly beset; Ord especially was targeted by Khadoran forces with the city of Midfast once more under constant siege. In 305 AR, a warrior named Markus Graza slew 14 champions of the barbarian tribes laying siege to Midfast one after the other in a series of challenges. This effectively stalled the attackers until reinforcements could arrive. Markus soon thereafter fell in battle, and the radiant figure of Asc. Katrena appeared above his body and drew him up in a pillar of soul fire. The barbarians witnessed his ascension and fled the field.

Yet even the Ascension of Markus did not fully quell the Border Wars. It took Queen Ayn Vanar V to come of age and cease the war in 313 AR. The young queen was tired of all the suffering and bloodshed and she withdrew her troops. Lord Regent Velibor was then exiled to the northern wastes to live out the end of his days.

The Quiet Century

Though the time known as the Quiet Century was not without its small battles and conflicts, there were no outright declarations of war or border aggression on a massive scale. For over a hundred years from 314 AR until 464 AR the Iron Kingdoms endured a time of uneasy quiet. The 150-year period was a time of technological growth, military innovation, and religious development. Still, relations between the faiths were tense as Menite leaders spoke of a new crusade, and many turned to Morrow to see the promise of a better day.

The mechanikal industry saw the foundations of several schools of military wizardry, scholastic pursuit, and mechanikal learning. Merywyn Academy (314 AR), the Cygnaran Strategic Academy (328 AR), the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly (393 AR), and Sunbright Strategic Academy (412 AR) all began during this time.

A number of mechanikal wonders were also created in this gap between wars and conflicts. In 343 AR Magnus Jullian Montfort incorporated Gasparo's Arcantrik Convergence Engine (created in 308 AR) into plate armor, creating the first prototype for warcaster armor. In 436 AR Magnus Ashlan Halstead invented the arc node based on the arcanik relay and paved the way for innovations in tactical warcasting and the creation of new types of warjacks. Most importantly, Khador began construction of the Korsk-

Skirov Rail Line (finished in 478 AR). During this time Khadorans began manufacturing mechanika and warjacks on par with Cygnar's armies.

Also during the Quiet Century, Exarch Rudyin Goresecha's recollection of his journey through the realms of Urcaen is detailed in *Accounts of Urcaen* (1st ed. 320 AR). Fifteen years later the Temple of Menoth published *City of Souls*. It was a collection of the accounts of faithful sent to Urcaen and brought back through the power of Menoth. Their visions in death inspire Menites to embrace the words of the Lawgiver with greater fervor. Through the power of resurrection, Menoth has given those with doubt further reason to believe, and Menites began taking up the faith in record numbers.

A major calamity came about in 415 AR when a wizard battle burned much of Mercir to the ground. As rebuilding began in earnest, the Fraternal Order blamed the fire on a woman, the "mad wizard" Stacia Versh, who had terrified the Mercir guard and the city's populace for years with her magically enhanced penchant for arson. The Church of Morrow contributed aid to the displaced people until their city was restored, and Stacia later confronted and destroyed a group from the Order of Illumination in the Cardare Mountains. She was consumed by her own conflagration, and the goddess Thamar embraced Stacia's fierce soul.

Cannon fire off the coast of Ord punctuated the end of the Quiet Century when Khadoran and Ordic navies clashed over issues of piracy. By 464 AR, Khador had once more invaded Ord intent on reclaiming goods lost during Ordic privateer campaigns. Cygnar intervened and diplomats negotiated a settlement. A few ounces of gold richer, Khador begrudgingly withdrew, but Cygnar's partisanship angered them. They declared peace diffidently, and the tranquility of the Quiet Century ended.

The Sulon Declaration

The greatest turmoil since the Border Wars with Khador did not come from outside Cygnar. Instead it came from within and tested the faith of every man, woman, and child. During the Quiet Century, Menites had so grown to despise Morrowans that in the latter half of the 5th century AR, open hostility erupted between the two faiths. Blood spilled in the streets, and the Church of Morrow accused Menites of being blindly violent and callous. With the Crown's support, authorities arrested Menites and charged them with harming Morrowan holy sites, clergy, and faithful.

At the crest of this wave of blind aggression stood Sulon, the Visgoth of Caspia. Viewed by many as a visionary, he took charge of the Temple's efforts and drove the faithful to acts of aggression against the Morrowan Church. Sulon called for an exodus in which all Menites of Cygnar would join him in the City of Walls. By summoning the faithful to him, Sulon sought to build an army that would shake the nation's capital city to its core.

By the summer of 482 AR, tens of thousands of the Menite population of Cygnar had moved to eastern Caspia, a powder keg waiting to explode. The Crown tried to placate the masses by giving in to some of Sulon's constant demands, but matters changed after Cygnar refused the self-declared Heirarch the right to expand the city beyond the easternmost wall. The Hierarch's demeanor darkened and he filled his speeches with treasonous rhetoric. Riots and religious crimes soon were rampant, and the Crown made a plea for Sulon's peaceful surrender while staffing the bridges and walls with troopers and warjacks. Sulon replied with these words: *"Send the lawless pawns of Morrow to Urcaen. Make them to wallow in fear while the City of the Lawgiver is made strong with our faith!"*

During the Longest Night of 482 AR, Sulon's army came across the bridges from eastern Caspia with any weapons they could find including burning pitch, plows, swords, and rifles. As the Crown's forces shoved the rioters into the waters of the Black River and back into the eastern half of Caspia, the Menites unveiled a final gambit. A cadre of zealots fearlessly guided wagons filled with kegs of blasting powder into the midst of the bridges. The explosions sundered the two halves of the city. The stone viaducts were obliterated and their shattered remnants tumbled into the river. The eastern section of Caspia was blockaded, and the Menite faithful used the city's walls to their advantage. Sulon was quite pleased; he called his faithful the Children of Sulon.

After holding eastern Caspia for two years the Hierarch and his followers, called Sulese, made a desperate drive into western Caspia in an attempt to

despoil its holy heart, the Sancteum. His intention was to raze the Sancteum to the ground, but sword knights and warjacks put down the Hierarch's bloodthirsty horde. It ended when Sulon himself fell in battle. His zealots openly wept and dropped their weapons. They were permitted to carry his body back to eastern Caspia—now called Sul.

Three months after Sulon's death, King Malfast agreed to a conference with the reigning visgoth Ozeall who was a much more even-tempered and reasonable man than Hierarch Sulon had been. Malfast, seeing that the creation of a new state was prudent, allowed the formation of a Menite protectorate. Visgoth Ozeall negotiated the establishment of a self-governed Menite state—a strip of land extending south from Sul to Ancient Icthier. This protectorate would govern itself but also obey the Corvis Treaties and the covenants of Cygnaran law including taxation and fealty.

Gladly rid of the ragtag citizens of Sul, Cygnar's military still kept a careful watch from the western banks of the Black River and the Protectorate of Menoth. Still a province of Cygnar and financially indebted to the Crown, the state was poor in resources and often required massive shipments of aid including food, clothing, and building supplies donated by sympathizers to the Menite cause. The Protectorate, meanwhile, soon busied itself with subjugating the Idrian natives that had called the region home since the Time of the Burning Sky.

During the Crown's dealings with the Temple of Menoth, the Khadorans used the distraction to their advantage. Their mechanikal war effort had produced tremendous advances, including the Man-O-War armor created by Jachemir Venianminov in 470 AR. By 477, two full companies of such men were devoted to the Motherland. They strode in parade along with bright red warjacks armed with mauls and axes. As Cygnar had been divided, Khador had grown stronger.

The Coin War (482 AR–484 AR)

A footnote in the times the Cygnaran Civil War took place, Khador had taken the opportunity to attack Llael while Cygnar was unable to provide aid. Both Khador and Llael fought one another mainly through mercenary forces along the borders. War was never officially declared, but these events are called the Coin War due to the bidding that both sides went through in order to secure the services of choice mercenary companies.

The Strife of Times Recent: The Modern Era

While many scholars argue that the Modern Era begins on the first day of 500 AR, it is better to think of the Modern Era as the first few steps of Grigor Malfast, otherwise referred as King Malfast the Quick. Already 30 years of age when his father passed in 489 AR, he took the throne as his right under the terms of his father's document of succession. He was experienced as a soldier and an economist, and Cygnar could not ask for a better king.

At the dawn of 500 AR, Ord had ironhull vessels sailing the seas and launched the *Sprightly*, a floating fortress plated with iron. The ship was slower than the smaller and more maneuverable iron-plated ships of the Cygnaran navy but proved its worth in facing the depredations of Cryx whose raids and black-hulled ships had become much more aggressive. Indeed, the dark isle had spawned a contest in naval innovations as the Ordic and Cygnaran navies clashed with Cryxian pirate fleets on many occasions. Ships such as the *Glory of Morrow* and *Merciful Boon* were commissioned by the Cygnaran navy and fought against Khadoran, Cryxian, and Ordic pirates from time to time. These vessels, still in service today, herald the age of the ironhulls and are considered naval equivalents of Colossals.

The Protectorate of Menoth did not wait to begin expanding its territory by influencing Idrian tribesmen to submit to their religion and rule. After an earthquake devastated Idrian forces at the battle of the Burning Road, Protectorate forces, untouched by the upheaval, showed them no mercy while in the north the Protectorate and Llael began fighting over mineral rich lands in the Marches. Llael soon became unwilling to fight over "dust and dry wastes" and conceded after a few minor skirmishes. The Protectorate extended its borders a few hundred miles north of Imer, and Cygnar did nothing.

Around that time Ruslan Vygor became the newly crowned king of Khador. He was incensed by Cygnaran treatment of faithful Menites and vowed to undo such wrongs. Vygor declared himself Khardovic reborn and had his forces begin carving what is now called the Warjack's Road through the hostile Thornwood. At this point the Thornwood War began wherein the skills of Cygnaran scouts and Khadoran manhunters

were put to the test in haunting battles amidst thick woods and bog. The short but bloody war's outcome was decided at the Battle of the Tongue. Vinter Raelthorne II's cunning brought him victory, for at a crucial moment in battle, Khador's mercenaries changed sides and decimated the Khadoran flanks. As the northmen were slaughtered, King Vygor charged into combat with King Raelthorne II who impaled Vygor on a yard of sharpened steel and brought the conflict to its end.

Queen Ayn Vanar VIII, Vygor's pregnant widow, happily ascended the throne while crying tears of farewell for her misanthropic, dark-hearted husband. She declared the war over and began nursing her nation back to health. The Thornwood War was the first of the modern wars and ultimately an example of the costs that such conflicts incur. Both Cygnar and Khador spent years recovering from the losses of men, machines, and resources, and in the end the short, futile struggle gained nothing for either nation.

Fading Shadows: Ios Languishes

The Iosans are a people caught in the midst of tragedy. They are the authors of their own fate, a harsh reminder that pride and arrogance can lead to the fall of an entire race. Their decline is one of ages, and the silent lament of centuries is their torment. As related by the exiled Iosan Chelryhhmor to the Rynnish scholar Chanyce Decauthis:

We are a people of shadows, my friend. Shades of transparency. Some of us are as ghosts. If you could see through the depths of elven souls, you would find there only sorrow. Our sadness and our grief is great, for we could have sat beside our gods as beloved children; instead, we pulled them from the sky.

After the founding of Ios, the Divine Court sought a means to return to the Veld. By 840 BR the Iosans had fragmented into two races. The pilgrimage of the Winter Fane to the north led by Aeric severed the Nyss from the Iosans. The Divine Court was irrevocably fractured.

Centuries later the Rivening struck. In 140 BR, as recounted by the elf Chelryhhmor, the clergy of the Fanes went mad. Only the Fane of Scyrah was spared this inexplicable catastrophe. The remnants of the priesthood ran rampant in a frenzy of self-destruction, but the Fane of Scyrah retreated to their fortress hold of Lacyr's inner sanctum.

Since the Rivening and Scyrah's return to Lacyr, the Fane of Scyrah have attended a comatose god, unresponsive and slowly waning. As she fades, her clerics rely more and more on their own souls for divine power.

No one knows what happened to the other members of the Divine Court. The Vanished, as the elves call them, are lost and untouchable by prayer or supplication. They may wait silent and invisible for the Veld to open, but some fear they are simply dead.

Ios is a nation gripped in denial and, in turn, unwilling to open its borders. Elven enmity for human wizards and quests to faraway lands are their only interactions with the outside world. Today, they do not indulge in commerce, aid, or assistance from any of the other peoples of the Iron Kingdoms, and this shows little sign of changing anytime soon.

The Raelthorne Dynasty

After the death of Malfast, the Crown passed to Vinter Raelthorne II according to the terms of Woldred's Covenant. Malfast died on the eve of his 56th birthday with his family and friends attending to him as he handed the reigns of the kingdom to a man of honor and skill. Raelthorne swore he would make the old man proud and treat Cygnar as well as he could.

Vinter Raelthorne II was a skilled warrior and a canny strategist; he also knew when to listen to his advisors and when to ignore them. Armed with a mandate to preserve the welfare of Cygnar, Vinter decided that an alliance of merchant interests capable of regulating trade was a necessity to ensure Cygnar's economic superiority. Though he funded the advancement of mechanika and arcane knowledge, he also knew the value of trade and alliances. Under his advisement, the Mercarian League began developing and would take 10 years of arguments, political maneuvering, and infighting before formally consolidating in 526 AR.

In 525 AR, he was badly wounded in an assassination attempt staged by Menite zealots. The assassins, Chernel Amarius and Darimia Amarius, used a customized rifle to fire a single shot into Vinter's chest from 400 yards away. If not for the rapid attention of a Morrowan cleric, Vinter would have died. An extensive manhunt later uncovered the culprits, and although no official ties to the Protectorate could be connected to them, they were charged with treason and hanged. Vinter's advisors immediately ordered inspectors to look into matters of Menite interference in Cygnaran politics. Of special note, Cygnar astronomically increased the tariffs for weapons and ammunition for traders dealing with the Protectorate while dropping their tariffs on liquor and

books. The policing of smugglers was also increased so intensely it was said that an ant could not cross the Black River without Vinter knowing of it.

In 533 AR however, yet another assassin, this time an acolyte of the Cult of Cyriss, attempted to kill the king. The attempt was foiled and Vinter was furious. Legates from the cult of Cyriss made immediate gestures of reparation, pointing to a rogue element in the cult fixated on an error in calculation. The legates offered up the guilty party, the acolyte was hanged, and the legates themselves were beheaded. Vinter declared the cult an illegal organization and decreed that no Cyriss presence would be tolerated in any Cygnaran city.

By the time Vinter Raelthorne III succeeded his father in 539 AR, Vinter Raelthorne II had already built railways in Cygnar, regulated a new system of market, and placated the nations of Ord and Llael with trade and arms as well as opening up new relations with Khador. Vinter Raelthorne III needed to fill his father's role and take on the new challenges as the Iron Kingdoms entered the midst of the 6th century AR. Where the Stone-Faced king was a pragmatic and analytical man, Vinter III was much harder on the nation than his father.

Changes of economy and market in Cygnar affected the other kingdoms as well. Most profoundly were the affects felt in Khador as the mercantile system led to a rising merchant class. The kayazy, financially successful individuals, began making waves by using their economic power to get things done. By 549 AR Khador had abolished serfdom, and the kayazy quickly found ways to employ the suddenly free people by employing them as laborers and creating a revolution of learning as literacy increased. In 551 AR the largest company in all of western Immoren took shape as the kayaz Simonyev Blaustavya founded Blaustavya Shipping & Rail. Though Cygnar and Khador were not on the best of terms, trade was good.

Vinter Raelthorne III had two sons by his wife Calasia. The elder was named Vinter following family tradition, and the second son was named Leto. Calasia died after giving birth to Leto, and the children grew up out of their father's sight. Nursemaids and attendants raised them while tutors and scholars bestowed upon them the knowledge of swordsmanship, economy, and tactics. While his father's cold distance drove Prince Vinter to brave acts of war and battle to gain his father's attention and approval, Leto took to a life of learning and study, gaining knowledge and practicing the craft of war without the zeal of his older brother.

In 576 AR when Vinter III died, whispers of patricide drifted through Cygnar's nobility. As Vinter IV took the throne, he took action to assure the safety of his throne. In his eyes, he had earned it through the battles and bloodshed of his younger years under the shadow of his father's scorn. Where Raelthorne the Stonehearted was an iron fist, his son was a bloody blade. During Vinter IV's eighteen-year reign, he brooked no insolence, no sarcastic remark, and no treachery; enemies both real and imagined were assassinated, imprisoned, or otherwise eliminated.

By 582 AR Raelthorne's secret police, the Inquisition, had become skilled at moving unseen and removing threats to his Highness. When the king passed the Edict Against Unlawful Sorcery and Witchcraft, his Inquisition set to work eagerly. Hundreds of suspected witches, sorcerers, cultists, and political inciters were secretly tortured and executed. Hysteria ran rampant throughout the kingdom. The first witch trials took place in Corvis in 584 AR whereupon two men and five women were hanged in Widower's Wood. Approximately 250 people were executed for "unlawful sorcery" over the next ten years. The height of this terror is no more evident than in the infamous Corvis Witch Trials of 593 AR.

The Scharde Invasions (584-588 AR)

Yet while Raelthorne the Elder's rule began burning witches and hunting down both real and imagined enemies, the raiding forces of the Scharde Isles were increasingly active. After a Cryxian incursion destroyed the village of Ingrane, it became clear that the threat from across the Broken Coast was intent on claiming Cygnaran lives. Over the next decade, the raids and piracy escalated to no less than rampant warfare.

Cryxian blackships plied the open sea-lanes. The dark fleet plundered and raided without fear and often struck without warning with mechanikally-enhanced thralls, throngs of Satyxis raiders, and terrifying helljacks. Ordic and Cygnaran navies formed blockades along the Broken Coast and

garrisons were doubled in coastal towns and villages. Cygnar sent massive numbers of troops to fortify and establish lookouts monitoring all passage through vital lanes of traffic.

Cryx only intensified the conflict that soon enough peaked at the Battle of Sandbottom Point in 588 AR when Ordic and Cygnaran navies faced off against a massive fleet of raiders and pirates bound for the Gulf of Cygnar. Over 30 vessels were sunk during this bloody battle. The water was covered in a fog of smoke from cannon fire and burning tinder, and the armadas of Ord and Cygnar took the day. Fleeing Cryxian ships sought shelter on the shores near Southshield and Highgate, but they were doggedly pursued. For weeks thereafter, the Cygnaran military hunted down and destroyed Scharde raiders wherever they could find them.

The Khadoran High Kommand

At the urging of Lord Regent Simonyev Blaustavya, Queen Ayn Vanar XI began a regime devoted to the expansionistic goals of her grandfather. Additionally, the ambitious queen called for a halt to Khadoran trade with Mercarian merchants citing that such matters of trade weakened the strength of the Motherland. Many of the companies began working for the new Khadoran military initiative producing uniforms, weapons, and supplies.

Queen Ayn often alludes to the spirit of King Khardovic; she had propaganda spread throughout the streets of Khador's cities and towns. Billets and posters encouraging national pride, military service, and the glories of the Motherland can be found everywhere. The Greylords Covenant has been drafting uchenik for their halls and training warcasters in the ways of magic. Over the past few years, national imperialist sentiment has grown to an all time high.

The Lions Coup: The Battle for the Throne of Cygnar

Meanwhile Cygnar's internal strife had risen to the level of insanity. So driven was Raelthorne the Elder that he eventually began imprisoning citizens simply on the rumor of sorcery or political malfeasance. For many underhanded individuals, this was a quick way to vengeance or profit. Reporting a neighbor brought a few crowns in reward regardless of whether or not the accusations were true. Public executions became commonplace, and many of the executed were clearly innocent of the charges leveled against them. People were outraged, yet even riots did not stop the Elder. After the Massacre of Mercir which left 320 protesting citizens dead, it was clear he would not let even a large crowd speak against him without punishment. He had to be stopped.

The man to stop him would be his own brother, Prince Leto Raelthorne, a quiet and kind man with misgivings about his own brother's violent regard for the people of Cygnar. A well-trained warrior and diplomat, Leto had often spent his years diffusing volatile political situations with Khador, Llael, and Ord, yet even he could not deny his toughest opponent to placate was his own brother.

The blessings of Primarch Arius, the leading figure of the Church of Morrow, had always been a soothing boon to Leto. When the Primarch bid Leto to do the right thing and seek out justice not only for those the Elder had slain, but also for Cygnar and the future of the nation, he grimly accepted the task of liberating his beloved country. Leto gathered a group of loyal Cygnaran patriots including High Magus Calster, Primarch Arius, and a number of loyal military offices and set out to claim the crown from his tyrant brother.

The palace revolution exploded on the eve of Gorim 24th, Khadoven 594 AR. Leto, accompanied by High Magus Calster, several warjacks, and a cadre of Stormblades and Morrowan paladins, attacked Vinter's forces in the great receiving hall during an audience with the leaders of the Elder's Inquisition. The battle was the stuff of epic legend and scorch marks and blade scars are still visible on the walls of that great hall. The Elder was as fierce in combat as he was a king, and he showed no mercy to man or machine that day. As his blades swept through the crowds of soldiers, he laughed aloud. Little did he know that in the chambers below, his guards were surrendering to Leto's forces.

Finally Leto faced his brother in combat and swords clashed in a violent frenzy of blows. While Leto had the cause of righteousness behind him, he was no match for Vinter's martial skills. As Leto fell to a blow from Vinter's blade, it is said he called to Morrow for aid. Those who rushed to Leto's side at the end of the

battle found him on the ground, pale from blood loss and gravely wounded, but the Elder was sprawled nearby, apparently comatose.

Vinter was shackled and imprisoned while Leto took the responsibility of the Crown upon himself. Many of the Inquisitors were imprisoned on Bloodshore Island along with their former king. The few that could not be captured went into hiding. However, the Elder still had many allies, and Leto's love, the Lady Danae Cresswell, was kidnapped with demands for the Elder's release. Shaking with grief and anger, Leto had no choice but to set the tyrant free. While Vinter escaped across the Bloodstone Marches, Leto's dear bride was never seen again.

Recent Times

A scant year later the Llaelese King Rynnard di la Martyn died without an heir, and long debates on the nature of his succession began. Prime Minister Lord Deyar Glabryn was appointed to govern by the Council of Nobles, and despite the loss of its king, Llael still prospered as the Order of the Golden Crucible and other Llaelese shipping interests continued dealing with the Mercarian League and selling alchemical supplies, fuels, wood, and trade goods.

In recent times border skirmishes between the Protectorate and Cygnar rose to new heights. Khador regularly sent forces across the borders of Ord and Llael to test their defenses. The army of Khador appeared far more modern than it was a few years prior. The efforts of Queen Ayn have wrought a complex armed force comprised of naval, military, and magical might rivaling, perhaps exceeding, Cygnar's own in terms of sheer power.

The Longest Night, the Elder's Return, and Witchfire Spoilers

Warning: If you intend to play the Witchfire trilogy, stop reading now! The text below includes spoilers revealing details of the scenario. You have been warned!

During the Longest Night of 602 AR a horde of undead assailed the city of Corvis, advancing on the Church of Morrow where the rogue witch Alexia Ciannor attempted to seize a sword of tremendous power. Matters worsened after the young woman's attack when began an invasion of the city led by none other than the tyrant, Vinter Raelthorne IV the Elder. Vinter had returned to Cygnar with an army of gruesome beasts mastered by a vile race called skorne. Deferring to the leadership of the exiled Raelthorne, the skorne aided him in taking control of the city whereupon Raelthorne restored former agents of his Inquisition and began systematically capturing the city's defenses.

Corvis was liberated later the following year through the efforts of the witch Alexia Ciannor and a group of her allies. They had returned with the legendary Legion of Lost Souls, undead soldiers of the Eternal guard animated by the power of the Witchfire. The legion clashed with Raelthorne's skorne army and Inquisitors at the Battle of Black River Bridge (also called the Battle of Corvis). The skorne were eventually routed from the city, and they retreated into the Bloodstone Marches from whence they had come. The Elder's body was never found in the aftermath, and the Crown presumes he is yet alive somewhere in the Marches biding his time until he can return again.

By order of Hierarch Garrick Voyle, the Protectorate built new factories with the sweat of Idrian slaves and zealots to fuel its great crusade. Warjacks built at the factories, complete with cortexes assembled by the Vassals of Menoth, are the first ones produced completely within the Protectorate of Menoth. The first Reckoner warjacks trundled through the streets of Imer on parade in the spring of 604 AR. The new warjacks replaced the retrofitted ones previously smuggled by sympathizers and profiteers over the years.

Still even greater things have come to pass for the Protectorate. Whispers among its priests tell of a great prophet called the Harbinger; indeed, Hierarch Voyle held many private audiences with this mysterious individual during the early months of 603 AR. By 604 Hierarch Voyle suddenly called all faithful of western Immoren to make a pilgrimage to the Protectorate to behold the Harbinger's glory. The news spread like wildfire: "The Harbinger is real, the voice of Menoth manifest on Caen. Her voice delivers His commandments!" The faithful and thousands of converts have flooded the Protectorate from all over the Iron Kingdoms.

Deeming it time to sever ties with the Protectorate, Queen Ayn commissioned her Greylord spies to root out all smugglers and Protectorate sympathizers and put an end to their clandestine aid. The wizards proved effective, and as the sympathizers and faithful—now persecuted in Khador—fled to the Protectorate, Queen Ayn sent an uncompromising request to the Hierarch for him to retract his decree. So far there has been no response.

The Onset of War

In the winter of 604 AR, a generations-spanning social mobilization by Khadorans culminated when Queen Ayn Vanar XI ordered a full assault against Llael. Her mind was set on fulfilling the legacy of the Vanar dynasty, her grandfather Ivad's dream, which is nothing less than the total renewal of the Khardic Empire.



Leading up to the onset of war, skirmishes along the Khador-Cygnar border were common.

A military campaign several years in the planning, it was made easier through the cooperation of Llael's Prime Minister Deyar Glabryn who had been in league with agents of Queen Ayn's High Kommand since at least 600 AR if not sooner. Glabryn had reduced Llael's border garrisons over a period of years, instead populating the western boundary with ill-paid mercenaries and turning away the presence of allied Cygnaran troops. It is no secret that he and King Leto had been at odds, especially when Leto had spoken against Glabryn's policies at the last meeting of the Court of Nobles.

That ill-fated gentry likely wished that they had listened—though it was already far too late—when a few short months later Winter Guard and warjacks occupied the cities of Laedry, Elsinberg, Merywyn, and Leryn, the Proud City and home of the Golden Crucible, the latter of which capitulated without a shot fired. By early 605 AR most of the nobility's detached skulls decorated the battlements of these towns. Although some managed to flee south or east—most of them into hiding—a few of them organized a resistance effort with the last of their wealth.

By summer of that same year, Hierarch Voyle called upon the Menite faithful to launch a great crusade to subjugate all of Immoren and instill Menoth's law as the ultimate decree. The Menites' first targets were

the walls of Caspia. Menite forces assailed the walls of Caspia, literally raining fire and brimstone down on the City of Walls. Threatened on two fronts, Cygnar's Royal Assembly called all troops to defend the homeland. Llael was unfortunately given up as lost, and soldiers fell back to secure the borders.

The drought worsened matters by rendering the crops of both Cygnar and Khador thin and weak. Food stores became precious and fresh water was a welcome sight. Still no rain fell for over two months during the summer. Scholars feared that another Time of the Long Sun was upon the Iron Kingdoms, but just as the summer waned the rains came to cover the incursions of Cryx with clouds and foggy nights.

By fall 605 AR, Cygnar was fighting on all fronts. Adding fresh woes to the war torn nation, Cryxian raids occurred with terrifying frequency, even targeting food stores already much depleted by the terrible drought. Undead forces moved at night along the coasts and the dark places of the kingdoms, sometimes attacking unexpectedly and often creeping upon the battlefields and salvaging the dead in order to grow their own ranks. It was not an altogether concerted effort, for the forces of the various enemies were just as likely to skirmish one another as they were to fight Cygnaran defenders. Cryx was known to clash with Khador, Khador with the Protectorate, and the Protectorate with Cryx.

Now, Cygnar offers Letters of Marque allowing those who fight for the Crown to take the spoils of war from any aggressors, especially Khador. Recognition as a Knight of Cygnar is awarded to anyone able to prove his worth in defending the kingdom. Indeed, military arms and supplies are also available to these personages, and successful adventuring careers are built on such foundations. Meanwhile, Khador proposes similar rewards to anyone serving their empire by awarding the Shield of Khardovic, a badge of honor equivalent to the Knights of Cygnar.

Secrets of the past still await discovery, festering in the dark places across the kingdoms like maggots in a corpse. Darkness abounds in Orgoth ruins and the wastes of the Bloodstone Marches, and Cryx's deadly shadow seeps over the meek and innocent. For heroes, the Modern Era offers opportunities aplenty, and the pages of history are being written even now.



Industries, Institutions & Society

You
travel this route
as long as I have
and it gives you
time to think
about the
big picture.

Here's what I've decided. Commerce is the lifeblood of civilization, and being a trader is as noble a profession as any there is! Some halfheads think we chase after coin for greed or love of comfort. Ha! They haven't ever spent a month in a stinky little boat wedged so tight with cargo that there ain't hardly room for food. Sure I seek profit, but it's honest work, and earning your coin this way isn't any easier than hammering out a sword or selling boots at the local market.

Them's that make the goods require us that make the deals. Aye, a man can make a cheap living selling the work of his one pair of hands to a few neighbors, but that's no way to get ahead if you ask me. You need to gather up the work of a dozen pairs of hands. It's all about travel, knowing your markets, and being willing to go the extra distance for a slightly larger margin. Can you squeeze three more crowns out of a journey that'll cost you just one? Is it worth the time? Does it risk life and limb at the hands of barbarians waiting for some fool ass caravaner to pass nearby? Do you have the right contacts to make sure your goods don't grow moss on the docks for want of the right paperwork?

'Course, now the war is on… there's good and bad comes with it. New markets, new goods, trade in cloth becomes shipments of swords, guns, ammunition, but things can get tight and an honest businessman can lose everything to bad luck. Think the tithes are bad today? Now everyone's at each other's throats taxing everyone to pay for their war. Listen to Gunner. These days always keep one hand on your coin purse and the other on your pistol, dagger, or what-have-ye.

—Gunner Wadock (male Thurian Ftr3/Exp1), Cygnaran tradesman



A Trader's Market

What was once local barter became a vital part of the resistance effort many centuries ago when rare commodities were exchanged swiftly and secretly to prepare the rebels who overthrew the Orgoth oppressors. By sharing and trading, pockets of rebels became well-equipped fighting forces able to pose a real threat to the Orgoth. Even the construction of the Colossals would have been impossible without the resources smuggled into the secret construction facilities from all across what is now Cygnar.

Even before the Corvis Treaties established national borders, people recognized the importance of long-distance trade—something that had been impossible in the chaos of the Thousand Cities Era. In today's times of escalating troubles, goods such as metals, oil, powder and shot, and food grow more scarce and precious, driving up their price. Now more than in recent generations, politics complicate matters, but those enterprising enough find ways to make their efforts pay. What started as local barter has evolved into the lifeblood of nations and the cause of greater adventures and risks than almost any other cause throughout the Iron Kingdoms.

The Bounds of Law

Shipping goods from one place to another seems a simple enough notion, and indeed, in the wild and ill-disciplined areas of Ord or the Bloodstone Marches that is all there is to it. In places where trade is worthwhile—where there is profit to be made—things are more complicated. If people are free to buy and sell whatever they want, what will keep the worst elements of society from stockpiling weapons and inciting revolt? How can traders be prevented from peddling heresy as well as corn? Every nation takes some measures to control trade.

To begin, some things simply cannot be legally bought or sold. The Protectorate considers all oil, other than vegetable or lamp oil, the direct property of the temple, for example, and the kingdomes all outlawed slavery long ago. In Midfast a person can buy, own, and carry no more than a brace of pistols. City ordinances define more than that as a sign of equipping a private army (what honest individual needs more than two pistols?). Officials set quotas of this kind based on estimates of what an individual might reasonably require for his own use. On items such as blasting powder, heavy taxes discourage large purchases ensuring only state-sanctioned organizations can afford to buy in bulk.

Winds of War

Campaigns taking place during wartime should note that martial law has replaced civilian law along the borders. Smugglers especially are having difficulties, since the borders have recently become war zones. Anyone caught engaging in suspicious activity in the borderlands may find themselves in deep trouble.

Other restrictions are placed on transporting goods. The most common restriction is that certain items may only be traded within national or city boundaries. Crossing these either violates the law or attracts a tax, and patrols actively enforce these laws along most national borders. Only Ord fails to maintain a standing force of its own to police such activity.

These taxes operate in a variety of ways. Sometimes they apply on entry (which encourages local

You're putting me on, right? I've hauled this bloody thing the length and breadth of the kingdoms, from the arse-scorching deserts of the Marches, out from under the noses of those bastard exemplars, past the scrounging tax-hounds in Cygnar, through bloody Occupied Llael, and over the Kovosks—where I nearly lost two fingers to frostbite, thank you—to bring it here. I didn't go through all that to end up with sod-all to show for it. You don't want to up that offer, you may as well nip off and fetch one for yourself, eh?

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

production), sometimes on export (to protect local consumers), and sometimes on both. In addition, taxes can be levied in the form of tolls for the use of roads, bridges, and so on. The "crown a leg" standard is perhaps the most common levy mainly because few toll wardens can estimate the value of cargo, but most can count the number of legs on horses, guards, and merchants. Nations and cities commonly charge a one percent tax on entering trade goods, though in troubled times like these many cities levy both taxes as a way of subsidising their local military forces.

The level of taxation also varies considerably. Blasting powder for a small pistol charge might cost six crowns in Corvis with one of the crowns destined straight for the treasury where it will typically be used to pay watch salaries. In the Khadoran capital of Korsk, the same charge might cost eight crowns of which two go to tax. Even more prohibitive taxes may be set on items that governments are keen to limit. For example, regarding the commission of steamjacks in Cygnar, purchasers must register their construct and pay a mandatory fee equal to half the value of the materials used in its construction. Part of this tax goes directly to the Fraternal Order of Wizardry, the sole supplier of legal cortexes, as an incentive to ensure that their clients register all steamjacks.

Before declaring war on Cygnar, the Protectorate could not set its own taxes since it fell under the jurisdiction of Cygnar; a Cygnaran license was required to trade legally within the Protectorate at all. For years, this protected Cygnaran mercantile interests, but things have changed since Hierarch Voyle declared his holy war against Cygnar. Now if traders come to the Protectorate at all, they must make obligatory "donations" to the Temple. Cygnaran traders have been permanently banned, and local systems of barter, brokered by the local temples, have been instituted throughout the theocracy.

Winds of War

With Llael occupied and Khador imposing an exclusive contract with the Golden Crucible, blasting powder has become extremely difficult for civilians to acquire. Priority goes to the armies of the kingdoms, and most gunwerks and powdermakers sell exclusively to their respective nations. Adventuring types may still find ways to procure blasting powder, but it is not as simple or cheap as before the war.

Naturally, where laws appear law breakers soon follow. Black markets dealing in illegal commodities exist in most major settlements. This is rarely a physical market (although in places such as Five Fingers operations do run openly). More commonly it involves a network of fences, procurers, forgers, looters, and so on. Penalties for breaking tax laws vary from kingdom to kingdom. Tax evasion in Cygnar often results in fines or the confiscation of property, but in Khador it may lead to public flogging or forced work in the mines. The Protectorate often punishes the trade of proscribed items (such as oil) by execution (for more, see "Crime & Punishment," pg. 123).

Rumor Has It…

Black market trade is indeed a profitable venture that has given rise to several specialist criminal organizations. In particular, the Caspian Watchguard is currently investigating rumors that a group calling itself the Brethren has been supplying the Protectorate with blasting powder, steamjack parts, and other proscribed items. There is not yet enough evidence to prove anything, but several black marketeers have told the same story of purchases made by a wild-eyed man and two holier-than-thou henchmen, the former of which tries unsuccessfully to hide his Ordic accent. This man apparently matches the description in Cygnaran intelligence reports of a smuggler and spy in the employ of the Protectorate.

Mechanics of Trade

When purchasing goods for trade, a character must first find a source (with a Gather Information or Knowledge [local] check) and then evaluate them to see what they are worth (an Appraise check). For both checks, use a DC of 10 for common household goods, 15 for specialist items (tools, weapons, etc.), 20 for rarer items (e.g. firearms and relatively common mechanika), 25 for obscure goods (e.g. magical items and novel mechanika) and 30 for improbable purchases (like a second-hand steamjack). Increase all of these DCs by 5 if the character tries to buy in bulk. At the point of purchase, the adventurer may choose to barter which requires a successful Bluff or Diplomacy check. Apply a +2 circumstance modifier if the Appraise check suggests an unfair price. It is opposed by the merchant or fence's Sense Motive check. Each point of success reduces the price by one

percent, and each point of failure raises the price by the same amount. Make only one check to represent the whole haggling process. Buying goods in bulk directly from their producer usually secures a discount of one percent for every ten units purchased, up to a maximum of 15 percent. Hence, someone purchasing 50 backpacks would receive a 5 percent discount on the basic price.

Selling goods involves finding a buyer (Gather Information check, DC as above) or waiting for one to come along. At this point the appraisal and haggling is repeated. In all cases, the seller must ensure she holds all relevant licenses and has paid all necessary taxes. Licenses can be obtained from government offices—or from the Temple of Menoth in the Protectorate—for a fee.

Buying or selling on the black market is more difficult. As well as the Gather Information check, the character must make a successful Bluff check (same DC) for a dealer to 'overhear' his soliciting. Any law-abiding citizens in the area might make a Sense Motive check to notice this, which may lead to confrontation or a tip to the authorities about the illegal dealings.

Adventurers will probably not turn trader, seek to obtain the necessary licenses, and concern themselves with the minutiae of local taxation. Far more likely they will tag along with merchants as guards. Due to their slim profit margins, individual merchants can rarely afford to cover the costs of hiring their own guards, so they often travel in convoy where they can pool their resources to pay for protection even though they may work for different—even rival—commercial interests. Typically a guard captain will negotiate the protection contract and take responsibility for the actions of his men.

In most societies, this legal guard contract provides sufficient protection in case an employer is found guilty of breaking the law. However, the Protectorate considers guards complicit in the crime, and Khador assumes guilt although the individuals concerned usually have the chance to argue their case.

In addition to the private convoy protection contracts, some regular trade routes provide protection of their own paid for by the tolls levied from travelers. The Cygnaran road wardens, for example, have patrolled the King's Highway and the Great Northern Tradeway all the way to Llael for decades. Many merchants following this route choose to wait at one of the fortified hostels until the next patrol arrives, ready to escort them along the harsh and dangerous edges of the Bloodstone Marches. (See "Roads & Rails," pp. 91-98.)

Winds of War

Since the onset of war, the King's Highway and the Great Northern Tradeway have been used by Cygnaran armed forces, and it is not uncommon to see companies of trenchers and long gunners marching to and fro on these important highways. Indeed, the ranks of the road wardens are spread thin as many of them have joined the cause for king and country.

Mechanization & Industry

The Orgoth Dark Age

Before the Orgoth invaded, western Immoren experienced a great age of technological advancements. Discoveries came in rapid succession and culminated in the invention of the steam engine. Prior to Orgoth dominance, the Immorese had developed steam-driven mining equipment, locomotives, and steam-driven paddle wheels. Development continued through the start of the invasion but halted once the enemy completed thier conquest.

Fearing reprisals from the learned among the Immorese, the Orgoth detained and murdered thousands of inventors, scientists, and alchemists, destroying printing presses and burning all published material to restrict the flow of information. With the population enslaved and forced to work in mines or factories, the only innovations were those demanded by Orgoth overlords. The centuries of Orgoth rule were literally a scientific Dark Age.

Ironically, those harsh conditions created a new breed of thinkers who ultimately overthrew the Orgoth. After the Gift (of magic, see Chapter

One), the oppressed people of western Immoren felt emboldened to return to their scientific roots to discover a means of freeing their lands. Their natural scientific ingenuity propelled the Immorese into a renaissance as magic became yet another technological development among many.

Water and Wind

Long ago, power was harvested primarily through human energy—slave energy to be precise. Before the Orgoth invasion, slavery was actually on the decline as waterpower was becoming more important. The rate of expansion of waterpower in the form of water mills was spectacular during the Thousand Cities Era, and the mills became a crucial source of energy and revenue. By the 1100s BR, thousands of water mills dotted Immoren. The main advocates of waterpower were Morrowan monks who are credited with being the first millwrights to bring waterpower to the community.

Independent landowners erected mills by the hundreds along streams and rivers, and entire communities soon formed around them, making the mill owners quite wealthy. Indeed, the Three Towers Bridge in Corvis is a fantastic example of a massive mill bridge in a major city. Seven enormous waterwheels, fitted under its arches in the month of Solesh in 207 AR, reap numerous benefits from the wide Dragon's Tongue River for the city. Some of the 'bourgs in Corvis have running water as a result.

Water mills crush grain, corn, olives, and other comestibles. Some accounts of an innovative Rynnish merchant family claim they introduced the first paper mills at Ashton Brook Mill in the early to mid 800s BR, mechanizing a product manufactured by hand and foot for centuries. Though the Orgoth arrived shortly thereafter, it appears that some Rhulfolk built on the concept and introduced mechanisms to enable mills to forge iron. This major innovation drastically reshaped the future of the Iron Kingdoms.

In the valleys east of the Black River, water flows less frequently if at all, so engineers adapted the water mill concept to harness wind power by replacing the waterwheel with sails with amazing results. Windmills rapidly spread and flourished in regions lacking fast-flowing streams. In Khador today windmills are increasingly popular, for unlike water mills they continued to operate during the bitterly cold winters.

I was never much for all of this dodgy mechstuff until my brother Rorgun talked me in to relocating to Five Fingers. That trip down the Dragon's Tongue was one of the most relaxing journeys I've had in a long time—at least once we off-loaded those troublesome adventurers. It really was a shame about the 'jack. I'm sure it would've been a great help once we got to Five Fingers, but we all make sacrifices.

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

Steam Power

The introduction of the steam engine revolutionized western Immorese industry by providing power to areas lacking viable wind or water resources. In the 740s BR, a Khadoran named Drago Salvoro built the first viable steam engine. Little did this engineer know his invention would become the motive force that would change the face of western Immoren forever, or that people would still know his name well over a millennium later. Though used primarily for mining, early steam technology spread rapidly until the Orgoth occupation stalled its use for centuries. The very same basic principles of Salvoro's invention, however, would be utilized some centuries later in a successful rebellion effort ("The First Steam Engines" below).

The First Steam Engines

Drago Salvoro's first steam engine was very simple. It was little more than a boiler with angled steam vents evenly spaced around it and a central axle running through it. When heat was applied to the boiler, steam was forced out of the vents and caused the entire contraption to rotate about its axis. This prototype was awkward, weak, and horribly inefficient, but it was enough to demonstrate that steam could be harnessed to provide motive force.

The reciprocating piston was the breakthrough that made the steam engine viable. In this improved design, the boiler remained stationary and steam was vented into a cylinder to push a piston. When the piston reached full extension,

the pressure released, allowing the piston to return to its resting position to be pushed out by the steam once more. The first reciprocating steam engine was attached to a winch handle and pitted against a horse in a war-of-tug, and the steam engine won!

By the time of the Colossals, engineers had developed a trinary piston system to power the massive constructs. Steam routed into three large pistons evenly spaced around the same wheel. At any given time, at least two of the three pistons pushed on the wheel to turn its crankshaft. This system was deemed too bulky for smaller mechanika and eventually fell out of use with the Colossals. Most steam engines today use a linear arrangement of pistons combined with hydraulics and pneumatics to provide far more power than a trinary engine of equivalent size.



Once the Orgoth were chased into the sea before the might of the Iron Alliances' Colossals, several inventors turned their attentions to new ways that steam could improve life in western Immoren. The first factory to employ a steam engine as part of its production process was the Norov Ironworks in 233 AR. The second factory to make use of an engine was that of the renowned Salvoro Forge in 237, named for the original innovator of centuries ago. By 246, Salvoro factories in Korsk had acquired their struggling Norov rival whose boilers had the peculiar tendency to explode, and they formed the Salvoro Forge & Engineering Works.

Because legions of workers and engineers interested in steam power have unified their efforts the renowned Steam & Iron Workers' Union in Cygnar and Ghordson Arms in Rhul, for example—these past few generations have witnessed a time of

booming industry in western Immoren. Currently, steam engines perform numerous functions: digging, drilling, pumping, hauling, manufacturing, and providing power to locomotives, ships, steamjacks, printing presses, and much more.

Coal and Mines

For the greater part of Immorese history, wood was the most universal fuel until the introduction of coal around 1,000 BR. Brewers and smiths first adopted this mineral wealth in any great capacity, and complaints about the harmful properties of the smoke quickly followed. Nevertheless, the coal trade continued to develop, and the smelting of iron through the application of coal became a widespread technique in no time.

Early methods of pit-mining coal proved ineffective for the most part due to the tendency of the shallow bottle-necked pits to fill with water. The impracticality of drainage forced abandonment of the mines after short periods of work, and the complexity of keeping the pits dry proved an increasingly pressing dilemma. Man-powered windlasses and waterwheels could do only so much, and miners drowned as one pit after another flooded.

Lives and money were constantly being lost, yet the demand for coal had become dramatic. Inspired by the notion of machinery to do the pumping, a dwarven mechanic named Urbul Rothbal dissected Salvoro's original steam engine design in 736 BR. Later that same year he produced a mechanism for the task of drawing water out of the mines. Rothbal's engines proved quite successful. And enabled the mines to go deeper than ever before. The coal trade ran once more at full throttle and the gradual improvement of the steam engine was intimately connected with the progress of mining.

Environment and Pollution

Today the industrialization and mechanization of the Modern Era is wreaking havoc on the environment. Millions of acres of forests are destroyed to carve out regions for farming and grazing livestock and to satisfy the great demand for timber. Rapidly vanishing forests cause lumber prices to fluctuate and create conflict in areas frequented by groups and races that do not recognize the authority of the woodcutters. Loggers commonly have unpleasant run-ins with a kriel of hostile trollkin, bogrin, or druids which now and then lead to further aggression.

The burning of coal, especially during the winter months, has created a smoke hazard in the more concentrated areas of Immoren. Cities in cooler climes such as Korsk and Khardov, with their burgeoning industries and dense populations, live almost constantly blanketed in soot and fog as do many of the inner cities of Cygnar. Both Corvis and Fharin are renowned for their smoky fogs, or smogs, and their foul-smelling coal fumes known as "stinking fogs." Complaints in the thousands have forced some cities to make proclamations limiting the amount of coal one can burn, but such regulations rarely succeed in spite of the pressures of fines, ransoms, and even threats to demolish furnaces. After all, the business of iron has become much too important an industry.

Additionally, the tanning and slaughtering industries, necessary to support the very populace that complains of its pollutants, have added greatly to the diminishment of the rivers with the dumping of chemicals, surplus hair, and other tissues. Municipal statutes attempt to regulate such matters, just as they do the leaving or throwing of garbage, but in most cities all of this—deforestation, air pollutants, water pollutants, and litter—is an ever-growing concern.

Rumor Has It…

Southwest of Fharin, just a few miles west of the Market Line, lies a town once called Billingsdale. Today it is best known as Black Ghost Mountain, and what happened there decades ago remains an environmental tragedy to this day. During the autumn months of 574 AR, some litter was burned near an open pit coal mine just outside of the mining town. It appears that the flames ignited an underground coal vein that still burns thirty years later having spread over a thousand surface acres from its starting point. Early efforts to extinguish the fire by digging trenches proved unsuccessful and within three years, noxious fumes and subsidence—sudden and often deep sinkholes—had claimed more than fifty lives. By late 577 AR, the entire town was given up as lost and abandoned by all of its 3,500 inhabitants. Passengers on the Market Line can sometimes see black smoke on the western horizon and are heard to say, "There burns Black Ghost Mountain."

Other Industries

Textiles

The city of Tarna is named for the Thurian, Gramslo Tarna, who built the first commercially successful textile mill sometime around 810 BR. The entrepreneuer Tarna established his self-named mill town on the banks of the Dragon's Tongue and gathered unskilled workers from near and far who set up in crowded housing. He appealed to the landgraves—noble landowners—as far as the Warrens for investment capital. Several of them sent emissaries or went personally to observe his mill. Seeing the mechanized looms and spinning machines, wealthy families were quick to hand him the capital to embark in the manufacturing of textiles.

Flooding destroyed Tarna's mills in the 780s BR, but by that time change was already in the wind. Mills dotted Ord and Cygnar in the hundreds, turning out bales of yarn by the shipload. By the mid 700s BR, major operations in Berck, Carre Dova, Five Fingers, and Ceryl produced sailcloth, and almost every town with access to water and the necessary machinery erected the tall textile factories.

Then came the steam engine. At first, steam served as an alternate source of power during dry seasons, but gradually as valves and power shut-offs improved, steam power revolutionized the textile factories. By the late 600s BR, improved mechanization forced textile factories to adopt steam in order to survive. The mills expanded rapidly, and mill towns began losing their small, sometimes familial feeling and became crowded and dirty.

In the Modern Era, conditions in and around these mills have worsened over the past generation as immigrants willing to work cheap have started replacing the native workers. Fresh from the abolition of serfdom in Khador in 546 AR, the Khadoran lower class has no real standard of living for manufacturers to meet. Like several of the other industries, workers in textile factories consist of the lower classes, immigrants, children, and sometimes prisoners. Some of the factories are surrounded by their own shanty towns where workers rise early and work throughout the daylight hours. All they have to do after such a day is wait in breadlines or drink themselves into oblivion before rising for another 14 hour shift the next morning. This scenario is especially accurate in the larger cities and more than ever in the north where immigrants and refugees seek any employment they can find.

Printing

Though handwritten and illuminated manuscripts had been the preserve of the learned few, the invention of printing led to a proliferation of information. Invented by Rector Janus Gilder circa 940 BR, the printing press and its moveable type was restricted by the Sancteum for its own use. The Sancteum and several Vicarate Councils used Gilder's press to produce religious tracts and decrees which allowed them to distribute their rulings faster than ever before. Indeed, certain religious debates raged entirely by pamphlet.

The Orgoth outlawed such incunubula—sheets and books made on a moveable type press—and illuminated works once they gained full control over western Immoren. They declared books and printed material contraband. In fact, all printed works and presses outside of Caspia were requisitioned and never seen again. Printing continued in Caspia's Sancteum but rarely elsewhere, and what was printed was mostly anti-Orgoth propaganda with the distributors of such material eventually located and executed forthwith. During the Orgoth Era, advancements in printing slowed to a crawl if not a complete standstill.

In 261 AR, with so much technology once again re-discovered or improved, two engineers working for the Sancteum, rectors Fenric Gannek and Andrea Bruer, unveiled a steam-powered press capable of printing tens of thousands of pages on rag paper. In 333 AR, the Cygnaran king, Fergus the Fervid, realized what the Sancteum had and demanded the presses be made available to the Crown. This was a large step toward making the mass publication and circulation of literature possible.

By the 500s AR, the creation of increasingly powerful economies based on improved trade and commerce had enabled the emerging middle class to participate in a free exchange of ideas. Today Gilder's initial creation, improved upon by Gannek and Bruer, allows readers to be exposed to dramatically different worldviews ranging from maps and accounts of travels to information based on practical experience. In the

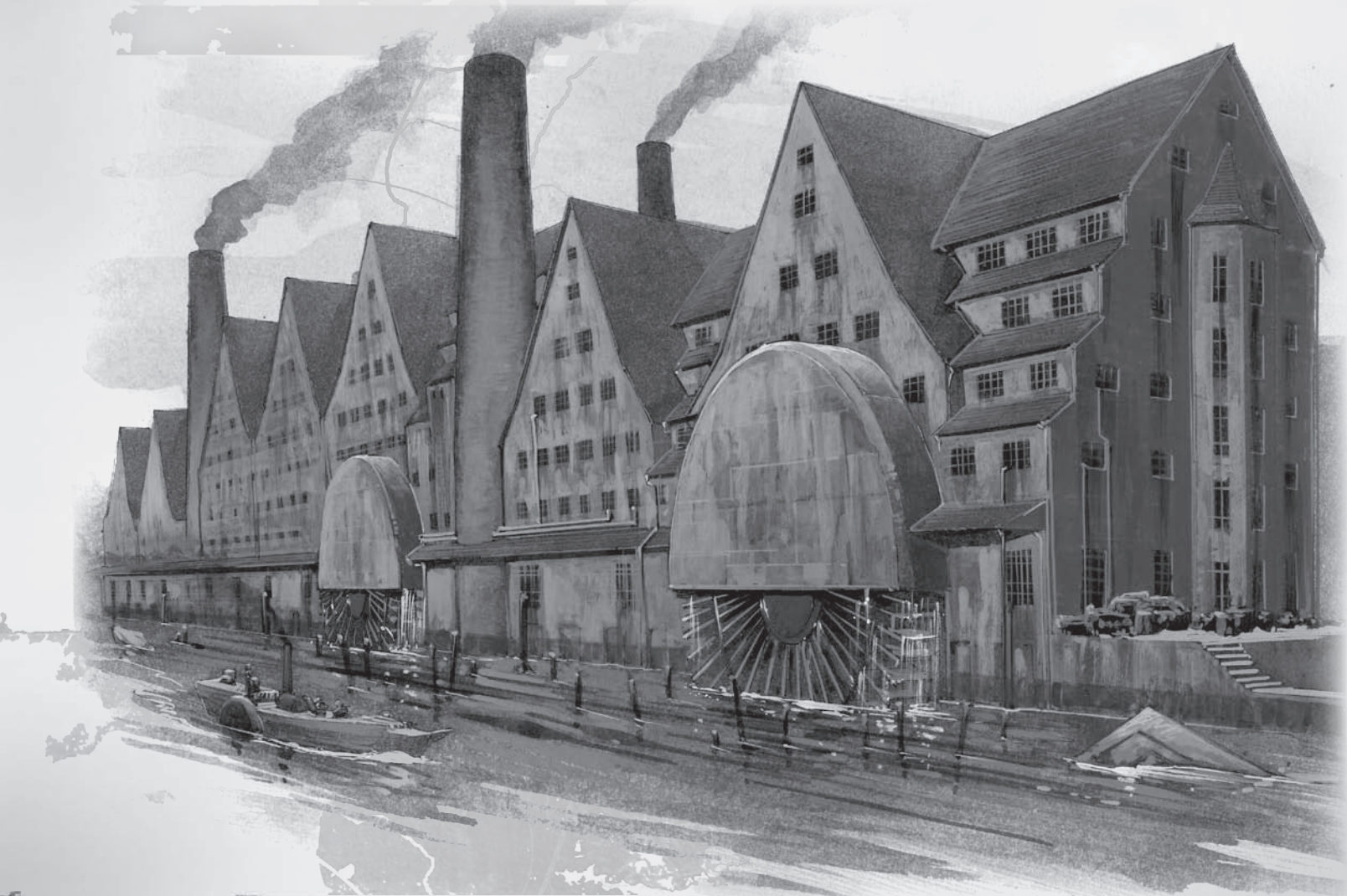
Modern Era print is spreading rapidly, intellectual life is moving beyond church and court, and literacy is becoming more of a growing necessity for urban existence.

News Periodicals

The steam powered printing press has truly made the circulation of news more expedient—if not less accurate—than the alternate method of handwritten newsletters or block type printed matter circulated privately among the merchant classes. News periodicals pass along information about everything from wars and economic conditions to social customs and "features and occurrences of interest." The first printed news periodical widely available to the public appeared in Cygnar in the 570s AR in the form of "broadsides," whith often sensationalized content. Some of the most popular of these report the "atrocities" against Cygnarans and Llaelese folk perpetrated by "the sadistic brutes of the north"—the Khadorans.

In the Cygnaran speaking world, broadsides are successively published as *The Weekly Newes*, a one-sided large poster, in many of the major cities. Printed by independent newsmen who have acquired a license from the Cygnaran Crown to distribute information to the masses, these sell for a farthing (1 cp) per copy from merchants and traveling postboys.

Some cities have seen competitors to *The Weekly Newes* arise, but these are denounced as propagandist publications of no merit (by *The Weekly Newes*, of course) and often only manage to put out one or two publications before fading into obscurity.



Frequently, publications distributed without licenses are suppressed, the publishers arrested, and the copies destroyed. For a generation now, *The Weekly Newes* has remained the only officially sanctioned newspaper in Cygnar. Editions regularly appear in Llael, Ord, the Protectorate, and even as far as the capital city of Khador.

Many of these same printers also receive funds from promoters who use their broadsides as advertising, and throughout the larger cities postboys tack broadsides to advertising boards and on posts and walls along streets, street corners, and buildings. Advertisements consist of anything and everything from propaganda to entertainment, from bootmakers to travel, and from medicine to military. All manner of goods and all types of services await those who know how to read and can follow the right instructions.

Rumor Has It…

Underground publishers are rearing up in droves throughout the southern kingdoms and releasing their own editions of *The Weekly Newes*. In Caspia alone a half dozen short-lived broadsides seem to crop up every year.

None of these independent periodicals are sanctioned by the leaders of the kingdoms, and discussions are underway on how to suppress this movement. The publications range from sensationalized reports to libelous allegations, political opinions, and just plain hearsay. Some of the more circulated pieces throughout the kingdoms include the gossipy and often scathing *Cerylian Centinel*, the investigative and informative *Corvis Letters* (rumored to be published out of Corvis University), the all-encompassing *Shipman's Tower* in Berck, and the candid and boldly inciting *Imperial Board* out of Khardov in the north, recently known for criticizing the High Kommand's war efforts and treatment of Llaelese citizens. It is rumored that the Khadoran queen is fiercely seeking the publishers of this latter piece, but so far there has been little progress in this pursuit.

Canneries

Canneries, salteries, and fish processing plants are scattered along the shoreline of western Immoren. Cities such as Mercir, Point Bourne, Fisherbrook, and Clockers Cove actually began with salteries and later fish hatcheries that grew into canneries. Bainsmarket is credited as the first official cannery town, preserving locally grown fruits and vegetables in handmade tin cans. These days, much of the canning out of Bainsmarket goes directly to the Cygnaran military to support its troops. Currently machines are in development to increase canning production, but most people still do their food preserving by hand in small factories or at home.

Commonly Traded Goods

Cygnar

Cygnar's lands provide most of the resources it needs. The Wyrmwall Mountains are rich in iron, coal is plentiful near the Thornwood Forest, and the fertile farmlands of Bainsmarket and along the Market Line provide an array of vegetables and a rapidly burgeoning sheep leaf trade. Cygnar is also famed for its crafts. Refined goods from Cygnar sell across western Immoren, and export trade is encouraged (only imports are taxed). However, restrictions are imposed on trading military goods—government licenses must be obtained to trade in blasting powder, weapons, and mechanika, for example. The border guards are trained to spot forgeries and are entitled to confiscate any items they suspect bound for illicit trade. Cygnar imports as much as it exports either because of better prices or because demand outstrips supply.

Winds of War

This past year, the war effort has put an increased demand on certain goods, and skilled tradesmen are switching over to producing commodities to bolster Cygnar's defenses. Additionally, a drought struck hard this harvest season and put a severe strain on agricultural producers and canneries. The Crown has issued an edict that 90 percent of canned produce out of Bainsmarket must go to troops abroad. Nightmare hordes out of Cryx have also targeted grain silos and food supplies of late, so this food shortage has resulted in starvation epidemics throughout the southern regions. It is a trying time for Cygnar's citizens as well as its soldiers.

Pipes and Stogies? Credit a Gobber.

No one knows when the first gobbers started to gather the fluffy, pale down and leaves of the *hooaga* (known as sheep leaf in Cygnar) or why they decided to wrap the down in the leaves, set the end of it alight, and suck on the other end. Few could have imagined that this outlandish behavior would catch on, but it did. Soon, smoking cigars and pipes

stuffed with the dried down and trimmed leaves became a common fireside ritual for many nomadic gobber tribes.

In the past thirty years, hooaga has spread like wildfire through the markets of the human nations—the inhaled smoke's warming and slightly relaxing effects proving quite popular. Uncommon just a generation ago, it has become all the rage throughout western Immoren, and thousands of gobbers and humans have settled in northern Cygnar from Bainsmarket to Tarna to farm the leaf.

Traders sell dried hooaga down in small quantities often kept in leather pouches, and enough for one hour's worth of pipe leaf costs anywhere from 4 sp to 1 gp. Pipe users invest in a variety of pipes, from simple clay models costing around 2 cp to beautifully carved wooden pipes costing upwards of 1 gp. Hooaga cigars, considered stronger than standard hooaga down, last 10 minutes and cost anywhere from 2 sp to 1 gp each.

Khador

Khador may be less civilized than Cygnar, but it possesses vast natural resources which means that it imports little and imposes heavy taxes on anything it does. Iron and silver are plentiful and smaller quantities of gold and gems have also been unearthed in this mountainous landscape. In the south, huge tracts of land produce nothing but grain. Coal is also common and dug from open-pit mines covering vast swathes of land. In the past, trade with Rhul has consisted primarily of ores and some refined metals shipped to locales lacking these resources. However since Khador's invasion of Llael, Rhul has suspended trade with Khador.

Khador is also rich in forests, but timber and coal are rarely exported. In this cold climate, fuel is always at a premium and a good price can usually be found close to home. Modern industrialization has seen the conversion of lumber mills into paper mills in much of the west, and both Korsk and Khardov are known for their textile mills and *vyatka* distilleries, the Motherland's potent trademark liquor.

Llael (Khadoran Occupied)

Land barriers such as the Thundercliff Peaks, rivalries between Khador and Rhul, and Khadoran-imposed trade embargoes have recently forced Llael into little more than a distributorship. Rhulic commodities used to rank among the primary Llaelese exports, but Khadoran troops have seized all of Rhul's outbound goods, logjamming trade since the occupation.

Coal and sulfur were also significant exports as well as blasting powder, but all now goes to the Motherland. The blasting powder exchange and alchemical professions, along with the imposed duties and tariffs, sustained Llael's imports of furs, precious metals, and jewels brought in to satisfy their vigorous luxury market. Since the invasion much of this has changed, and Llaelese merchants who do not cooperate with Khadoran troops are quickly and forcibly put out of business, and their assets seized. In extreme cases, they vanish altogether with a Khadoran merchant taking their place.

Ord

Where most of southern Khador's fertile fields end, Ord's bogs and moors begin. Some peat is traded as fuel, and other lesser exports include amber and limestone. Howevere, with silver and gold—and even iron—the gods have refused the Ordic people. Ord's largest sources of legitimate trade goods come from fishing and whaling along the coastlands and sheep and cattle ranching in north and central Ord. Those who live far from Ord may only know of the country through its dyed and handspun wools and fine leathers.

Berck is the most affluent port in Ord and the primary point for exports. Indeed, there is little point in traders bringing high-priced goods into anywhere other than Berck; unless one considers other more sinister earnings, arising from exotic or illegal imports such as the plunder of pirates, strange spices brought back by explorers, or the sinful liquors and opiates imported from the dark islands of Cryx. These more lucrative and prevalent—albeit shrouded—tradestuffs flow through the less reputable ports of Carre Dova and Five Fingers.

The Protectorate of Menoth

This barren land lacks most resources, but it hides two great treasures—diamonds and oil both exist beneath its sands. Previously, diamonds were exported abroad, and the resulting revenue secretly funded the Protectorate's burgeoning military. Nowadays the

situation is more technical, and the Protectorate's primary diamond clients are dealers of contraband, pirates, and arms smugglers—all clearly in violation of embargoes placed upon the theocracy by Cygnar and Khador.

Oil, however, is stockpiled under the edict of Hierarch Voyle who has no desire to see it fall into the hands of potential enemies. If they could, the Menites would import many things, but Cygnar has had a virtual monopoly on imports to the Protectorate for generations. Until recently, the Protectorate's only other trading partners have been goblin and Idrian tribes of the Bloodstone Marches who have little to offer. Since the onset of Hierarch Voyle's holy war against Cygnar, Protectorate forces supplement the theocracy's needs via raids. No Cygnaran settlement or community along the eastern borders is safe from the predations of Menite excursions in search of goods and converts.

Ios

Ios abstains from trading with the other kingdoms of western Immoren. Centuries ago, Rhul had rigorous commerce with Ios, particularly trading stone for lumber, but very few living dwarves can recall such dealings. Also, some tentative trade arrangements once existed between Ios and the early sovereignty of Llael in the immediate years after the Corvis Treaties, but those arrangements eventually dwindled to virtually nothing as well. These days, anyone purporting to sell Iosan wares is assumed to be peddling either fakes or looted property, and there are few exceptions. Nevertheless, disloyal elves occasionally run contraband across borders. This is an act of dire consequence if caught by their kinsmen, yet some smugglers find that their goods are highly sought after in the realms of men, making the risk worthwhile.

Rhul

Long ago, the dwarves perfected techniques for refining ores and minerals, and their craftsmanship is second to none. Both raw materials and refined Rhulic goods are sought across Immoren. Most Rhulic traders prefer to operate within their own borders, but the need for imports is great as the dwarves long ago stripped their timber and grazing lands clean. Raw and refined metals, quarried stone, and fine marble make up their primary exports, sold in great quantities to bring in agricultural goods, leather, wood, and salt.

Until recently the Cygnaran and Llaelese monarchies were Rhul's major trading partners, but trade has been suspended with the Khadoran occupation of Llael. It is a matter of great discussion among the Rhulfolk and a predicament especially scrutinized by the Moot of the Hundred Houses. Something must be done, and quickly, or Rhul will soon face some serious shortages. It is believed that Rhulic ambassadors have been dispatched to Korsk to confer with the Khadoran regime. At the same time, agents of the Moot are thought to have been sent south to Caspia as well.

Cryx

Cryx does not trade with the Iron Kingdoms as such, although it is rumored that they deal contraband for slaves in the underground markets of Five Fingers and Port Vladovar. The most coveted cargos aboard Cryxian vessels, of course, are pearls harvested from the archipelago of the Broken Coast. Of particular value are the giant black pearls from the massive, black-lipped mother of pearl ubiquitous to White Shark Reef. Some traders so desire them they will deal with Cryxian vessels on the high seas away from port. Most sailors feel fortunate to return unscathed from such dealings, given the dangers posed by the pearl divers themselves and the from pirate vessels following in their wake.

Currency

Coins of the Realm

Each kingdom mints its own coinage as a right of sovereignty. However, Cygnar's position as unquestionably the most economically dominant kingdom has made Cygnaran the standard trade tongue. Most worldly individuals in western Immoren speak Cygnaran fluently, and most people in major ports and trading centers can understand enough words and phrases to get by, albeit with thick accents and poor grammar. In the same way Cygnaran

currency is at present the easiest coin to trade at proper values across national lines. Rhul is known to have the most exacting standards for consistent weight and purity of their coin, so its currency is also widely accepted, if less common.

Cygnaran Coinage

The following coins are in standard use throughout Cygnar and are widely accepted in other kingdoms as well. The following table lists the currency along with its standard value within Cygnar's borders.

Farthing	1 copper
Halfshield	5 copper
Shield	1 silver
Groat	25 copper
Halfcrown	5 silver
Crown	1 gold
Swan	2 gold
Tower	1 platinum

Groats are no longer commonly traded (most people prefer to deal in shields and halfshields) but are still used by individuals of the lower classes to whom a crown is quite a bit of money. The upper classes completely mistrust groats due to extensive counterfeiting in generations past. Halfcrowns have been less popular than expected among traders who seem to prefer to use full crowns or shields. Swans and towers are quite uncommon among the lower classes but appear often enough among those who trade in volume and do not want to be carry heavy coin purses.

Showing too many swans or towers (or even crowns) in the wrong circles is a good way to get marked for theft. Most merchants do not enjoy making a lot of change and appreciate a customer who can pay in the right coin.

Conversion Rates

In Ord and Llael, Cygnaran coins fetch 95 to 100 percent of their actual value, but that figure drops to 85 percent in Khador and even lower in remote areas. Rhul accepts these coins at 90 percent value due to their strong trade relations with the Cygnaran government. Ios has very specific trade arrangements and does not generally allow outsiders freely into their kingdom let alone allow them to utilize foreign currencies. Sanctioned visitors to the Protectorate can purchase local coin from Temple Scrutator-Treasurers at a rate of 7 marks per Cygnaran crown (70 percent of the actual value), but they generally only trade in raw bullion or ingots of precious metals or iron. When the Protectorate first started making their clay currency, they set the exchange rate at a face value of 10 marks per Cygnaran crown but the rate has steadily declined in the years since.

Khadoran Coinage

The following coins are in use in Khador:

Horn	1 copper
Hoof	1 silver
Talon	1 gold
Fang	1 platinum

Standard weights for coins of each major precious metal were established during the Corvis Treaties, thus Khadoran coins generally have similar weight (though not always size and shape) as Cygnaran. One side of each coin shows the stylized image for which the coin is named; the other bears the face of the monarch reigning when the coin was minted.

Conversion Rates

Khadoran talons, hooves, and horns are much more common than fangs. During the reign of King Ivad Vanar, a large number of devalued fangs were minted at a lighter weight than standard, making some merchants suspicious of them to this day.

In Ord and Rhul, Khadoran currency converts at about 85 percent and drops to 80 percent in Cygnar. When relations with Khador were friendlier (before 604 AR), the Protectorate accepted Khadoran coin at 9 marks to the talon which visitors were required to exchange in most instances. In the aftermath of Khador's aggressive expansion and in the resulting political climate, Khadoran coinage has devalued in the Protectorate and now only exchanges for 6 marks to the talon when the temple will exchange it at all. Before Khador invaded and occupied Llael, Llaelese merchants exchanged Khadoran coins for about 80 percent of their face value. After the occupation, Khadoran currency became much more common and is now used interchangeably with local currency in the most heavily fortified areas of the occupied territory.

Currently no trade exists between Ios and Khador, and Ios does not recognize Khadoran coins.

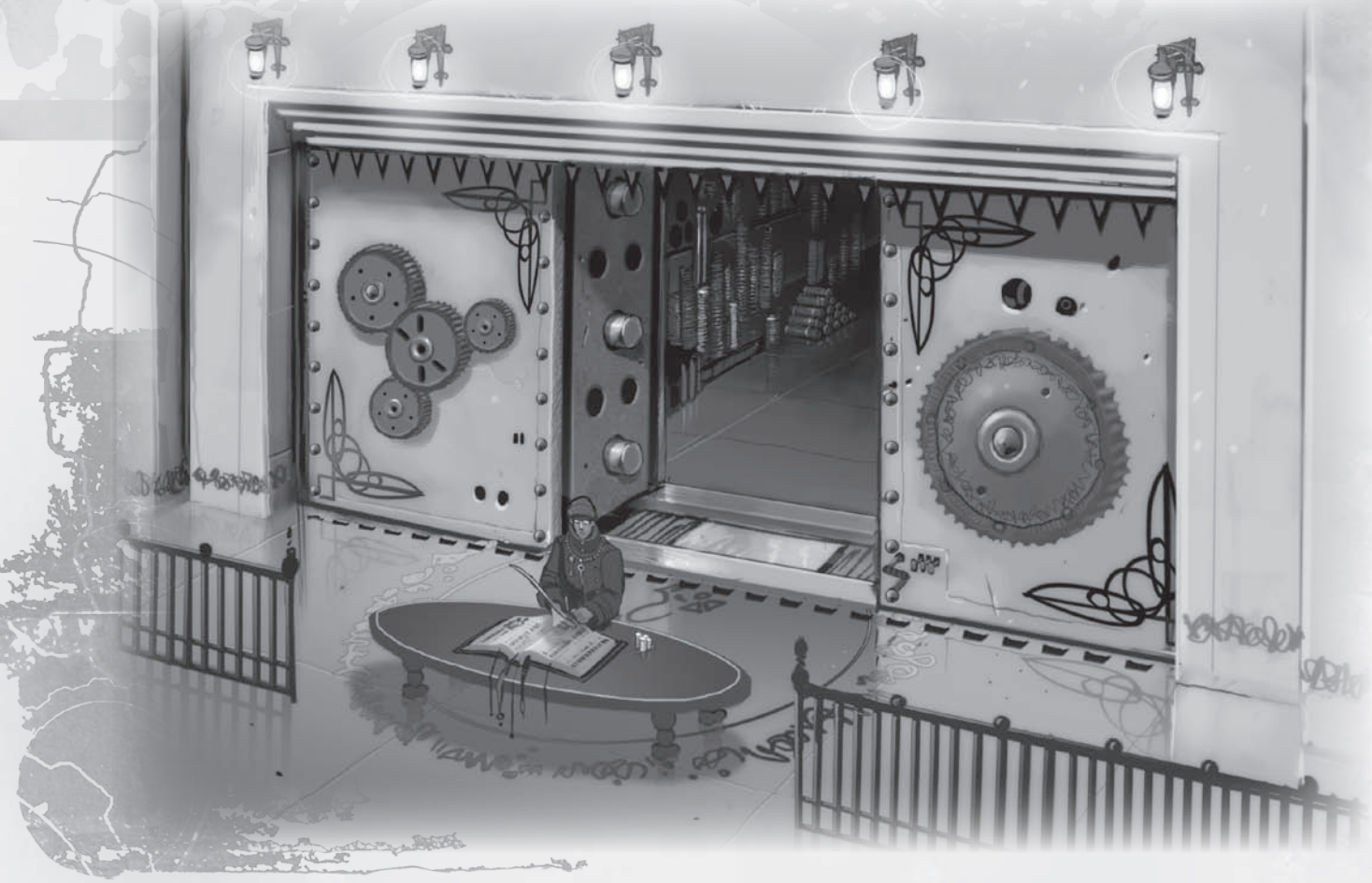
Llaelese Coinage

The following coins are in use in Llael:

Kettle	1 copper
Keep	1 silver
Goldbust or Goldhead	1 gold
Ascendant	1 platinum

Newly minted goldbusts, often referred to as "busts" or "heads," always bear the face of the current sovereign. While Llael's throne sat empty, the Council of Nobles decided to mint goldbusts with the national emblem of the Crown and Stars. Since the Khadoran occupation, Deyar Glabryn recently had goldbusts minted with his own likeness. Several folk view these coins askance as many of them secretly call Glabryn a traitor, but they honor them just the same; their weight is proper and most merchants do not care whose face is on a coin as long as the metal is true.

The ascendant platinums were an ambitious project whereby coins were minted in honor of the various ascendants of Morrow. Unfortunately, so many styles resulted in too much expense, the project was abandoned, and they adopted a more generic design. However, some quantity of specific ascendant coins were minted and are of value to collectors and pious Morrowans interested in such a thing and they fetch more than their face value if sold to the right people. Since the occupation, Khadoran money appears much more frequently.



Conversion Rates

Widely-traveled folk prefer Cygnaran coin, so only goldbusts and ascendants regularly trade outside of Llael, although the recent influx of refugees

has acquainted the merchants of northern Cygnar with the other denominations of Llaelese currency. Cygnaran merchants are the most accommodating to Llaelese coin and accept them at an exchange rate of 8 shields to the goldbust (80 percent value). In Ord and Rhul, Llaelese coins receive only 70 percent value, if accepted at all, and they drop to 60 percent face value in Khador and the Protectorate even among the most flexible of merchants. In the occupied territory Khadoran and Llaelese coins are used interchangeably, but the lower value of Llaelese coin in the Motherland means that most Khadoran soldiers returning home are eager to exchange any Llaelese coins for Khadoran ones before leaving Llael.

Ordic Coinage

The following coins are in use in Ord:

Blackpenny	1 copper
Half-galleon	5 copper
Galleon	1 silver
Silverweight	2 silver
Royal	1 gold

Blackpennies are so named because their minting process and mix leaves the coins considerably darker than coppers minted elsewhere. Much of Ord's populace is impoverished, thus blackpennies and half-galleons are the most commonly used currency. The bother and expense to coin platinum has never even been considered, so major transactions are counted in royals or Cygnaran crowns and towers. Indeed, the widespread use of Cygnaran coinage among the better-heeled has made the use of Ordic tender, other than royals, a sign of low station to the affluent.

Conversion Rates

Ordic coin is often suspect and undervalued as they have long been plagued by problems with underweight coins or impure metals. These problems worsened when one of the kings in the 500s AR minted lighter gold coins. Since those days, royals have remained about 3/4 the weight of gold coins used by other kingdoms. Currently the only Ordic coin accepted by other kingdoms is the royal, and it comes at a much reduced value. The coin is worth 65 percent of its value in Cygnar and Llael and only 50 percent in Khador, the Protectorate, and Rhul. Even within Ord's borders, Cygnaran crowns are the preferred currency for moderate and large-scale trade and can often be used to negotiate a lower fee.

Protectorate of Menoth Currency

The following currency is in use in the Protectorate of Menoth:

Trace	1 copper
Mark	1 silver
Stave	1 gold
Decastave	1 platinum

Since its inception, the Protectorate has not been permitted to mint its own coins; they were to use Cygnaran coinage. Shortly after the Protectorate's founding, however, the Scrutators developed a radical program to prevent citizens from amassing wealth or seeking to trade outside Protectorate borders. They created currency from specially hardened and fired clay, rather than precious metals, in shapes other than coins. Traces are actually very small smooth beads with a hole through them, often kept tied on strings for convenience. Marks appear as small chits of special clay inscribed with holy text. One almost never finds decastaves, large squares with perforations dividing them into ten smaller rectangular pieces, intact because one makes staves by breaking decastaves into their component pieces. Each piece must remain undamaged to have any value. Marks and traces are the most commonly used currency in the Protectorate.

Conversion Rates

As expected, Protectorate currency has no value outside its borders except as a curiosity. When trading with other nations, the Protectorate uses gold or silver bullion or other resources. In fact, the Hierarch has decreed that it is against Menoth's will for citizens to possess precious metals or gems without appropriate religious sanctions. This can make life difficult for foreign visitors who either have to pay ridiculous exchange rates to purchase local currency or risk under-the-table dealings with foreign coin.

Iosan Coinage

The following coins are in use in Ios:

Ly	1 silver
Iss	5 silver
Nyos	1 gold
Glyos	1 platinum

The elves take the integrity of their currency and commerce very seriously, and they mint coins only after careful deliberation. Each Iosan coin is made from several layers of precious metals with one in highest concentration (such as gold for a nyos coin). They drill a hole in the center of each coin and fill it with a glass bead tinted with a harmonious color—blue for silver coins, red for gold, and smoky white or gray for platinum. Peering at a light source through the bead reveals several characters of the Shyr alphabet that confirm the denomination and date of minting. The metal coin is elaborately engraved with abstract patterns and various phrases in Shyr listing the date of minting, current ruling houses, and a prayer to Scyrah. Although certainly more than aesthetic, these decorations make Iosan currency some of the most elaborate and beautiful coins in western Immoren.

Conversion Rates

These coins rarely appear outside the borders of Ios and do not circulate except within that kingdom. Most elves with business in the human kingdoms use precious metals or gems to purchase local currency. Because of their unique nature Iosan coins are highly valued by humans, particularly those interested in elven artwork or other curiosities. These coins often command several times their actual value, even from those who do not specialize in such things.

Rhulic Coinage

The following coins are in use in Rhul:

Uhl	1 silver
Gul	1 gold
Dugul	1 platinum

The dwarves mint all their currency from gold in three standard-sized coins (from the small uhls to large duguls). The Rhulfolk find the proliferation of coins among the human kingdoms quite irksome, as the deceptively simple coins of Rhul possess an amazingly consistent size and weight. The dwarves have a secret minting process, and a special office overseen by the Moot ensures absolute accuracy. There are specially engineered scales utilized in testing their coins that can measure differences in weight to the hair. They also have a technique for scoring curious markings along the edges of their coins which makes counterfeiting difficult. All Rhulic coinage bears the names of the Great Fathers on one side and the face of Ghrd—Great Father of Wealth—on the other. Below Ghrd's face is an old phrase that translates roughly as, "A curse upon he who would put this coin to ill ends, yet may it be doubled if put to good use."

Conversion Rates

Slightly heavier in weight than the human standard, guls are accepted in the human kingdoms except the Protectorate where dwarven trade and all goods of Rhulic make are banned. They exchange at more or less full value anywhere else the dwarves trade, except in some stubborn areas of Khador where they receive anywhere from 80 to 95 percent value. Most human traders are less familiar with uhls or duguls, but duguls are usually accepted regardless (this is a thick and heavy gold coin!) and estimated worth can be anywhere from 7 to 9 standard weights per coin. The dwarves do recognize other precious metals as valuable and trade in both silver and platinum when dealing with other kingdoms, but they most commonly use bars or ingots for these metals instead of coins. Rhulic coins are impossible to "shave" (see "Counterfeiting" below) because of the ridges on the edges of the coins. Unfortunately, it is impossible to distinguish a shaved coin from a worn one. Merchants of other kingdoms are might accept smooth edges on coins more than two decades old, but Rhulic merchants will not accept them. The Moot's officers who oversee the minting of Rhulic coin will exchange new coins for worn coins at 75 percent of their value.

Cryxian Currency

Historically, Lord Toruk's island kingdom has not minted its own coin, and most of its inhabitants utilize a motley assortment of mainlander coins that have made their way to Cryx through illicit trade or in pirate holds. Barter, subject to fierce negotiations, remains the primary means of commerce in a land where little standard value exists between merchants. Otherwise, coins from all across western Immoren exchange hands here with a similar lack of specific standards. Generally, weight of coin and type of metal are the only important considerations. Towns dealing with Cryxian traders such as Five Fingers have grown accustomed to their habits of using a motley assortment of currency.

The priesthood of Lord Toruk mints a very small amount of "dragoncoin"—small, blackened gold coins with a face value considerably higher than the value of their metal by weight. Only the priesthood and servitors of the dragon use dragoncoin with any regularity, and their use ensures

that the bearer receives the best value with no haggling whatsoever. Very few of these coins are in circulation and rumor has it that they all eventually wind up back in the hands of the priests. Many believe that all non-priests who try to retain these coins come to bad ends.

Banking

With the increase in trade and travel throughout the kingdoms of western Immoren, merchants and travelers alike have found it necessary to keep large sums of coin on hand to handle business transactions and so forth. Given the sometimes unfavorable exchange rates, it is also advantageous to have a source of local currency at one's disposal. Though easier, travel has by no means become safer, and carrying large sums through the wilderness can be dangerous indeed. In fact, bandits and brigands constantly plague the major arteries for trade and travel, including the rail lines.

An original solution to these problems has arisen in Cygnar, Llael, Rhul, and to a lesser extent in Ord. Companies known variously as holding companies, transfer companies, or banks have slowly appeared over the past century. Still a novel concept throughout much of Immoren, the businesses propose to hold an individual's cash reserves safely until such a time as they are needed. This is especially useful for merchants and others who require large cash sums during their travels.

On a local scale, banks like the Black River Transfer Company in Corvis and the Bainsmarket Holding Company offer to safeguard assets from burglary and banditry, and quite a few wealthy individuals have seen the wisdom in using the bank's secure vaults. Banknotes written on special vellum are provided to the customer at the time of the deposit to record his holdings. The banks can generally produce small cash sums on a daily basis, but most require twenty days notice before accommodating a full withdrawal from any account. For a small fee, generally one percent of an item's market value, the banks also provide storage for small valuables such as jewelry and gems.

Each banknote bears a design unique to the issuing bank on a piece of fine, cream-colored vellum. The notes include information about the issuing bank, the holder of the note, and the amount of money held by the bank for the individual. Each note is signed by both the bank official verifying the note and the note's holder then embossed with the bank's seal. Both the vellum and the seals are produced specially for the banks and their production is a closely-guarded secret. The only way to forge a bank note would be to acquire some of this special vellum and an official bank seal (or a finely-crafted reproduction).

In addition to these local services, the banks also help to negotiate the transfer of large cash sums in the form of bullion from one locale to another (thus the origin of the term "transfer company"). An individual needing to draw on his banked cash at a distant locale can present the banknote declaring his assets and draw local currency against the bullion value of his banknote for a small usage fee, generally one percent of the amount withdrawn. As with large withdrawals from one's home bank, these require up to twenty days to be fulfilled. When cash is withdrawn against a banknote in this manner, the note is marked and embossed by the lending bank to verify the withdrawal. An official notice signed by both the bank official and the holder of the bank note is then issued to the gentleman's holding company requesting the transfer of funds from his account to the lender.

These accounts are usually settled within a few short months between the banks by agents at the Leryn Bullion Exchange. During the Khadoran invasion, the bullion exchange moved from Leryn to Corvis but retained its old name. Fortunately for Khador, a large portion of the bullion was not evacuated in time, but the profit of taking Leryn is offset by the fact that Khadoran agents are now having a difficult time settling accounts at the Exchange. Agents balance the accounts between the banks and settle on the final amount of bullion exchanged based on net transfers between the banking concerns. When all accounts are settled some of the bullion is held in reserve at the Exchange, while the remainder is converted to currency and transported via heavily armed carriages or train cars back to the banks. While there are still no guarantees that the transfer companies and banks will have better luck transporting large sums of coin than anyone else, by shipping large sums all at once they are better able to guard and protect the shipments.

Counterfeiting

Criminal organizations have long found means to devalue or counterfeit the coins of the realm with varying degrees of success. These devalued coins can wreak havoc on the perceived value of a particular coinage, particularly if they manage to infiltrate the market to any pervasive degree before their discovery. Much of the suspicion of foreign coin stems from concern about the integrity of such currency, and cagey merchants have learned to scrutinize coins closely when dealing with strangers or foreigners. After all, if a Cygnaran trader is not familiar with the subtle decorative touches of the Khadoran mints, it is far more difficult to tell which coins have been altered.

Melting minted coins down to their base metals is against the law across the kingdoms, yet this is still done by the unscrupulous to try to sell the raw metal, or sometimes to use in counterfeiting. Sometimes Cryxian merchants will melt down minted coins to form ingots for trading with merchants outside Cryx in order to avoid the hassle of dealing with a potpourri of the coins of other kingdoms. Some criminal groups with the proper resources and craftsmen will attempt to increase their wealth artificially by creating coinage that appears identical to legitimate currency but with reduced quantities of the precious metal actually used. The success or failure of these counterfeits depends largely upon the skill of the engravers and the sophistication of the trader, merchant, or banker doing the appraisal. Most counterfeit currency is only effective against untrained eyes.

The crudest types of coinage used in criminal circles are the so-called "alley-pips"—plain, pressed silver and gold coins or slugs generally made from melted down valuables. These coins are produced when fences or black marketeers feel they can gain more profit from the raw materials of a stolen haul, particularly one too distinctive to sell without recognition. Stolen dining ware, goblets, jewelry, bullion, or other items of gold or silver are melted down, poured in sheets, and cut to coin of approximately similar weight as standard coins. Most of this coinage is also devalued by the introduction of lesser metals into the minting process. For instance gold can be cut with silver or other baser metals, so even at the equivalent weight of standard coins they have far less true value. Sometimes these coins are imprinted with a crude symbol or initials to represent the criminal organization minting them, although most are completely unadorned. Alley-minted currency is only used in black markets and criminal circles and is never accepted by legitimate merchants.

True counterfeiting requires far more sophisticated techniques and is considered something of an art form by those who practice the trade. Like alley-pips, these currencies are usually devalued by being below standard weight or by having the amount of gold or silver used cut with significant quantities of baser metals. However, these coins mimic legitimate kingdom currency in order to pass undetected. Skilled counterfeiters can often pass such coins off as genuine for some time, particularly among the less knowledgeable or discerning markets and merchants. Once again, it is common to attempt to introduce counterfeit coin in foreign kingdoms to make it less likely to be detected. The best counterfeit coins not only duplicate the subtle decorative touches of true mints but are also of reliable weight and purity. In all respects they are identical to true kingdom-minted coins (except for the dubious origin of the gold or silver utilized, as most of these coins are minted from stolen goods or bullion).

In other cases, criminals may go to less elaborate lengths to squeeze a little extra value out of stolen coins by shaving the edge of the coin down and collecting the bits that accumulate in order to put it to other uses. Some coins, such as Rhulic gold, are minted with precise grooves or notches along their outer edges in order to discourage this practice.

Ordic and Llaelese coinage are rumored to be the easiest to counterfeit due to the simplicity of their designs, while Rhulic currency is the most difficult to recreate. Iosan coin is virtually impossible to counterfeit, but since these coins are not used outside Ios this has never been much of a problem. Criminals within Ios have learned not to attempt it, for the penalties for duplicating their intricate currency far outweigh the benefits.

With the recent swell in the use of banks and banknotes to transfer large sums of cash from one place to another, banknote forgery has become an increasing problem. While banknotes are generally signed by both a bank official and the holder of

the note and embossed with the bank's seal, these safeguards are not foolproof. When a banknote is "cashed in," the holder of the note is required to countersign the note in front of a bank official who then verifies the holder's signature. The easiest way to "forge" a banknote is for a skilled individual who has gained an official banknote through illicit means to forge the holder's signature in front of a bank official. Of course, this requires a deal of skill and practice but is not uncommon.

More complicated is the production of forged banknotes. Due to the process involved in creating them, forgery is very difficult without the use of stolen embossing tools and bank vellum. While forged signatures are much more common than outright forged banknotes, several of the larger banking concerns held a summit during the summer of 603 AR to address the issue of developing more complex banknote designs to make forgery more difficult. Some of the proposed solutions that the largest and most progressive holding companies are beginning to implement include specially formulated alchemical inks and intricate designs printed on the notes with in-house printing presses.

Bullion

As part of the Corvis Treaties, standard coin sizes and weights were established in an attempt to streamline commerce between the kingdoms of western Immoren. Part and parcel of this standardization was the incorporation of the gold standard into modern usage. Coin weights and values are actually based on the value of raw gold or silver bullion.

Each country mints it own coins from raw gold or silver bullion. Most is acquired through the Leryn Bullion Exchange, the same organization that also handles the conversion of bullion to coins for the banks of western Immoren. The Exchange also converts coins to bullion for sale to the mints of the Iron Kingdoms, and according to the Corvis Treaties the Leryn Bullion Exchange is the only legal entity authorized to melt minted coins. Agents from each country's mints come to the Exchange to purchase raw bullion by weight for making coinage. This requires heavily armed caravans to transport the bullion back to the mint safely, and of course, Khador is no longer welcome to trade since the onset of war.

Rumor Has It...

Brigandry has struck in northern Cygnar along the Great Northern Tradeway. Coachmen and shaken travelers tell of harrowing encounters with a group of well-armed, masked highwaymen who have hit nearly a dozen coaches and several small caravans on the tradeway between Corvis and Merywyn. If the current round of rumors can be believed, the last coach hit by these swaggering pistoleers carried bullion bound for Corvis. The gold was meant to alleviate pressure on merchants advancing supplies to refugees and ever-increasing garrisons as well as help finance mercenary reinforcements for the kingdom's beleaguered military. Agents of the Crown are actively seeking information leading to these irksome highwaymen.

Major Trade Organizations

The economies of western Immoren have become quite reliant upon its major trade organizations. The Modern Era has bred a corporate society. After all, there is a measure of security in association. Voluntary brotherhoods of workers and able-bodied tradesmen support and protect one another, enjoy both physical and economic security, and generate profits more easily. Especially during turbulent times such as those currently taking place in western Immoren do coalitions profit more than individuals.

Industrialization has quickened in recent generations and has allowed some groups to hire dozens or even hundreds of workers to courier or manufacture goods faster than ever before. Communities throughout the Iron Kingdoms are virtually bursting at the seams due to the infusion of trade organizations, mercantile guilds, mills, and factories.

The first corporation of note is perhaps the Mercarian League—a massive trading partnership with anonymous owners throughout western Immoren. Requiring surplus capital to fund their efforts, the League's administrators and owners buy and sell shares to fund their numerous voyages. Throughout the years, the League has acquired licenses from Cygnar not only to trade, but also to make war on those who interfere with its practices. This sometimes

means seizing and fortifying territory and arming their ships, which requires a great deal of money. Because so much capital is needed to fend off their enemies, more partners are constantly being sought.

The recent railway boom is now experiencing the same kind of growth, and companies such as the Caspian Railway Society are benefiting from the Mercarian corporate model as well as some of the larger factories and mills, which seem to be following suit and embedding themselves into Immorese society. The following section lists some of these movers and shakers throughout the Iron Kingdoms.

For all their failings, I think trade unions have done more for us than any other organization that's ever existed. I daresay they have done more in the way of honesty and education for the betterment of the human race and development of character than any other association there is or ever was.

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

Cygnar

Bainsmarket Agricultural Consortium

The Bainsmarket Agricultural Consortium deals primarily in foodstuffs as its name suggests. From its founding it quickly established good working relationships with the owners of Cygnar's rail lines, which ensure the speedy delivery of goods to all the cities connected to them. In addition, the Consortium's board of directors includes several ex-Cygnaran military officers who have kept in touch with the kingdom's armed forces and have used those contacts to procure military provisioning contracts—a most lucrative and important job in light of the realm's current situation.

Indeed, between the drought of 605 AR and Cryxian raids against foodstores, the Consortium has experienced hard times in recent months. Several of the ex-Cygnaran officers on the Consortium's board have recently returned to active duty, and the Crown has sent soldiers to defend their holdings. With resources running low Cygnar is in a dire situation, and Bainsmarket is a very important locale.

Caspian Railway Society

Consolidated from a disparate group of technology and shipping interests, the Caspian Railway Society formed in 586 AR. Today Caspian Rail, as it is more commonly called, runs passenger and freight lines between Bainsmarket and Caspia and has secured itself as a key supplier of transport and freight based out of Fharin.

When it was relatively new in the railway business, the Caspian Railway Society's tensions with Steelwater Rail rapidly escalated into direct conflict lasting over a decade. Problems in creating a standard rail line between Bainsmarket and Fharin were convoluted by competition between the two rail companies. Sabotage and hostilities erupted frequently, and it took the recent intervention of King Leto himself to sort out the mess. Bad blood still exists between the two organizations, so the king continues to enforce peace between them with a royal overseer who arbitrates disputes.

Caspian Rail's elite passenger cars are as luxurious as the parlors of any gentleman's club. Sophisticates traveling to Caspia or Corvis often take CRS trains. Their security, speed, and luxury make the trip much more appealing than an uncomfortable coach ride along the more treacherous southern routes. Other less wealthy passengers also take the trains south, and it is not unheard of for some to sneak aboard the less luxurious passenger and cargo cars.

CRS dominates rail traffic out of Fharin, which has recently become a major departure point for trade. Caravans from Corvis tend to offload goods in Fharin, and since Steelwater is more concerned with coal, freight, and livestock, Caspian Rail dominates rail transport for merchant goods and wares. CRS has gone out of its way to be caravan friendly, frequently offering guild discounts when transporting mercantile goods.

Clockwerk Arms

A small but progressive gunwerks, Clockwerk Arms is owned and run by master gunsmith Silas Fonworth (see pg. 163). Based in Clockers Cove, his shop has earned a reputation for producing quality firearms with innovative designs. With a small, well-trained

staff of gunsmiths and mechaniks, Clockwerk Arms has greatly expanded the market for multiple-shot firearms with their unique and ingenious clockwork mechanisms. As a leading designer of novel firearms, Clockwerk Arms is one of the key recipients of Cygnaran military contracts and has become more and more industrious of late.

Merchant's Guild, which has turned it into the preeminent handler of merchant transport contracts into and out of Corvis.

The guild's work reaches far beyond the confines of Midlund. Before Khador invaded Llael, guild caravans frequently traveled the Great Northern Tradeway to Merywyn, sometimes further north to Leryn, and on

Jewel of Immoren, most bountiful purse of the world, Cygnar—my home. I love Cygnar just for the sheer abundance of goods, the locations of several major trade cities, and the wealth that abounds within those cities. But you'll be hard pressed to find a constant price on wheat. While the trade structure of Cygnar keeps things on an even keel amongst most of its cities, you'll also find that merchants travel well-armed in Cygnar, despite the fact that it's one of the most civilized nations. With civility comes treachery, and gobber bandits, trollkin bandits, junkers, even campaigning troops of soldiers… all types of unsavory folk can make life hell for an unprepared merchant caravan.

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

Corvis Caravaner's Guild

Free trading has long been a way of life for thousands of western Immoren's citizens. However, a life of constant risk, travel, and haggling can take its toll on even the most cunning free merchant. The Corvis Caravaner's Guild was founded to alleviate these stresses for traders by acting as a mediator in trade contracts and route disputes and by hiring mercenaries to guard and protect trade caravans.

Founded in Corvis in 595 AR, the year after Vinter the Elder fled into exile, the guild has grown swiftly from a few dozen members to nearly three hundred merchants and has prospered greatly from both river trade and by shipping goods inland to areas inaccessible by water. In this short time, the guild has become a prominent employer in Corvis. Its goods fill markets and warehouses throughout the city, and its banners are a welcome site to adventurers and mercenaries looking for some extra coin.

Despite its relative youth, the Caravaner's Guild is highly regarded both socially and professionally. The organization enjoys a healthy relationship with the Church of Morrow and the Corvis City Watch and is recognized by both as a reliable and legitimate organization. It has built strong ties with the Corvis occasion, as far as the dwarven city of Ghord. The King's Highway and lesser trails are now more frequented by the Caravaner's Guild, and their dusty wagons travel west into parts of lower Ord by way of the Bramblerut Road. Members are able to hire guild-approved guards for these long journeys as well as receive preferential discounts at particular toll stations.

Membership within the guild requires a one-time membership fee, yearly dues, and a sworn oath to the guild. In return, members receive a symbol of the Caravaner's Guild which bypasses fees levied by the Trade Boards in Cygnar and Ord (and previously Llael), an initial guild contract, and a choice of possible routes. The guild's symbol is a medallion engraved with a balanced set of scales on one side and a representation of Ascendant Shevann on the other. Members bid for trade routes through the guild and hire guards with the guild's approval. The guild also requires that member candidates present proof that they own a caravan wagon, are skilled and knowledgeable travelers, and possess knowledge of pricing and trading standards.

Guild routes frequently cross hostile or dangerous territory, so it is little wonder that many adventurers cut their teeth as guards for the guild. Caravans traveling

west to Ceryl, Five Fingers, or Orven are typically eager to have a cleric of Morrow with them, in addition to skilled guards or adventurers, to deal with the restless dead that haunt the many routes running near or even across old battlefields. Though southern routes to Fort Falk or Fharin are for military clients and follow more established trade lines, the guild sometimes hires adventurers to discourage competition from gobber traders, junkers, and others who they view as intruding on their established lanes of commerce. Current conflicts between the kingdoms of western Immoren have done little to stymie the guild's intrepid movement of goods across national borders—a fact of which many adventurers and mercenaries are keen to take advantage.

Corvis Merchant's Guild

Once an independent entity, the Corvis Merchant's Guild has become a trade association owned by the Mercarian League in all but name. This guild has historically regulated the flow of goods, coal, and other commodities into and out of the City of Ghosts. Traditionally the Merchant's Guild has worked with several caravan and riverboat companies to ship supplies throughout the region, but at the League's behest it has recently entered an arrangement with the Corvis Caravaner's Guild in order to reach remote areas still inaccessible by rail or water. These arrangements appear mutually beneficial, but some friction exists between older members of the Merchant's Guild and the "Mercarian upstarts." This is mainly due to Mercarian members—most of whom are not natives of the city—who own the greater shares in the alliance, use their profits to buy out longstanding businesses, and purchase plots of land within Corvis. This tension is only increased by rumors that older members of the guild are engaging in the politically motivated supply of arms to guerillas fighting in the north. These issues have created a growing level of turbulence within the guild's membership—a matter of mounting concern among its new leadership.

Cygnaran Dispatch Alliance

Letters and packages have been carried by horse or horse-drawn coach from place-to-place by the Crown-sanctioned Cygnaran Dispatch Alliance, more commonly called the CDA or simply "the Dispatch," for several years. The couriers, referred to as either dispatch officers or CDA officers, are often members of the Cygnaran military. They travel with their correspondence from one relay station to the next where fresh couriers wait to press onward. Records show that messages may travel as many as 150 miles in a 24-hour period. This haste cannot always be counted on due to the perils of the outlands and the reliability of an address system that is rather imprecise.

For years this system was reserved for official kingdom dispatches. In 526 AR King Vinter Raelthorne II realized much money could be made by opening this service not only to the merchants of the day, but also to other privileged persons with enough coin and influence. For fifty years, the CDA ran correspondence for both the Crown and merchants until Raelthorne the Elder put a stop to services for merchants when he assumed the throne in 576 AR.

King Leto, in his good sense, has since re-opened the channels not just for merchants but for the entire Cygnaran populace. Anyone who wants a letter delivered anywhere in Cygnar can now take it to a CDA relay station where it will be taken by rider, train, or boat to its destination. Price depends upon the size and destination of the package and can range from a couple of crowns to several hundred. Alas, the CDA is understaffed these days and delivery is not as efficient or reliable as it was a generation ago. There is pressure on the Crown to see to this inconsistency, but streamlining the CDA for the benefit of the public is rather low on the king's priority list these days.

During the Elder's rule a couple of underground postal systems cropped up as well as independent couriers who risked delivering private mail for those willing to spend the necessary coin. Some of these smaller operations still exist such as East Central Couriers operating east of the Wyrmwall and the more irregular Anywhere Dispatch Company—the name belies the service, for packages may or may not arrive at their destination in anywhere from four days to four years.

The Mercarian League

Founded in the city of Mercir as a confederation of traders and noble interests, the Mercarian League is an influential and powerful organization. While it has existed in one form or another for hundreds of years, its formal, legal consolidation under Cygnaran law

occurred only 80 years ago in 526 AR. Originally a loose organization for mutual trade between merchant cities, the League has become an entity that affects almost all walks of life, yet most people of western Immoren know very little about it.

The League has humble roots emerging from the simple need for merchants to band together to protect each other and their mutual interests. At the time of its creation, the Mercarian League included coastal traders and an organized distribution network based out of Mercir. Over time, the League has grown through shrewd management, and some of the more successful members have purchased titles and station within the nobility. These members consolidated their power, set up a network of influential contacts within the major cities, and established some measure of control over Cygnar's major trade routes. During this time, the League began trading in shares to acquire investment capital for their extended voyages. The League has grown greatly since inception due to its investors opening significant offices in Caspia, New Larkholm, Ceryl, and in Ordic port cities such as Berck and Carre Dova where they attempt to recruit skilled ship captains and pilots (despite the rancor of the castellans). The hub of the Mercarian League, however, remains where it all began—in Mercir.

Commerce and trade decisions are handled by the leading interest of the League, the Mercarian Trade Alliance. This board is comprised of shareholding delegates and is led by an executive member, the chief alderman Baron Ethan Starke (male Caspian Ari6/Exp10). As the current chief alderman of the Trade Alliance, Starke could well be considered the most influential man in trade. He is also the chairman of the Caspian Merchant's Guild and owner of several commercial and mercantile interests. While they have their fingers in every minor trading house in one way or another, the League no longer worries about flounder, coal, and turnips. The modern Mercarian League is concerned with commerce, the flow of monies, and exchange of precious commodities throughout western Immoren. The choices Starke makes affect the price of bread in Corvis and the cost of coal in Korsk—not that these types of decisions are made every day.

Once every year the Trade Alliance holds a summit in Caspia attended by most of the influential members of the Mercarian League. During this meeting the events of the previous year are reviewed, and decisions are made on how trade and commerce will profit the League in the coming year. These summits are significant since all manner of politicking, espionage, and diplomacy takes place, and fortunes can be stolen or won at these crucial meetings.

The League has connections within the Sancteum—the sovereign city of the Church of Morrow. Mystics from the Order of Illumination and several of the key noble families of Cygnar, including the Raelthornes, are also listed as allies of the Mercarian League. With such friends, the League is powerful beyond appearances. Their intelligence-gathering arm is known as the Eye of Mercir, and how it operates is a mystery, although rumors of its existence can been heard in every thief's den from Caspia to Five Fingers.

Rumor Has It…

Mercarian monopolies over several shipping lanes are perhaps the main point of conflict between Ord and Cygnar, especially since the trading houses of the Ordic castellans refuse to acknowledge Mercarian claims. They gripe to King Baird that they neither asked nor agreed to honor exclusivity of the waters by the upstart Mercarians. This has not only created tension, but also sometimes caused open conflict upon the seas between Ordic and Mercarian ships.

Compounding the problem is the recent Mercarian entitlement to the southern continent of Zu, another claim that Ordic traders tenaciously refute. In recent years, the League has engaged patrol ships to attack non-Mercarian vessels openly in the southern waters, obfuscating any rumors of hostilities through the posturing of their lawyers and Cygnaran diplomats. To appease the castellans, the Ordic throne has recently proffered "Letters of Marque" to certain captains, creating no small measure of tension with Cygnar.

Indeed, a recent edition of *The Weekly Newes* (see "Printing" in this chapter) has reported that a lone Mercarian ship hobbled into port at Mercir and claimed they had lost two ships and their captain was slain in a three-way battle a hundred leagues south of Morovan. They were en route to Zu but were attacked well before they got there. According to the crew, they were waylaid by three Cryxian vessels and shortly thereafter two Ordic brigs entered the fray. The Mercarian bosun is unsure if any other ships survived the conflict save their own.

Radliffe Gunwerks

Burke Radliffe (male Caspian Exp9), the founder and chief gunsmith for Radliffe Gunwerks, is a key

recipient of Cygnaran military contracts. Founded in Cygnar's capital city, Radliffe Gunwerks is well known for its high quality and attention to detail. Radliffe's staff includes over a dozen skilled and overworked gunsmiths as well as several gobber alchemists who have been crucial in developing some of the new ammunition designs for some of Radliffe's signature firearms. With the recent unveiling of the two-shot rifle and the Quad-Iron pistol, Radliffe Gunwerks is positioned to become the primary manufacturer of the Cygnaran Crown's military firearms.



Steam & Iron Workers Union

The Steam & Iron Workers Union started as a labor and craft workers union during the post-Rebellion reconstruction period. Its membership includes many of the most reliable and skilled engineers and craftsmen of the southern kingdoms. They have done much to refine the steam engines considered essential to several important industries, particularly the manufacture of steamjacks, steamships, and steamrail engines. Their workers do not actually lay rail lines but accept contracts from the groups that do such as Steelwater Rail and the Caspia Railway Society. The Union is devoted to looking after their best interests, landing lucrative contracts, and ensuring their people receive consistent wages for their work.

The Steam & Iron Workers Union sometimes seems to have more wealth and influence than it can handle. They have a strong presence in most major cities of Cygnar and Ord and are nominally headquartered in Caspia where they cooperate lucratively with the Cygnaran Armory to produce warjacks and the like. Local branches have enormous leeway in handling their affairs which sometimes leads to corruption and graft due to the lack of central leadership. Workers prefer this localized approach. The headquarters in Caspia serves as the main branch of the Union; its board of directors supervises changes in rules and procedures, and Union agents ensure that these are distributed to every local branch. The agents also collect dues for the Caspian branch from each lesser branch to maintain some semblance of a central staff, but each city's Union largely does as it sees fit. Smaller, regional headquarters exist in Ceryl, Fharin, and Merin, and these are most active in resolving contract disputes between branches in their respective regions.

The Union has contracts with the Fraternal Order of Wizardry and used to deal with the Order of the Golden Crucible before its absorption during Llael's occupation. They provide base materials for major projects within the Fraternal Order. In fact, such an affiliation leads some arcane mechaniks to join both the Union and their respective arcane order, making it simpler to call upon the training and resources from both. Although, as mentioned, the Khadoran seizure of Crucible operations has reduced that relationship to all but nothing.

The Union in Llael

The Union has always had a fairly strong presence in Llael as well as in Cygnar and Ord and maintains regional headquarters in Merywyn. In fact, it was the presence of the Union in Llael that prompted the formation of the Free Miners Company to attempt to negotiate better pay and working conditions for coal miners. As of yet business as usual continues during the Khadoran occupation, but many fear that this may not last long. While many members are attempting to finish contracts for Cygnaran and Ordic customers, the local leadership is receiving pressure from the occupation government to turn its efforts entirely to the production of wartime supplies for the Khadoran military. So far the Union has been allowed to complete existing contracts, though transporting such wares beyond Llael's borders has become increasingly difficult, and Union members know it is only a matter of time before the Khadorans move to replace the current leadership with high-ranking members of the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly. This fear has led some members to begin covertly supporting rebellious elements within Llael, and there may be serious problems with sabotage if Union shops are "required" to produce warjacks and other armaments for their Khadoran oppressors.

Membership is considered a mark of quality, so most professionals who work on steam engines or

related industries keep up with their dues. Larger branches provide training in smithing, engineering, and other crafts for a nominal fee. Local Union masters take their reputation very seriously and frown upon anyone who does shoddy work while profiting from the perks of membership.

Along with their regular contracts, Union branches are sometimes called upon to track down rogue steamjacks or other menaces, and they employ a specially-trained mercenary group called the Ironhands for such purposes. These mercenaries are also regularly employed when important operations require additional protection.

One notable aspect within the Union is its racial diversity; numerous dwarves, gobbers, ogrun, and trollkin comprise its membership, for skill and talent, not race, is the measure of a true craftsman.

Steam & Iron Membership

It is not uncommon for adventurers with an interest in engineering or mechanika to join the Steam & Iron Workers Union to seek mentors to train them or get access to materials, workshops, or tools. Membership fees vary depending on the amount of involvement with Union tasks and willingness to take on contracts. Most adventurers join as "non-contracted journeymen" which frees them from any Union obligations other than basic dues. This entry membership is an initial fee of 100 Cygnaran crowns, and annual dues are set at 25 crowns. Additional fees are charged for training and materials, but use of workshops and tools are generally granted as needed if not already in use.

For a full discussion of training and tutoring in the Iron Kingdoms, see the "Training and Education during Downtime" sidebar in "Education and Learning," pg. 116. However, there are some differences to training gained through the Union as compared to normal tutoring at a university; apprenticeship programs are specifically geared toward turning out trained professionals and as such, individuals training with the Union can receive training to boost their Craft skills as high as 10 total ranks, but basic Craft skills are trained as detailed in the section mentioned above. More advanced or specialized training increases the time requirements. Training up to 5 ranks in Craft (steam engine) or other mechanikal Craft skills requires two weeks per rank, as does training a basic Craft skill from 6 to 10 ranks. Training an advanced Craft skill from 6 to 10 ranks requires four weeks per rank. As always, double the costs and times to gain ranks in cross-class skills.

Steelwater Rail

There is no company in Cygnar more difficult to deal with than Steelwater Rail. Based in the lakeside town of Steelwater Flats, the rail company maintains and runs freight trains shipping coal and other goods out of Steelwater Flats. In addition, Steelwater Rail runs the primary freight lines to and from the mines at Ironhead Station and Orven. A progressive and mechanically advanced company, Steelwater Rail's high standard of maintenance on its trains and other steam-powered mechanika makes it the place to go if you need repairs for big gearworks. Their mechaniks are available for hire and can fix nearly anything.

While the company does not control all of the Cygnaran rail lines, it does run the largest of the Steelwater Flats-based rail yards. Some say that this is the same thing since the company dominates the lines running northwest to Orven and northeast to Bainsmarket that constantly run trains filled with coal and raw ore. Unfortunately for Steelwater Rail, competition with the Caspian Railway Society has dented their control of the rail lines.

After many years of conflict, the competition between the two companies to control rail interests finally drew the attention of the king. Now there is a common rail switching station at the major junction in Fharin, and it is run by the Cygnaran Crown to prevent the two companies from bringing the railways to a standstill. Since this ruling, Steelwater Rail has become more and more protective of its interests. Competing freight lines run by the CRS have suffered mishaps and even fatal accidents. Though no one can prove that the rail company is responsible for these mishaps, it is fairly clear that agents of Steelwater Rail had a hand in them.

Cryx

I'd rather bed a farrow sow than deal with this lot. If you find yourself somehow forced to deal with Cryxian merchants, take along your best swordsmen, canniest wizards, and fastest pistoleers. Deals often turn sour with such rascals, and the ability to hit 'em hard might be the only chance to keep yer arse in one piece.

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

Blurg Arms

A company worthy of note in Cryx is Blurg Arms, a firearms and weaponry company in Blackwater. Pistols and blades found in the hands of dead privateers are usually made in Blurg's forges. Blurg sells dangerous (and illegal in Cygnar) necrotite ammunition for firearms, called corpsemakers. Rumors state that a person slain with a corpsemaker slug will rise up as a shambling undead thing, hungry for blood and flesh. Who knows whether or not this is the case?

Wraithblade Emporium

Dealings with traders from the island nation of Cryx are dangerous. The unspoken threat of a double-cross always hangs heavy in the air, and with the black traders of Cryx it is just as likely to be life-stealing necromancy as a poisoned blade in the back. The crews of the Wraithblade fleet are just the sort of vicious cutthroats one would expect profiting from the corpse trade, slavery, and piracy. The traders that work for Wraithblade are double-crossing pirates that suck the fat from the strong and steal the bones of the weak.

The company is both a trading house selling raided goods as wares to the rest of Cryx and a point of contact for mainlanders. For a price, a Wraithblade guide can help one move safely around Blackwater. For an even higher price, they will smuggle persons back to the mainland with whatever black and evil goods they have managed to acquire.

Axiara Wraithblade (female satyxis Ftr6/Sor9), the infamous satyxis warwitch, runs the whole operation. Her coven oversees the fleet and keeps the entire company in line through threats of violence and sorcery. The satyxis are not above using seduction as a weapon and often disguise themselves with magic and steal onto the mainland to learn secrets from merchants and captains with loose lips and eager hands.

The Wraithblade offices are located in the notorious pirate city of Blackwater. The walled compound is decorated with pikes bearing the heads of Axiara's enemies, kidnap victims, and other individuals who have earned the ire of Axiara or one of her coven. Within the Wraithblade compound, one can purchase illegal or illicit substances such as addictive Black Wreath Whiskey, undead servitors, necrotite, drugs, and tomes of necromancy, dark magics, alchemy, and more. Getting in is easy; just pay the required fee subject to the whims of the guards. Sometimes it is merely coin, sometimes it is a living slave, and sometimes it can be something even more wicked. Getting out is more difficult since everyone in Blackwater will want whatever it is that has been bought. Paying the house for an escort is usually the only way out of Blackwater alive, assuming that Axiara and her sisters decide to let their guests go.

Winds of War

As Cryxian incursions to the mainland have become more frequent, dealings with Wraithblade are even more dangerous than usual. They still do business if the deal is mutually beneficial, but they are no doubt spies and servants working for Cryx's best interests as well as their own.

Khador

Blaustavya Shipping & Rail

Oddly enough, one of the most progressive merchant companies, Blaustavya Shipping & Rail, is based in one of the least progressive countries. BS&R, or Big Iron as it is more commonly known, began as a conglomerate of shipping and railroad interests. Founded by Kayaz Simonyev Blaustavya (male Khard Ari5/Amk13) in 551 AR, the company has become the foremost mercantile power in the Motherland. It moves goods, food, and coal across the entire breadth of Khador. As well, BS&R has a substantial interest in commercial fishing and merchant security out of Ohk, dealings with heavy industry in Korsk, and a massive distribution center based out of Khardov. Most other merchant companies and guilds live in the shadow of "Big Iron."

With rail stations in Ohk, Khardov, Korsk, and Skirov, BS&R moves goods rapidly, effectively, and inexpensively. It is the largest commercial user of steam engines and steamjacks in all of western Immoren, and it has acquired several companies that produce the mechanical parts it needs to maintain its equipment. In fact, through Simonyev, BS&R controls the contracts to repair steamjacks and warjacks for the Khadoran military. Big Iron's sister company, Troykyev Iron & Steam, benefits immensely from these contracts.

The telltale symbol on Big Iron trade trains, steamjacks, and vessels is "the stack." The stack is a stylized steam stack billowing plumes of smoke. It is stamped on the sides of their armored trains, displayed on placards on their warehouses, and emblazoned on the sails or steam stacks of their ships. Since the creation of the first rail line in Khador, Blaustavya has become a household name in the nation's metropolitan centers.

Though Big Iron is primarily a shipping company, it also encompasses numerous subsidiary companies and merchant organizations, much due to Simonyev's regency from 572 to 587 AR (see callout "Kayaz Simonyev Blaustavya"). Big Iron controls the contracts for most military arms manufacturing, mercantile distribution, and organized heavy labor in Khador's cities. It has been said in the royal court that the interests of Blaustavya are the interests of Khador. While this may not be true for the less developed portions of Khador, it is a fact in the royal court and the major cities of this nation of iron.

Kayaz Simonyev Blaustavya

The aging patriarch of the Blaustavya family retains the same sharp intellect for which he was renowned in his youth, tempered with slightly less arrogance and much more understanding. As a young man, Simonyev was fascinated by mechanika and spent much of his free time watching mechaniks at their craft despite his father's orders to the contrary. Luckily for Khador his father, Vanya, finally gave up on trying to keep Simonyev from what he considered to be a base and menial craft.

However, Simonyev was only able to receive some preliminary training before he, like all other Khadoran youths, was required to serve his time training and fighting with the forces of the Motherland. As a young noble, Simonyev was granted special considerations and he served for some time among the elite capital guard along with young Ivad Vanar. Even though Ivad was several years his senior, the two became fast friends during their time of service, and their friendship further served the Motherland as Simonyev worked to better the Khadoran military through practical, and extremely advanced, applications of mechanika.

During his time in the military, Simonyev kept tinkering with mechanical devices and mechanika and suggested several innovations that improved the accuracy of Destroyer bombards. Once he was released from duty, a leading mechanik of the Central Ordnance Directorate who was impressed with his ideas recommended him to the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly. Training as an arcane mechanik, Simonyev gained the skills he needed to leave his mark on the forces of the Motherland. During many long nights of drinking and talking with then king Ivad Vanar, the two came up with many wild ideas that Simonyev made into reality. His crowning achievements include his fundamental role in developing rail travel in Khador (see "The Advent of the Rail" for more), his refinements in the design of Man-O-War armor, the development of the shield cannon, and his work to improve warjack munitions.

Thanks to his friendship with King Ivad, Simonyev has been a friend to the Vanar family for many long decades. Ivad appointed him regent of Khador when his health had failed him and little Ayn was but a few months old. Resigning from his position as Director of Munitions Research at the Khadoran Mechaniks Assmebly, Simonyev ran the nation for fifteen years and watched as Ayn grew into a young woman destined to become the formidable queen of a more modern Khador.

Throughout his regency, Simonyev was much like a surrogate grandfather to young Ayn. In private, she still calls him "Uncle Monya" and keeps him close at hand. Now that he has turned over his regency, his factories, and his research centers to his assorted children and grandchildren, Simonyev is commonly seen at court where Queen Ayn has come to rely on his wisdom and insights. The royal staff is very familiar with his presence and is used to hearing him impart his gentle guidance or reassurance to the queen: "Your grand-da wouldn't have done it any differently, my little Ayn-stoycha."

Trade in the Motherland is far more formal and stern than elsewhere. City market prices tend to stay fixed from day to day and make it pretty hard to haggle. Outside of the cities, haggling for goods is more likely. Coin isn't worth a lot to a farmer with pens full of pigs and a shack full of children to feed, but he may be fairly interested in what you have in your bags. Cities tend to be rich, but villages and towns on the outskirts are a different story. Price and quality varies throughout Khador, but you can count on one thing, you'll always pay a lot for a good blanket.

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

Czavyana Trading Posts

Beautiful Czavyana—it seems that the gorgeous face of this woman is found at nearly every rural trading post in Khador. Established just over 20 years ago as the symbol of the Czavyana trading company,

Czavyana's smile is quickly becoming a welcome sight throughout Khador and an iconic image of the beauty of freedom. This well-managed company embodies the spirit of free trade in Khador. Food, goods, and reliable items are available to all for coin or barter.

From their headquarters in Korsk and Khardov, this trading company relies on free traders to deliver goods and merchandise throughout rural Khador. Departing from rail stations along the Iron Highway, caravans of heavy wagons guarded by tough wagoneers and teamsters travel with beautiful Czavyana adorning their banners as a sign of the quality of the goods they bring. A welcome sight to travelers, the far-flung trading posts of the Czavyana company provide comfortable safehavens, for they offer lodging, warm meals, supplies, and stabling all within the post's walled compound. All twelve trading posts in Khador sit along frequently traveled routes. While each post serves as a way station for traders, it offers a special welcome to all members of the Czavyana Free Traders Guild.

All Czavyana traders pay dues, and in return they are given guild protection and a percentage of recompense in case of banditry. They can bid for company contracts, exchange routes with each other, and even take time off from trading—almost unheard of in other companies—without forfeiting their membership just as long as they keep their dues current. As the company gains popularity, it seems that stops along the way at Czavyana inns and trading posts are starting to become customary for travelers and adventurers throughout Khador.

Falgora Arms and Armor

Manufacturers of the best leather and studded leather armor in Khador, this company based in Volningrad has a reputation for its exceptional custom work. Falgora also produces quality weapons and has recently begun supplying Vislovski-stamped heavy firearms to select Winter Guard companies. Having begun their firearms trade with a small contractual agreement with the Vislovski Gunwerks, Falgora Arms and Armor is now the proud sponsor of the first branch of the Vislovski Gunwerks. In a deal struck with Grigor Vislovski himself, Falgora Arms has an officially-sanctioned Vislovski gunsmithy and workshop. Vislovski personally travels to Volningrad once a month to oversee the workshop bearing his name. This deal has been a boon for Falgora, increasing their prestige and reaffirming the quality of their products.

Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly

Based out of Korsk the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly has offices in Khardov, Skirov, Volingrad, and many other cities where mechanika is needed. The Assembly has been a crucial partner of the Khadoran military since its inception in 393 AR. Responsible for all of the common Khadoran warjack designs and the development of Man-O-War armor, the mechaniks of the Assembly are the best applied mechanika experts in the kingdom. Created as an applied branch of the Khadoran Institute of Engineering, the mechaniks of the Assembly continue to work with the researchers at the Institute to move from theory to prototype to mass production.

A number of Assembly mechaniks have become well known for specific warjack chassis designs, including the designer of the Marauder, Targh Fedro, but none is as well known as Simonyev Blaustayva. The elderly Blaustavya, former Director of Munitions Research and Regent of Khador, may be retired from the Assembly, but he is still occasionally seen slowly making his way through the workshops, inspecting new projects, asking questions, and every now and again, offering crucial pieces of well-heeded advice.

While the Assembly has strong ties to the Greylords Covenant, it also vigorously defends the interests of its members. Organization leaders have made subtle and overt attacks on wizards who have threatened to take magic "too far" in its service of everyday labor, helping to maintain the development of mechanical devices and mechanika potentially at the cost of magical innovation. The Assembly has the wrench as its symbol and there is much secrecy about its practices—indeed, it is rumored that it is almost a cult unto itself with special rituals and its own secret language.

Rumor Has It…

The initiation rituals of the Assembly are a test of loyalty and trustworthiness. They have been known to give secondary tasks to their membership such as courier work or equipment smuggling. Most mechaniks of the Assembly consider religion a taboo subject and try to avoid stirring conflict between brothers by focusing instead on mutual protection. This may be why Khadoran followers of Cyriss have been drawn to the organization and comprise a sizeable minority. It is uncertain if this is a natural affinity due to their work

or if the brotherhood is deeply subverted and serves as a front for cult activity. It appears the Morrowan majority makes allowances for their Cyrissist brothers, dismissing such rumors as spurious. Morrowan mechaniks venerate Asc. Sambert—which they pronounce "Sam-boh-rit"—whom they claim was clearly of Khardic or Kossite ancestry.

Royal Volningrad Steamboat Company

Robul Vursovich, creator of the Khadoran steam-powered paddleboat, inaugurated the first commercially successful steamboat service in 303 AR. His steamboats originally ran the Shattered Shield Lake, but it was slow going; settlements along the shores of the lake were small, and local business was slight. However, with ports in Volningrad and Rorschik and ready access to the Orlovsk Highway, Vursovich's success on nearby Lake Volningrad was inevitable. In a few short years, he had grants from the crown and formed the Royal Volningrad Steamboat Company.

The first steamer on the lake, christened the *Jakime Chadin*, was equipped with two long boilers and a unique brick smokestack. Her engines were third-hand, and she was not the fastest craft on the water. The *Jakime* could make the trip across the lake in about a day, or as quickly as a man could row the distance, but she operated on Lake Volningrad until an unsolved fire sank her in 359 AR. Despite the fate of the *Jakime*, the Royal Volningrad Steamboat Company continued and now deals mainly in the river transportation market on the Lothpool and Moskrad Rivers as the bearer of mails, provisions, and articles of trade between Khardov, Skrovenberg, Port Vladovar, and the various small towns and communities along these routes.



Strevnost Public Trade

Strevnost Public Trade has dealt in the trafficking and sales of household goods, toys, and food for nearly one hundred years. It is known throughout Khador

for its shoddy quality and incredibly low prices, including a variety of pickled sausage called *hüschten* that gobbers seem to love immensely. Strevnost has minor outposts throughout Khador, and although these cannot compare to the more popular Czavyana trading posts, they are more common than Czavyana establishments. Their main warehouses are located on the Great Zerutsk in New Vroggen.

Vislovski Gunwerks

Founded in Korsk by the noted Khadoran gunsmith Grigor Vislovski (male Khard Exp8/Ftr3), Vislovski Gunwerks is well known for its production of "true Khadoran" firearms. One of the first gunwerks established in the Iron Kingdoms, Vislovski Gunwerks is not just a simple gunsmith's shop. Vislovski has a well-trained and seasoned crew of gunsmiths who create a standardized line of firearms all stamped with Vislovski's trade symbol. This symbol signifies that Grigor personally oversees the production of all Vislovski firearms and no pistol or rifle receives this stamp unless it meets his approval.

In an unprecedented move, Vislovski has sanctioned the first "branch" of the Vislovski Gunwerks run by Falgora Arms and Armor. Rumor has it that, if successful, this branch could be the first of many throughout Khador turning out a new generation of firearms for the Motherland. Unfortunately with all of this production to oversee, Vislovski is finding that he has less and less time for his craft. He may soon need to turn the design of new firearms over to one of his other gunsmiths for Vislovski Gunwerks to remain competitive in the thriving firearms market.

Llael

Aleshko Scriveners and Bindery

Based in the recently rebuilt city of Laedry, this professional copy shop and bindery is run by Myrra Aleshko (female Umbrean Ari3/Exp3). Several notable universities throughout the kingdoms deal directly with the Aleshko Bindery for the production of finished volumes and replacement copies for well-worn reference books. While many universities have the facilities for reproducing aging volumes, it is often quicker and cheaper to employ the services of the Aleshko Bindery. The universities have found that their staff is better suited to copying and compiling text from fragile, decaying documents, while the staff at the Aleshko Bindery is more practiced in the rapid production of finished volumes. It is rumored that Myrra, the recent heir to the family business, has been considering the acquisition of a printing device to speed reproduction.

Crucible Arms

The circular sigil of the Order of the Golden Crucible has been a familiar sight to many, stamped on alchemical wares, powders, and blasting powder charges. Due to so much demand on their time and other legalities, the members of the Golden Crucible could not sell materials directly, so they contracted these services to a distributor sometime back in the early 500s AR.

Crucible Arms of Merywyn serves as the trade front for the Order of the Golden Crucible. With the proper credentials, one can obtain any manner of alchemical reagents, blast powders, cannon munitions, and exotic weaponry through them. Some firearms are manufactured by the Order, but these are usually very expensive precision pieces. What Crucible Arms has been best known for is its stranglehold on the distribution of blasting powder and firearms ammunition. Hestes Ardier (male Ryn Rog8/Exp8), a merchant of dubious origins but a legitimate agent of the Order, is the head of Crucible Arms. Recently, he has "temporarily" re-located himself to Korsk where he can best negotiate with the Khadoran regime.

Crucible Arms once had offices in several major cities throughout western Immoren. Of note are its foundries in Corvis where the precision actions, shot, and barrels for their firearms are crafted. In other cities, the company maintains smaller offices through which ammunition, alchemical goods, and other materials are sold. However, because of the troubles in Llael, many of these locations in Cygnar and Ord have severed ties to the home office and have been working as individual operations and supporting efforts against Khador.

Interestingly, the occupation government has allowed Crucible Arms to continue exporting some small measure of goods to its remaining shops in Cygnar and Ord, though imposing a hefty export tax of course. Even so, with the Order of the Golden Crucible's efforts shifted to supplying munitions for

the Khadoran military, exports from Crucible Arms have reduced to a trickle compared to their former levels, resulting in ammunition shortages in Ord, Cygnar, and Llael.

Winds of War

Crucible Arms has been forced to cancel its Cygnaran contracts. For years the company had lucrative dealings for the supply of heavy ordnance munitions, custom-made magic items, and alchemical goods for military use, but since these items were largely manufactured by wizards of the Order of the Golden Crucible and are not in the best interests of the occupation government, the contracts have been cancelled. Needless to say, the Cygnaran military is anxious to recover proprietary alchemy and mechanika schematics that had been entrusted to the offices of Crucible Arms.

Greybranch Expeditionary Company

The Greybranch Expeditionary Company, based in the Llaelese city of Rhydden, transports goods—and, to a lesser extent, people—back and forth between Llael and parts without. Consequently, Greybranch maintains a presence in most settlements in and around the Marches, including Corvis and Ternon Crag. In recent years their caravans have come under increasing attack by Khadoran troops and mercenary companies who suspect Greybranch expeditions of moving goods, information, and rebels in and out of defiant and unoccupied areas of Llael. As one might expect, mercenaries and adventurers accompany most caravans these days, and the pay for such duties is quite substantial.

Sovereign Coal Alliance

Composed of three of the major coal families and a half-dozen of the smaller coal families, the Sovereign Coal Alliance, or just Sovereign Alliance, was a coal expediter and price regulator for much of the coal shipped out of Llael. While Sovereign Alliance did not control all of the coal exported from Llael—as a result of the resources of the families involved—they were the single entity capable of easily arranging for large-scale shipments throughout the kingdoms. This convenience meant that Sovereign Alliance could also charge slightly more per ton than other individual coal barons throughout western Immoren. Because they got more per ton, many of the other minor coal barons were also more than willing to sell coal to Sovereign Alliance rather than deal with the hassles inherent in shipping their own product.

Surprisingly, the invasion and occupation of Llael has caused little difficulty for Sovereign Coal. Very few of their workers, mercenaries, or leaders were among the casualties. They quickly and smoothly adapted to the presence of the Khadorans and have agreed to ship their coal exclusively to Khador, at least for now. The board is lobbying for the opening of other markets (such as Ord) with a cut in the profits going to the Khadoran treasury. This smooth transition has caused a number of ugly rumors, and many Llaelese despise this company more than ever. Though the occupation has forced coal priced to rise in Cygnar and Ord, the Sovereign Coal Alliance's deal with the Motherland has secured lower coal prices in Khador.

Sovereign Coal has a ruthless reputation and is rumored to have no qualms resorting to dirty tactics to preserve its interests. They even have their own mercenary company, known as the Ash and Soot Brigade, to protect the mines from threats such as bogrin clans or human interference. The Khadoran military has this company on a short leash, forcing them to abandon some of their weaponry and to endure the presence of Khadoran officers assigned to watch them. Sovereign Coal is interested in bringing steam

Llael, and Merywyn in particular, has long been home to many rich merchants getting fat on the trade of alchemy, coal, and the good fortune of location. Being between so many great nations allowed them to levy taxes and tariffs as they pleased on everything passing through their roads and rivers. The Khadoran invasion proves location isn't always a good thing, though. Sometimes the middleman gets in the way. All those riches are for the Khadorans now.

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

rail to Llael and was negotiating before the Khadoran occupation to hire engineers and skilled craftsmen away from Steelwater Rail in Cygnar. They also typically fund well-paid but dangerous expeditions into Llael's northern mountains to search for new mining sites. These projects will continue and may even accelerate, for it would serve Khador well to be able to bring more resources home and send supplies to the front line more quickly. Even with this encouragement, covering Llael with track will be a long-term project that would take too much time and money to be of immediate use to the occupiers. Nonetheless, Queen Ayn does not intend to relinquish control of these territories and planning for the future.

The board of trustees once comprised a representative from member families of the former Council of Nobles who controlled the amount of coal shipped and the price set for all shipments. Now many of these seats are empty and representatives from only a handful of major families untouched by the Khadoran occupation have a full vote while the remaining representatives have but half a vote. From time to time, regarding important matters a silent and mysterious member would arrive to cast a deciding final vote—some masked individual known only as the "Black Baron."

Rumor Has It…

Some believe the board of trustees directly aided the invasion. No proof has been unearthed of these claims, but it is known they had an important meeting months before the outbreak of war and that many of their operations and personnel were moved around or involved in unusual projects. It may be that Sovereign Coal was forewarned and decided the best way to continue their business would be to cooperate in order to save both lives and money. Certainly it is probable that individuals operating on orders from Prime Minister Glabryn himself played a role in the invasion.

Wythestyn Fine Comestibles

Operated by the d'Wythestyn family in Laedry, this trade house has warehouses and distribution centers in most Llaelese cities and in most major cities in Khador and Cygnar. Wythestyn Fine Comestibles deals in the import and export of fine foods, wines, and beers. Working with the vineyards of southern Llael, they specialize in distributing fine wines throughout western Immoren.

Ord

Berck Imports House

This trading house has old roots among some of the finest Tordoran sailors and pilots, including several families of rich castellans who help strengthen the backbone of Ord's ocean-based trade. Although it was a Mercarian League captain and vessel that discovered the southern continent of Zu, Captain D.H. Wexbourne employed pilots and navigators of the Berck Imports House on the *Seacutter*, and it was their skill that made the route possible. Establishing a reliable trade route with the continent of Zu was not easy. The waters between are treacherous to even skilled captains and require the finest deep-sea vessels and well-seasoned crews. The charts, notebooks, and logs—sometimes referred to as *rutters*—that record the particulars of this passage are tightly held trade secrets and considered priceless to those who guard them. Were these documents to fall into the hands of competitors, Berck Imports would soon lose its monopoly.

About thirteen years ago, Berck Imports House came under Mercarian ownership, serving as an additional trade arm for the League's far-flung markets. No one outside of the League's Trade Alliance and certain Ordic factions is entirely sure just how this came about, but it left many Tordoran castellans furious. In truth little has changed. Berck Imports' ships still sail out of Berck harbor and many Tordoran navigators, sailors, and some captains still work the ships. Even so, the castellans continue to seethe and find it intolerable that one of Ord's greatest trading houses has fallen into Mercarian hands. The League has opened a main office for the trading house in Mercir, amongst its many other offices, and roughly one-third of the import house's fleet is docked in Mercir's harbor at any given time. While orders and instructions come from Mercir and profits are channeled through the Mercir office, at least three ships are available for various jobs at the discretion of Berck Imports.

At the same time, many of the Tordoran captains have been replaced with competent Thurians and Caspians the likes of Captain Wexbourne. These dismissals have come after much deliberation. The League supervisors to Berck Imports had hoped

to keep the company largely intact, but it became apparent that many of the captains and some of the navigators were sympathetic to the castellans' beliefs that Berck Imports belonged under Ordic ownership. Even after a decade, this takeover remains a matter of great resentment among the castellans whose families founded Berck Imports, and relations between the founders and Mercarian envoys are tense and bitter. Apparently it is just not enough to satisfy the castellans that the League funds the trade house's shipbuilding, has provided a steady supply of trade through some difficult economic times, and provided the finances necessary for Captain Wexbourne's initial expedition.

Rumor Has It…

Since the disappearance of Captain Wexbourne aboard the *Seacutter*, disturbing rumors have begun to surface. According to reliable sources, a number of irreplaceable ship's rutters belonging to Berck Imports have disappeared. The League supervisors of the import house are reportedly furious and suspect that they were stolen by sailors loyal to the Ordic castellans. Of course when confronted, the castellans and all of the captains and navigators maintain that they know nothing about these thefts, so it would seem that relations within the import house have met something of an impasse at last.

While the rutters have yet to surface, certain interests within the imports house have made it clear that they hope to divorce themselves from the Mercarian League, even though League funding has been crucial to maintaining Berck Imports' fleet of ships. Further investigations of the import house have revealed that some outside source has funded a number of "off the books" trade expeditions to Zu not approved by the League. Other discoveries indicate that expeditions were being planned to locate other continents such as the Orgoth homeland. Whoever is funding these explorations seems to believe that after four-hundred years without contact, the Orgoth Empire may well have collapsed by now and its remnants are possibly eager for foreign trade. While the investigations continue, there is still no sign of Captain Wexbourne. Many sailors loyal to the League fear that the castellans were somehow involved and may cause further problems, but no evidence has been found to support these concerns.

Dragon's Tongue Trade

Some say one should never turn his back on a merchant. Of course, this saying goes double for any dealings one might have in Five Fingers, and this is no less true when dealing with Dragon's Tongue Trade. Their reputation as escorts of valuable goods, hidden wares, and kidnap victims is the subject of much speculation. Whether or not Dragon's Tongue Trade deserves this reputation, they have done little to discourage the rumors.

Based out of Five Fingers, the trading house is old and has been mentioned in trade papers and ledgers going as far back as three hundred years. Known for their ability to get important cargo to where it needs to be, the Tongue Traders—as they are called—are mercenary, vicious, and incredibly good at whatever they do. On occasion, the trade house has also been hired to handle "disputes" with privateers and uncooperative merchantmen. Dragon's Tongue Trade lives and dies on the water.

Some nations just aren't as lucky as the others, and Ord seems to have gotten the wrong end of the pike in this sense. Their largest resources are fabrics, livestock, and fish, and while this keeps the populace somewhat fed, the taxes gathered by the Ordic throne aren't enough to keep up a well-trained fighting force or extravagant palaces.

The Baird seems to have gone a bit boxy from boredom sittin' his tush on the throne, so these days he spends a lot of time abroad. Since he's not interested in goods and prices and what-have-you, he lets the powerful merchant families dictate them. These castellans are all too self-important and independent of each other, so unification at any level is bloody unlikely in our lifetime even though that's Ord's best chance at long term survival. If you ask old Gunner, especially with the war on and all, they should be pulling together and gearing up for something big, 'cuz now it's only a matter of time….

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

Originally a riverboat-trading guild, its operations out of Five Fingers were taken over many years ago by the famed privateer, Jack "Blackbarrels" Grimgrave (male Scharde Ftr8/Wiz6). A Scharde by birth but

Thurian by upbringing, Grimgrave's loyalty and service to Ord grants him some unusual rights. He has expanded the operations of Dragon's Tongue Trade from a simple smuggling operation to full-blown piracy on the open seas. His approval to carry on these acts is a Letter of Marque signed by King Baird II, and Jack hands over a cut of his profits to the kingdom's coffers in order to maintain this right.

Although Dragon's Tongue Trade is known for piracy at sea, it does provide some legitimate river cargo services inland. For a fee the guild offers protection to other vessels, which usually means they will not raid boats or kidnap crew. They also transport valuables, people, or things from one place to another, so if one needs to get somewhere on the Dragon's Tongue quickly and quietly, he can arrange for transport with the Tongue Traders. They will give passage to just about anyone willing to pay their excessive prices.

Hearthstone Clock and Alchemy

This small but crafty mechanika trade house produces exotic wares and goods for sale. Run by Echias Hearth (male Thurian Amk6), Hearthstone ensures that all manner of potions, novelties, and mechanikal curios make their way to the rest of Ord and Cygnar. Echias is known for his incredibly intricate clockwork devices, most especially his ornamental Hearthstone windup pocket watch (street value 250 gp), which is quite the status symbol among the well to do.

Hearthstone Clock & Alchemy also makes custom precision alchemical laboratory supplies and mechanikal goods for wizards and other scholarly types. The trade house does quite well since most of its items are expensive and fragile. The cost of transporting these goods tends to be excessive, but the prices fetched for some of these wonders make it worth the care and effort. Since Khador's absorption of the Order of the Golden Crucible, Echias' operation has seen a considerably increased demand for his wares and he is struggling these days to keep up with the requests.

Mateu Merchant House

If any group in Ord could be said to rival the authority of the throne, it would be the powerful Mateu family. Many whisper that behind closed doors Castellan Izabella Mateu (see pg. 294), matriarch of the family for over fifty years, holds as much power in a whisper as the Baird does in a kingly roar. The Mateu family has its fingers in everything at some level or another, and as far as trading influence and monetary wealth is concerned, it is a direct rival of the Mercarian League in Ord.

Poor decision-making and outstanding debts had once upon a time presaged the demise of the Mateu trading empire, but Izabella's genius for business and politicking has changed all of that. Over the years, she has spread her influence and ingratiated her family into every industry, merchant house, and trading partnership in Ord, either by coin or even more persuasive measures. This ruthless desire for success and willingness to employ relatively draconian tactics quickly gained her a reputation as a wicked woman—not within earshot, of course—but anyone who deals fairly with the Mateu family will be the first to tell you that they are strictly businessmen, pure and simple. The almighty golden royal holds sway over the family second only to Izabella herself.

The Mateus are old Tordoran traders, but unlike most castellans of their ilk, they do not discriminate. Employment with the Mateu family is one of the only ways a person of Thurian stock can become as wealthy as any Tordoran. The family rewards loyalty extremely well; outsiders know this, and association with the Mateu family carries benefits that are not always based on coin. True, the Mateus are rumored to be thieves, cutthroats, and murderers especially in earlier days, but now the family devotes itself to more legitimate means whenever possible. Still, in Berck, Carre Dova, and Five Fingers, there are blocks of shops that pay protection money to Mateu enforcers. In the grand tradition of organized crime, the old ways of doing business are hard to leave behind, and stepping out of the old ways into legitimate business can be a thorny endeavor.

Izabella's husband has long since passed, and she has a son in Carre Dova, another in Merin, and another in Five Fingers. There are rumors of a fourth son who left the family to become a Morrowan priest, but Izabella does not acknowledge this "silly rumor." Izabella's five daughters are her truly coveted prizes; she keeps them near at hand and has refused thus far to see any of them wed. Lately King Baird's grandson,

Alvor Cathor, has taken an interest in Izabella's youngest daughter Eliana , and rumors abound that he is contemplating marrying the girl. Obviously, the nobility of the kingdom waits nervously with hopes to avoid such a union and the power the Mateus would gain if this were to take place.

Many wonder what will happen when Izabella dies, but at over 70 years of age the tall, crisp old woman shows no signs of slowing down. She has survived over a dozen attempts on her life over the decades and even has a clan of fiercely loyal highland trollkin under her thumb (though details of this particular bond are unclear). One thing is certain: in and around Ord, no major operation goes off without a Mateu knowing of it, and crossing a Mateu is never a good idea especially since they have the ability to ruin or destroy an enemy using either legitimate or much more questionable means.

Rumor Has It…

In some corners it is believed that Ord's loss of the Berck Imports House to the Mercarian League in 593 AR was the result of a financial power struggle between the Mateu Merchant House and the Mercarian League. A variety of wild stories have arisen around this exchange, including one where the League had taken one of Izabella's sons hostage as a tool of extortion and forced her to pressure the castellan founders of the Imports House. Whatever the truth might be, Izabella nurses an implacable hatred for her southern rivals and awaits any chance to undermine their interests.

Meredian Ventures

Based in Berck, Meredian Ventures is a transport company that employs a small fleet of sloops and schooners—most retrofitted with paddlewheels—to deliver goods all along the western coast. Meredian Ventures maintains a presence in Khador, Cygnar, and of course Ord, but its ships travel as far south as the Protectorate for the right price. An adventurous sailor named Captain Carros Culareo (male Tordoran Ftr3/Exp9) started the company in 558 AR but disappeared at sea a decade ago.

Today Meredian Ventures is in the hands of Carros' fiery daughter, an arcane mechanik named Drest (female Tordoran Rog6/Amk4), who has plans to launch an extensive expedition to the southern continent of Zu in search of riches (and also where she believes her father was last seen). To raise funds and royal support for her expedition, she has recently offered a partnership to the well-connected Mateu Merchant House. Rumor has it that the Mateus would inherit a controlling share of Meredian Ventures as long as Captain Drest Culareo is provided sanction and resources to make her southern expedition a reality.

Midfast Munitions

Run by Creena Torcail (see pg. 307), Midfast Munitions specializes in developing experimental, customized cannons and small arms ammunition. While she has several munitions experts on staff to help with the development of new payloads and testing of new cannon designs, her skilled team of ogrun smiths is responsible for the design and production of new cannons. Creena's is one of the few businesses to employ ogrun in a skilled profession, and her decision to hire them was questioned widely and loudly by many influential castellans. However, they have long since proven their usefulness, resourcefulness, and sheer brute skill in turning out some of the finest cannons in all of western Immoren. Many still refuse to buy cannons built by "barbaric brutes," but far more sensible folk have learned to keep their opinions to themselves (especially while in Creena's shop) and have simply accepted that Midfast Munitions is the source for expertly crafted and innovatively designed cannons.

In the past few years, Creena's prosperity has led to her purchase of several older model warjacks, mostly surplus Nomads. Her team of ogrun laborers and gobber bodgers has taken to refitting older 'jacks and adding their own "special mechanikal touches." Much of their technology is outdated when compared to the modern militaries of the kingdoms, but Creena is very interested in getting her hands on as many schematics as possible and she is willing to pay handsomely for first-rate drafts and adequately enough for those she deems less than exemplary.

Ios

Trade and commerce in Ios is a mystery. Iosan arcanika, magic, works of art, and exotic liquors and wines sometimes make their way from this

mysterious kingdom into other lands. From what I know, Iosan goods are all of the highest quality and produced with such obvious care and skill that a price is at first very difficult to name. Parting with goods like this can be difficult, even for a seasoned merchant like myself.

Iosan weaponry, alchemy, and magic are also extremely rare. I've seen beautifully crafted elven swords sell for a king's ransom, and then there are Iosan firearms. I've seen but one. Finely crafted, extremely light, and surprisingly functional—the duke who fired it boasted he could drop a mawg at a hundred paces. I didn't see him do it, but why would a Llaelese nobleman lie about something like that? Hah!

Anyhow, I've heard Iosan blades keep their edge for decades, their wines never seem to sour, and the gears of elven clockworks are whisper quiet and never fail. Elven goods are always snapped up as quickly as they appear on the market. Only a fool would pass up a work of elven craft.

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

Rhul

It's easier to pry the teeth from a dracodile than it is to get a dwarf to spend his coin. Most trade in Rhul is done through complicated agreements and contracts bound up in the legal culture founded by their great moot. Luckily, outsiders seem to be part of a clause in the moot's ruling and a good trader with a dwarven ally can usually find work getting trade goods out of Rhul for a good price and selling them for even higher profit.

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

Ghordson Heavy Armaments

Ghordson Heavy Armaments—often shortened to "Ghordson Arms"—is among the most successful businesses in Ghord and an inspiration to striving clans throughout Rhul. The company is closely affiliated with Great Clan Hrord for obvious reasons: after his kinsmen were dishonored and stripped of their titles for acts of banditry, a clanless dwarf named Pulgar was taken in by the Hrord clan. Embarrassed, Pulgar put his efforts into making good and he quickly turned out to be Hrord's most exceptional mechanic; indeed, Pulgar was considered a prodigy.

After decades of service, the dwarf petitioned to start his own clan, sponsored by the Stone Lord of Hrord himself. His bid was passed and Pulgar took on the name of Ghordson as a sign of his love for the city and his loyalty to its people. In the past sixty years, the clan has risen considerably and is expected to join the Moot of the Hundred Houses. Pulgar Ghordson gambled fifty years ago and constructed his first steamjack foundry, which soon became a primary source of revenue for his family.

Pulgar passed away three decades ago but was succeeded by his eldest of six sons and five daughters, a dwarf named Durgarl (male Rhulic Exp9/Ftr2), who acts as the clan head and the controller of Pulgar's outfit, Ghordson Heavy Armaments. When the company really caught on, it initially earned its reputation for its cannons and heavy rifles but soon branched out to all facets of warjack armament and engineering. Indeed, Great Clan Hrord relies heavily on the Ghordson Arms foundries for 'jack components and for help with innovating new designs, and their services have also been contracted by the Udo and Uldar clans as well as heavy mining operations in

Drotuhn. This last venture has pushed Ghordson Arms into the circles of some of the wealthiest clans in Ghord.

Although most of their equipment stays in Rhul, they make occasional sales to human customers. This requires deep pockets and patience, but Ghordson Arms delivers the best, and their equipment is built to last. A number of Ghordson-stamped cannons, mining 'jacks, and a few steam-powered heavy drills have found their way to both Cygnar and Khador. For an additional 10 to 25 percent (depending on the destination) they guarantee delivery and send their own armed and armored workers to protect the purchase on its journey.

Ousel of Ghrd

Wealth has a tendency to attract unwanted attention from many circles, especially from those eager to relieve an individual of the burden of his purse, and hired guards tend to be far too interested in self-preservation and personal gain and fall asleep all too conveniently—or inconveniently as the case may be. Ousel of Ghrd is an establishment that specializes in discouraging that sort of unwanted attention. Run by Ousel Earthborn (male dwarf Clr8/Rog10), this banking house is well known among the rich and famous as the most secure place to store valuables and wealth. For a nominal annual fee, the banking house will insure the secure storage and handling of fortunes.

Ousel is a cleric of the Great Fathers who seems particularly attached to Great Father Ghrd, patron of wealth and jewels. It seems that Ousel has made it his life quest to increase the wealth of Immoren. He is honest and handles all of the wealth in his vaults with reverence and care and his reputation as a guardian of wealth in the name of Ghrd is legendary among dwarves. A master engineer and trapmaker, he lends his craft out to those who need to build vaults and secret chambers with the utmost discretion.

The banking house of Ousel is based in a small sector of Ghord known as the Gildheim. Ousel's stronghold is a stone building with few windows. Underneath this squat, sturdy stone fortress over a hundred vaults are dug deep into the earth. The workings of the vault halls and shafts are maintained by trusted mechaniks and guarded by dwarven warriors. Each vault is trapped in a manner so intricate and deadly that none have ever been breached, but several attempts have been foiled—lethally. It is said that the halls and deep shafts of the complex are patrolled by mechagargoyles (see MN1) and other mechanika designed to discourage intruders from thinking they can use enchantments to get past the guards.

Those who do not require the use of a vault can secure goods in various safes and strongboxes stored in the stronghold and kept in a series of larger vaults on the upper levels. Small amounts of wealth, precious jewels, magic items, and books are typically stored at the Ousel, and they also handle the exchange of goods from one party to another. Ousel's clientele includes powerful Cygnaran merchant houses, wealthy privateers, prominent nobles from every kingdom, and even the Mercarian League. When a transaction between parties occurs, Ousel personally manages the transfer for a small fee. In matters of commerce, Ousel's establishment is a rare thing indeed—neutral ground.

Transactions with the south have become difficult of late, since the routes between Rhul and Cygnar are under Khadoran control. According to the dwarf, Ousel has developed several ingenious contingencies around this much-foreseen problem. He has many agents abroad as well as other ways to secure the remote wealth of his patrons, yet he is in a peculiar position of fielding inquiries by many of his clients. He assures them, of course, that their wealth is just as protected as ever. Nevertheless, he is forced to deal with some strained relationships of late, but he never loses control of his ever-friendly demeanor.

Just before the hostilities began in earnest, Ousel had begun building a second complex in the southern city of Caspia. It is rumored that he was building a complex for a trade exchange or possibly a bank vault for the Mercarian League. Whatever the result, the banker and trap-maker has been spending a great deal of time within the City of Walls. Construction has been delayed somewhat as the Crown's attentions have been diverted by the war, but Ousel has been a welcome envoy in Cygnaran courts, passing the time by humbly imparting his own advice upon members of the Royal Assembly—some of whom he has befriended over the years.

Rumor Has It…

Great Clan Ghrd despises Ousel for using their name for his business. They believe he is profiting on their clan reputation and implying an affiliation. Clan Ghrd is responsible for the Rhulic treasury and looks after the finances of the Moot as well as offering their own banking services for the Hundred Houses. This may simply be a case of trying to discourage competition, and the other Stone Lords do not seem to mind. Whenever Clan Ghrd has brought the matter before the Moot, it has always ruled in Ousel's favor.

Clan Ghrd may have plans to strike against Ousel while he is away from Ghord. Someone with deep pockets has been recruiting top safe crackers and master locksmiths for a special project. It may be Clan Ghrd is putting together a team of criminals to test Ousel's vaunted invulnerability. If this were ever proven, it would be considered a major breach of the laws of Ghord and would create a huge scandal.

Rhul Fur Company

The longstanding Rhul Fur Company is a collective of dwarven hunters and trappers and is a primary competitor for the many Czavyana fur traders in its battle for dominance in the northern fur market. Trading posts populated by dwarves can be found here and there throughout Khador, and some of these posts must be defended from attacks by rival traders. The Rhul Fur Company has a strong presence in the Burningfrost Plains and the Malgur Forest as well as tight control over several mountain passes into Llael and Ios. Unlike the Czavyana traders, the Rhul Fur Company makes pacts with locals to ensure a steady flow of furs and maintains its monopoly by the customary practice of buying out or crushing any upstarts. The Rhul Fur Company has prepared the way for permanent settlement and opened Gravewater Lake to commercial fishing, steamboat transportation, and trade in lead.

Steelhead Coal

This small but reliable coal mining operation runs out of Ulgar. Dwarves mine the coal hills close to the city and transport goods by rail to Ghord. Their recent prospecting deep within the Glass Peaks has had problems with ancient ruins, encounters with cephalyx, and a long streak of bad luck that has crippled their expansion. Currently they are hiring mercenaries and adventurers to help push into an area they have dubbed the Shadowbed.

Stirnforge Craft and Trade

Dwarves are master craftsmen and Stirnforge is no different from any other craft and trade house based in Rhul. Pride in workmanship, tradition, and an adherence to the rules and standards of manufacture are their hallmarks. Where other Rhulic trade houses produce goods of equal quality, it can be said that no other takes as much pride in doing so. The famed guarantee of Stirnforge is that if their goods fail in the buyer's lifetime, they will replace the wares for free.

Stirnforge makes everything from daggers and arrowheads to greatswords and kettles. If it requires precision ironworking or masterful folding of steel, Stirnforge can do it with a signature style greatly desired throughout the kingdoms. Because of the craftsmanship and quality maintained by the house, the wares they produce have become greatly valued as proven and reliable. This success has made other clans with similar interests quite unhappy, and some problems have arisen.

Dwarven politics do complicate the progress of trade in Rhul from time to time. Stirnforge has recently begun to suffer from the maneuvers of three competing trade houses. Clan Stirn has begun to rely on human assistance to ship goods out of Rhul to simplify the export process. The competing clan houses have taken to hiring mercenaries to raid Stirnforge caravans, but this has been met with the iron resilience and determination that perhaps makes Stirn craftsmanship so valued. It seems that Stirn is quite happy to provide caravan's carrying their goods with firearms and ammunition to safeguard wares all the way to delivery.

Clan Stirn and Stirnforge Craft and Trade are led by Master Builder Hasevord Stirn (male dwarf Ftr12). Through him, the clan and its trade business keep the house's foundries and ironworks in production year round. Clan Stirn is based out of Ghord along with the Stirnforge Foundries, and it could be said that separating Stirnforge from the clan is impossible. The foundries are part of the clan strongholds with only a few shops and warehouses separate from the clan's holdings.

The trade arm of Stirnforge controls coal mines in Griddenguard as well as silver and iron mines in the foothills of the Skybridge Mountains. These vital resources are well-guarded by ogrun mercenaries and

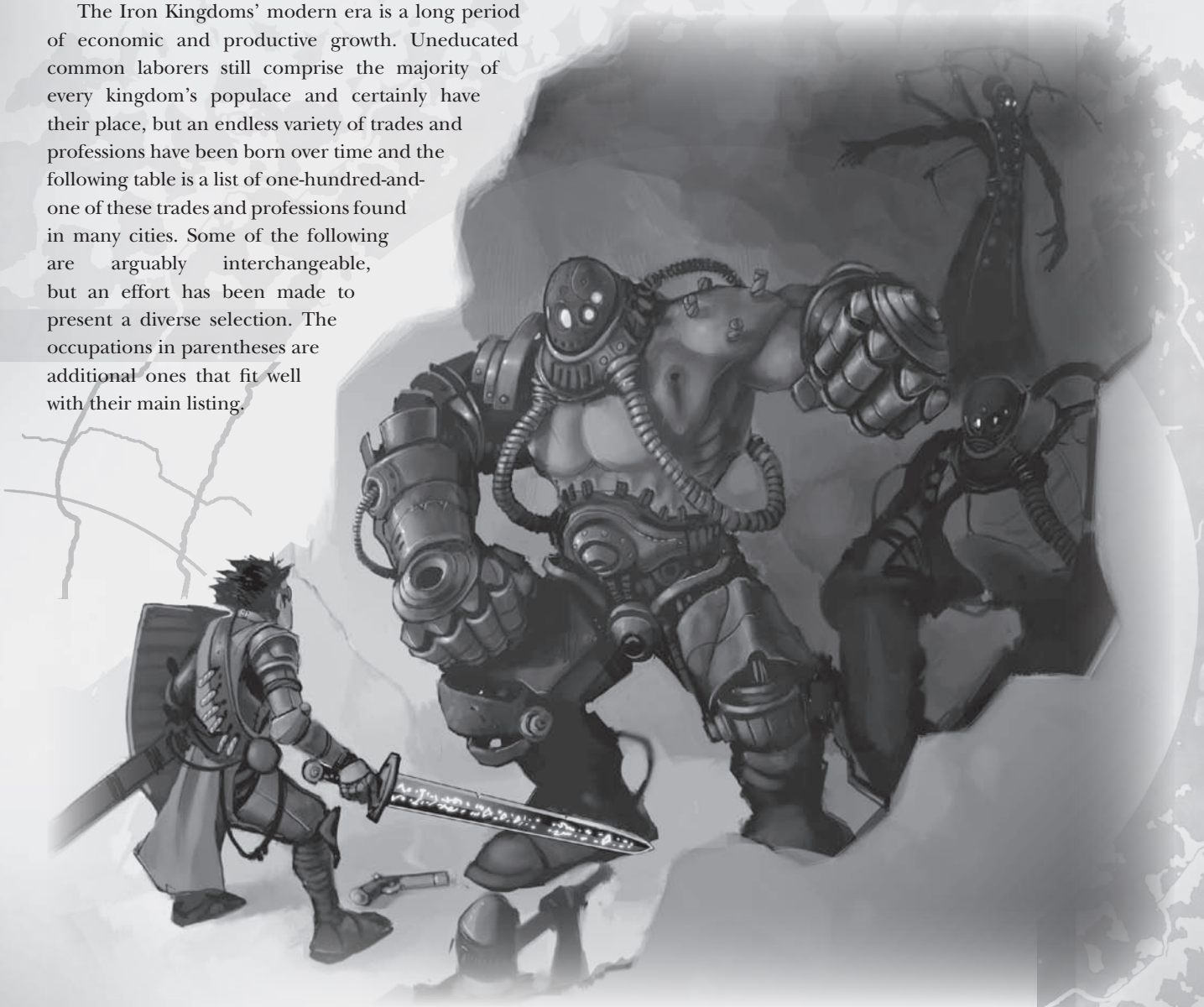
dwarven warriors loyal to the clan. Stirn has several lake ships that carry the ore and resources across Lake Armsdeep from the Skybridge mining towns to Ghord. Dwarven crews operate most of these lake ships, but some men work with the dwarves as well, usually serving as mechaniks or expert watermen.

Common Trades and Professions

The Iron Kingdoms' modern era is a long period of economic and productive growth. Uneducated common laborers still comprise the majority of every kingdom's populace and certainly have their place, but an endless variety of trades and professions have been born over time and the following table is a list of one-hundred-and-one of these trades and professions found in many cities. Some of the following are arguably interchangeable, but an effort has been made to present a diverse selection. The occupations in parentheses are additional ones that fit well with their main listing.

Table 2–1: 101 Trades & Professions

Academic (scholar, schoolmaster, student)
Adventurer (most PC classes)
Almoner
Animal Handler
Apprentice
Architect
Armorer
Artist (painter, limner, writer, playwright, actor)
Baker
Barber



A professional adventurer discovers a cephalyx enclave.

Beggar
Billposter
Binder
Boarding Officer (harbormaster, tidesman)
Boilermaker
Brewer (maltster, vintner)
Brigand (thief, charlatan, highwayman, gangster, pirate)
Butcher
Candle Maker
Carpenter
Carriage Maker
Cartographer
Cartwright
Chambermaid
Clergyman (priest, cleric, minister)
Clerk (archivist, scrivener)
Clockmaker
Constable
Cooper
Coroner
Currier
Cutler
Detective
Domestic Servant (charwoman, butler, valet)
Driver (coachman, carter, porter, drayman)
Dyer
Engine Operator
Farmer (farmhand, plowman, acreman, grazier, shepherd)
Fence (smuggler, racketeer)
Firefighter
Fisherman
Fletcher
Fuller
Furrier
Gamekeeper
Gamester
Gardener
Gasworksman
Glassmaker (glassblower, glazier)
Grieve (guard, warden)
Hostler (groom, stableman)
Innkeeper (victualler, bagniokeeper)
Jeweler
Laborer*
Landlord
Laundrykeeper
Lawyer (barrister, solicitor)
Legerdemainist
Magistrate (arbiter, judge, bylawman)
Marshall
Mechanic/Mechanik (machinist)
Mercer
Merchant (fishmonger, hawker, peddler, shopkeeper)
Messenger (errand boy, courier, crier)
Midwife
Millwright
Mintmaster
Moneylender (banker)
Musician (composer, performer)
Pawnbroker
Perfumer
Physician (apothecary, dentist, chirurgeon)
Piker
Potter
Printer (newsman, postboy)
Provisioner (grocer, haberdasher)
Saddler
Sailor (boatman, bargeman)
Scientist (alchemist, astrometrician, chemist, inventor)
Scout (tracker, hunter)
Shipwright
Shoemaker (bootmaker)
Shrieve
Smith (gunsmith, weaponsmith, goldsmith, ‘jacksmith)
Soap Boiler
Soldier (mercenary, infantry, cavalry, artillerist, gunner)
Spurrier
Steward (agent, broker, factor)
Stonecutter (mason)
Tailor (seamstress, dressmaker, milliner, glover)
Tanner
Tax Collector
Tinker
Toll Keeper
Vermin Catcher (bird, dog, rat)
Watchguard
Weaver

Wheelwright
Wigmaker

* Including but not restricted to: bricklayer, builder, chimneysweep, dockworker, factory worker, farrier, longshoreman, miller, miner, paver, quarrier, railway laborer, road laborer, sawyer, smelter, stoker, street cleaner, warehouse man, or woodcutter

Roads & Rails

Trade Roads Across Immoren

Today's roads and byways are frequented now more than ever as a result of the past few centuries of heavy industrial growth and radical change. Indeed, the recent invasion of Llael by the Khadorans has instigated a surge of refugees down—and companies of soldiers up—the much-frequented King's Highway in Cygnar.

The first roads of western Immoren existed as little more than paths across the plains created by drovers and the like. Then came the first great road planners, the Orgoth. Their dominion was partially dedicated to expanding a network of roads, aqueducts, and buildings to take their armies ever further on their land conquests. These consisted mostly of rutted paths across the landscape with the occasional stone-paved road but still served as guides for connecting communities, towns, and cities across the continent. Many of the same cobbles laid by slaves under the duress of an Orgoth lash support the boots and wheels of the modern traveler.

Yet in small and mid-sized communities, most roads are still little more than paths from mill to mill with trees, stumps, or creeks serving as way markers or end points. The major changes in most parts of Immoren are a recent event. Most of the old roads of the kingdoms are little more than rutted tracks just wide enough for two wagons to pass by one another unhindered, but the major highways have become significantly wider in recent decades. Roads closer to one of the many industrialized cities are comprised of cobblestones for miles around, and the extension of these paved roads is ever expanding. Travelers know when they are closing in on a city, as the sunken bricks or cobbles are often observed long before they see the city itself.

Tolls and Toll Communities

Road conditions vary depending on their perceived importance and in which kingdom they are located. Every kingdom has its own methods for maintaining its roads and the frequency with which they are repaired. If a steamjack tears up the cobbles on a much-frequented road, especially within city boundaries, a team of engineers is usually dispatched to repair it post-haste, but if a marauding band of farrow ripped up the earth and blocked the Gnarlwood Trail with fallen timber deep within the Gnarls of northwestern Cygnar, it could be months before a civilized hand is able to affect change in such a place.

The cost of maintaining and expanding the paved roads is in part levied through taxation, but largely it is the ancient practice of tolling that sustains the roads. Tolls vary across the kingdoms and range from a few farthings illegally levied by the local lord to several crowns for repairs to the Iron Highway. Some tolls levied by backwater barons are often illicit—the royal court has not sanctioned them—but travelers tend to be ignorant of the fact and dole out a few coins just to be able to pass in peace. Minor lordlings feel comfortable imposing these unsanctioned tolls in the outlands. After all, even the tolls at the heart of the nation are ever changing based on necessity, so it is nearly impossible to know which are legitimate and which are not. If a ruler says that a toll must be levied at a certain point on a road to pay for repairs, it will be put into action that day with no warning. Travelers simply have to accept the collector's word that he is gathering the proper toll by order of their monarch or else suffer the consequences.

Exactly where tolls are collected depends on what expanse of road is being tolled. Tolls may be collected at crossroads, border guardhouses, or seemingly in the middle of nowhere at one of the many roadhouses. Tollgates are often found on bridges where there is no other means of passage for leagues in every direction.

In fact, toll collecting has become quite a lucrative trade in Ord and Cygnar, and toll road companies began to spring up roughly a century ago offering their collecting services to the royal courts for a modest fee. Though the Cygnaran roads are still primarily under the jurisdiction of the Crown,

some of these companies do exist on the back roads, and the Ordic throne employs at least half a dozen independent companies to collect their tolls, which is less expensive to them than maintaining manned stations with their own militia. Complaints come in by the score regarding rough treatment and ridiculous fees, but the powers that be have rarely looked too heavily into the matter. There have been some incidents of crooked toll company owners facing criminal charges, but normally as long as the coins continue coming in, the independent companies appear to be relatively safe behind their walls and gates.

Cygnar's a decent enough place. They done a fair job keeping their roads in order, I can tell you that. I've made runs along the King's Highway a few times, and while there's the usual perils one might expect, I'd say there are a few too many bloody tolls for my liking…nowhere near as bad as along the Great Northern up there in Llael, though. Honestly, if the bridge trolls don't get you, the bloody tolls will! Ah, but I expect those gits don't give a toss how a caravaner makes a living these days!

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

Winds of War

In addition to taxation, tolls are an effective means of supporting the military. In Khador, Llael, and Cygnar, travelers are shelling out extra coin to toll collectors these days in order to fund the war effort and compensate for damage inflicted by marauding troops on the locality. Not only that, but border guardhouses previously used for toll collecting have also now become military checkpoints at best and fortified hot zones at worst. If one intends to cross the borders these days, he is often subject to the whims of local garrisons and their sometimes-dubious search and seizure orders.

Typically, two or more squads of trenchers and/or long gunners are assigned to each border crossing and harbor, serving as customs officials, toll officers, and a first line of defense. Accommodated in several small buildings, or border outposts, the guards thoroughly scrutinize each and every traveler, cart, coach, or ship entering the kingdom. Papers are checked, tolls are enforced, and travelers are usually sent on their way—so long as everything checks out. Without the proper Letters of Request, travelers and cargo are detained, property is confiscated, and word is sent to the nearest settlement or official in charge that further investigation is warranted. If there is sufficient evidence, the commanding officer has the suspect and his property detained indefinitely until the matter is cleared up. Travelers who make it through a checkpoint receive notarized writs delineating their property, identification, and purpose within the kingdom. These documents must be safeguarded and shown to any soldier, road warden, gatekeeper, watchguard, harbormaster, or magistrate who requests them.

Crossroad communities are also found where roads and rail lines cross. The enormous steam locomotives that traverse the iron rails need to be replenished with water and coal at regular intervals, so there are way stations located along the lines where one can find coal repositories and water towers. These two necessities require roads to reach the stations, so rail crossroads are born. Some of these rail crossroads begin as simple way stations for the railroad and grow to accommodate homes and general stores for the families of rail workers.

Roadhouses, Road Wardens, and the Trade Board

Another locale where weary travelers stop to shake off road dust is the ever popular roadhouse. These roadside structures come in all shapes and sizes and serve many a purpose. Some are little more than supply shops with outlying areas where one can camp in relative safety, while others serve as inns, taverns, brothels, or a mix of each. Others are posts for road wardens that may also double as royal messenger relay stations.

These establishments crop up anywhere and everywhere, sometimes just outside of towns and other times far from any settlement. They provide waystops where travelers can replenish supplies, re-shoe horses, repair carriages or wagons, or see to other sundry necessities. Remote roadhouses are often fortified with walls, for in the kingdoms desolation usually translates to lawlessness, not to mention the many unsavory critters that lope or slither abroad in the wee hours. When visiting a privately-owned roadhouse travelers are well-advised to remember that the proprietor's word is law, and whether his justice is fair or not, one must take heed or chance being tossed out often with a lump or two on the noggin for good measure.

Every kingdom has patrols on the roads these days, though Cygnar is by far the best patrolled. Road wardens are tasked not only to keep an eye out for trouble—banditry or threats to the monarchy—but also to lend a helping hand to the citizenry. Road patrols consist of anywhere from four to forty soldiers ready to mete out whatever form of justice is necessary. Patrols are assigned to a stretch of road measuring anywhere from ten to a hundred miles long and are customarily stationed at fortified towers or fastnesses somewhere along the route. These road wardens keep a sharp watch for any wrongdoings and will almost certainly request the notarized writ issued by the border guard from any suspicious or foreign travelers.

After all, in such hostile times it is necessary for nations to monitor who and what crosses their borders. International travel is supervised. To allow for trade, every government has a trade board that regulates travel and dispenses licenses, or "Letters of Request," notarized by public officials to merchants, diplomats, and other special cases for road and sea travel. To gain these papers, one typically goes through an interview process and pays a nominal fee usually set by the local trade board along with any centralized taxes or duties. Indeed, the common traveler often joins with trade or diplomatic caravans to avoid interrogation at borders, city gates, and harbor docks.

Overall, because of the strained relations between nations, the roads of the Iron Kingdoms are more dangerous to traverse these days than they have been in some time. The rule of thumb is to trust no one, carry a sharp blade or loaded pistol, and always keep alert. Make it to the next waypoint, city, or town and you can relax if just for a moment.

Rumor Has It…

Of all the major roadways in Cygnar, most folk agree that the King's Highway between Fort Falk and King's Vine is one of the most dangerous. Despite patrols from Fort Falk, banditry is an ongoing hazard. This section of road has also suffered periodic raids by Idrian barbarians attacking across the river from the Bloodstone Marches. Evading Cygnaran patrols, the savage Idrians have established several villages near the Marchfells, a relatively lush if swampy region compared to the barren wastes to the east. Fort Falk has requested additional troops from Caspia, but they have yet to be granted. Most caravaners prefer to circumvent this stretch of the highway and travel the safer road through Fharin. While slightly longer, this route also offers the advantage of a stop for supplies and repairs in Fharin as the route between Caspia and Corvis can be a very long haul.

The Advent of the Rail

If anything can be blamed for less merchant traffic on the trade roads and along the rivers, it's the rail. The first rail lines were built in the Khardic Empire as early as 1000 BR. These primitive railed roads consisted of wooden rails over which horse-drawn wagons or carts moved with greater ease than over dirt roads. Arguably, these wagonways were the progenitors of modern railroads.

Development of industrial production in the city of Korsk—most notably Drago Salvoro's steam engine—might have had a significant impact on western Immoren if importancenot for the Orgoth invasion. Surely industrial production would have taken place a millennium sooner if not for the intervention of that sorcerous race that supressed all modes of technology and innovation among the Immorese populace.

Even the Orgoth could not completely eradicate great thinkers and innovatos. Steam technology resurfaced during their dark reign in various forms including the magnificent colossals. Centuries later, Khador began anew a major rail project conceived during the final days of the Khardic Empire, the Khorsk-Skirov line. Begun in 451 AR, the rail would allow ore from the mines of Skirov to be transported rapidly to refineries in Korsk. On Vendarl the 3rd in Khadoven, 478 AR, hundreds of residents of Khardov witnessed the arrival of the first self-propelling steam engine or steam locomotive, the *Korska*, which was undergoing a series of test runs between the two cities. This first railway was a line approximately 218 miles long, and the *Korska*, which was able to pull a load of 30 tons at a speed of about 16 mph both day and night, could make the trip in roughly fifteen hours—a journey that would take at least nine days by foot or wagon.

Rail travel proved much faster and more efficient than road travel, but accidents did happen. Adhesion proved to be a problem. Iron wheels on iron rails often resulted in slipping, and more than one engine and tons of cargo were destroyed in the beginning years. This has been partially corrected in modern times by using cogged wheels and mooring stabilizing racks in problem areas along the rail lines.

Khador had intended to extend the rail line from Korsk to Khardov immediately following the initial success of the Korsk-Skirov line, but plans were

disrupted by the start of the Coin War. It was decades later before funds could be secured to extend the line.

In the meantime, the tracks from Caspia to Steelwater Flats were completed in 534 AR, and twenty years later they were midway through the mountains to Ironhead Station, Cygnar's most promising colliery. The tracks to Ironhead Station are a marvelous example of Cygnaran engineering—the only way to go was not over the mountains, but through them. In 577 AR the line was completed, and near the end of that year the engine dubbed the *Caspian* ran the 78-miles—60 miles of which were underground—bearing a cargo of 40 tons in just over four hours.

Recognizing the innovation of moving mass cargo swiftly and efficiently, several wealthy kayazy in Khador invested coin in the Blaustavya Shipping Company. As the *Korska III* (the previous two met with rail mishaps) became a fixture between Korsk and Skirov, the company commissioned two more steam engines from Salvoro Forge—the *Korska IV* and *V*—and by 564 AR began to extend tracks toward Khardov and Ohk. By 567 AR however, the coin was running low, and neither rail line was near completion. Some speculation arose that the tracklayers were victims of sabotage, for the above-mentioned *Korska* steam locomotives on both rail lines were destroyed while the operation lay dormant. Many Khadorans blamed the Cygnarans who were busy tunneling through the Wyrmwall Mountains and laying their own rail lines.

Through the late 570s, production on the Khardov-Ohk line of the Iron Highway continued at a crawl. When news of the success of the *Caspian* and the rapid track laying elsewhere reached the ears of Simonyev Blaustavya, then-regent of Khador, he implored—more like commanded—his fellow kayazy to invest in a rebirth of the railways. Another delay struck when a train did not keep the required distance of half a mile between trains and hit another one in front of it when it was still at the station in Khardov. The last cars of the front train were totally destroyed and several workers were killed or injured. This did little to deter the lord regent who insisted that Korsk-Khardov Railworks continue construction of a track from Khardov to Ohk.

Coin from the counts and the private kayazy landowners kept production rolling in spite of some dissent from the aristocracy. This mattered little to the regent. He granted the kayazy, royal and civic magistrates growing in power each year, independent administrative authority within the cities in return for their investments in industrial expansion, primarily pumping more coin into the railway expansions and the funding of railway stations. The expanding railways stimulated industrial production, and a station in a port city such as Ohk would improve the possibility of export for local industries. The money and grants of authority were put to good use as far as the Regent Blaustavya was concerned. The construction of industrial plants changed the face of several communities, and as a result demand for more workers increased. Farmers, herdsmen, and villagers with cosmopolitan aspirations came from the countryside, a consequence of which was a dramatic population increase in the cities. Most of them ended up as factory workers contributing to the Khadoran machine.

By the late 590s, the development of industry and trade was only limited by the growth of the network of rail links. Thirty years after it was started, the line from Khardov to Ohk was completed in 601. The Iron Highway was completed.

Around the same time in Rhul, dwarven builders and engineers came before the Moot in Ghord with tales of the recent advances by men, particularly the rail, and proposals of their own. To them, the locomotive was essentially a glorified miner's cart, and in this way dwarves had been laying tracks for over a thousand years. Their deep mountains were literally knotted together by hundreds of miles of mining rails. It was a simple matter to take the cue and expand upon this system.

Whereas it took years for men to lay their rail lines, dwarves descended upon the task in droves. It is the dwarven philosophy of construction, after all, that has enabled them to accelerate their progress in all things through determined, concentrated labor. Perhaps they are not the greatest originators when it comes to mechanization, but they are certainly incredible innovators when it comes to grabbing a particular concept and improving upon it.

Rhulic Rail was established in 563 AR, and the three pronged rail lines out of Ghord connecting Griddenguard, Groddenguard, and Ulgar—over

and under the mountains of that lofty land—were completed in just under a decade. The final track was laid in Groddenguard and a steam locomotive made the journey to and from Ghord in 573 AR. Today, the Rhulfolk have six locomotives, 340 miles of rail, and four mountain strongholds that serve as fueling stations. Two more projects are underway: a line out of Ghord to Drotuhn began in 600 AR and stretches nearly three-quarters of the way and a line from Ulgar to Brunder, with its impressive 3,500 foot long bridge over Ayeres River where it empties into the Armsdeep, is a third of the way on its journey and currently running as far as the small lakeside town of Bruden Falls.

The mountains of Rhul are perilous and inhabited by black ogrun, bogrin, dregg, farrow, trolls, and even dolomites (see MN1), so each locomotive is fitted with at least fifteen dwarven warriors and builders, a handful of ogrun, at least four swivel guns, and one—if not more than one—rotating turret with a long cannon. The dwarves mean to be prepared in advance for any travail along their journeys, so they keep on guard at all times. In just the past few years, it is said that no less than a hundred skirmishes have taken place on the railways, especially on the current lines under construction. In truth, tracklaying crews vanish all the time, but there are always more dwarves and ogrun to take up both pickaxe and battle axe to maintain these ambitious projects.

Rumor Has It…

Something plagues the Rhulic rail line to Groddenguard. An entire locomotive and crew has gone missing as well as a contingent of dwarves from Gildenhold, a local fortress and fueling station, sent out to investigate. A second crew was dispatched from the hold a month later and returned after fifteen days with animated tales of the line at Slannog's Pointe torn to shreds: "nothing but churned earth and twisted metal, with hundreds of gouges in the rock the size of an ogrun!"

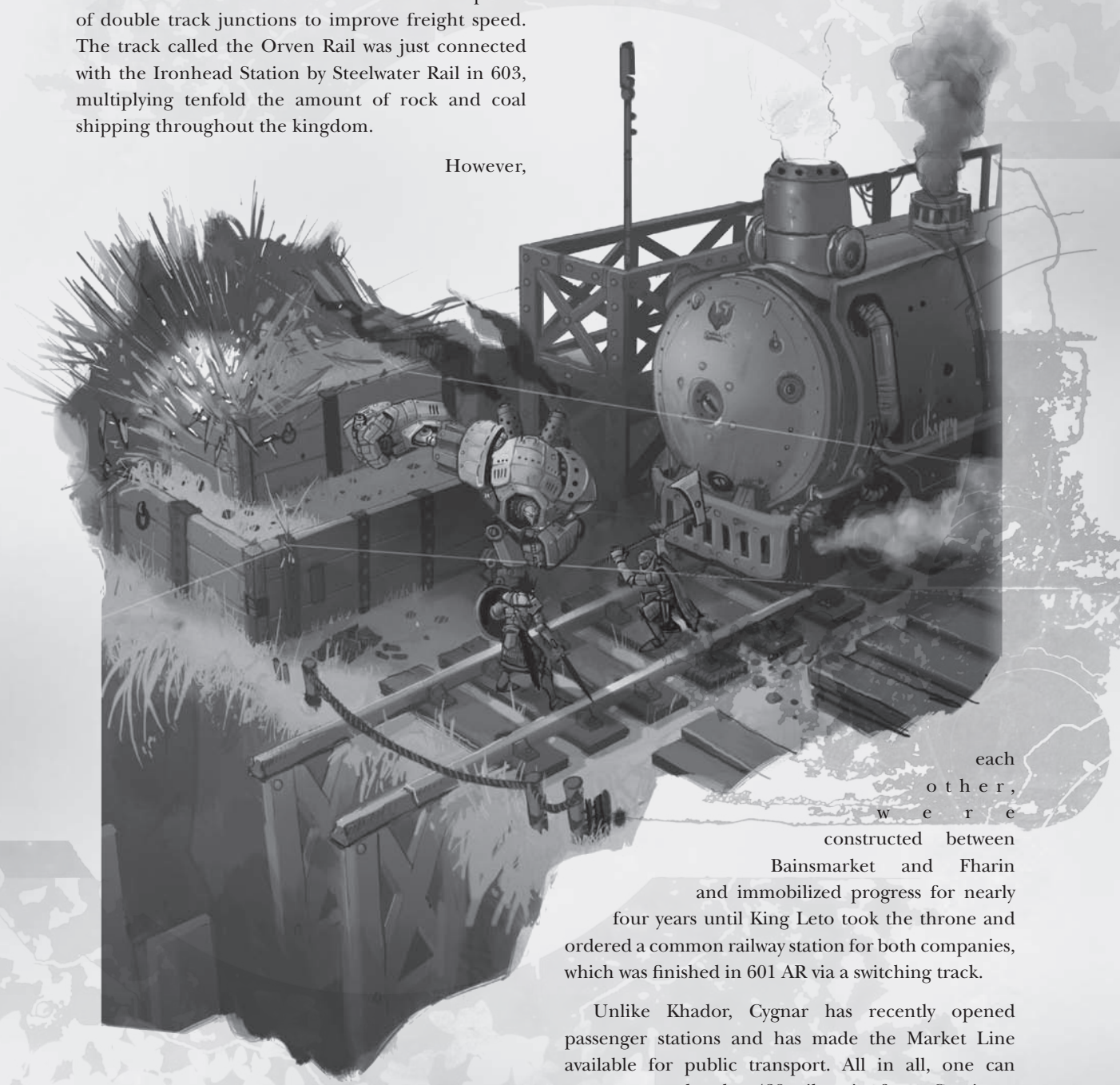
Upon further investigation, they said that the earth beneath their feet shuddered and roared and they returned quickly with the news in spite of an incidental dregg attack that killed two of them. The investigation crew has agreed; the massive gorgandur of the Glass Peaks has eaten the locomotive and over fifty missing Rhulfolk including seven ogrun. Something must be done about this, but how does one fight such a mammoth monster? This is a matter of much consternation and debate, and the Rhulfolk are strongly considering sending a crew of adventurous souls to investigate Slannog's Pointe a bit further.

Railways? Well sure, they're right handy if you need to get to Steelwater Flats from Bainsmarket, or from Orven to the Flats…but you mark old Gunner's words on this one; they'll never replace the traveling merchant. After all, without caravaners how're folks in Corvis or Point Bourne expecting to get supplies, eh? Railways don't run there. Doubt they ever will. Can you imagine one of those big hunks of metal stuck in the middle of the swamps around Corvis? Bad enough trying to pull a wagon outta the muck, how're you going to get that beast out? Besides, rails aren't a proper way to do trade—just shipping goods from here to there. No. Good trade requires a merchant who knows his wares, and without seeing where they come from how can you know 'em? I tell you, the railways are good for moving people and heavy machinery about nice and quick, aye, but they'll never replace the trade caravan and traveling merchants…

—Gunner Wadock, Cygnaran tradesman

At present Khador has a total of six steam locomotives (see Table 2–3). The largest, the *Khardic Colossal,* measures 190 in length, weighs 1000 tons, and can reach a speed of nearly 30 miles per hour. This is indeed the largest operating steam locomotive in existence. Khador has 550 miles worth of rail with seven stations and thirteen refueling towers and is currently working on three more expansion rails out of Korsk as well as a rail from Khardov to Skrovenburg.

Meanwhile in Cygnar, by 601 AR the tracks laid by Caspian Rail ran from Caspia through Steelwater Flats all the way to one of Cygnar's major food suppliers, the city of Bainsmarket in the north; this came to be called the Market Line and is comprised of double track junctions to improve freight speed. The track called the Orven Rail was just connected with the Ironhead Station by Steelwater Rail in 603, multiplying tenfold the amount of rock and coal shipping throughout the kingdom.



However, construction in Cygnar was—and is—not without its difficulties due to there being two companies: Steelwater Rail and the Caspian Railway Society. Both of the companies involved in the construction of the railway network primarily follow their own interests and operational needs, and large problems have resulted. Two freight stations, which had unsuitable connections with each other, were constructed between Bainsmarket and Fharin and immobilized progress for nearly four years until King Leto took the throne and ordered a common railway station for both companies, which was finished in 601 AR via a switching track.

Unlike Khador, Cygnar has recently opened passenger stations and has made the Market Line available for public transport. All in all, one can expect to make the 428-mile trip from Caspia to Bainsmarket in anywhere from 20 hours to a day and a half depending upon the locomotive and refueling

stops. This is a trek that would take more than two weeks otherwise.

In total, Cygnar has 630 miles of rail, eleven locomotives, nine stations, and twenty-four refueling towers, and though they do not have an engine to rival the *Khardic Colossal* in size, the *Lady Ellena* holds the current speed record of 38 mph. This locomotive once traversed the Market Line from Bainsmarket to Fharin—a 167-mile six-day ride—in five hours.

Winds of War

Rail shipments and travel along the Market Line was recently brought to a screeching halt by the acts of saboteurs. Just before winter, in the middle of the month of Khadoven in 605 AR, Menite fanatics managed to sneak across the border north of King's Vine and make their way west to the mountains. Cygnaran scouts eventually spotted them, but not before they reached the Marchbridge spanning the Marchbank Ravine in the Upper Wyrmwall Mountains between Fharin and Steelwater Flats. The bridge was destroyed before Cygnaran forces could assemble, although they managed to retaliate and drive the Protectorate force away and kill most of them in the process. This act of sabotage severely hampered Cygnar's ability to ship crucial supplies and reinforcements north and forced them to rely on much slower land and river routes.

King Leto made the rebuilding of this bridge a top priority and pleaded for the help of engineers, metalworkers, and even dwarves and ogrun from as far away as Orven. In the following couple of months the bridge was rebuilt in record time, and the rail line was restored. Rumors among the Royal Assembly say that King Leto is indebted to the conclaves at Ironhead Station and Orven, although the nature of those promises is not known. Restoring the line has been a big relief to the markets at Fharin and Bainsmarket, but the damage was already done to the war effort. Uncounted lives were lost by this inability to re-supply the front, and Cygnar's northern armies are only starting to recover from that setback. This has hardened the hearts of Cygnarans against the Protectorate of Menoth and also demonstrated the necessity of securing the eastern border.

Clearly the advent of the rail has borne the Iron Kingdoms into a new age. Freight can be moved quickly and efficiently like no other time in the history of Immoren. In Cygnar, every major city or large town is eager to be connected to the rest, but the costs are carefully weighed. Mercir and Ceryl are the two most vocal communities hoping to connect to Caspia. However, for Mercir the chances are bleak, as the intervening terrain presents an all too costly challenge and the shipping lanes in the Gulf of Cygnar are well-guarded, making the convenience of water travel thwart most talks of laying tracks to Caspia. In spite of the distance, the prospects are better for Ceryl, particularly if the Church of Morrow and the Fraternal Order of Wizardry can be convinced to help foot the bill (proposals are ongoing). Connecting Ceryl to Bainsmarket requires over 400 miles of new track. This would cost a king's ransom, but those in favor argue the benefits of such an endeavor. Steelwater Rail has entered a bid with the Crown to build an alternative route to Ceryl from Orven. Although shorter, it will likely be just as costly if not more so.

In whatever way rail production ensues one thing is clear: it will ensue. The locomotive steam engine has come roaring into the modern era as a product of a new and innovative Iron Kingdoms. Now only the future can tell what other wonders are in store.

Rivalries on the Railways

When major nations race along in industrial competition with one another, as Cygnar and Khador often do, rivalry inexorably escalates to open conflict. Steamworks and unions dispute contracts, and disputes have been known to develop into skirmishes. Rival rail construction companies sabotage camps, lines, warehouses, refueling stations, and labor 'jacks. Company engineers frequently vanish apparently kidnapped or slain. Raiders lie in wait to ambush locomotives. Monsters beset workers, way stations, and locomotives. Twice in the past five years, two trains have completely vanished in Khador, and ten more have been utterly destroyed in both kingdoms—six in Khador, four in Cygnar.

Because of all this peril and hostility, patrols of railwardens have formed in both kingdoms similar to roadwardens. Locomotives are now fitted with reinforced armor plating, and some of them are armed with gun turrets. Indeed, the *Lady Ayn* has the distinction of carrying the largest ever rail-mounted gun, weighing over 200 tons and able to fire nine-foot-long shells at targets up to two miles away at a rate of one every 15 minutes. She is the leading military locomotive of the day, transporting troops and ordnance such as warjacks over the breadth of the Motherland. Truly, the rivalries on the railways have made the locomotive more than an instrument for trade and economy.

Table 2–2: Cygnaran Trains & Railways

Train	Route	Operated By	Passenger Fare*
Caspian	Caspia to/from Fharin	Caspian Railway Society	25 crown
Royal Diligence	Fharin to/from Bainsmarket	Caspian Railway Society	15 crown
Lady Ellena	Caspia to/from Bainsmarket	Caspian Railway Society	60 crown
Rail Thorn IV	Fharin to/from Steelwater Flats	Caspian Railway Society	N/A
Rail Thorn V	Caspia to/from Steelwater Flats	Caspian Railway Society	N/A
Lady Shevann	Orven to/from Fharin	Caspian Railway Society	N/A
Sir Abenar II	Steelwater Flats to/from Caspia	Steelwater Rail	13 crown
Sir Abenar III	Steelwater Flats to/from Bainsmarket	Steelwater Rail	22 crown
Lodestone	Steelwater Flats to/from Orven	Steelwater Rail	N/A
Steelwater Screamer	Steelwater Flats to/from Fharin	Steelwater Rail	10 crown
Orebringer	Orven to/from Caspia	Steelwater Rail	N/A

*Passengers are a new and limited luxury on these lines with limited number of seats and very little space for luggage. Caspian Rail lines offer more numerous and comfortable accommodations than Steelwater Rail.

Table 2–3: Khadoran Trains & Railways

Train	Route	Operated By
Khardic Colossal	Khardov to/from Skirov	Blaustavya Shipping & Rail
Korska III	Korsk to/from Khardov	Blaustavya Shipping & Rail
Korska IV	Korsk to/from Ohk	Blaustavya Shipping & Rail
Korska V	Korsk to/from Skirov	Blaustavya Shipping & Rail
Vanar Express	Korsk to/from Khardov	Korsk-Khardov Railworks Konsortium
Lady Ayn	Ohk to/from Skirov	Blaustavya Shipping & Rail

Table 2–4: Rhulic Trains & Railways

Train	Route	Operated By
Griddenhammer	Ghord to/from Griddenguard	Rhulic Rail
Groddenhammer III	Ghord to/from Groddenguard*	Rhulic Rail
Trine's Pride	Ulgar to/from Ghord	Rhulic Rail
Thunderwheel	Ulgar to/from Griddenguard	Rhulic Rail
Rolling Mountain II	Ulgar to/from Groddenguard*	Rhulic Rail
Mother Lode	Ghord to/from Ulgar	Clans Ghrd and Dohl

*As noted, the line to Groddenguard has been suffering setbacks due to gorgandur attacks. Although the line has been repaired, most crews refuse to go past Gildenhold fortress unless paid triple hazard pay.

Steam & Sails

Many sailors have ventured out in a fool's attempt to cross Meredius. None have returned, and what pieces of flotsam come back on the tide are the sole remains of such adventurous explorers. Being a sailor on the ever-swirling seas is a task that requires great skill and perseverance. Caen's three moons cause strange happenings in the tides, and a green navigator who does not plan for the pull of the lunar trio can find his ship run up on savage rocks that were well beneath the foam just moments before. With luck most foul, one could end up sailing off into the unknown reaches of the seas to be lost in the endless black of the oceans—a horror many sailors bless themselves against each night as they bed down until morning. It takes a great, strong heart to join a ship's crew, for this one simple fact rules sailing Meredius above all others: to brave the mysterious, fathomless depths of the Black is to face certain death on the open seas.

We sailors is probably the only blokes in the whole of the kingdoms gots any respect left for the Orgoth. Mind ye, they were bloody folk, and devilish… but by Doleth's salty beard, they could sail! They managed to do what none of us this side of the Black could. They crossed Meredius. No steam, no mechstuff, nothing but sails, rope, sweat, and blood—that's how they braved the deep. And I'll wager they haven't forgotten us. No, I'll wager they're just waitin'. Waitin' to sail back over that there horizon and show us what-for. A dark day, that'll be…a dark day indeed.

—Halford Bray (male Ryn Ftr7/Exp5), captain of the steamship Palaxis

Only the Orgoth have managed to cross her when they invaded Immoren centuries past, and she swallowed them up again once they left these lands. No sailor of Immoren has managed the same feat. Ships, cargos, exploratory flotillas, and warships have all met with the same fate—crushed by the dark, mountainous waves. No one alive today knows what lies on the other side, but wild-eyed sailors tell tales of monstrous creatures and wild natives just as often as stories about cities of gold filled with untold wealth.

Winds of War

With rising tensions and increased activity by Cryxian raiders, the seas around western Immoren have become far more dangerous of late. Certainly Cygnar, Ord, and Khador have all stepped up their naval patrols mainly in an effort to intercept Cryxian raiders, but piracy has also increased. Raiders from Cryx ply the waters throughout the Broken Coast, Menite galleys raid Cygnaran trade routes and strike against lone Cygnaran naval vessels, and Ordic freesails and privateers challenge pirates and Mercarian traders alike. Through it all only one thing remains constant—the Sea of a Thousand Souls continues to feast.

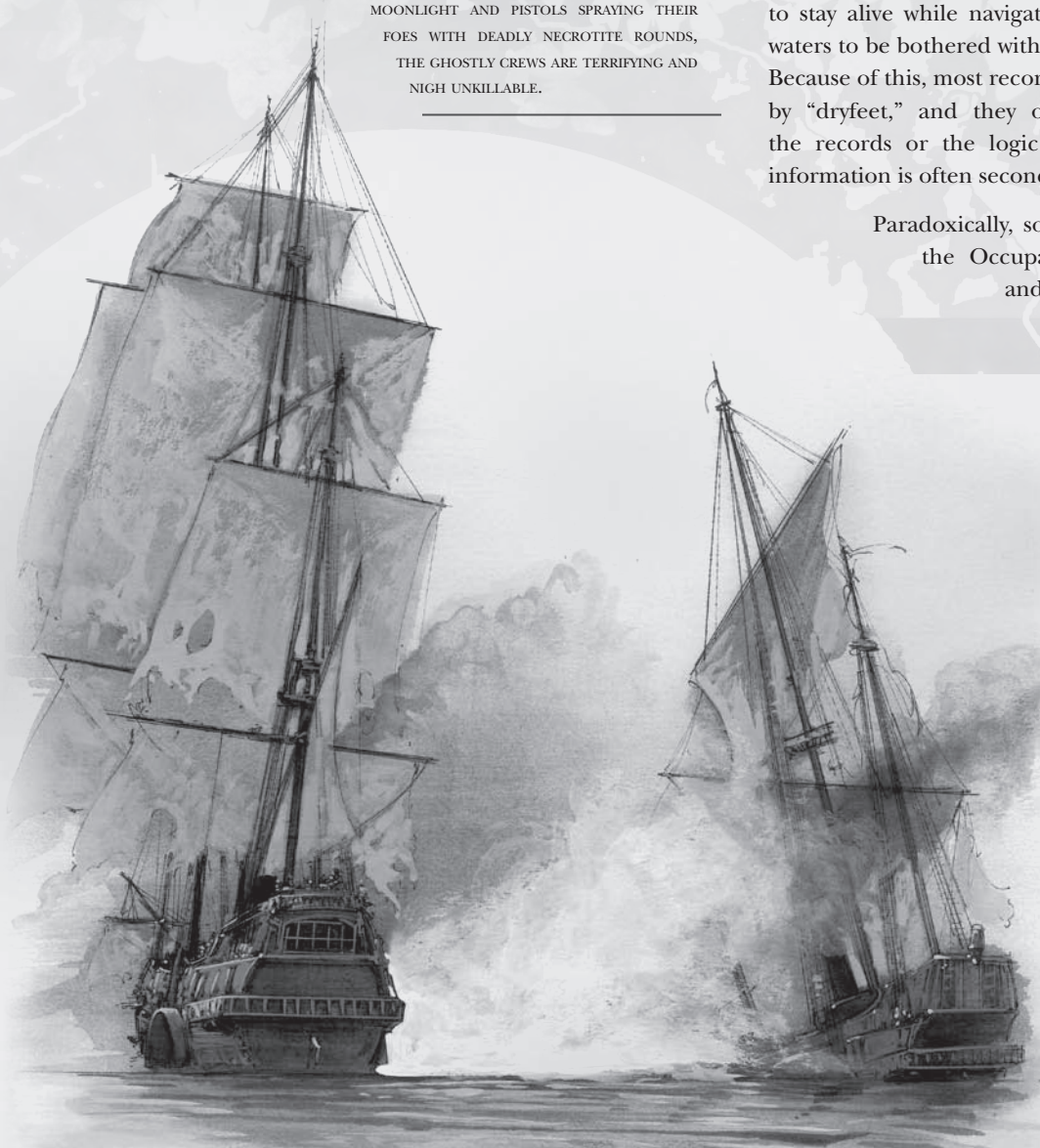
Today, the leading concerns of sailors close to the coast of western Immoren are the politics of man, the hungry bite of the Dragonfather, and the riches to be gained by braving the waves. Llael is the only human nation that does not have some sort of an ocean-going presence. Three of the kingdoms have longstanding traditions of maritime activity while the Protectorate is a relative newcomer. Ord's sailing tradition harkens back to a time well before the Occupation to the days when Tordoran galleys dominated the straits and bays. While Cygnar and Khador have more resources to expend in the development of their navies, the older Ordic ships are still maintained and sailed with a skill born from centuries of men who know little else but planks, sails, and rigging.

Cryx is another matter entirely. Toruk's black claws extend to all the reaches of the sea, from the warm waters of the Cygnaran Gulf to the farthest, ice-choked fjords of the Windless Waste. Piracy abounds and is in many ways a national industry of Cryx. Stolen goods fill the markets of Blackwater and Skell, and nations have been known to pay exorbitant ransoms for the return of national treasures. The pirates of Cryx, while all nominally independent, know the value of having a safe harbor to which to return, and they pay their tithes accordingly. The influx of coin from both the tithes and the piracy of the Scharde Islands likely fuels

dark habits in Cryx; chief among these is research in their most prevalent field—necromancy.

The Fiery Wake of the *Atramentous*

With her tattered sails licked by unearthly flames and the water boiling in her wake, terror spreads before the *Atramentous* like chaff in the wind. This deadly ghost ship is but one of many in the service of Lord Toruk. It is rumored that Toruk created the ghost ships from living crews and their vessels. Rewarded for their service with torturous death in the deadly flames of his breath, the pirates suffered excruciating pain only to be "reborn" as the revenant crew of a scorched cinder ship. Just as loyal to the Dragonfather as they were in life, or perhaps moreso, they continue to ply the seas and raid in death just as they had in life. With cutlasses glimmering in the moonlight and pistols spraying their foes with deadly necrotite rounds, the ghostly crews are terrifying and nigh unkillable.



Maritime History

Don't ye go worryin' about the past, laddybuck! Ye just try and keep yer head on when she starts howlin' around ye, and the rain hits like blunderbuss shot. Ye let the past take care of itself and worry about seein' yer future!

—Halford Bray, captain of the steamship Palaxis

As a rule, sailors do not concern themselves with history. Most of the time sailors are far too busy trying to stay alive while navigating Meredius' treacherous waters to be bothered with keeping historical records. Because of this, most records of the seas are compiled by "dryfeet," and they often have large holes in the records or the logic of the writings, and the information is often secondhand at best.

Paradoxically, some of the best records of the Occupation are sailor's journals and ships' logs. Scholars of the current era have scrutinized these parchments found aboard old ships and have uncovered information thought lost. Two major events have sculpted the history of the Iron Kingdoms when it comes to travel upon the waves: the Orgoth occupation and the invention of mechanika. These events have had much consequence on the way Meredius and her waters are perceived, and the surviving journals and logs have revealed much in recent decades.

The Orgoth and

The Occupation Era

The Orgoth came to Immoren by sea. Tremendous sailors, they navigated the towering waves and black depths of the vast ocean. What are not known are the types of ships, sails, and navigational equipment they employed. Most of the time when an Orgoth ship was seen cutting the waters toward some hapless sloop, the fleeing sailors were not particularly interested in the looming ship's appearance; they were focused on getting away with their lives and cargo intact. The few extant accounts refer to "huge black sails like wings" and "low rails making it easy for us to pick them off."

Due to these accounts and similar accounts, it is known the Orgoth sailed in enormous black longships. These ships would have been low of draft and built using techniques no master shipwright in Immoren has yet mastered in order to withstand the forces exerted by the deep Black. The draft of these ships must have also been shallow enough to navigate a river, for accounts tell of Orgoth invaders sailing upstream to swarm inland. This also lead scholars to infer that their ships had banks of oars as well.

With its first wave of ships, the Orgoth fleet sailed north and began burning shipyards, destroying the towns, and proceeding to massacre each and every inhabitant of the ship-building villages down to the infants in their cradles. Alone and unable to amass any number of ships capable of countering the threat, the Khardic shipyards fell one by one.

Every ship that sailed against the Orgoth burned, and its sailors died by fire, poison, or with lungs filled with the brine of the sea. The Tordorans put up a gallant fight, destroying many enemy ships, but eventually gave way to the superior numbers and terrifying new weapons of the invaders. It was the Battle of a Thousand Sails—for which the Sea of a Thousand Souls has taken its name. On that fateful day when the last Dirgenmast Captain went into the deep, he ordered his burning ship to ram the Orgoth flagship and take it and its crew to the bottom of the sea with him.

Ultimately, all of the major shipbuilding facilities burned. During their rule the Orgoth decreed that no ship could be built of a size that could accommodate large weapons of any kind. They enforced this rule with ruthless efficiency, keeping all but small merchant vessels out of the water for the entirety of their occupation. Only after the cities freed themselves did warships once again set sail, and the addition of the new technologies of steam and forge enabled these new ships to aid the war effort, steadily establish rebel supply lines, and do their part to win the day. It took some doing, but eventually the Orgoth fled and left the Immorese to build anew.

The Rise of Steam Power

Part of the reconstruction after the signing of the Corvis Treaties included building new ships. Wherever there was water and a current, people could be found constructing fleets of sloops and schooners or multi-decked brigs and frigates in the deeper waters. Cygnar lent its assistance to Ord which helped to recreate some of the former naval glory of the Tordorans, and in turn Ord furnished many a shallow keeled ship to bolster river trade between the two kingdoms. Once again, the Immorese inherited the waterways of their homeland. Oars dipped, sails unfurled, and communication and the transport of goods were once more well underway. However, if things were thought to have begun moving more quickly, a veritable explosion was soon to come—steam power.

The application of the steam engine has revolutionized travel on water as well as land. Suddenly, the ships of the newly founded Iron Kingdoms had aid other than the waves, winds, and tides, and the combination of engine and paddlewheel greatly expanded the industry of trade-by-water. A flat-bottomed paddlewheel could travel further upstream than most sailing ships by fighting currents and not having to worry about rowers when the wind was not favorable. River trade exploded. New towns—Fisherbrook, Riversmet, and Cherov-on-Dron to name a few—sprang up almost overnight, and the size of others such as Khardov, Merywyn, and Corvis easily doubled or even tripled.

Naturally, when steam was profitably applied to the rivers and seas, the popularity of the sailing ship took a hit. The paddlewheel and the ship's engine were indeed pricey and difficult to maintain, but travel stability, especially upstream, more than made up for the cost. In due course, steamships became the craft of choice for the more progressive and prosperous river traders, and even on the seas the retrofitted steamship

has become an increasingly common sight. Today, pure sailing ships remain widespread in the deep waters, but without a doubt shallow-keeled, steam-spewing, coal-powered vessels have overtaken the rivers and streams.

Increasingly common sights aboard the steamers, especially below decks, are the pint-sized, grease-smeared gobbers. The reasoning here is simple: they are small and just as proficient at technical matters as any human. Below decks, gobbers are employed to keep steam plants running and squirm into places that many humans cannot in order to make fast repairs. Cognizant of nearly every detail, they make excellent quartermasters, and as is the case on dry land, many a water-faring gobber is an able cannoneer. In a human, these traits make for a good sailor; in a gobber who takes up less than half as much space as a human, this package of traits can be indespensible to many a captain. Gobbers also use up half the resources and are rarely known to be lazy. Aside from brute strength, they are often the equals of their human counterparts, and not many humans can match a gobber's zeal in tackling a troublesome steam engine.

What's a Knot?

A knot is short for "nautical mile." A nautical mile is somewhat longer than a statute (or land) mile and measures 6,080 feet. One knot is approximately 1.15 land miles per hour, so if a riverboat is heading downriver at a clip of seven knots, it is covering a little over eight miles per hour.

Where did the term originate? Ingenious mariners devised a speed-measuring device that was both reliable and easy to use. It was called a "log line." The log line was a length of twine marked at roughly 47-foot intervals by colored knots. At one end of the twine was fastened a circular log chip weighted with lead. When thrown over the stern, the chip would float and remain relatively stationary. The log line was allowed to run free over the side for 28 seconds and then hauled on board. Shipmen would count the knots that had passed over the side, and in this way they measured the ship's speed.

What's a Fathom?

Long ago, men often referenced points on their own bodies as a way of measuring size or distance. The arm span from fingertip to fingertip was a common measurement, and the word for this was *faetm*, meaning literally "the embracing arms" or "to embrace." This distance, on average, is six feet. Sailors of the time would estimate the length of their lines—chiefly in measuring cables, cordage, and the depth of navigable water—by faetms, which evolved into the word fathom. Thus a fathom is approximately six feet.

Ships of the Iron Kingdoms

Sailing Ships and Merchant Vessels

Are ye telling me that His Royal Majesty sent me a cack-handed, ink-stained pillock of a swot to pepper a busy man like me with questions, and you don't even know where to begin? If I didn't have a trading charter, I'd toss yer arse over the rails, boy. However, since His Royal Mah-jess-tee wants a book on sailing, we'll just have to give it to him, now won't we? Let's start at the beginning so's you don't get yerself all mixed up. Here we go, laddybuck. Just tell me if yer hand starts crampin'.

—Halford Bray, captain of the steamship Palaxis

Wind power has been a resource of the sophisticated races of Immoren for millennia. Almost every culture has constructed sailing vessels of some kind, from crude log or reed rafts to highly developed barks and clipper ships. At present there are two types of ships in the kingdoms: sailing ships and steam ships.

Most sailing ships are constructed of wood, although recent vessels are often built with iron-reinforced hulls and masts. Sailing ships are classified according to their rigging. To a landlubber, anything bigger than a rowboat is a ship, but to the sailors of Immoren there is a world of difference.

Some of the major classifications are:

Ship Classification	Mast & Rigging
clipper	3 or more masts, all square rigged
bark	3 or more masts, all but the last square-rigged

brig	2 masts, at least one square-rigged
schooner	3 or more masts, all fore-and-aft rigged
sloop	1 or 2 masts, all fore-and-aft rigged
galley	Any number of masts but also fitted for oars

Within the classifications are several different types of craft with further subdivisions beneath them. The primary division of purpose for vessels of both the steam and sail-powered variety is whether they are intended to be vessels of war or trade. Those ships destined for military use are usually called naval vessels, and the cargo ships are called merchant vessels, or merchantmen.

Clipper Ship

The clipper is one of the largest types of ship seen on the seas of western Immoren. This multiple-masted, splendidly-rigged vessel hearkens back to an older time. Legends are told of the captains who, throughout history, have commanded these majestic vessels in dramatic action on the high seas. Today they are still utilized as both merchantmen and ships-of-the-line—this last name in reference to the style of naval warfare in which warships of opposing sides line up sidelong, or broadside, and open fire on one another.

Clippers are multi-decked ships with three, four, and even five-masts, as in the case of the largest clipper out of Ord, the *Tordoran Star*. These ships generally carry between 150 and 300 tons of cargo, can range anywhere from 120 to 300 feet in length, and not a single one is without a bevy of guns and ballistae moored to its deck. They are fitted with as many as a hundred guns, and average tonnage is well over a thousand and sometimes as much as five. Whatever their tonnage, these vessels are among the deepest drafted ships, and they are thus restricted to main shipping channels only.

With their huge spreads of canvas clippers are capable of high speeds on the open sea, but such speed does not come without cost. It appears the clipper ship is slowly losing its mastery. Large crews, small payloads, and a high outlay for maintenance do not exemplify the clipper ship as the most economical of vessels. Rising labor costs, steam ships, more schooners, overland routes, and railroads are making it increasingly difficult for clippers to turn a profit. Undeniably, the clipper is swift upon the seas when the headwinds fill her sails, but the coal-powered ships that travel day and night have forced many a captain to adopt boilers and steam as alternative propulsion. Indeed, the clipper can outpace any steamer ever made in high wind, but it is best to have steam power as an option when the winds die.

In the north, the clipper is more often referred to as a galleon. Many Khadorans maintain that the galleon was the first tall sailing ship on the seas of western Immoren and attribute its design to the Khards of old, even though the pre-Orgoth Tordoran Armada and its numerous galleys were the first actual tall ships of record. Khador is well-noted for the clipper's, or galleon's, distinctive design that utilizes sharp angles, high reinforced rails, and always some sort of imposing figurehead. More functional than ornate, the Khadoran whaler's galleon is a clipper frequently seen plying the cold, northern waters.

Retrofitted Vessels

Techniques for building both naval and merchant vessels have improved dramatically since the invention of the iron mill and the labor steamjack and have allowing much more rapid ship construction. The recent practice of reinforcing hulls with metal bands has made Immorese ships particularly sturdy and strong. Many ships, be they primarily steam-powered or sail-driven, have recently added a version of the other means of propulsion for whatever circumstance demands. In today's kingdoms, sailing ships often have been retrofitted at the very least with small steam plants to enable them to limp into port if their masts become shredded, and even the mightiest ironhull carries a small mast and sail allowing it do the same.

Bark

One difference between a bark and a clipper is in the rigging. While clippers are always square-sailed, the bark's mizzenmast—the rearmost mast—and sometimes the mainmast are fore-and-aft rigged. Though this does not allow for as much speed on the open seas as the clipper due to the limited amount of sail, its advantage lies in maneuverability, due to the manageable sails being able to compensate for changes in the wind, and overall stability in crosswinds. Most barks are used as merchant vessels though they occasionally see use as naval vessels. They can range between 60 to 130 feet in length.

Brig

There are various types of brigantines or brigs, also known as frigates. These ships are abundant upon the seas and the rivers and serve as the eyes of many a fleet. They are the scout-cruisers of the Iron Kingdoms era and are often employed as escorts to larger, slower, or mercantile vessels. Many sailors call the brig the "master of the seas" though that is starting to change with the refinement of the steam engine. To keep pace, many ships have joined the trend and are being retrofitted with steam plants. They have at least one full battery deck—sometimes two or even three—as well as a spar deck with a lighter battery. After the application of steam for navigation, "steam frigates" have become increasingly popular along the coasts and in the deep harbors.

The brig tends to fall between 70 and 100 feet long with a slim and slender profile. It has 2 masts, the foremast rigged square and the mainmast rigged fore and aft making it both fast and maneuverable. It is a favorite of pirates and as such the ships usually seen in Cryx's fleet are brigs.

This was the light warship of the pre-steam days and can be arrayed with a very impressive 20 to 25 guns. It remains the primary warship used in small-scale battles and naval skirmishes, and merchants like the brig because it is fast and can protect itself in a scrap. In a pinch, it can often travel far upriver.

Rumor Has It…

The hunting of whales is a dangerous but lucrative endeavor. Whales produce oil, meat, leather, and whalebone. The latter commands a good price due to its popularity in scrimshaw carving and with dressmakers who make use of it to enhance the female figure by shaping the silhouette. It is unknown when sailors first ventured out to hunt the monsters of the deep, but Khador and Ord are the two most prominent whale-hunting kingdoms, and the tradition is at least a thousand years old. Khador specializes in hunting the great ice whale which yields an enormous amount of whale oil per beast (often 150 barrels per whale, or five and a half tons), whereas Ord hunts the southerly black whale, hook whale, and the sand strait whale—sometimes called the schardewhale. The southern whales are smaller than the great ice whales but make up for this in sheer numbers. The whale oil is put to use in lamps and candles as well as lubricants, cosmetics, and medicines.

Whaleboats and handheld lances have been abandoned in the past few decades and the harpoon launcher has become the primary weapon of choice for whale hunting. The harpoon is tethered and fired from a blasting powder chamber that propells it at a whale with extraordinary speed. The heavy, barbed harpoon strikes the flesh and barbs hold it there, and the attached rope keeps the ship in contact with the beast. The hunters then wait for the whale to bleed out and die. Sometimes additional harpoons are fired into the whale to ensure a swifter death and to make certain the beast remains attached to the ship. It should be noted that some large animals, when struck, have a habit of diving deep or heading further out to sea. Indeed, some whaling ships have been lost after harpooning a too-large beast and then being dragged into the stormy depths of black Meredius.

Rumors persist of a breed of whale in the deeps that is so large it can swallow an entire frigate in one gulp. This breed has no official name, but a handful of sailors claim to have seen such a creature and tell tales of a gargantuan monster festooned with barnacles and bony protrusions with smooth, slick skin the color of dried blood and teeth the size of an ogrun. Some conjecture its origins lie near the blighted waters off the coasts of Cryx.

Schooner

Schooners are multi-purpose ships ranging from 50 to 100 feet in length and used as merchantmen, salt bankers, fighting ships, and more. The typical schooner is often of the two-masted variety, both rigged fore-and-aft. Designed for speed, it is a stealthy vessel with a shallow draft as sailing ships go that allows for navigation over rivers and dangerous shoals. The simplicity of the schooner's rigging allows the crew to be reduced to an absolute minimum. Sometimes all it takes is a captain, a cook, and but one sailor per mast to operate one of these vessels, and the minimal crew greatly reduces operating costs. Due to these traits, schooners throughout Immoren are also called packet ships, referring to the fact that they frequently carry various cargos packaged separately and are often used by merchants who offload at multiple ports.

In addition to the (relatively) honest merchants that employ the schooner, it is a ship favored by pirates and smugglers as well. The interior of a schooner is almost entirely made up of cargo area which pirates most often use for berths and bunks. A large schooner can carry up to 75 marauders, allowing for a large boarding force to take a ship by shot and steel. The outsized cargo-to-crew ratio is also useful as a decent area for captured booty. Of course, the schooner is also small enough to hide in river mouths, inlets, coves, and near the shoreline to wait in ambush for its eventual prey.

Because of the threat of piracy, schooners typically sail together in groups for strength in numbers. When armed, a schooner possesses on the average eight to ten cannons or falconets (small cannons), and some ships have recently taken to using alchemical shot.

Sloop

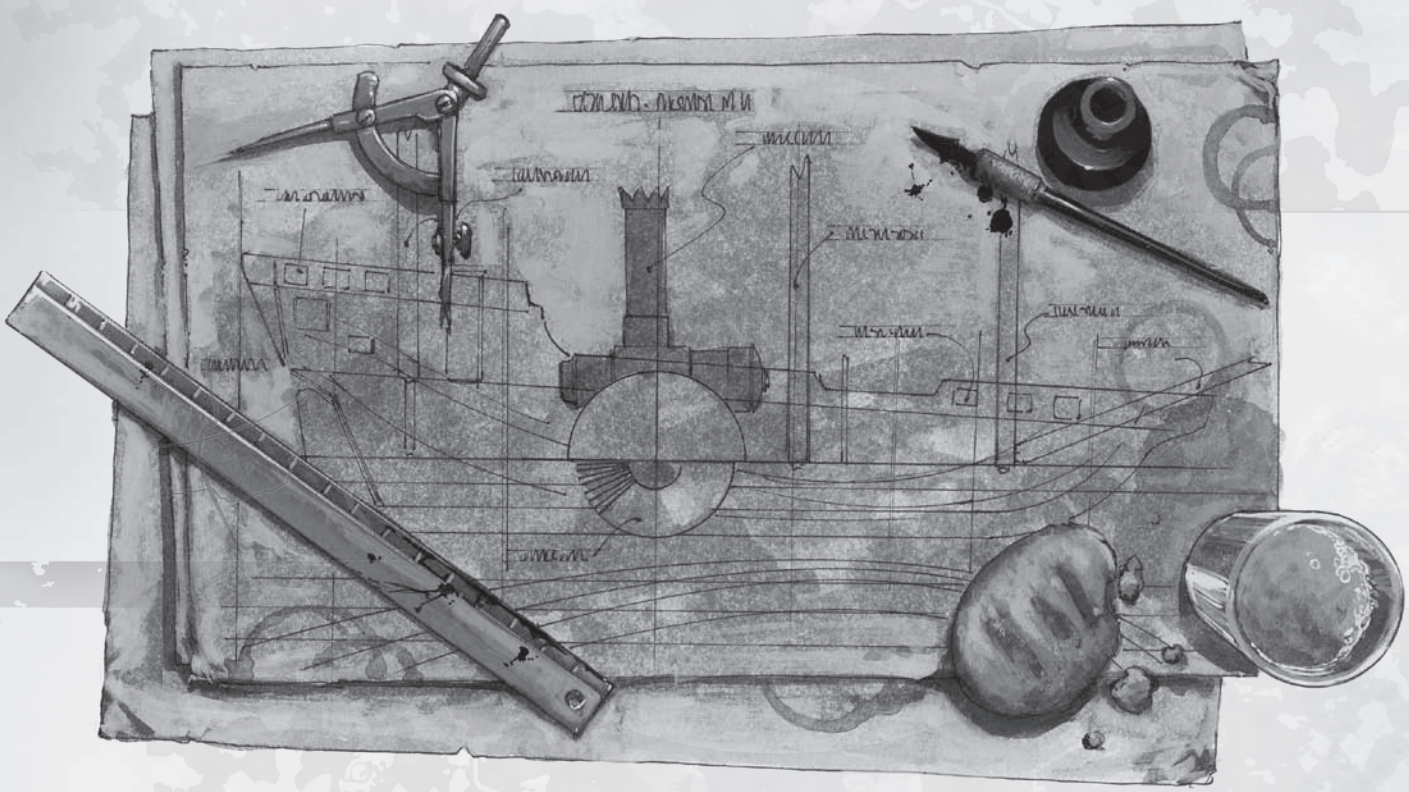
Typically the smallest of the sailing vessels around 40 to 80 feet in length, the sloop is also known as a cutter. It is generally a single-masted vessel, with the top half rigged square and the bottom rigged fore-and-aft. Combined with a modest silhouette, this places it among the fastest of all the ships on the seas. They are used mainly for patrolling and as messenger ships since they possess such good speed and have both river and seafaring capabilities.

Most merchantman sloops are also rather vulnerable, for they carry fewer, if any, guns and armaments on board. Some of them have been known to maximize their effectiveness with expensive alchemical shot, and a number of larger sloops—typically employed by privateers—have been fitted with as many as 20 falconets and four to eight swivel guns. Like the schooner, they are a favorite of pirates and privateers for their swift and vigorous maneuverability and efficacy.

The sloop, along with smaller schooners, typically performs double duty as a riverboat and a deep-water vessel. In truth, due to their reliability and performance, steam powered riverboats are beginning to put many of the small sailing vessels out of work.

Galley

It is a matter of conjecture who first made use of the galley. Both the Tordorans and Khards have been using the ship for hundreds if not thousands of years. In the far north where the notion of using sails to navigate treacherous waters filled with ice floes, icebergs, or think fog is highly unlikely, the Khardic long ship with its banks of oars emerged as a progenitor of the modern galley. As a matter of record, however, the renowned Tordoran Armada was rumored at one time to be ten thousand galleys strong. This legend alone is enough to credit the design of the galley to the Tordorans in the minds of most people. It is true that today many sailing men from Ord sail the clipper



ship, but they still take great pride in tradition, and old fables of the Tordoran fleets and the Dirgenmast Captains are still plentiful. Thus, the classic Immorese longship is the superbly-decorated Tordoran galley, also called the galleass.

The Great Dirgenmast Captains of Olde

In the days of old Tordor, from which the country of Ord is derived, when a landgrave of the coast—who was considered a prince or chieftain—passed away, a great festival was held in his honor. This culminated with funeral rites that included a lighted procession to the sea an hour prior to the setting of the sun. To the Tordorans the sun was a spiritual symbol, and when it sank into the western sea, they believed it was taking its leave of this world to the afterworld. This was the landgrave's ultimate destination. His body was placed on a ship with only his shield-bearer, a man of great honor with whom the landgrave was inseparable in life, and the two men—one dead and one alive—set sail into the west. The shield-bearer captained the vessel, and as it headed into the Black—as Meredius was known then—he would sound a mighty horn as a farewell to the living and to announce his coming to Doleth. This was the final call of the landgrave and his Dirgenmast Captain.

As centuries passed this custom was eventually abandoned, but the deeds and exploits of the landgraves and their Dirgenmast Captains lived on in sagas passed down the generations. When the Tordoran Armada emerged, the captains of the longships took on the mantle of "Dirgenmast" as an honorific title. They too placed mighty horns upon their ships and sounded these whenever they approached or departed a friendly harbor. At the height of the armada a thousand Dirgenmast Captains sailed the seas, perhaps even more, and when the Orgoth invaded the kingdoms, the Dirgenmast fought them to the very last man.

Records prove that the Tordorans distinguished clearly between galleys and the rounder sailing ships such as barks and brigs, using the former for war and the latter for cargo. The galley and its sailors have a storied history, having fought valiantly against the Orgoth but ultimately ending in the tragic destruction of the Tordoran Armada. Such a dependable, wide faring vessel did not fall into antiquity, however, for the folk of Ord have rebuilt their navy and stocked it with galleys aplenty.

Cygnar employed several dozen of these ships just prior to the invention of the steam engine but never to the extent of their Ordic cousins. In fact the Protectorate of Menoth, having very little in the way of naval power and eager to increase its influence on the seas, has commandeered many of these Cygnaran ships. They have recently outfitted them for combat and displayed proudly the menofix on their sails and prows, signifying their allegiance to the one true god. It is not difficult to guess their intent.

Cryx also utilizes the galley extensively, though not in the way that the mainlanders do. Cryxian galleys are made entirely of blighted timber. The wood is dusky gray and as hard as bronze, making these dark ships incredibly durable yet light and swift. Adorned with as many weapons as the builders can cram onto them, with archaic ballistae and catapults just as common as cannons and shot, the vessels are packed with undead troops waiting to disgorge on unsuspecting shores. When they reach those shores, long mechanical ramps unfold from the side, allowing thralls, soldiers, and necrotech war gear to swarm the beaches. Cryxian soldiers are trained to deploy in this manner, striking the mainland and quickly establishing beachhead fortifications or temporary bases in little to no time at all.

Terrors of the sea as well as the land, Cryxian blackships are some of the swiftest ships on Meredius, and sailors quail when the dark sails are spotted on the horizon. Their tattered black sails seem to catch more wind than the intact canvas of merchantmen, and even when other ships hit a lull, the blackships pursuit never flags. Whatever foul magics fill the ripped and torn canvas to propel these galleys of death forward, they are more than a match for anything the best Tordoran ship's mage has to offer.

The *Widower*

A name known and dreaded by every Tordoran sailor, the *Widower* is only spoken in whispers, for it is said that its dark captain can hear ships name spoken aloud. None would be foolish enough to summon the attention of the most feared satyxis pirate ever to have sailed the Black. For years now, the *Widower* has spread death and destruction along the entire length of the Broken Coast, and with every sea fog that overwhelms the shore and every violent storm that rages, strong men bar their doors and shutter their windows hoping against hope that the *Widower* will not come seeking a "safeharbor" for the night.

Unlike the rounder sailing ships, the galley is a truly long vessel and it can course almost anywhere due to its shallow draft. It is a popular type of merchantman as well as an able warship. They are known for two types of artillery on board: cannons

and mortars. Cannons are best for short-range ship-to-ship fire, whereas mortars are efficient in long-range firing and are ideal for shelling coastal buildings and enemy defenses. Over the past few generations, untold dockside settlements have been pounded into either submission or history by the galley's mortars.

Today's galley remains a common sight on the seas and the deeper rivers. They typically travel in fleet groups to concentrate firepower. The ships range in length from 150 to over 200 feet, with banks of oars on each side. They have two and sometimes three masts rigged with long lateen yards, carry weapons at prow and stern, and contain a complement of at least 100 oarsmen—often more—and just as many, if not more, fighting men; some large galleys carry as many as 1,200 men and sailors in total.

Steam Ships

Steamboat

Paddlewheel boats—more commonly referred to as steamboats, riverboats, or steamers—are quite abundant on western Immoren's river ways. Before the steam engine, horse-driven paddlewheel ferries were in use for hundreds of years on the rivers of Cygnar and Ord. By 620 BR steamships were introduced to the various waterways of Immoren, but the Orgoth destroyed all of these during their occupation of the kingdoms. It was not until the early 200s AR that the steam engine was once again applied to the paddlewheel.

Compared to sailing ships, steamboats certainly have some disadvantages. Greatest among these is their fragile nature. Paddlewheels are delicate, especially in the stormy northern waters where waves have actually smashed the wheels off a number of vessels leaving them to drift or limp home by sail if they were so equipped. On a warship, a paddlewheel is likely to be the first thing shot away in a fight. Another disadvantage is their lack of consistency. Overtaxed or poorly maintained steam engines tend to break down and ships must anchor or drift while repairs are made, which sometimes can take hours or even days.

However, they also have advantages. They operate in very shallow waters where deep drafted sailing ships strike bottom, and side-wheel steamers can function in extremely tight quarters, literally spinning in place by putting one wheel in forward and the other in reverse. Most steamboats also perform equally well in forward or reverse, unlike a sailing ship that is limited by the direction and force of the wind. This makes steamships ideal for use as ferries and tugboats, for they often find themselves needing to go backwards.

Aye, my lady love is the Palaxis *to be sure, lad. But it weren't much of a decision to have her fitted with some engines and wheels. There's not a more maddening thing to a sailing man than the lull at sea: no headwind, sails as slack as yer grandmammy's—ar, well ne'er ye mind that. Ye get the drift, lad. Nothing like the churn o' the wheel as ye make yer way coastside. In truth, the only thing I can't stand is all that bloody smoke. May as well toot a horn to announce yer presence to every rascal within seven leagues, aye!*

—Halford Bray, captain of the steamship Palaxis

Steam-powered boats range in length from 75 to 150 feet, have very little draft (under 70 inches), and are capable of hauling adequate tonnage—typically as much as 140 tons. The first riverboats were sidewheelers, but sternwheelers have recently grown in popularity. Their advantage is their shallow hulls and the ability to "nose up" to shore while keeping the wheel slowly turning in deeper water away from the banks.

Ironhull

Ships called ironhulls proudly herald the age of iron and steam upon the seas. Being a new and rather experimental type of ship, just three are known to be in service currently: the Ordic Navy's *Sprightly* and Cygnar's *Merciful Boon* and *Glory of Morrow.*

The prospect of pitting iron against wood has greatly intrigued the sailors of Cygnar and Ord for decades. Indeed, the first account of iron-covered ships was in 468 AR when the Cygnarans used floating ironcased batteries to shell Khadoran forts on the Rohannor River. Just a few years thereafter

in 476 AR, the Ordic Navy launched the *Midfast*, a traditional longship design covered with iron plates. From this, both Cygnar and Ord began an ambitious construction program: iron plated steamships. Around 494, the floating fortress dubbed the *Sprightly* was a reality, and it still patrols the Sea of a Thousand Souls from Sailor's Lament to Windwatcher's Passage. This ship is almost 260 feet long with six inches of iron plates bolted to 28 inches of oak backing. It mounts eight cannons and four swivel guns and is manned by a crew of 180 men.

The *Glory of Morrow* and the *Merciful Boon* followed the debut of the *Sprightly* by two years. These are smaller ships than the *Sprightly* due to the maneuvering difficulty caused by her deep draft of 23 feet. Even with her two massive steam engines, she is rarely able to maneuver better than a waterlogged vessel. Obviously the name is somewhat of a misnomer.. The *Glory* and *Boon* are both under 180-feet-long with drafts less than 12 feet and freeboards under two feet, making these ships almost completely awash with the sea itself. These two ships feature rotating central turrets housing three cannons each. Being so heavy does not lend much to their speed, yet the ironhulls can certainly outlast and outgun any wooden ship on the sea.

The *Intruder* can be operated by a crew of one man operating the steam plant, seven hand crankers, and a steersman/commander. It can achieve a speed of up to 6 knots and can stay under for just about 3 hours. Evidently the prototype ship unfortunately killed off its test crew during a practice run when the ship was mired in mud 60 feet underwater, but the second ship has enjoyed more success. In fact, the sinking of the Protectorate galley *White Fist* in the month of Solesh in 603 AR is attributed to the *Intruder*. A sailor who claims to have been on board attests that they rammed the spar torpedo into the wooden hull of the galley, backed away, and ignited the charge by an attached lanyard. The *White Fist* and her crew of 80 men were sent to the bottom of the Broken Coast within minutes. Protectorate ambassadors refute the man's claim, attributing the sinking to a navigational mishap.

Pirates & Privateers

Sea robbers are a very real threat whenever anyone embarks upon the waves of western Immoren. Each year, scores of ships filled with sailors and valuable cargos are seized, pillaged, and either appropriated, ruined and set adrift, or sunk by pirates. It is a problem that is not about to disappear. Not only do piarate raiders pose a threat to ships but also to any poorly guarded communities with sea access. One of the most notorious incidents was the sacking and destruction of Larkholm some centuries ago by Cryxian pirates.

There was a lad about your age on a wreck that got commandeered back in '81 by the Tordoran pirate Saym Murago—a real churl, that one. They left most of the crew for dead, but not the little master. Murago took the boy on board and he sailed under his flag for, oh what was it, damn near six years. The whole time 'twas not but loot and pillage, pillage and loot, and by the end that young lad captained his own galley and he called her the Palaxis. ***Ah, how I miss those days…***

—Halford Bray, captain of the steamship Palaxis

Rumor Has It…

It is rumored that the Cygnarans have developed the first submersible ship. A marvel of engineering, the *Intruder* is said to be made from locomotive boilers with wedge-shaped ends and two miniature conning towers. It bears a 17-foot long, hollow iron spar on the bow with a spear-mounted explosive at the end. The *Intruder* is apparently propelled by a small steam plant as well as a hand-cranked longitudinal axle connected directly to a prop at the stern. It has ballast tanks in the bow and stern, an air box, bow planes, and a rudder. Overall the ship is 40 feet long and 5 feet in diameter.

The Hurstwallen Report

In the month of Goloven, 605 AR, Scout General Bolden Rebald presented the Hurstwallen Report to the Cygnaran Royal Assembly. His report presented a detailed account and in-depth analysis of a rash of seemingly senseless Cryxian raids along Cygnar's coastline. Studying patterns of strikes going back nearly two centuries, Rebald had drawn the unnerving conclusion that the raids against Cygnaran ports and coastal towns were not isolated events, but were instead a calculated offensive campaign orchestrated by the forces of Toruk the Dragonfather. The Hurstwallen Report suggests

that the raids, most of them concentrated since the Scharde Invasions of 584–588 AR, are part of a systematic escalation of hostilities. Rebald's report has resulted in an ongoing debate regarding the proper response to this dark threat from the sea.

Piracy does not always result in outright bloodshed. Most of the piracy in the Gulf of Cygnar consists mainly of smuggling operations. The Cygnaran Navy at Sentinel Point keeps Caspia and the Black River free of the more hostile pirates from the sea, but the town of Clockers Cove is a genuine haven for smugglers. Elsewhere in Five Fingers and Berck smuggling is also widespread, although it seems Ord does not put forth a very sincere effort to discourage it. Perhaps there is some truth to the rumor that King Baird was himself a pirate and smuggler in his younger days.

Because of all the illicit activity on the seas, this is truly the era of the privateer. Legally, private ship owners bearing Letters of Marque that authorize them to "make prizes" roam the seas in search of vessels to plunder. These ships and their crews are generally called privateers. This name, strictly speaking, is reserved for private armed vessels carrying no cargo and devoted exclusively to warlike use. The current king of Ord, Baird II, is known for giving his express permission for Ordic sailors to rob Cryxian vessels or Mercarian ships traveling in Ordic waters, and in return for this privilege his majesty expects to receive one quarter of the spoils. It is rumored that the king himself captains privateer excursions from time-to-time, though the Ordic court denies such assertions.



Powder Magazines and the Cannon

Unlike breech-loading firearms on land, the cannons found aboard ships do not package the red and black blasting powder together in a silk bag. The pin fire method used in small firearms is completely impractical in cannons due to the fact that the amounts of powder used and the force needed cannot be re-created by employing those mechanics. Instead, cannons have two separate chambers—one for black powder and the other for red. The powders are stored far apart in the ship itself, usually one in the fore cargo hold and one in the aft. With the way ships toss and roll while sailing, the risk of the powder casks breaking and the powders mixing is simply too great.

The two powders are poured into their chambers and then compressed against a tough, alchemical flash paper divider that separates the two chambers. A quick-burning fuse is inserted into the touchhole where the powder presses it up against the flash paper. A seal of wax and paper is then forced down the barrel and the shot or cannonball is loaded on top of it, ensuring that none of the explosive force is wasted. When firing the cannon, the fuse burns quickly and rapidly vaporizes the flash paper. The powders mix and explode and hurl the cannon ball, or shot, out of the barrel.

The reloading times of the chamber cannon, as it is called, and the smaller muzzle-loading cannon are comparable due to the fact that the barrel and each of the chambers for the red and black powders must be cleaned individually. This means that the rate of fire for the larger chamber cannons and the smaller muzzleloaders is roughly equal, though the chamber cannons do have a significant range advantage over their smaller cousins.

Education & Learning

Schools and Tutors

Formal secular education is rare in the kingdoms. There is no compulsory schooling, and for the most part it is a luxury available only to those who can afford it. More often than not pupils come from families wanting a child out of the way for various reasons, so they shell out a few crowns every week to enroll their young ones in a petty school or a privately run boarding school where students are taught the very basics of "reading, writing, and reckoning." In the main, however, elementary education does not reach a very high standard and those fortunate enough often learn from a personal tutor willing to pass on his knowledge and/or trade. One might commission a bard or someone like the renowned Vladimir Szetka (male Umbrean Clr6/Ftr4) who might be willing to share some of his wisdom, but children are more apt to learn from their families, from community elders, or from streetwise peers.

Aside from the infrequent schools, education is not so much about what people are taught—it is about what they learn. A young farmer learns farming by working in the fields alongside his kin or being sent up into the hills with the goats. If he is a tailor, he learns by sweeping floors, ironing clothes, and then gradually being given ever-more demanding tasks to accomplish. Apprenticeship is the norm—schools and tutors are the exception—and as soon as a child is considered old enough to be gainfully employed, he is sent to learn a trade. If he is lucky, the trade will take its duties seriously. The Cygnaran military, for example, spends at least a year drilling recruits before they see active service and then calls them back for a month each year for training on maneuvers.

The situation is slightly different for those with money. Nobility are expected to be informed, quick of wit, and sharp of judgement. To this end most families hire a tutor to instruct their offspring, hoping to leave them with enough of an insight into people, etiquette, historical precedent, and the law that they

Leto? He was a sterling pupil… attentive, thoughtful, and conscientious. Yes, like any young lad, he was mischievous from time to time. I remember the first time I caught him reading one of those seditious pamphlets his brother had tried to ban, tucked inside the body of a geometry text. But he knew when to set such willfulness aside—not like his older brother. Frankly, I was glad to see the back of him and made no protest when he was declared too old to benefit from further tutoring. I'd rather wrestle a gorax than debate with that boy.

—Brennan Smythe (male Caspian Clr3/Exp5), personal tutor to the Cygnaran Royal Family

will be able to make their way in the world without calling the family into disrepute. In many cases such expectations are in vain—there is little a tutor can do to control unruly noble brats, and there are some poor students whose tutors may be well-meaning but are really little better than glorified babysitters. In less affluent households, tutoring falls to the governess who may well be able to manage the household staff but is unlikely to have any idea what is important to teach, let alone how to go about doing it.

The best tutors are highly sought after and make a decent wage in addition to bed and board with the family. It is not unheard of for promising tutors to be kidnapped and smuggled off to the wilds of Khador or even Ord to work for a family that would normally be unable to meet such costs.

Ironically, some of the best educated of the poor are those that are least fortunate. Orphans often fall under the protection of the Church of Morrow; established clerics and other scholars often donate their time as an act of charity to ensure that such foundlings are given a good start in life. Such individuals may face prejudice later in life because of their humble beginnings, but they are often as educated—if not more so—than their noble counterparts. There is a particularly respected orphanage school within the Sancteum of Caspia attached to the Archcourt Cathedral. The Protectorate also sponsors a number of orphanages, although the form of instruction tends more toward schooling in the faith rather than the emancipation of the individual.

Apprenticeship

Most recognized trades have adopted some form of apprenticeship as a means of training new members. In trades that have their own guild or union, this process is often formalized—but formal or not, the process always follows a similar format. Apprentices are taken on young whenever possible and leave their families to lodge with their mentor. The first years of work are harsh and unrewarding—apprentices are only given safe, dull tasks peripheral to the main work of their master. Floor sweeping, arranging tools, holding materials whilst they are worked—these are not glamorous jobs, but they are necessary and provide the apprentice with a way of learning close up the secrets of his craft.

Eventually, apprentices are permitted to take on minor jobs. This is mostly the kind of work that the master would not want but which form a substantial part of the regular income—soap making for alchemists, children's clothes for tailors, nails for blacksmiths, and so on. Those who prove themselves most able are given more demanding tasks to be undertaken with the supervision of their master. Eventually, the apprentice is encouraged to take on small commissions of his own.

It is at this stage that most trades mark a significant transition in the status of the apprentice. Only learning to repeat what your own master knows is a recipe for stagnation. To counter this, apprentices are sent out as journeymen either to a master based elsewhere or sometimes to find their own way in the world. Typically journeymen are dispatched for a set period after which they are expected to return to their master to share with him what they have learned in their travels. During this time, they must wear the livery or badge of their master prominently on their clothes and carry with them a Letter of License permitting them to employ their trade under their master's name. Naturally, a master will wait to grant a Letter of License to his apprentice until he is confident of his apprentice's skill—poor workmanship or behavior on the part of the journeyman will bring shame to his master, and others within the profession will shun both journeyman and master.

Eh? What the—? Oh, I see… Look here, son. You don't wanna do it like that. Give me. Now, watch. You wanna do it like this…

—A well-meaning stranger demonstrates to a young rascal how to unpick a lock on the back of a merchant's wagon

Upon the journeyman's return, his work and skill are assessed. Using funds from his labors, the journeyman produces a "master work" (literally, a masterwork item of the trade he follows). If this is judged to be of high enough quality by the master or another appointed assessor, the journeyman is certified as a master and given license to trade.

Journeymen often get distracted in their travels, and many fail to return—some because they find an

alternative calling that is altogether more appealing but others because their enquiry into the wider world leads them into more trouble than they can handle. From time to time, traders have to call on hired help to rescue wandering journeymen in whom a master has invested too much time, energy, and resources to lose.

Arcane Apprenticeships

One particular craft is worthy of closer examination: the magical arts. Although there are a number of wizardly orders in Immoren, they are mainly for the benefit of established individuals. Junior wizards learn their skills from a master just as any other apprentice, and they too have to start by making themselves useful with a broom or dishcloth. An apprentice's first magical tasks often involve preparing arcane components or assisting in the development of a construct. If he proves dependable in these areas, he might be taught enough to help with rituals. Once he has proven himself able to learn the simplest of spells, he is dispatched as a journeyman often with the express task of learning spells unknown to his master. Upon his return, he is expected to have purchased a spellbook, and after a period of practice with his master, he may undertake his own test of mastery.

War Bards follow an altogether different path. As they begin to discover their sorcerous talents, some young folk join the military to legitimize their abilities rather than try to conceal them. Apprentice war-bards are generally recruited in local militias though some do earn the right to attend the military academies. As a raw recruit, once an apprentice war-bard has proven that he has the Gift, his training begins with standard military drills. After six months of weapons and combat training, the war-bard apprentice begins training with a mentor who is usually the current war-bard serving the unit. Over the next year, the apprentice develops his skills and learns the basics of song, legend, and myth. More often than not, it is two years before the apprentice strikes off on his own typically to seek out a company of fighting men, mercenaries, or adventurers to join to record their deeds, or explore sites of obscure lore. This is a perilous time to be a war-bard, honing one's skills alongside seasoned soldiers or adventurers. However, some remain with their unit, slowly taking over the responsibilities of an aging war-bard. If and when the bard once again meets with his mentor—usually after at least a year—he is expected to share what he has learned and to start work on a new piece: a song, tale, or tune describing the deeds and adventures of his new warband. It is only when he can perform this to the satisfaction of his mentor—and whatever audience happens to be present—that the apprentice is deemed by his mentor to have become a war-bard in his own right.

Sorcerers are different. Since few of them are comfortable admitting to their talents, it is a hard task for a sorcerer to find a master. The unsuccessful ones, which are most, must cope with their power as best they can on their own. If a master has been found, it is rarely safe to send an apprentice sorcerer off traveling; usually he remains with his master and pretends to be a servant or relative, studying until he has developed some measure of control over his powers. It is only when an apprentice has demonstrated that he can control his powers that his tutor will normally allow him to go off on his own. Those who attempt to leave early are such liabilities that they sometimes become the target of an anonymous tip-off to the appropriate authorities.

Military Training

Right, you 'orrible gits! Get them rocks inta yer packs! Go on, go on, fill 'em or you're on 'alf rations! Tha's it. Now, onto yer backs, and off we go. If you can't lug 'em back to Midfast by noon, we're going to do it again tomorrow!

—Drill Sergeant Terrius (male Tordoran Ftr7), Ordic military school

As in so many walks of life, military education in the Iron Kingdoms consists of on-the-job training. A good captain will take newcomers under his wing or nominate some veteran to keep an eye on raw recruits—in which case learning will look much like the kinds of apprenticeships described above. However, considering the current state of affairs, the various rulers of the Iron Kingdoms take the issue of military training very seriously.

Every kingdom has its own standing army (despite the treaties between the Protectorate and Cygnar signed at great expense. It is one thing to hand out swords to a volunteer militia and point them in the right direction, but when equipping troops for war it is a waste of good equipment if a soldier does not know how to use his weapons effectively. Things are just the same for mercenary companies—those with a decent reputation typically ensure that their green recruits do not go anywhere near the front line until they have been adequately schooled in the arts of war.

Of course, armies prefer to commission people who are already experienced if they can. If they are looking to fill a quota, they will invite great numbers along for trials and weed out the worst of the applicants straight away. However, that may not always be practical. It is often weeks before a trainee gets his hands on a real weapon. Training typically consists of marching exercises, drills with wooden weapons, and simulated scenarios. This may be dull, but the soldiers see the point the first time they are put on maneuvers. Equipped with dummy weapons and given some futile task ("Grab that flag!"), they are pitted against each other, or in some cases, against hired mercenaries or adventurers. All of a sudden they realize that with the adrenaline flowing, step and thrust and step and thrust again is pretty much all one can handle.

Unless full-scale war is in progress, a trainee undergoes months of basic training, endlessly repeating the cycle of drill, practice, and maneuver each time with a new piece of armor or a different kind of weapon. Once they have mastered the basics, a drill sergeant takes them out to perform some simple duty in a real conflict situation—escorting casualties to the hospital or bringing up supplies to the front line. If all goes well they graduate; if not, the trainees can look forward to more drilling. Then there is specialization. It takes a lot of resources and a big, open location for someone to learn how to be a cannoneer, a 'jack marshal, or a Stormblade. The equipment is fancier than traditional armaments, but the process is the same: drill, practice, maneuver, and then on to the real thing.

Table 2–5: Major Military Academies and/or Training Grounds of the Iron Kingdoms

Kingdom	Land Forces (Location)	Navies (Location)
Cygnar	Fort Balton (near Ceryl); Stonebridge (near Bainsmarket); Strategic Academy (Caspia and Point Bourne)	Sentinel Point Naval Fortress (near Caspia); University of Mercir; Westwatch
Khador	Druzhina (elite military academy, Korsk); Assorted schools (various outposts; headquarters in Volningrad)	Admiralty College (Skrovenberg)
Llael	Thorn's Academy (Redwall and Merywyn)	N/A
Ord	Auldscomb Military College of Hearthstone	Trident School "The Trident" (Berck)
Protectorate of Menoth	Forces trained secretly at the Holy See (Imer)	N/A

Winds of War

After the hard campaigns of 605 AR, the human nations of western Immoren are doing everything possible to recruit new soldiers. Threatened on three fronts, the Cygnaran military—already spread thin before the Khadoran invasion of Llael—is under incredible strain simply attempting to maintain the saftey of its citizens. Road wardens have been drafted into full-time military service, and able-bodied men and women are asked to serve their country. Khador, the Protectorate, and Cryx are not so accomodating. In Khador, criminals have been conscripted into the army and young men and women are being drafted early into service in the Winter Guard. Even those who have already "done their time" are being recalled to active service in the name of the Motherland. Meanwhile, Hierarch Voyle has called for Menites across the continent to make the pilgrimage to the Protectorate to join in the great Crusade. While all of this is going on, Cryxian forces continue to recruit the fallen that litter the ground of the kingdoms, and their forces grow in leaps and bounds as they reap the harvest of death left from the battles fought by the human nations.

Universities

All nations have some kind of institute of higher learning, but not all of these are universities. There are several important differences. Firstly, universities staff several specialist fields, whereas institutes tend to focus exclusively on one area. Secondly, universities typically award degrees by royal charter. Thirdly and perhaps most importantly, universities see themselves as having a civic duty—they exist for the betterment of society even if the ways in which they better society are often rather vague.

Some question the methods I use, but I persist. The art of teaching is simply the art of awakening the natural curiosity of young minds, and learning from experience is a faculty with no peer.

—Professor Viktor Pendrake (male Midlunder Rgr5/AdvSch9), Department of Extraordinary Zoology, Corvis University

Whatever their status, institutions operate in a similar manner. They are staffed by scholars who have struggled for many years to establish a name for themselves often at their own expense. These scholars are appointed to salaried academic posts, given a room, and then expected to commence. They are led by senior colleagues, typically appointed either by a vote among all academic staff or by appointment from the funders. Other staff members include the small numbers of cleaners and manual laborers who keep these places together along with one or two secretaries privately employed by affluent individuals.

All academics are expected to undertake their own research, to supervise junior researchers, and to teach—usually in the form of lectures. Lectures are public events; attendees do not have to be registered as students. Sometimes they charge an entry fee, but often there is a free gallery "for the betterment of the poor." Lectures are on topics of the academic's choice that often begin as formal presentations and sometimes end as fierce debates between the presenter and a colleague (or heckler) from the audience.

"Undertaking research" covers a multitude of activities. For some, this is a simple matter of philosophizing and debating. Others spend hours pouring over ancient texts to decipher, interpret, or synthesize the wisdom of the past. Some undertake fieldwork seeking out rare specimens or artifacts for study. Others build and test all manner of devices. In order to pay the expense for many of these tasks, academics can bid for the limited funds available within the institution, but most are beholden to investments from industry, the church, or wealthy benefactors. Needless to say, academics who can bring funds into an institution are warmly welcomed and are likely to find many more opportunities for research than their impoverished colleagues.

Winds of War

Enrollment in higher education has decreased with the advent of war. Many students, feeling an obligation to king and country, have abandoned their studies to enlist in the military. These new junior officers, as green as the day is long, are trained as quickly as possible before receiving their own command. With forces spread thin throughout the kingdoms, every available man and woman is needed to fill the ranks and lead brave soldiers into battle.

Caspian Royal Academy

Although it prides itself on being a finer establishment than the Royal Cygnaran University, popular opinion is that the Academy is a finishing school for rich dilettantes. Many nobles do pay for their offspring to attend the Academy simply to get them out of their houses, and the area around the Academy is particularly 'lively' as a result. However, the Academy does have many scholars of note. It is particularly strong on the arts, and its department of music boasts both the famous singer Godwin Bannister (male Caspian Exp7) who is reputed to be a foremost scholar of trollkin fell calling, and the multi-instrumentalist Kaelin Sorleagh (female Thurian Exp9). Its impressive concert hall abuts a gallery for art and sculpture where many fine artists have begun their careers.

Ceryl University

Ceryl University has an ominous reputation among Cygnaran centers of learning. Its scholars and professors are particularly merciless to their students, and its failure rate is extremely high. The stupid, lazy, or even marginally competent are soon crushed intellectually and encouraged to pursue other avocations.



The university occupies a cramped cluster of buildings in northern Ceryl, wedged between a malodorous fishmonger and a noisy steam engine repair shop. Despite the less than ideal surroundings, the university has survived on the patronage of a number of upper crust city families. Their penchant for dismissing inadequate students has made such patronage essential, for they cannot support teachers on tuition alone.

Ceryl University does not offer any courses in arcane studies other than what relates to history, alchemy, and theology. Chancellor Lionel Wellingford (male Caspian Exp4/Ari2) and his senior professors disapprove of the Fraternal Order, or any other wizardly order for that matter, and gladly leave arcane matters to those "unsavory cabals." They have exceptional courses in mathematics, engineering, botany, zoology, history, and alchemy and Letters of Achievement from Ceryl University are universally respected.

Corvis University

Perhaps the single best-known university in the Iron Kingdoms, Corvis University is a strange mix of glamour and decrepitude. It boasts famous and respected academics such as the infamous Professor Viktor Pendrake (MN1, pp. 216–218) or its highly respected vice chancellor, Davyd Derroman (male Caspian Wiz7/Lor6). However, it is housed in a massive and run-down estate in the south of the city. The estate was bequeathed to the University some four centuries ago by an eccentric noblewoman who died a spinster, and it has seen little in the way of renovation since.

The building consists of four wings that form a wall around a central quadrangle. The entrance hall, which once had two swooping staircases, has been converted into a public lecture hall large enough to seat well over a hundred and accommodate scores more on a standing-only balcony. Similarly, some of the rooms on the ground floor have been converted into classrooms, and the entire southern wing has been given over to the library. The University's collection of proscribed texts is securely locked away in the South Cellar, and the only key is worn at all times by the librarian who is also a Chaplain of Morrow. Academics have their studies on the second to fourth floors along the Eastside and Westside. Most of the fifth floor and attic have been abandoned due to leaks in the roof, although some scholars in need of space for experiments have reclaimed portions of this area.

The University also owns land outside the walls, including a bunker and some land southeast of Corvis. This is where the Departments of Military Studies and Natural Sciences have their engineering and alchemical laboratories. The site is guarded well, and visitors are strongly discouraged. Unbeknownst to most, there are secret tunnels running from the mansion to this bunker. When Vinter Raelthorne IV returned to Corvis (see SOTE), his Inquisitors were quick to hunt down 'subversives' in the University. Many perished, and scores of scholarly treatises were burnt. Many of those who survived owe their lives to this hidden route leading out of the city.

Corvis University is currently trying to re-appoint scholars to the posts of deceased colleagues and is also appealing for donations to re-stock the library (and repair its roof!).

Training and Education During Downtime

At the GM's option, "downtime" between adventures may allow characters to learn skills in addition to the points they receive as they advance in levels. This requires specific university instruction or mentorship under a master of the craft in question, and training is expensive and restricted to certain skills. Rates for tutoring are higher than tuition charged for regular students enrolled in an ongoing course of education.

GMs should only allow the purchase of the following skills for downtime tutoring: Appraise, Craft (any), Diplomacy, Knowledge (any), Profession (any), Perform, or Speak Language (any living, non-obscure). Merely the fundamentals of these skills can be learned through downtime training, so characters may train only up to 5 ranks total in this way.

All skills are not equally easy to learn, and the GM can require varied lengths of time spent in training. Generally at least one week is required per rank attained, during which the character must spend at least five hours per day in instruction, practice, and study. Knowledge skills and new languages require one month per rank and attendance at a reputable university. Prices for this tutoring vary considerably depending on the university or mentor hired, but it generally costs upwards of 100 gold per week for Craft and Knowledge skills, 50 gold per week for training in social skills (Diplomacy, Perform, Speak Language), and 25 gold per week for more common skills (Appraise and Profession).

At the end of each training period (one week or one month), the character rolls a check against the skill being trained to see if his knowledge of the skill has improved. Failure

represents inability to increase his ranks in the skill that week, although payment is still required. The basic DC is 10 + new skill rank adjusted as shown in Table 2–6.

It should be noted that not all students are equal. If a character is trying to increase his ranks in a class skill (equal to one skill point), use the guidelines presented above. However, if the character is attempting to gain a rank in a cross-class skill (equal to two skill points), double the time required. Thus a character attempting to gain a rank in Appraise as a cross-class skill must spend at least two weeks with a tutor before attempting a skill check to determine his success.

and that that the real threats to intruders are the specially developed constructs that pound around the perimeter of the buildings and patrol the warehouses and factory passages.

The Institute serves a double purpose, and its position in the heart of these factories is no accident.

Table 2–6: Downtime Training Modifiers

Modifying Circumstance	DC Modifier
Tutor has 12+ ranks in skill	–2
Character has 6+ ranks in one or more strongly-related skills	–1 per skill
First rank in a new, untrained skill	+2
First rank in a new, trained only skill	+4
Particularly easy skill	–1 to –4 (GMs discretion)
Particularly esoteric or difficult skill	+1 to +4 (GMs discretion)
Student encounters significant outside distractions during training	+1 to +4 (GMs discretion)

Khadoran Institute of Engineering

Education in Khador has traditionally been informal. Elders teach the poor, and tutors and the clergy teach the rich. The situation changed dramatically once it became clear that the development of new mechanika was vital to maintaining Khador's military and economic competitiveness. The Khadorans are especially aware that they have fallen behind Cygnar in military development. The Greylords Covenant, founded in 243 AR, represents a step forward in this area. Some years later in 295 AR, the Khadoran throne established an institute with the agenda to stay current with, or ahead of, Cygnaran technology.

At its founding, the Khadoran Institute of Engineering consisted of a suite of workshops and one massive stone hall. Now this hall has become a museum of the past glories of Khadoran engineering, and the original building sits like the boss in the middle of a shield surrounded by factories and storage depots. The workshops are reserved for the use of the most senior academics, with extensions several times the size of the original building set aside for new members of the staff and their projects. Security is tight; despite their location in the heart of Korsk, an entire division of Winter Guard has been assigned to protect the Institute and its secrets. However, there are rumors that this is just the first line of defense

Junior engineers are sent here in scores to study under experienced tutors. They learn about gears, clockwork, steam power, and hydraulics by working in teams under the supervision of a master. They assemble simple steamjacks, cast cannons, and construct automated industrial units, and those students with sufficient arcane aptitude are sometimes singled out by the Greylords and offered apprenticeships. Those so chosen move from their workshops to labs where cortexes, optical instruments, and the like are built.

As the training school for the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly, hundreds come to study at the Institute each year and put in their time working in the factories before being inducted into the Assembly—if they are deemed competent. A few, perhaps one or two from every hundred, are invited to stay with the Institute. They become assistants to the senior technicians (engineers or Greylords depending on personal expertise) and contribute to their projects through laboratory work and field testing. Eventually the elite few become project leaders themselves, appointed as permanent staff to the Institute. It may be a harsher, less personal approach than the kinds of tutelage favored in Cygnar, but it is highly efficient, and the Khadoran Institute is recognized across the kingdoms for its innovative research and development.

Lyceum of the True Law

Secular education in the Protectorate is watched closely; indeed, many texts imported from the other kingdoms are heavily edited before they are approved for educational use. However, the Protectorate does boast an impressive higher education institution of its own: the Lyceum of the True Law, also known as the Holy College of Menoth. The regimen here is harsh: anyone who wishes to study must first prove his devotion through three months of domestic service by tending the grounds of the college, cleaning the attached temple, and serving in the kitchens. Once accepted, the student's basic room and board costs are covered. All students are expected to participate in regular religious observances in addition to their coursework including all morning, noon, and evening services.

The Lyceum was established to train Menoth's priests but grew to encompass many fields of study. Considerable funding has been poured into engineering and the development of alchemical applications of "Menoth's Fury." Knights Exemplar also study at the Lyceum as do state-sponsored paladins. Monks of the Order of the Fist are required to spend three months of intensive study here to ensure that they are properly indoctrinated in the holy writ.

Winds of War

When Hierarch Voyle declared he would lead a great Crusade in Menoth's name, the instructors at the Lyceum immediately instituted new training programs. Long planned, these programs were intended to train new soldiers rapidly for the army of the Lawgiver. Recruits for the exemplars and the Order of the Fist are rapidly indoctrinated and sent to bolster the Hierarch's forces, receiving only a fraction of the normal training with the understanding that there is no need for further indoctrination since they will be living the will of Menoth on the field of battle. Meanwhile, the Lyceum has stepped up recruitment of potential alchemists, for they know that the Blood of Menoth will need to flow freely to support the coming war.

University of Mercir

This institution is, in many respects, the 'poor cousin' to the Caspian Royal Academy and Corvis University. However, its reputation rests on two unique strengths. Firstly, it is home to the most-respected naval school in the kingdoms and maintains a small, private fleet that provides unparalleled training facilities. The top students are regularly sent to Sentinel Point Naval Fortress by recommendation of the University's chancellor. Secondly, it invested in the Great Cygnaran Observatory, providing its scholars with access to the most advanced tools for studying the heavens.

The combination of these two areas of expertise has led to rapid advances in navigation and the development of new astronomical devices that help mariners pinpoint their position at sea.

Merin School of Learned Sciences

Although it surprises many this school is a university in all but name, complete with a charter from the Ordic monarchy. The school is visually drab and resembles a massive warehouse, but it is functional and spacious. Unlike many institutions, it has resisted the temptation to divide scholars into separate departments; thus famous historians such as Lorant Neci (male Tordoran Ari5/AdvSch6) work alongside engineers, mathematicians, and the like. Visitors often find this confusing, but it has led to many innovative and exciting collaborations. The school is famed for its applied research that focuses on topics with direct applications. Many improvements to steamship and railroad technology were pioneered here, and several members of the teaching staff hold positions in commercial ventures established to capitalize on these developments.

Merywyn Academy

This long-established institution, founded in 314 AR, has developed a reputation for tradition and is still organized by the classic division into colleges of law, philosophy, and theology. It is quite prestigious—those graduating often proceed to high-ranking careers in government or the Church—but its ancient buildings house equally ancient scholars who have little interest in matters of the world.

Royal Cygnaran University

The Royal Cygnaran University, originally dubbed and still referred to by some as Landshort University, was founded by Governor Bolden Landshort in 259 AR along the banks of the Black River. The first university in Caspia constructed in the Restoration Era, it originally consisted of four colleges: theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. In 412 AR, the monarchy obliged the university to expand its consistorial constitution to add modern languages, history,

mathematics, engineering, alchemy, metallurgy, and arcane theory to its curriculum and to allow women to enroll. The Crown mitigated its demands with grants to establish the prominent Sunbright Strategic Academy, now referred to simply as the Strategic Academy, and the two foundations work together in developing military projects.

Unfortunately, many of the earlier buildings were largely destroyed during the Cygnaran Civil War and the university was closed throughout the latter 400s. It was rebuilt more glorious than ever and reopened in 500 AR. Since its reopening, the University has erected numerous statues throughout the city, opened a massive library, created the Caspian Gallery & Museum, established western Immoren's leading sanatorium, and outfitted the Sentinel Point Naval Fortress. The current chancellor of the university is Hanna Yarrington (female Thurian Exp7/Sor7), an excitable woman of advanced years but in excellent health and noted for her expertise in history and law. She claims her university is the most attended in the history of western Immoren and boasts between ten and twelve thousand students enrolled annually—Strategic Academy included. This is a reasonable claim.

Entertainment & Recreation

If you want to know the nature of a culture, take a long, hard look at what they do to entertain themselves.

—Nikolai Corsar (male Umbrean Exp5/Rog2), philosopher

Entertainment for the Rich

Now more than ever, the people of western Immoren need some means to escape the reality of daily life—something to help them forget, if even just for an hour or more, the harsh truths of war and death. Granted, for some the present dangers have had a sobering effect. With undead roaming the countryside, many choose to bar their doors and windows and simply withdraw into the relative comfort of home and family. Others have heard the call of king and country and have left relative safety and everything they know behind possibly to give their lives in the defense of all they hold dear. Many simply want to forget the terrors and attrocities that plague the land and seek to escape from those realities at least for a short while. What form this escape takes depends a great deal on one's station in life. A great many elaborate forms of entertainment take money and resources and therefore demand entry fees—making them the purview of the rich and well-to-do.

Masques, for example, are all the rage among affluent Immorese largely because of the exquisite craftsmanship required for the costumes and the extravagant sets these plays demand. Some of the greatest operas and masques can only be performed in purpose-built theaters due to their special set requirements unlike the plays watched by common folk which can be performed in any open area. For example, the Cygnaran historical epic *Orgothika Nex* requires a full orchestra with nearly twenty percussionists—including two cannons—to perform "The March of the Colossals" in the third act. The "Land & Sea" theater in Merywyn actually has a mechanical dracodile powered by gears and winches that can be elevated to the stage from below when a performance calls for a fearsome beast.

Formal theater is also surprisingly popular in Rhul although the dwarves favor histories and legends rather than flights of fancy or the romances. One of the most popular theatrical forms in Rhul is the elegiac "bone plays" originally performed as a posthumous, semi-biographical eulogy at the funerals of dwarven heroes and leaders. Today, bone plays are formal performances about the lives of legendary dwarves. Bone plays are often very symbolic, and the actors all wear masks and carry specific props to identify their characters. For example, Orm, the Father of Building and Stonework, always carries a square and chisel regardless of what he is doing in a given scene, while Dhurg, the First Father of Battle, is never without his axe. The masks worn by bone actors are exquisitely crafted and designed with wide, conical mouths to help project the actors' voices. These grimacing faces are considered by many collectors to be works of art in their own right. As each actor slowly increases his repertoire, he accumulates his own collection of

custom-made masks and props as he masters the parts associated with them.

Art is on the rise as a credible pursuit, though public art galleries are still quite rare. In Khador the closest examples are the various trophy halls where the populace can learn about the past and the glorious victories of the Motherland. For the most part, painted art is still employed almost exclusively in social functions. When a new noble comes out in society, debut portraits are commissioned and distributed so that relatives and other dignitaries might recognize him when they meet. Similarly when a lord inherits new lands, he might commission a landscape to commemorate the event. Some nobles have gathered fine examples of these genres in their dwellings which they permit guests to view, but anyone else asking to see them is likely to be refused.

Morrowan churches sometimes display paintings of Morrow or a patron ascendant on tapestries or directly on the walls of the church, but these are typically symbolic rather than accurate depictions. Menite artwork tends to illustrate scriptural passages.

Formal music is a universal pleasure although its form varies. In Llael and Cygnar, performances of chamber music by string quartets are often part of private soirees, and pianos and harpsichords can be found in some of the wealthier parlors. Ensemble performances are the standard accompaniment to formal dances, and solo performances by virtuosos on the newly developed pipe organ or the hard-to-craft accordion find favor throughout the kingdoms. In Khador such music is relatively rare; traditional Khadoran music is limited to the violin and balalaika, but more common than instumental music are recitations of epic battles or historical dramas performed in festhalls to mark public events. In Ord, epics are often recited to the tunes of marching songs played on Ordic pipes, and trollkin fell callers have become a popular novelty at such performances.

Another new marvel is a peculiar instrument called a music box. Thought to be Iosan, this clockwork wonder allows people to play the most wonderful music whenever and wherever they desire. These expensive amusements are in great demand in all civilized areas of the kingdoms. The hurdy-gurdy, or barrel organ, is a sort of hybrid of the music box and the accordion and has recently appeared in Ord and some Cygnaran coastal towns. It is much easier to make than either of its more noble parents and is therefore cheaper, but the music it produces grates on the ear of any true music aficionado. The fact that it "takes no skill at all" and is played by turning a crank adds to the derision the instrument receives from the upper classes and musicians.

Entertainment for the Rest

While the rich find their pleasures in expensive things, the poor must make do with lesser imitations. They do not attend mask plays. Common street theatre is their lot and is often improvised by wits and critics to mock the latest folly of the rulers of the day. It is as much as most workers can hope for to see a good juggler or busker; most never see the inside of a dedicated theatre or concert venue. The closest a commoner will get to view a grand stage production is a puppet show performed on a stage that fits in a traveling performer's trunk.

Songs and ballads are a perennial favorite. They are, after all, a cheap way of passing on news, entertaining, and building a sense of local pride all wrapped into one. In Ord, for example, sailors' chanteys are widely performed using the kinds of instruments suitable for shipboard life (such as tin whistles and harmoniums) even by those who have never set foot on a boat. Such folk music punctuates the seasons, being played at impromptu come-all dances at times such as harvest, the first day of spring, and so on. In the Protectorate, choirs using their natural, Menoth-given instruments are about the only form of public music that can be found, and these events are always performances of sacred music.

Local musicians perform most such music; traveling entertainers tend to work together as carnivals, acting troupes, and circuses. Jesters and actors, tricksters and artists, they all come together and ply their trades in town after town moving on when interest wanes or when one of their number creates a scandal that forces them to leave. The public loves the color and hubbub of such events. They flock in droves as word spreads like wildfire, and they rush to visit these strange and exotic individuals from faraway places. The traveling circuses among these visitors bring



with them strange and exotic beasts—some of them in a mangy or decreptit state it must be said—and have them perform in shows where they are ridden by performers and tamed by colorful individuals with whips and improbable names.

Not all forms of entertainment are so innocent though. Many from the most refined aristocrats to the crudest dockworkers set great stock on more physical pursuits, although the higher one's station the more secretive one is about these interests. In some places special rings, spaces, and arenas for fighting have developed, and fortunes can be made or lost by betting on fist fights, knife fights, gorax pits, and the like. These events draw huge crowds to out-of-the-way venues where the watchguard will not interfere. Backroom brawling pits and knife fighting arenas can be found in the slums and seedier parts of many cities, and even the frontier regions have a proclivity for brutal sports—bare-knuckle boxing often being the favored mode of violence. In Cygnar, seedy backroom contests have become so incredibly common that street gangs and loan sharks specialize exclusively in dealing with such "sports."

Entertainment for All

There are some venues, however, where rich and poor mingle—even if the poor are generally segregated. Magic lantern dramas, a new phenomenon in Cygnar, draw all kinds of people not least because they are relatively inexpensive. These semi-automated performances (consisting of lights projected through clockwork-animated cutouts) require no skilled staffing—only a single orator and someone to wind and maintain the mechanisms and change the rolls after each scene. Of course, more elaborate versions fully voiced by professional actors play for private audiences when funding permits.

There are also burlesque halls where seedy shows are played out for boisterous audiences. Popular opinion holds that these are for the poor, but the truth is that a great many of the well-to-do frequent such places and even pay for the keep of the performers who are known to entertain offstage as much as on. In Llael, the wealthy wear masks to such performances and sit in a separate section of the audience. Tradition holds that even if one recognizes one of these masked gadabouts, their anonymity is respected and they are addressed by whatever pseudonym they wish to use. Even in a court of law, it is difficult to get a magistrate to accept testimony from a witness who claims to have seen a wealthy individual in a burlesque house. This nigh-guaranteed anonymity is most likely due to the fact that many magistrates have also worn the domino of a burlesque patron. It is whispered that this tradition is also frequently used to disguise secret meetings between prominent individuals in public.

In the time of the Thousand Cities before the Orgoth arrived on the shores of Immoren, huge coliseums were built in the hearts of major cities, and today some cityscapes are still marked by the appearance of these ancient edifices. These arenas once exhibited gladiatorial games and other spectacles beyond measure for the entertainment of the masses—that is if blood, sacrifice, and death were the viewer's choice for entertainment. The times were violent indeed. Nowadays, the coliseums are but crumbling remnants of a bygone era.

Once the Orgoth moved in they closed the arenas and coliseums, leaving them unattended for many years. They became places where the desperate, dispossessed, and rebellious gathered. The Iron Fellowship was founded in chambers beneath the Merywyn Coliseum, and the first firearms foundry was located in a tunnel complex beneath it. When the rebellion was destroyed, the Orgoth razed this building to the ground, and to this day it is a ruined blemish in the heart of an otherwise exquisite city.

Soon after, the Orgoth realized the coliseums could serve a purpose. The arenas were reopened but not as houses of sport and combat. Rather the Orgoth used them as slaughterhouses and abattoirs. Thousands died in a few short years. Tunnels were often constructed under the arenas—winding, serpentine labyrinths where rituals to the dark Orgoth gods took place, harnessing energy from the fear of their victims. There is one monolithic arena that still operates in such a fashion.

During the Occupation Era, Lord Toruk demanded the construction of a coliseum in the center of Skell. Adding necromantic rituals into the construction, Toruk and his Lich Lords created the huge, black basalt edifice known as the Darken Ring.

Once nothing more than a vast killing field, today this foul place is Cryx's war factory, churning out the bulk of its gruesome army. Newly crafted thralls, bonejacks, and helljacks rise from the bowels of the Darken Ring supervised by necrotechs and Toruk's Lich Lords. Of course, a ready supply line of flesh is needed for raw materials and to "educate" or test the newly formed monstrosities. Hapless victims are often marched into the Darken Ring for the Cryxian creations' very first kills.

Rumor Has It…

The crumbling coliseum in Berck is given a wide berth because it is supposedly haunted. The locals claim that a "ghost ship," of all things, sails inside the ancient structure on certain nights piloted by a crew of restless spirits. Some say they were once sailors of the Tordoran Armada who were captured and killed in mock naval battles for the entertainment of the Orgoth. Rumor has it that members of an organization known as the Strangelight Workshop have been poking around the city of late, particularly around Berck's coliseum, but whether or not they have uncovered the mysterious ghost ship or unraveled its mysteries is unknown.

In the Iron Kingdoms Era, most of the old coliseums are but reminders of Orgoth cruelty, and many have been razed and the stones have been used to rebuild portions of communities that suffered for generations. Some cities simply abandoned the stadiums instead of destroying them, preferring to let the old wounds fade with time. Often independent men or organizations purchased these structures, and nowadays the coliseums are in all stages of repair. Some are little more than rubble circles enclosing parks or groves of trees while others have been completely renovated. In Caspia the underground barracks of the arena have become the headquarters for the city watch, turning a symbol of oppression into one of law. A few have been made into public buildings and some have even become the seat of government, such as in Ceryl where the entire city authority uses the renovated arena as its city hall. Others are massive, nearly impregnable warehouses or storehouses, some have been converted into open markets, and a few like the arena in Sul continue to stain their grounds red with blood. Whatever the case, the stadiums are unique buildings with dark histories and are truly spectacles to behold.

Crime & Punishment

"For those who have been wronged, their transgressors must be punished likewise. For those who have been grossly wronged, their transgressors must be cleansed in fire. And for those who have been wrongly accused, their accusers, then, must suffer the sentence."

—A passage from The True Law of Menoth

In general established magistrates, barristers, watchguards, advocates, and other agents enforce laws on a city-by-city basis. The royal courts of most every kingdom have established lists of preferential punishments befitting a variety of crimes (see Table 2–7) and are in a position to claim judiciary authority at their discretion. These higher authorities have been known to take charge of various cases that interest any ascribed potentates, but ordinarily city law takes precedence in hearing and sentencing crimes.

Winds of War

As battles continue to rage and strife spreads throughout the kingdoms, martial law has been instituted to maintain order in some places. While this has primarily occurred in Cygnaran and Khadoran border towns currently occupied by military forces, nearly all of Llael is under martial law.

Like many other cities, Corvis has its own established punishments. Public drunkenness, for instance, is punishable on the spot, whereas prostitution is not considered a crime at all. However, in the Protectorate prostitution is a crime befitting a death sentence. Given the variability in laws and sentencing, travelers must exercise discretion whenever entering an unfamiliar province. Knowledge of provincial laws is a must, as ignorance is meager justification before the city magistrates.

In most places, a criminal can only be punished if caught red-handed. Watchguards rarely bother to investigate crimes unless the victim is an important city authority or close to someone of influence. In some regions, however, the militant arm of the clergy offers aid in investigating unsolved crimes. Monks

and paladins are particularly zealous in pursuing criminals and sometimes clash with local authorities—especially in cases where the watch has little interest in investigation.

In general though, anyone is allowed to pursue criminals and bring them to trial, and bounties are occasionally offered. Hunting suspected criminals is a perilous endeavor, of course, and individuals found to be maliciously surrendering innocents to the authorities with no proof are often assessed heavy penalties and typically clapped in irons themselves.

Trials

Cryx

The Cryxian decree amounts to: "Lord Toruk is all things including the law. Disobey and you die." Any of the Dragonfather's senior agents and priests can, at will, bring to trial anyone they wish and inflict whatever punishment they deem fitting. However, abusing this power in such a way as to harm Lord Toruk's interests often sees the offender slain and corpse bound (pg. 129).

Cygnar

Cygnar's courts have become far more just than in past generations due in large part to the decrees of King Grigor Malfast in the late 400s. Vinter the Elder eliminated some of these edicts, but King Leto Raelthorne has since reinstated them. Trials take place before a single judge who has the authority to determine guilt and pronounce sentencing. If the accused was arrested by the authorities, he is presumed to be guilty until he can prove his innocence. If others brought him in, the judge weighs the evidence from both sides carefully. The notion that the courts should not convict the innocent is slowly making its way through the system such that few courts are willing to convict on the say-so of a single person unless he is a watchman.

In recent years, Leto has discouraged the use of the more grisly punishments for minor crimes, so fines and flogging with the birch or cane are by far the most common punishments these days. Serious crimes still carry penalties of death, however.

Ios

Iosan suspects receive elaborate trials overseen by regional courts based in the three major elven cities. Hearings comprise long procedures that can last for weeks. On the whole, these trials reach a fair result, but few in the lands outside Ios know anything about them. Elven justice assumes that non-elves within Iosan territory are criminals, and it is acceptable to brand and send them away (usually near the borderlands), though it is more common to execute them on the spot.

Khador

Khadoran law is harsh and without mercy. Almost all cases are treated as crimes against the Motherland, and the judges are encouraged to consider the affect of the crimes on the country. In almost all minor cases, the guilty must repay his debt to Khador through forced labor. In lesser crimes only one tribunal oversees the case, but trials of serious crimes are heard by a tribunal of three to as many as eleven judges and are decided in a court through debate and proof of evidence. The judges are all authorized by Khadoran law to pass sentence once they feel the case has been presented adequately. The tribunal's decision is determined by a majority vote, and deliberations between judges have sometimes been heated, violent, and in rare cases, even fatal.

Since all cases are weighed based on their impact on the Motherland, what might be considered improper speech in Cygnar could easily be construed as treason in the Khadoran courts, and what might have resulted in a light flogging in another country could quickly get an outsider sent to a northern labor camp where he may be "forgotten" by the authorities.

In the most remote regions of Khador, justice is an ages old tradition relying on trial by combat. In principle, disputes are settled between the accuser and the accused through force of arms. A sanctioned arbiter, typically a village elder, observes the physical trials. Anyone is allowed to step forward to act as a champion on either side—usually because a participant is unable to fight on his own—and a championed party may choose to accept or decline the offer. An accuser who withdraws after a champion steps forward merits a heavy penalty, sometimes even death! Any evidence of interference in the procurement of a champion, if

there is any, is presented to the arbiter before combat begins, and he then makes his decision whether or not to proceed. In truth, native Khadorans rarely hire a champion, but outsiders are often suspected of doing so particularly if the champion is also an outsider.

Trial by combat is intended to subdue rather than kill, and the presiding arbiter can declare a clear victor if one side refuses to concede. Death, of course, remains somewhat common. The loser of the combat—if he survives—suffers the penalty for the crime at hand, be he the accused or the accuser, though arbiters commonly decree that the wounds suffered during the trial are sufficient penalty and no further punishment is inflicted.

Llael

The courts in Llael were more like popularity contests than legal proceedings. A jury of seventeen citizens decided guilt and sentencing, and the judge merely kept order during the trial and provided advice on the law. It was common for Llaelese citizens to hire representatives to present their cases, and most nobles kept an advocate on permanent retainer. While bribing the jury was illegal, giving them gifts "unrelated to the case" was not, so subtle bribery was rife throughout the legal system. Jurors were, of course, free to take bribes from both sides because anyone attempting to take revenge on a juror would reveal his intent to influence the jury unduly.

Sentencing tended to reflect the persuasiveness of the advocates—and size of the bribes—rather than the severity of the offense. Indeed, advocates were as much actors and politicians as legal experts, moreso perhaps. Some major Llaelese cases became performances of near-legendary melodrama, and in crimes of a truly heinous nature the jury was often convinced to be extremely harsh in their sentencing. Slow, grisly death sentences were far more popular in Llael than in any other country.

Of course, all of this has changed under the Khadoran occupation. Within days of seizing control of Leryn, the Khadoran forces had imposed martial law on the entirety of occupied Llael. Now the strict ruling of Khadoran military law metes out all justice within occupied Llael.

Ord

Ord's justice system is nominally the same throughout the country although some regions are known to be tainted by the influence of its castellans (many of whom claim to be above civil law and answerable only to the throne yet serve as arbiters with no apparent trouble). A panel of three judges hears the case and the evidence and convicts by unanimous vote. The laws define ranges of penalties for various crimes, but they leave the judges a great deal of discretion. In Merin, Midfast, and Berck things work much as intended. Criminals are presumed guilty unless they can provide evidence to clear themselves, and malicious prosecution carries the same penalty as the crime involved.

In Five Fingers, the judges are all controlled by local crime lords and are simply another way for the crime lords to keep control. Judges often acquit well-known criminals, and anyone who brings criminals up too often is found guilty of malicious prosecution. Additionally, it is rumored that many offenders in Five Fingers—and even Berck—end up turning a profit for Ord by being sold as slaves. The least fortunate offenders often find themselves bound for Cryx in the dark belly of a slaver's ship rather than Khador or other parts of the kingdom.

Protectorate of Menoth

The laws in the Protectorate are strict and administered exclusively by the priesthood. Trials are essentially inquisitions with the judge using divine magic to ferret out any wrongdoing, though torture is always an attractive option. It is quite common for someone to be acquitted of the offense for which he was brought to trial but punished for something else discovered during his "questioning." The Knights Exemplar and Order of the Fist, charged with investigating everyday crimes, typically haul wrongdoers before the clergy. Scrutators can at any time take over an investigation and usually handle the most serious offenses—often as investigators and arbiters. Once questioning beings, the scrutators rarely stop until they have found something for which the accused can be punished.

Scrutators favor burning for major offenses and imprisonment, torture, or branding for lesser offenses. Several judges have a fondness for flogging, and it is not uncommon for judges to sentence people to flogging

with a barbed whip so that Menoth can decide whether the criminal should live or die. Important prisoners are often sent to Tower Judgement where they are imprisoned, and sometimes they are placed in the "bindings of Menoth"—jackets or masks of heavy iron. Enemies of the faith—who some might deem "prisoners of war"—are occasionally sacrificed by scrutators as special offerings to Menoth. It is said that this is the only form of human sacrifice practiced by the Menites.

Deliberately false convictions are incredibly rare in the Protectorate, as Menoth regards such corruption as an abomination. Mistakes are made, but this matters little since the scrutators can almost always find *something* for which the accused should be punished or "cleansed." Even so, it is said that some scrutators have been caught abusing their authority and have themselves been executed.

Rhul

In Rhul trials and justice are treated with religious solemnity. Most matters of justice deal with smaller indiscretions or disputes of property rights, breaches of contract, or violations of promise. Nonetheless serious offenses do happen. Greed can corrupt even the most stalwart of dwarves, and the judges of Rhul do not shirk from making examples.

The Church of the Great Fathers is integrally involved in the kingdom's justice, for their priests are their foremost legal experts and arbiters. Experienced priests of the rank of assessor or higher are invited to participate in trials and hearings and to enforce dwarven oaths (see IKCG, pg. 276 for Rites of Arbitration feats available to these priests). Individual clan lords are also called upon to judge lawbreakers or represent their families. Most clan lords rely upon priestly advisors to help handle these ugly confrontations. For larger, inter-clan disputes, or if a citizen is dissatisfied with the rulings of a priest or clan lord, the matter can be brought before the Moot of the Hundred Houses or one of its appointed Mootjudges. Mootjudges are highly educated wizards, priests, or experts who spend their lives in the study of the Codex and dwarven law, and their decisions can only be countermanded by the thirteen Stone Lords—the ultimate authority in Rhul.

Dwarves favor mutilation and fines as penalties for most crimes, including theft. For murder, the criminal must swear a blood-debt to the dead dwarf's family or families, and a great portion of his time, possessions, and future income must be given over to them—often in addition to mutilation such as the putting out of an eye or loss of a hand. The Rhulfolk do not believe in maintaining prisons or jails except as a temporary holding measure and prefer to deal with lawbreakers immediately via branding, mutilation, exile, or execution.

Oaths and Non-dwarves

Dwarves take great pride in their sworn oaths, and in some cases an oath of innocence may be enough to acquit a dwarf in good standing, particularly if witnessed by a priest. However, the dwarves do not easily trust the word of non-dwarves, even those who they know well. Unaffiliated humans or members of other races accused of crimes in Rhul may have no clan or lord to speak for them. In these trials, judges will sometimes seek character witnesses abroad. Having a noted dwarf willing to speak for a non-dwarf is always taken in the best light. Humans with no dwarven friends may find Rhulic trials one-sided and brutal. If apprised of the situation, learned members of Great Clan Godor sometimes intervene as advocates to ensure a fair trial for non-dwarves.

Punishments

Punishments in the Iron Kingdoms are almost always public and publicized well in advance. They are popular outings for the whole family with 'jackings and executions drawing the largest crowds. Ironically, it is common practice for pickpockets to work a crowd viewing a punishment or execution. For these types, this is a payday that comes with some risk. Recently in Berck a cutpurse caught in the act during the hanging of some highwaymen was seized by members of the crowd and forced into the gallows without a trial. Mob justice, though not condoned, is nonetheless a factor. As a rule, however, convicted criminals receive trials, although the courts are not always impartial or sympathetic to the plight of the accused.

Fines are popular with the authorities in most kingdoms, for the money collected goes directly into their coffers. The amount of the fine is generally based on the wealth of the offender rather than the nature of the offense. Indeed, the very rich are sometimes able to get away with simply paying a significant fine even for crimes such as murder.

Most settlements have pillories—more commonly called stocks. It is common for people to throw rotten fruit—and less pleasant things—at offenders in the stocks, and this practice is considered part of the penalty. In more civilized areas, guards often keep an eye on prisoners in the stocks to ensure that the miscreants are not treated too poorly. In many places, however, the prisoners are left to the mercy of the crowds, and riotous crowds have even stoned some unpopular individuals to death.



Flogging is another common punishment, for it does not require much time from the authorities. The procedure is carried out with a number of different instruments, but the most common is the birch—a bundle of thin sticks attached to a handle. Although painful, it does not inflict actual damage. However, more potent flogging instruments are often used depending on the severity of the crime or attitude of the punisher. Among these are thick canes, straps, whips, and even barbed or studded whips that can often kill the punished. Some places even use enchanted implements to full effect. A flogging with such implements can leave its victim exhausted and sickened—conditions that usually clear up within a few days—or it can silence the punished forever.

Imprisonment is more often than not a temporary penalty to confine the accused before trial or between trial and punishment though it is also part and parcel

of imposed labor. In this age, the criminally insane are routinely executed. Imprisonment is usually applied in cases of debt particularly in larger cities. A debtor is imprisoned until his debts are paid, and he must pay for his food and accommodation while he is in prison. A wealthy individual can pay for considerable privileges as the wardens of such prisons have complete discretion so long as the debtors do not leave. Some nobles are notorious for spending years living in luxury within a debtor's prison while those to whom they owe a fortune fume. Since the indebted is already in prison, there is little that can be done.

Rumor Has It…

One of the more famous prisons is Bloodshore Island. Located in the southern coastal waters just a few miles off shore from the Protectorate of Menoth, Bloodshore is actually a Cygnaran prison. There is rarely a person who has not heard of it, and everyone knows behind its walls are some of the most notorious criminals, although several important prisoners have escaped the hangman's noose by being sent here as well. These are often political or religious prisoners who have somehow embarrassed the realm, yet their influence has allowed them to stay alive behind Bloodshore's massive walls.

Case in point, rumor has it that a rash of serial killings in Caspia over the past ten years were committed by one man—Salit Votorr (male Tordoran Rgr6/Rog8/Exp5). A former teacher at Cygnar's Strategic Academy, he has been locked away on Bloodshore Island in solitary confinement—or at least *was*. According to recent gossip, he has miraculously escaped and is now wandering the Protectorate making his way back toward Caspia. If this were true, he would be the first ever to have escaped Bloodshore successfully in its two hundred year history as Cygnar's most renowned and dreaded prison. For more about Bloodshore Island, see Chapter Three: Cygnar.

For repeat offenders of less significant crimes—typically thieves and ruffians—imposed labor is popular with lawmakers, as it forces criminals to work for the betterment of society and gives them time to "consider the error of their ways." The work is hard and mindless and criminals toil in areas where they can do little damage. Mines and quarries are the leading beneficiaries though in recent years railroad construction has benefited greatly from forced labor. It is said that workers are customarily shackled into groups to make escape difficult, though not impossible. Criminals are housed in stone block houses at night and fed enough to keep their strength up for the work. Some courts allow a criminal to bargain for a long period of imposed labor rather than face a harsher sentence, and these people tend to work better being liable to their former punishment if their work falls short.

Women, younger offenders, those deemed unable to handle the rigors of imposed labor, those unable to meet fines, or criminals who seem earnest and capable of reform are often sentenced to cloistering. They are put under the authority of Church officials and sentenced to a term ranging anywhere from one to ten years under the guidance and tutelage of the Church. It is the hope that these offenders become enlightened and find a higher purpose, which is known to happen on occasion.

Exile is another means of punishment, often localized to a settlement or small area but sometimes a nation. Ios, in particular, imposes exile on its people by sending elves in violation of Iosan law to the somber kingdoms of men. Exiles are typically marked with a brand or scar or some other sign in order to make them identifiable. They are escorted to the borderlands by the authorities to ensure they take their leave and to make certain they are not killed along the way. If they dare ever to return home, the penalty for breaking sentence is almost always death.

In other places branding a criminal is combined with some other punishment, but sometimes branding is enough by itself. A brand is typically burned onto the skin and the pain alone has been known to kill the weak or infirm. Brands are normally burned into the face to make criminals easily identifiable, and the design of the brand usually reflects the nature of the crime, at least provincially. Clerics sympathetic to their kingdoms refuse to heal judicial brands; in some areas spells exist that make brands particularly difficult to remove. Other spells and items produce brands that never truly heal or stop hurting, but a hot iron remains the standard method.

Mutilation is another fairly common punishment enacted upon criminals in varying degrees of severity. Cutting off an ear or finger is a fairly minor punishment, while removing the hands, putting out eyes, and amputating limbs are unmistakably more serious. Hobbling—where the criminal's hamstrings are cut or his ankles are shattered so that he cannot walk—is also popular. Clerics are known to attend mutilations to ensure that criminals do not die from their injuries.

Extremely popular with the scrutators of the Protectorate is the wrack. This cruel device inflicts constant torment and suffering, allowing the criminal to send "Sufferings Prayers" to Menoth. These screams and cries of anguish, induced by both the savagely serrated chains and the mind-muddling haze of incense, are viewed by the scrutators as a spiritual release for the penitent (and the not-so-penitent). Indeed, those who wish to atone for their sins in the hopes of some form of redemption volunteer for the wrack and the days, or possibly weeks, of incessant torment that it brings.

'Jacking is a grave and brutal punishment reserved for the basest of criminals. With this punishment, the prisoner is manacled to the body of a steamjack, limbs along limbs, and then the 'jack parades to and fro. The result is almost always death, and the extent of the suffering depends upon how the prisoner is bound to the 'jack. Typically, the guilty individual is manacled so that his limbs bend in the same direction as the 'jack's, but sometimes criminals are manacled facing the construct, so that their joints do not bend the same way. The steamjack's movements immediately shatter joints and usually tear the criminal limb from limb. At the same time the 'jack is scalding hot. Miraculously a few criminals have survived this punishment, but they are often little more than paralyzed, useless husks of cooked flesh and bone. This is an especially popular punishment in Khador.

More conventional death penalties are also carried out throughout the kingdoms. Hanging and beheading are by and large the most common forms. In the Protectorate, death by fire is the leading form of execution, though sometimes they actually boil their criminals in cauldrons, pick them apart with red-hot pincers, or douse them in vats of Menoth's Fury. Possibly the slowest form of execution is gibbeting where a criminal is hung from chains or a gibbet or sealed in a hanging cage and left to die of thirst. Sometimes the authorities may give him water and let him starve to death. This is a favored method for executing pirates or displaying undead Cryxians.

In Khador, the executioner's axe remains popular. The firing squad has also become an accepted method of execution in Cygnar and Khador and is reserved for criminals of great fame or notoriety, usually those accused of military or political crimes. Many places have local traditions such as drowning in Corvis or burying criminals alive in Ulgar. Some wizards have developed extremely unpleasant, lethal spells that cause the victim to be eaten alive from within or completely flay the victim's skin from his body causing him to die in bloody agony.

Khador, Cryx, and the Protectorate have also been known to crucify and impale prisoners, and the former two of these three kingdoms—and other various places—sometimes restrain condemned criminals in an arena or pit and beasts are set loose to rend and tear them to pieces. Like most deaths, these are spectacles attended by the public, and gambling and other festivities are common.

Also used in Cryx, corpse binding is a specialized torture requiring the intervention of Lord Toruk's priests. The criminal is slowly tormented to death by necrosurgeon torturers at which point his spirit is captured and bound back into his rotting body. The body can then be controlled as a thrall, carrying the spirit along in agony. Such thralls are just as effective as normal thralls, but the screams and wails of the bound spirits make them unsuitable for stealth and rather disturbing to the living. Such spirits can speak, but normally they do little more than beg for the release of death.

Inequality under the Law

Despite the efforts of King Leto and other progressives, many old laws and ingrained traditions are difficult to change. In particular, it has long been the practice that those of noble title are immune to prosecution on many petty offenses such as drunkenness, improper speech, theft, burglary, or in some cases, extortion and assault. This immunity has been expanded in some places to include town functionaries or city bureaucrats. Bringing serious charges against any landed noble or group of nobles is a difficult proposition, and the evidence must be overwhelming. This traditional "extra burden of proof" involving the nobility is found in every kingdom to some extent and was particularly exploited in Llael prior to the Khadoran occupation. In Ord castellans are similarly exempt from petty charges and can, in fact, retaliate lawfully on those who accuse them of "spurious charges." In Khador ancient familial ties elevate an individual to being "above the law" in many regions although in some cases this is more a matter of intimidation than legal precedence.

Table 2–7 lists some crimes and typical punishments for the human kingdoms. Cryx is not listed, for punishments in that nation are almost completely arbitrary.

Table 2–7: Crimes and Punishments

Crime	Cygnar	Llael*	Khador	Ord	Protectorate
Improper speech	Night in stocks	Night in stocks	Light flogging	Night in stocks	Imprisonment; flogging; torture; death by burning
Drunkenness	Night in stocks	Light flogging	Not a crime	Not a crime	Flogging; torture
Prostitution	Not a crime	Not a crime	Light flogging	Not a crime	Death by burning
Assault	Flogging; cloistering	Flogging; cloistering	Mutilation; forced labor	Light flogging	Flogging
Theft	Flogging; cloistering	Flogging; cloistering	Mutilation; forced labor	Light flogging	Flogging
Burglary	Medium to heavy flogging; forced labor; cloistering	Heavy flogging; forced labor; cloistering	Forced labor; death by hanging	Flogging	Heavy flogging; branding
Tax Evasion	Flogging; fines; forced labor, imprisonment	Flogging; fines; forced labor, imprisonment	Flogging; forced labor; death by hanging	Flogging; fines; forced labor, imprisonment	Heavy flogging; branding; death by burning
Smuggling	Heavy flogging, fines, imprisonment	Heavy flogging, fines, imprisonment	Death by hanging; gibbeting	Heavy flogging, fines, imprisonment	Heavy flogging; branding; death by burning
Major Theft	Heavy flogging; imprisonment	Heavy flogging; branding; forced labor	Death by hanging	Heavy flogging	Death by burning
Destruction of Currency	Heavy flogging; fines; forced labor	Heavy flogging; fines or military conscription	Flogging; imprisonment or military conscription	Heavy flogging; forced labor	Death by burning
Counterfeiting	Heavy flogging; imprisonment; forced labor	Heavy flogging; imprisonment; military conscription	Flogging; forced labor or military conscription	Imprisonment; forced labor	Death by burning
Arson	Hobbling and exile; imprisonment; death by hanging, 'jacking	Death by burning	Flogging; forced labor; death by hanging	Heavy flogging	Death by burning
Treason	Imprisonment; death by hanging, firing squad	Death by beheading, hanging, firing squad	Imprisonment; death by hanging, beheading, 'jacking	Imprisonment; death by hanging	Death by burning; ritual sacrifice
Piracy	Death by drowning, hanging, gibbeting	Death by beheading, hanging, gibbeting	Death by hanging, gibbeting, 'jacking	Death by drowning	Death by burning on board the ship
Murder	Imprisonment; death by drowning, hanging, firing squad, 'jacking	Death by beheading, hanging, gibbeting, firing squad	Death by beheading, hanging, gibbeting, 'jacking	Death by hanging, gibbeting	Death by burning

* Prior to Khadoran occupation. Now most crimes in Llael follow the Khador column.

Church Law

By tradition, albeit unwritten, secular authorities tend not to interfere with religious laws. This applies primarily to the Morrowan faith but also to local Temples of Menoth in Khador. There is no such concept of secular authority in the Protectorate, and both faiths have their own laws, punishments, and judges.

In the Church of Morrow, officials are generally volunteers of prelate rank or higher following the Path of Justice and are sometimes assisted by Knights of the Prophet. Serious crimes may be relegated to the nearest Vicarate Council, and justices among the vicars oversee these trials. Crimes committed by priests are taken seriously. If found guilty, the priest is stripped of rank and authority within the Church and may be excommunicated. Some become wards of the Church and are put to work serving the community. In addition to regulating their priesthood, the Church of Morrow has a special jurisdiction over Thamarites and is empowered to track down and punish priests of Thamar and other cultists deemed dangerous or subversive. This can lead to executions although such severe penalties are typically reserved for infernalists and necromancers, and the Church relies primarily on the Order of Illumination to track down such evildoers.

The Temple of Menoth has less leeway outside of the Protectorate, but its priests are subject to the nearest local visgoth, and punishments are sometimes handled by ominous scrutators. In Khador, scrutators are a rare sight and are both loathed and feared as little more than torturers and executioners. Indeed, in some remote Khadoran Menite communities, priests handle all trials and justice.

Non-Human Justice

Traditionally, disputes among the Nyss might not be resolved at all or resolved only through direct action by the family through various social controls such as gossip, feuding, and counseling by shard leaders or by meetings of elders. Usually among the shards there is a "peacemaker" —one with a specific dispute resolution role. Elaborate peacemaking rituals—some lasting a year—involve hostages, ceremonies, and feasts. Offenses traditionally addressed include theft, murder, and adultery as well as failure to observe proper hunting practices, which in some cases is considered tantamount to murder. Actions taken range from those in which a Nyss family might respond to an offense by moving away from the offender to another shard, to execution or banishment of the offender, to payment or restitution for the offense, to physical punishment (the husband of an adulterous winter elf is permitted to beat her), to a lengthy probation. Among the shards, the status of the offender and victim are taken into consideration in determining the punishment.

The ogrun contest their innocence before the clan and to a solitary judge who sits in the Seat of Judgment. The accused and accuser go through a series of oaths that put their honor and their family's honor on the line, and the judge listens objectively. Witnesses must ask permission of the judge to speak, and rigors—tests of pain and endurance—are common during these trials. An ogrun found guilty of sullying his honor and the honor of his family is erased from ogrun lore and exiled as *thargren*—"without honor." In severe cases his family may be labeled thargren as well, and in the most severe cases the ogrun is "encased in stone," which means either he is closed off in a cave with no way out or is stoned to death by his peers.

Goblin justice once again illustrates the differences between gobbers and bogrin. The bogrin have virtually no justice system whatsoever. If a bogrin feels wronged, he simply attacks the one who has wronged him or learns to live with it. Sometimes multiple bogrin may participate in mob justice against their own, usually resulting in severe beatings or death. Gobbers, on the other hand, encourage the accused and accuser to argue their case to the chieftain or chieftains of their kriel, and then their leaders decide upon the verdicts and penalties. Although it is rarely permanent, much of the time gobber sentencing results in exile from the kriel. The guilty party must go out into the wide world and "learn his lesson" before returning to the kriel. An alternative to exile sometimes involves a difficult task or perilous quest. It should be noted though that gobbers have a somewhat loose concept of ownership for practical things like food, tools, and clothing; they are much more attached to specially crafted items and weapons. More violent crimes are typically not in their nature and rarely occur.

Of the more cultured races, trollkin kriel justice is undoubtedly the most primitive. Trials of combat or strength typically determine guilt or innocence and kriel chieftains usually decide which type of trial and punishment is appropriate. Trollkin accused of thievery have their hands chopped off and they are exiled from the kriel until they regenerate. Others are branded in such a way that the wound will not heal and scars are left to mark them as criminals. For more serious crimes, limbs are hacked and cauterized in order to slow or even prevent regeneration. For the gravest of offenses like murder, the accused endures a Trial of Blood wherein the trollkin is strung up, and over a period of days or weeks all of the blood is drained from his body ounce by ounce. The trial generally begins on a new or full phase of a particular moon depending upon the crime for which he was accused and continues until the next new or full phase. The drained blood is placed in a sacred cauldron, and it must be filled to a predetermined level also dependent upon the crime. If a trollkin meets the blood quota, he is freed. However, if he fails to fill the cauldron, his heart will be cut out and burned and his body left strung up as food for carrion until the bones are picked clean.

Covert Organizations

There're plenty of mercenaries, thieves, smugglers, and assassins-for-hire—aye, even in a pretty place like Caspia. Right dangerous vipers they can be, but they're just individuals. Rid yourself of one and, at worst, his employer'll try to find someone else to put on your trail. They're just a minor inconvenience compared to a group like the Unseen Hand or that bloody Rebald's scouts. Cross them and they'll hound you for years…

—Volden Hurt (male Scharde Rog4/Wiz8), proprietor of the Glass and Dirk tavern in Blackwater

Countless deals are struck behind closed doors; contracts are signed in blood and coin. Industrial espionage, distribution of illicit narcotics, murder-for-hire, and plots to overthrow current regimes are but a few of the many topics found in the underhanded dealings that occur daily throughout the kingdoms in seedy backrooms and shadow-filled alleyways. While many of these illicit and illegal arrangements are made with great discretion, few are truly the actions of covert organizations or convenient covers for more diabolical actions.

When the topic of secret societies arises, many folk immediately think of the sinister followers of Thamar. Those in the know realize that there are far better organized, far more capable, and far more dangerous groups.

Notable Covert Organizations

Broken Coast Brotherhood

If scuttlebutt can be believed, the Broken Coast Brotherhood was formed sometime around the 330s AR by three pirates sitting at a stained tavern table in Blackwater. Even though it has existed for nearly 300 years, the closest thing to a headquarters the Brotherhood has is the Glass and Dirk, a seamy tavern in Blackwater where the original "Articles of the Brotherhood" were penned under the sign of the hourglass and dagger. The current proprietor and semi-retired member of the Brotherhood, Volden Hurt (male Scharde Rog4/Wiz8), keeps the original Articles, collects the addenda signed in other ports, and maintains records of the Brotherhood's scattered assets.

Membership within the Broken Coast Brotherhood has many benefits. At nearly any major port from Ohk to Caspia, brethren can find safe houses in the form of taverns and inns, warehouses, shops, and private homes of all sizes. These havens provide a warm, dry, and relatively safe place to sleep and a cheap meal. Messages or official documents left at these safe houses eventually end up at their destination carried along by other members headed in the appropriate direction. Volden Hurt and a dozen other pursers between Ohk and Mercir maintain the Brotherhood's wealth in caches scattered across the kingdoms, and they dole it out to members as needed in exchange

for the results of any research. Any items created must remain within the Brotherhood, or the Brotherhood must be reimbursed for the item's market value.

Each a strangely principled pirate or smuggler, every member of the organization is required to sign a copy of the "Articles of the Brotherhood"—the basic laws that govern the organization. The Articles are similar to those that traditionally govern pirate crews. Among the articles, one of the most important requires tithing to the Brotherhood and freely sharing arcane knowledge with other members. Stealing from brethren is forbidden as is harming a fellow outside of formal challenges. Some brethren break these rules and sometimes get away with it, but the Brotherhood polices its own and enforces the Articles with the draconian corporal punishments outlined therein.

Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service

Directly controlled by Scout General Bolden Rebald (male Thurian Rgr13/Spy3), Cygnaran Reconnaissance is composed of the best scouts and marksmen the Cygnaran military has to offer and the best spies and informants that Rebald has been able to cull from the citizens of the kingdoms. In addition to plying the ranks of the soldiery for recruits, the Scout General has also worked hard to locate and train agents from all levels of society. After all, just as much information can be gleaned from conversations at dinners of state as from observing troop movements and intercepting military couriers.

To all appearances, Sir Rebald has retired from active duty in the Knights of the Highgate Vigil, and King Leto has promoted him to the Royal Assembly as scout general—a newly created position responsible for monitoring Cygnar's rangers, scouts, war bards, and military chroniclers. In fact, Sir Rebald was charged with developing a Cygnaran information-gathering network to replace Vinter IV's Inquisition. In the past ten years, Sir Rebald has established a kingdom-wide network capable of quickly relaying sensitive information to his offices in Caspia. Meanwhile the scout general remains as active as ever, keeping tabs on Cygnar's many enemies.

Though Sir Rebald has amassed a sizeable intelligence network, his agents are spread extremely thin given the current state of the kingdoms. Even before the start of the war, the Reconnaissance Service was barely able to keep the Scout General, and therefore the King, apprised of the latest happenings abroad. With the Khadoran occupation of Llael, it has become even more difficult. A large number of Rebald's operatives in Llael were quickly captured or killed leaving the scout general to suspect that his ranks had been compromised by Khadoran spies.

Dargule's Mice

Traditionally, the Sancteum of the Church of Morrow has no covert organization for gathering information. They have always been able to stay aware of the latest happenings by the normal day-to-day missives of their far-flung priesthood and the Vicarate Councils that supervise them. However, Exarch Sebastian Dargule has taken a more proactive approach, and over the years he has recruited informants and contacts specifically tasked with keeping him apprised. Their nickname was bestowed in a sarcastic aside by an exarch of Khador after the Exordeum enquired about the source of some recent bit of news: "Perhaps this comes from one of Dargule's mice? I know he keeps many."

Although many members of the Exordeum disapprove of Dargule's methods, few of them argue with the results. His "friends" have shortened the delay period for news to the Sancteum by weeks and have enabled them to deal with looming problems better. Dargule's mice number in the dozens and are scattered primarily across port cities of the western seaboard from Highgate to Ohk. Among them are several of the Walkers faith of Morrow (of which Dargule is the highest ranking member).

These pilgrims see and hear much while on their holy treks. The exarch is reputed to have many seedy and wayward contacts who travel in dubious circles including adventurers, merchants, and smugglers, and he, of course, argues that such folk require spiritual counseling as much if not more than those highborn or openly pious.

The Former Inquisition

The Cygnaran Inquisition organized under the rule of Vinter Raelthorne IV spread terror and suspicion throughout Cygnar. When Vinter was driven out, it was hardly surprising that Inquisitors were hunted down and lynched or incarcerated on Bloodshore

Island. The few survivors who remained free hid; each changed his name and desperately attempted to remove the mark of the eye branded on his right hand. It is believed that the Order of Illumination has harbored a number of these fugitives since the Inquisition was disbanded. Others fled to neighboring kingdoms where their services were in high demand. Though crippled and fearful of capture, the survivors have desperately pursued their own secret agenda in Vinter Raelthorne's absence. Their intention is to regain their former power by any means necessary. Though many of these former Inquisitors joined their deposed king when the Elder returned to Corvis (see SOTE), many more remained in hiding. Following the defeat of the of the skorne army, this network has again come to Vinter's aid.

So far this group has only undertaken two activities. They monitor military, economic, and political developments within Cygnar and report everything through a network of contacts and agents. All information seems valuable to them, and quite frankly Vinter welcomes anything that might provide an opening for his forces. Their other mission is to recruit additional members. Susceptible individuals are enticed or intimidated into cooperation. Once in, it becomes only too clear what happens to members who betray the Elder. Examples are made: whole families die in tragic accidents and businesses suddenly collapse when the owner 'commits suicide'. One way or another, the message is made crystal clear.

Though these former Inquisitors provide information to Vinter's closest agents, for years this network functioned autonomously in the Elder's absence, and their plans are not contingent on his return. Financed by the vast wealth stolen from their victims, the Inquisitors maintain bank accounts hidden throughout Cygnar, Llael, and Ord. Many of the Inquisitors have retained a great deal of influence and have risen to prominence throughout Cygnaran society. Having slowly rebuilt their strength, the network presently employs approximately two hundred operatives throughout Cygnar.

These underground Inquisitors are quiet and careful—no tattoos, no marks, no obvious signs of allegiance to give them away. Most are independent operatives or are members of small cells who pass information along to a few well-trusted messengers. Among these agents of the Elder is Asheth Magnus, wanted war criminal and mercenary warcaster who was once among Vinter's most capable military commanders. Unbeknownst to King Leto and his closest advisors, Sir Bolden Rebald has been secretly targeting these agents at great expense, preemptively removing high-ranking Inquisitors before they have an opportunity to act against Cygnar.

Glomring

The Glomring, or simply the 'Ring, is a strictly dwarven mercenary company that provides services to dwarven clans in need of sensitive information, spying, and the covert shipment of goods from one locale to another. Its ranks are made up of thieves and clanless outcasts recruited by sponsors within the group. To join a dwarf must become a lurker, and the Glomring becomes his new clan.

Operating under a brutally enforced code of conduct, the 'Ring maintains its reputation for discretion and results. Of note, the organization avoids recruiting criminals with unsavory reputations, particularly those inclined to brutality or murder. Clan lords and conglomerates hire Glomring lurkers to uncover information about other clans with whom they are feuding, plan to feud, or are engaged in trade wars or other competition. The lurkers steal only information—not property—at least within Rhul's borders; they are not always quite so discriminating about jobs outside of Rhul.

Missions beyond Rhul occasionally bring them into conflict with members of Clan Jhord, the official spies of the Stone Lords and the Moot. Indeed, Clan Jhord has accused the Glomring of harboring noted criminals and lawbreakers on several occasions, but despite their repeated attempts to bring the lurkers to justice or have the 'Ring outlawed, the organization has been able to maintain its official Moot sanction. They are considered a necessary evil by most Rhulfolk since they turn otherwise disreputable individuals into productive citizens. Although they maintain their legitimacy, Glomring lurkers are treated with disdain by most dwarves. Abandoned by family and friends as criminals or ne'er-do-wells, the social stigma of clanlessness is almost impossible for them to overcome.

Although headquartered in the Shadow District of Ghord, smaller enclaves exist in Ulgar and other

Rhulic towns. The Glomring attempts to establish a presence wherever there are competing clans and a potential market for its services. They have little concern for hierarchy. Instead they maintain a democratic organization and any recognized lurker of the 'Ring is allowed to speak his mind. However, the most senior and skilled lurkers carry the most clout, particularly legendary figures such as Holivus Iceclimber (male dwarf Rog13/Lrk10). Additionally the reclusive Taskmasters, an inner circle of twelve semi-retired lurkers, are responsible for recording Glomring contracts and ensuring that jobs are executed according to their code. Challenging the decrees of the Taskmasters has resulted in expulsion and even death since they are the protectors of the lurker code.

Nonokrion Fellowship

No sane person offers his soul to the Infernals no matter how great the reward. No sane person would even deal with them, yet there are those who tread the wrong side of that fine line between sanity and madness but remain shrewd enough to drive a hard bargain. Fifteen years ago a group of sixteen such individuals entered into a dark pact with a curator. Each was given just a year to fulfill the bargain—provide a score of souls, all of whom must willingly accept the Infernal mark and promise to aid the Infernals at some point in the future. In return they would receive power and security.

Some of the souls were bought—those so starving and desperate they had long-since abandoned hope. Others were intimidated and given a choice of death or marked freedom. Some strange few youths were enticed to pledge their souls as a form of rebellion against their noble parents little realizing the true magnitude of their decision. Through extortion, subterfuge, graft, and guile the bargains were honored, yet of the sixteen only eleven fulfilled the conditions of the pact. The other five were hunted down and consumed by soul stalkers.

The surviving eleven are a mixed bunch; four are politicians, two hold military ranks, another two are merchants, one is a wizard, and the tenth is a senior member of the Steam & Iron Workers Union. Each has benefited greatly from infernal protections. Key rivals have mysteriously died and each seems to have a preternatural gift for swaying the minds of influential individuals.

The final member is Anton Velliten (male Thurian Clr9/Mal3), a former cleric of Morrow, and it did not take long for his colleagues to discover his dark dealings. He fled the Church of Morrow whilst his pursuers were struck down by Infernal guardians. Taking refuge in the backwaters of the Gnarls east of Five Fingers, he abandoned all pretence and swore himself to Thamar. He has spent the last few years steadily building his power and gaining the Dark Twin's favor. In recent months he has re-established contact with the others in the Fellowship and informed them that the curator has revealed what must be done to fulfill the outstanding part of their bargain—the part that buys their own freedom from the Infernal mark. The Infernals have insisted that the Fellowship precipitate a war between Cygnar and any of its neighbors, and they have been given a year and a day to do so. Already plans have been laid for acts of treason, deception, and betrayal. It remains to be seen whether anyone will uncover these in time let alone prevent them or deal with the Fellowship.

Retribution of Scyrah

Lurking on the fringes of Iosan and human society, agents of the Retribution keep watch on humanity ever vigilant of further human attempts to destroy all that the elves hold dear. These agents carefully monitor the actions of human wizards, study their movements, and note their specialties and weaknesses so that when the time comes they are prepared to strike ruthlessly to eliminate one more threat to Scyrah's well-being. Retribution spies send detailed reconnaissance reports back to the Retribution leaders who use this information to coordinate the movements of their well-trained mage hunters and to determine which wizards and magical experiments must be stopped at all costs.

The Retribution of Scyrah may appear to be a largely religious movement, but the secular arm of this Iosan group maintains primary control and leadership of the organization. Headed by military specialists and experienced covert agents, the Retribution carefully conceals the identities of its field agents from humans and elves alike. Only a few members of the Retribution are openly recognized in Ios, and the majority of them are outspoken religious leaders like Relvinor Luynmyr (male Iosan Clr17), High Priest of the Retribution.

Within the boundaries of Ios, the Retribution has been slowly building its membership. Agents are always watchful for citizens and members of the priesthood who are ever more frustrated with the status quo and the apparent indifference of the Auricyl Velahn in the face of Scyrah's impending doom. These agents help to sow the seeds of doubt and despair by convincing the disgruntled faithful that the elders have given up on Scyrah and simply await the final doom of the elven people. They insist that the only path left to the children of Scyrah is to rise up against the humans, to destroy the vile magic of humanity that threatens the very fabric of Ios and the life of the last remaining goddess of the elves.

Unseen Hand

Few know the name of the Unseen Hand; fewer still know how to contact them. It is said that an individual has made his mark when the Unseen Hand approaches him and offers to solve his problems. Several of its operatives are said to devote all of their time to watching rising players within the kingdoms, learning their needs and aspirations, assessing their suitability as clients, and judging their ability to pay. The Hand does not come cheap.

Though they are mercenaries, the Unseen Hand is not the average band of soldiers. They are instead specialists in covert operations: spying, subterfuge, sabotage, and intelligence gathering. Rumored among their numbers are such legendary spies and assassins as Gavyn Kyle (male Ryn Rog8/Spy9) and Armand Rhywyn (male Ryn Rog7/Spy6)—two individuals responsible for as many assassinations and "accidental" deaths as any Khadoran gulag. Many times a well-placed knife or snippet of information has broken the will of an army, allowed an ambush, or destroyed an economic asset, and many times this is the work of the Hand.

At various times, the Hand has taken commissions from Cygnar, Khador, Llael, and Ord. Consummate businessmen, if they can provide a service they will as long as it does not violate their charter. The existence of this charter is a blessed relief to many politicians. The Unseen Hand commits to work to the best of its abilities and, once commissioned, guarantees its employers that it will not work both sides of a conflict.

The Hand is believed to have been based largely in Llael, though with most of that kingdom now under Khadoran occupation many speculate that it has relocated to Rhydden and has operatives within the Greybranch Expeditionary Company. Indeed, rumor has it that Gavyn Kyle himself was last seen consorting with expeditioners there. True or not, it remains to be seen what impact the Khadoran occupation will have on the Unseen Hand. Many suspect that the group will continue with business as usual, however the whispers that operatives such as Kyle have been taking a stand against Khador cannot be overlooked. Indeed, some even believe the Hand has begun to offer *pro bono* aid to Scout General Rebald's Cygnaran intelligence community at least until such time that Khador's expansionism can been dealt with adequately.

Rumor Has It…

If tavern tales and the woeful complaints of independent merchants can be believed, the Mercarian League is more than simply a group united to promote trade and commerce. Many ship's captains and caravaners suspect that a covert arm of the League actively works to create problems for independent merchant's competing with members of the organization. If these claims can be believed, the League has gone so far as to sabotage caravan wagons, steal maps, kidnap navigators, and hire privateers to waylay exploration vessels seeking routes to the mysterious southern continent of Zu.

While these claims have yet to be substantiated, the League definitely has its own best interests at heart. Given their success in currying favor with influential nobles, gaining profitable contracts, and manipulating trade negotiations to their benefit, it seems apparent that the Mercarian League is well-versed in diplomacy and strongarm tactics when necessary.

The Mercenary Element

We are not simply some band of sellswords—we'd never have survived if that were the case. We are a band. We are loyal to each other and to the

principles of the Irregulars. This is more like kinship than employment. We live together, we fight alongside each other, and when we die, we die together. Our future employment depends on the quality of work we do here and now; one bad job and our reputation is tarnished, and if you don't have the reputation you simply don't get jobs worth having. No, this is a matter of pride and honor. If you really want to join up, you'd best keep that in mind.

—Arvis Elwhyn (male Morridane Rgr5/Rfl2) of the Blackshields

The term "mercenary" was once used as a slur among fighting men. In certain kingdoms, notably Khador, the term is still used as a disdainful appellation for those who have no attachment to their homeland. Nevertheless, where war and wages thrive mercenaries inevitably follow; with the occupation of Llael, mercenary bands have cropped up all over the kingdoms.

Mercenaries are so common in the Iron Kingdoms that some speculate it was mercenaries who helped bring them about and ultimately are hindering their solidarity. After all a mercenary's wage comes from war, and conflicts keep mercenaries in business. For example, the once-powerful Thunderhelm Irregulars, recently laid low by Khadoran forces, were practically permanent occupants of Llael, and the Blackshields are so closely tied to Cygnar that they have become an official branch of the army in all but name.

There is perhaps no greater display of material wealth and military might than the ability to hire mercenaries. Some leaders hire mercenaries as political and fiscal displays of power to intimidate their enemies. Battles have been won by the mere presence of an overwhelming force, and mercenaries can help pad a weak army. A mercenary force can turn a rich man into a dangerous one.

Conversely, mercenaries make for expensive friends. Unpopular dictators gladly pay for fighting men they feel they can trust. Since mercenaries have no political affiliation, they are viewed by some as the ultimate neutral force and a means of "fighting bitterly while keeping the peace" as King Leto once said of Khadoran mercenaries on the north borders of Cygnar and Ord. It goes without saying that this parasitic relationship can quickly turn predatory if an employer fails to keep his mercenaries well paid.

The Charter

Though mercenaries may seem lawless or even immoral to some outsiders, most adhere to a code of behavior referred to as the Charter (as opposed to "a charter"). This is a universally accepted and long-standing code of conduct and warfare that defines the path of the mercenary and illustrates what makes an honorable bond-brother. It was hammered out officially around the same time as the Corvis Treaties but draws on statutes dating back as far as the Thousand Cities Era.

The Charter clarifies how mercenaries are expected to act regarding employers, civilians, militaries, prisoners, and other mercenary companies, and it covers such things as claiming territory or loot, ransoming prisoners, open rebellion, and the unwarranted slaughter of noncombatants. Every company is obliged to follow it in order to preserve the mercenary tradition and to solicit gainful employment. If a company breaks the Charter, all of its members are branded as outlaws to be hunted and brought to justice. Sometimes other mercenaries acting upon government-sanctioned bounties pursue them, but it has happened more than once that entire companies have borne the brunt of direct military action with overwhelming force by Cygnaran and Llaelese battalions for the stain they have brought upon the venerable mercenary tradition. Indeed, it is considered a matter of courtesy—some say it is in fact a Corvis Treaties bylaw—never to employ profaners of the valued mercenary Charter.

Rumor Has It…

Despite tradition, there are always renegade mercenary companies who refuse to follow the old codes. A company that violates its charter can be fined, disbanded, or even declared an illegal armed uprising and be hunted by kingdom armies. When a company's charter is revoked, it is ceremonially burned by an agent of the state and the company's men can be arrested and brought up on charges for

their crimes. This is the fate that befell the officers of the Talon Company in recent history. Their Old Man was killed by then-Colonel Helstrom, but a dozen of their officers were tried and convicted for their crimes, and they are rotting in a Caspian donjon. It is said that some of the old members of Talon Company evaded capture and have renewed business as organized criminals.

Major Tenets of the Charter

A mercenary company is founded by a charter between a sponsoring governing authority and the mercenary commander. Ownership of this charter represents ownership of the company and can be passed down to successors. When the charter is burned or otherwise destroyed, the company is disbanded.

Mercenary companies are hired to conduct honorable contracted combat against enemy soldiers, mercenaries, bandits, criminals, or others who pose a threat. Unarmed or defenseless communities are not eligible objectives regardless of pay.

A company contracted to fight a skirmish is obligated to stay the course. Switching sides on offer of better pay is against the Charter. Once a contracted fight is finished the company is free to depart, or it may negotiate further skirmishes for additional pay.

Companies hired by one authority may not accept contracts against that authority for a period of at least one year after fulfilling their obligations, nor may a company take action against the authority that approved their founding Charter. This prohibition expires with the death of that authority if the company outlasts him, and it does not apply to heirs or usurpers.

All mercenaries must obey their company superiors during the time of their service and can be arrested, disciplined, or executed for insubordination or desertion.

Company leaders are responsible for the behavior of their men. Mercenaries are expected to behave with honor. Looting, rape, torture, and the execution of prisoners or children are disallowed.

Most old companies have outlasted the original authority that signed their Charter and feel justified in serving any kingdom indiscriminately. More honorable companies follow the old rule and refuse contracts against their sponsoring nobles or kingdom.

In addition, each company charter often details its day-to-day rules of operation including such important things as pay-shares, ranks, recruitment policies (usually voluntary, but not always), and terms of obligatory service. Mercenaries who sign on are expected to stay at least a single term which is usually defined as two years although some of the less scrupulous companies never allow anyone to leave—at least not alive. Most companies also have a number of unwritten rules and expectations that can only be learned from experience and are sometimes simply excuses to haze new recruits for vague violations.

Lone Wolves

Most mercenaries are simple soldiers who find work and a sense of brotherhood through service in a larger company, and companies of mercenaries have proven themselves useful for adding strength to an army or stranded unit. They are also useful as additional tactical groups that allow a field commander more options in battle; however, occasionally a commander needs a tactical strike force rather than an entire company of soldiers. This is where the "lone wolves" shine. These individuals or small groups of mercenaries bring with them very specialized skills and talents. Many of them follow charters similar to those used by mercenary companies, but they are their own commanders and make decisions for themselves. Sometimes they are individuals who found their skills were undervalued in a larger mercenary company while others, like the mage hunters of Ios, have talents all their own that they are more than willing to sell to the armies of western Immoren. In any case, inexperienced commanders may find that negotiating with these individuals is just as difficult and costly as hiring an entire company. Notable lone wolves include the Iosan mage hunter Eiryss, the trollkin troop of Greygore Boomhowler & Company, Herne Stoneground & Arquebus Jonne, and Asheth "the Traitor" Magnus, to name just a few.

Notable Mercenary Companies

Blackshields

The Blackshields originally formed from two distinct groups: the local militia of Rynyr and a company of Cygnaran freelances who came together to oppose Khadoran aggression during the Second Expansion Wars in the 460s AR. Now the Blackshields target Khadoran soldiers in Llael to disrupt troop movements, sack baggage trains, and burn any of seized or occupied holdings to the ground.

The Blackshields are most noteworthy for their urban tactics. Their ranks are filled with peasants

who are accustomed to village terrain; as scouts, they can easily infiltrate towns without being noticed. Their leader, Fane Galbraith, backs up his scouts with his Cygnaran recruits and the entire company shares a fanatical hatred of all things Khadoran. In return Khador shares a similar disdain for the Blackshields and has, in fact, made repeated attempts to stamp them out. The company was recently surrounded in Laedry. It entrenched there and put up a bloody fight but eventually was forced to retreat when it began to run low on ammunition. Less than a hundred survived, and Galbraith is actively recruiting to replenish his ranks.

Sir Fane Galbraith (male Midlunder Ari8/Ftr4): A Cygnaran knight with a gentle heart and an idealistic vision leads the Blackshields. The occupation of Llael caused Fane Galbraith to take up arms along with the peasantry when his good conscience could no longer tolerate the harsh Khadoran taxation and treatment. Despite his proper upbringing, Sir Fane is a wily warrior not above resorting to guerilla tactics. He is enormously popular among the Llaelese and calls even the peasants "brother." Sir Fane uses his band of fighting men with deadly effectiveness and has inexplicably escaped more than one trap, leading some Khadorans to believe he is more than human.

Daggermoor Rovers

A finer assortment of scouts simply cannot be found than the Daggermoor Rovers. The company initially formed in Ord in the early 500s serving along the Khadoran border, but since their inception the Rovers have traveled the length and breadth of Cygnar, Ord, and Llael. The Rovers made a real name for themselves during the Thornwood War. Their stealth and cunning trapped several units of Khadorans, and their sharpshooters managed to pick off several 'jack marshals and warcasters which slowed the onslaught considerably.

Rovers travel light; fast strikes, ambushes, and guerilla tactics are their specialties. Most Rovers carry rifles (although those who have not yet served a year usually make do with bows or crossbows), and all would rather pick-off their foes from a distance than get up-close and personal. Pitched battles are avoided whenever possible. They also plan their tactics around the possibility that they will have to be self-sustaining. After all, who knows when supplies might be cut off, the unit will be forced to dig in, or the flow of battle will leave them trapped behind enemy lines? For these reasons, the Rovers place great stock in training their members to forage for food and survive in the wilds. In addition, the band contains a number of priests and battle-chaplains of Morrow who have kept their men patched-up and on their feet throughout all manner of perilous encounters.

Mavoro Randasi (male Tordoran Brd7/Rgr6): Mavoro has literally grown up among the Daggermoor Rovers as an orphan who was "adopted" by the company's previous chronicler. Inheriting leadership of the company was a surprise when the previous commander retired two years ago. He has the firm support of the men who admire his courage and keen wit as well as his superior tactical use of terrain in battle. Mavoro is a pious follower of Asc. Markus, and his closest friend and ally is battle-chaplain Bastian Kinnet (see IKCG, pg. 114).

Devil Dogs

The Devil Dogs, or "Dog Company" as they call themselves, were originally founded by a renowned former kapitan of the Winter Guard named Grigor Dorenski. After a devastating betrayal by Zerkova at Midfast during the Second Expansion Wars, Khador and the Devil Dogs went their separate ways.

Dog Company is best known for pack tactics. They are a professional anti-'jack company that nips and bites at warjack teams and their warcasters until the enemy makes a mistake. Then the Devil Dogs go for the throat. They possess the latest in anti-warjack equipment including armor-piercing slug guns, warjack-tripping chains and nets, and massive pick axes capable of piercing the thick, iron plates of fallen warjacks. In addition, their current commander has acquired a number of older Cygnaran warjacks. MacHorne, apparently a fairly skilled card shark, managed to win several decommissioned Nomads shortly after acquiring Dog Company. Since then she has purchased a fourth Nomad and several Talons on the black market.

The Devil Dogs have not forgotten their past. They discount contracts that promise conflict with Khadorans and the blood of their founder is still etched on their charter: "Grigor V. Dorenski, 464 AR. Khador Beware."

Samantha "Sam" MacHorne (female Thurian Ftr15): Samantha won ownership of the Devil Dogs in a wager with the previous owner. She took up leadership of the company as a new form of income after war ruined her river trade business. Company members who were concerned about Sam's haphazard ownership need not have worried. Since taking over, the enterprising captain has run the company like she ran her business—fast and smart. Now Dog Company has weapons that bark and blades that bite.

Winds of War

A mercenary company dating all the way back to the First Expansion Wars, the Thunderhelm Irregulars were devastated during the recent fighting in Llael. Employed by Cygnar to reinforce the Llael-Khador border, Commander Jakob Scull had his entire company stationed in Laedry. In the last days of Ashotven 604 AR, the Khadoran offensive began with assaults on both Laedry and Rynyr. Not knowing that the Khadoran military had developed accurate long-range mortars, Scull was baited outside of the walls of the city by the skillful maneuvering of Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk, the renowned Khadoran warcaster and general. Irusk turned the earth against Scull and his men and left them to be slaughtered under a deadly barrage of mortar fire. With the mercenary troops gone, the small Llaelese garrison surrendered to Irusk's overwhelming force. Only the renowned duellist, Cullyn Lopryssti (male Ryn Rog5/Ptr2), survived to bring news of the defeat to Cygnaran forces stationed in Corvis.

Draimie's Red Raiders

Mostly known simply as the "Raiders," this group of rangers and trained woodland skirmishers are among Khador's most proficient huntsmen. The company is well acquainted with the treacherous depths of the Scarsfell Forest and has been stationed there for some time now. Originally chartered by King Aleksy Vanar in 539 AR, the Raiders have always been paid well by the regime for their expertise and more recently, for their silence.

The Raiders, all former scouts and Widowmakers, are charged with guarding the environs of Fort Scarsfell from any unwanted intrusions, and anyone not marching under the Khadoran flag is considered an unwanted intruder. Even Khadoran patriots foolish enough to wander unannounced in the Scarsfells are unwelcome at this desolate location. The Raiders have no qualms about putting a man in their sights regardless of his ethnicity, and in this instance, their moral ambiguity is richly rewarded by the Khadoran regime. The Raiders are stationed at Fort Scarsfell to protect the citizens of Khador from the horrors of the fort and to maintain the deadly secrets the stronghold conceals.

Akina Vaskovna (female Kossite Rgr5/Rfl8): The only child of Vasko Dmitrovich, a successful trapper in the Wolveswood River region near Tverkutsk, Akina grew up in her father's company—her mother died when she was four years old. One of Vasko's few treasures was a pinlock rifle that he had won in his younger days in an archery competition in Ohk. He trained his daughter to be a crack shot, and when her time came to serve the Motherland she won a spot as a green recruit in the famed Widowmakers. Years later after her second tour of duty with the Widowmakers, Akina decided to try her luck as a mercenary hoping to see more action than she had with the Widowmakers. She was highly recommended to the Raiders and has proven herself time and again as one of the best marksmen in the company. Having worked her way up to the position of lieutenant, she recently became the commander of the Raiders when its previous commander, Radjko Starov, was killed when one of their "charges" from Fort Scarsfell went berserk and attempted to escape.

Leatherskin Irregulars

The Leatherskins are a small but reliable company of veteran scrappers based in Ceryl who are frequently hired for bodyguard and escort duty by people whose lives are in immediate peril. They have worked throughout western Cygnar and southern Ord and are well known in Five Fingers and all along the Dragon's Tongue River. Not normally battlefield troops, they do occasionally enter larger battles alongside other companies. More commonly they are hired as scouts or special reserves and used for probing engagements or screening attacks—former customers include the Lord Mayor of Ceryl and the Order of the Golden Crucible. Their current roster lists three score skilled mercenaries including fighters, rangers, a squad of riflemen, and several skilled pistoleers. They field no fewer than three refurbished warjacks reserved for difficult contracts.

Hedger Crowe (male Midlunder Ftr5/Rog4): Crowe, an aging campaigner who founded the company, is an irascible penny-pincher basically retired from active service. He negotiates all contracts, usually while quaffing drinks in a dingy dockside tavern alongside his trusted friend Dugger Hitch (male Thurian Clr7/Ftr1) who serves as the company's battle-chaplain. Some of his men suspect Crowe has gone soft in his old age, afraid to risk his margin on dangerous jobs. Nonetheless his standards for recruits are high, and the Leatherskins only accept proven fighters with extensive experience.

Crowe relies heavily on his second in command, Jelyan Kerrigan (female Thurian Bdg3/Ftr9), who is being groomed to succeed him. Along with taking on leadership, she is responsible for keeping the company's warjacks in working condition. She is a natural mechanic and has an affinity for commanding 'jacks—a trait considered more valuable than her combat prowess. Jelyan has been trying to earn the Irregulars more high-paying jobs, using contacts at the Strangelight Workshop and the local Order of Illumination. The Ceryl Vicarate Council of Morrow owes Jelyan a favor, but she has been extremely secretive about this arrangement.

Shields of Durant

The Shields are one of the most famed—and expensive—units in the whole of the Iron Kingdoms. They were first formed during Rhul-Khador border disputes shortly after the end of the Orgoth occupation, but unlike many of the fighting forces they chose to remain together when the conflict ended. Since then, they have fought in most of the major conflicts within the Iron Kingdoms. It is said, only half in jest, that the only wars they miss are ones they are paid to stay out of.

Joining the Shields is not a simple matter. In deference to their long tradition only dwarves and ogrun are permitted in the unit, and all those who join must swear an oath of loyalty to their comrades and to those who lead them. In fact, ogrun joining the unit are considered to have sworn their loyalty and are no longer bokur. Once in, members can expect access to the highest quality training and equipment—most of which is purchased directly from Rhul. They even have a few warjacks.

Although they are trained for a range of tasks, the Shields are best known for take-and-hold tactics. Typically attackers have to advance under the withering fire of a line of dwarven rifles only to find them swapped for polearms or axes when they finally close. All this is backed by massive ogrun with warcleavers in hand. This is not the kind of line through which any sane soldier would seek to break, and the mere presence of the Shields on a battlefield is enough to make some commanders change their tactics.

Braiten "Leadskull" Dalmut (male dwarf Ftr12): The dwarf who earned the nickname of "Leadskull" has mysterious roots. On the battlefield he is unflappable under fire, and some believe he has no genuine concept of fear. Leadskull has certainly earned his reputation by facing down some of the most terrifying monsters. Part of what keeps the Shields together is his very strict sense of honor. He will not willingly allow his troops to step beyond the boundaries of professional conduct, yet Leadskull is a flexible leader. When faced with adversity he is capable of quickly revising his tactics.



CYGNAR

We all thought our way of life was embraced. We all believed humanity was valued beyond our borders. We felt safe in our noble regard and just treatment of those outside our realm. We were wrong.

—Renowned warcaster Commander Coleman Stryker to King Leto Raelthorne and the Cygnaran Royal Assembly, 605 AR


DUCHIES AND PROVINCES OF CYGNAR
BLOODSBANE
NORTHFOREST
Fellig
THORNWOOD
Corvis
BOURNWORTH
Fisherbrook
NORTHERN MIDLUNDS
Pt. Bourne
Bainsmarket
WESTERN MIDLUNDS
OXMEATH
THURIA
EASTERN MIDLUNDS
Ceryl
CLOUTSDOWNS
New Larkholm
Fharin
RIMMOCKSDALE
Orven
SOUTHERN MIDLUNDS
WESTSHORE
WESTINMARSH
King's Vine
Ironhead Station
Ramarck
Steelwater Flats
MANSGRAVE
SHIELDPOINT
Caspia
CASPIA
SOUTHPOINT
Clockers Cove
The Gulf of Cygnar
Highgate
FENNMAR
Mercir
Bloodshore Island
Raelthorne Island
KEY
INDUSTRIAL CROPS
CONSUMER CROPS
GRAZING LAND
FUEL
TEXTILES
ENGINERY
WILDLIFE HARVESTING
CHEMICALS
IRON & STEEL REFINERIES
SHIPBUILDING
IRON
TIMBER
GEMSTONES
PRECIOUS METALS
INDUSTRIAL METALS
ROADS
SHORT LINE
BRANCH LINE
MAINLINE
BOUNDARY LINE

After the Orgoth retreated from western Immoren forever, Cygnar fast became the center of trade throughout the Iron Kingdoms. Blessed with abundant resources, a long coastline, a diverse geography and citizenry, and many other assets, it is referred to—if mostly by its own people—as the "Jewel of the Iron Kingdoms," and its blue and gold banner features the graceful and unmistakable image referred to as Cygnus the Swan.

Cygnar is a pioneer in industry and scientific advancement, and its people are an enterprising lot, though they are well aware of their position in the current state of affairs. They realize the other kingdoms have perceived them for generations with a measure of awe and envy. In Khador's case especially, this envy has moldered into a bitter hatred with repeated attempts to test Cygnaran resolve by assaulting its borders. Indeed, many Cygnarans see the recent invasion of Llael in 605 AR as an attack against Cygnar and a way to bludgeon the south by crushing their longtime ally.

Cygnar has traditionally been the most accommodating nation when it comes to outsiders and even other races—in addition to humans of all ethnic groups, gobbers, trollkin, dwarves, ogrun, and even elves are welcomed for the most part. King Leto Raelthorne has a reputation as a just and resourceful monarch with fair policies and sound tactics. The king and his court, the Royal Assembly, are well aware their enemies are on the move. Word has spread southward of the aggressive depravities meted out by the northmen accompanied by Llaelese war refugees in a desperate wave of bedraggled humanity seeking shelter and sanctuary. Along with the refugees have come a handful of holdouts imploring for more aid against the Khadorans. King Leto Raelthorne, as well as many Cygnarans, truly wishes to help these resistance fighters overthrow the occupiers, but the truth of the matter is that Llael has been largely lost. This is evident from the substantial number of Khadoran troops stationed in every major Llaelese city west of the Black River.

Cygnar must now worry about the protection of its own borders. It is even more imperative since the erstwhile subject state of the Protectorate of Menoth has broken away and declared a holy war against the land of its forefathers. The Protectorate recently flung troops and fired ordnance at the very walls of Caspia and even infiltrated the kingdom with clandestine tactical forces. Fanatics have amassed on the eastern border choosing to strike now while Cygnar's troops are spread thin. In addition, brazen attacks by Cryx's nightmarish hordes have plagued the west and the north primarily attacking granaries and food stores. In addition they have been stalking the fields of the fallen in the recent hostilities between the kingdoms to gather remnants of war and raise undead to expand their own rank and file.

Vinter the Elder, Whereabouts Unknown

Before the war, Cygnar's most significant recent events revolved around the royal Raelthorne family. When King Vinter III died under mysterious circumstances, his eldest son assumed the Crown. Vinter IV the Elder was an iron-fisted tyrant. He used his Inquisitors to eliminate all who opposed him or did not show the proper deference; many people simply vanished in the night for unknown crimes. For years people lived in fear of their king and his black-cloaked agents until, by the grace of Morrow, Prince Leto put a stop to his brother. After his defeat, Vinter managed to escape by fleeing into the Bloodstone Marches. Cygnar rejoiced and welcomed Leto as their new sovereign. Some time later the Elder reappeared and briefly took control of Corvis (see the Witchfire Trilogy), but he again vanished into the Marches after his defeat and remains at large.

Trade with other kingdoms has filled Cygnaran coffers for centuries. The war has changed things. Of course, it is widely known that Cygnar's people are the most opportunistic sort in all the lands; even with the war and hostilities at every border, many a scheming Cygnaran seeks to turn the events into profit and coin. However, much of the kingdom's resources are taxed to the uttermost especially after having endured a recent drought that has left thousands of starving bellies in its wake. All the while the Royal Assembly gathers nearly every day to debate how best to defend their homeland and its people, and King Leto, a devout man, prays frequently to Morrow for the strength to do the right thing and for the insight to save his kingdom.

Cygnar Facts

Ruler: King Leto Raelthorne

Government type: Monarchy

Capital: Caspia

Ethnic Groups & Approx. Population: Caspian (3,440,000), Midlunder (2,720,000), Thurian (1,200,000), Morridane



(400,000), Goblin (265,000), Trollkin (250,000), Bogrin (135,000), Rhulfolk (120,000), Ogrun (100,000), Ryn (80,000), Tordoran (80,000), Idrian (40,000), Khard (15,000), Scharde (10,000), Iosan (8,000), Umbrean (7,000)

Languages: Cygnaran (primary), Llaelese, Ordic, Rhulic, Khadoran, Sulese

Climate: Temperate in the north and central; moderated by prevailing southwest winds; more than one-half of the days are overcast in the north; sub-tropical to tropical in the south with frequent showers.

Terrain: Mostly rugged hills and very mountainous in the central regions (Wyrmwall); mostly flat or gently sloping along the Black River; high plains along the northwest and central banks; swamps along much of the coastal lowlands in the south and southwest.

Natural resources: Coal, petroleum, mercury, natural gas, sulfur, tin, copper, limestone, iron ore, pyrites, salt, clay, chalk, lead, quartz, arable land.

King Leto Raelthorne, The Younger

King Leto Raelthorne (male Caspian Ari9/Ftr9): Predictions were dispelled early on that King Leto's reign would be known mainly for the shadow cast upon Cygnar by his brother and for the Younger's efforts to piece together the fragments of a broken realm. He rejected the merciless approach to rule that had been the mark of both his father and brother. After a dozen years as king, Leto has more than proven his wisdom. For years he has bestowed a sublime and successful period with little to worry his subjects—until this past year, that is. These days Leto worries constantly about the numerous threats to his realm. He knows well the envy and malice of Cygnar's enemies, and his people would have no other in his place during these dark days.

Leto was a quiet and introspective child; he was made aware at an early age that he was not destined to rule. His ambitious and bullying brother Vinter was the heir apparent and was trained from a toddler to emulate his namesake and father, Vinter the Stoneheart. Throughout his rearing Prince Leto was overlooked and kept secure only as a failsafe for the royal succession. During his tutoring, the young prince's wit and intellect caught the attention of a priest named Arius who would one day become Primarch of the Church of Morrow.

Vinter labored under the scrutiny of the weapon masters and turned more ruthless with each passing day while his brother Leto spent more time delving into scholarly and religious pursuits under Arius' tutelage. In time the Stoneheart ordered Leto to stop his religious aspirations. He turned his youngest son to soldiering "as befits a Prince of the blood," he was known to have said. Leto tried to resist, but his father's knights physically removed the young man from the Sancteum and sternly forced him to learn the way of the sword and spear. Leto had little choice but to take them up.

The adaptable Prince Leto took to soldiering as readily as he had the books of the seminary, and he soon became a skilled combatant and military leader. Leto may not be the blademaster his brother is, but he is far from easy prey. As a commander-general in the Cygnaran Army the prince rightly earned the respect of his men and was known for his role in assisting in the foundation of the legendary Stormblades.

The events surrounding Vinter III's death are an enigma, but Leto has always suspected foul play. The rift between the two brothers—opened at an early age—widened after Vinter IV assumed the throne. King Vinter Raelthorne the Elder proved that his cruelty came not from the idle vagaries of youth, but were deep-seated within his personality. Leto felt powerless as he watched his brother commit endless atrocities turning noble institutions to dark purposes. Eventually the prince was compelled to act against his brother and deposed him in a bloody coup d'etat (for more details, see Chapter One, pg. 46).

Although Leto never wanted to rule Cygnar, the mantle of kingship suits him. He is a pious, noble, and charismatic king who seeks to protect the people of his realm from the depredations of foreign powers. Though kind, he is often introspective and troubled. He has no small degree of charm, and his voice raised in passionate speech has rallied the hearts and minds of even his most jaded critics.

Concerned about Leto's succession, many nobles are eager to find him a bride, but he has yet to show any interest in remarrying after the loss of his former love, the Lady Danae Cresswell, to his brother's loyalists as the Elder escaped into the Bloodstone Marches. Indeed, Leto muses over the particulars of Woldred's

Covenant—to the interest of many who seek to appease him—as Grigor Malfast did for his grandfather, and in his most doleful hours he still broods pining away for a love that was lost so many years ago. It is thought that Vinter's latest re-emergence in Corvis has agitated a wound that never quite healed, one some inches beneath the livid scar on his chest left by his brother's blade over a decade ago.

Winds of War

These are dark times for Cygnar. Not only is the kingdom beset on all sides, but also with the Khadoran occupation of Llael their greatest ally has been laid low. The Royal Assembly was caught off guard by Khador's invasion of Llael. Nobody expected such a bold move executed with such swiftness, and it was soon made clear that Prime Minister Deyar Glabryn was a traitor complicit in helping lay the groundwork for such a straightforward incursion. The outraged and incensed King Leto, clad in armor and flanked by his personal Stormguard, made a formal declaration of war against Khador before the Royal Assembly.

Now Leto and his advisors debate strategies and military planning daily. With casualties mounting, King Leto is forced to consider a writ of conscription to provide men for the war effort. In the face of three-fronted war, forces bearing the banner of the Cygnus are spread thin, for Cygnar has been forced to commit troops to every border. In the north, trenchers face off against Khadoran Winter Guard companies supported by Widowmaker snipers and Iron Fang pikemen. To the east, the Protectorate gathers armies of zealots and Exemplar knights in preparation for the next battle in their crusade. Along the western coastline the Cygnaran navy braces itself for the next incursion of Cryxian reavers.

Despite his tenuously bridled fury, Leto is wise enough to recognize the futility of mounting an effective liberation effort for Llael and knows a counterattack cannot be seriously considered while Caspia is under threat of invasion from the Protectorate and the northern borderlands are far from secure. For now, Leto's envoys are attempting to persuade Ord and Rhul to lend their aid but to little avail. Leto believes if he could speak to either King Baird or the Rhulic Moot in person, he could convince them to join Cygnar, but his advisors hotly contest traveling personally to either kingdom at this juncture.



Table 3–1: Listing of the Monarchs of Cygnar (Since the Drafting of the Corvis Treaties)

Years of Rule	Sovereign	Extent of Rule	Cause of Death
203–218 AR	Benewic I the Bold is crowned king.	15 yrs.	Hunting accident
218–223 AR	Struggle for succession follows the death of Benewic I. 13 people claim the throne.	5 yrs.	N/A
223–233 AR	Harald of Bloodsbane seizes the throne with the help of the Llaelese.	10 yrs.	Assassination
233–256 AR	Benewic II the Fair accends to the throne at age 18.	23 yrs.	In combat
256–289 AR	Woldred the Diligent accedes to the throne and Cygnar enters the greatest period of reform in its history known as the Restoration.	33 yrs.	Old age
289–295 AR	Malagant the Grim seizes the throne with support from the Primarchy of Morrow.	6 yrs.	Illness
295–307 AR	During this period of Menite uprisings and the Khadoran Border Wars, the Caspian Council and various military leaders govern Cygnar.	12 yrs.	N/A
308–314 AR	Juliana the Maiden Queen, a distant cousin of Woldred and Malagant, assumes the throne for a brief period.	6 yrs.	Illness
314–325 AR	22 year old Archduke Bolton I of Westshore assumes power, leads expedition into the Bloodstone Marches in 325, and vanishes for three years. He returns insane.	11 yrs.	Madness
325–328 AR	The Royal Assembly briefly governs Cygnar during Bolton's absence.	3 yrs.	N/A
329–346 AR	Fergus I the Fervid of King's Vine becomes king after Bolton I is declared unfit by the Royal Assembly.	17 yrs.	In combat
347–391 AR	Bolton III serves as king of Cygnar (Woldred's Covenant via Fergus I).	44 yrs.	Old age
391–406 AR	Restoration ends with the crowning of Fenwick the Unadorned.	15 yrs.	Old age
406–426 AR	Hector Sunbright III the Golden reigns as king.	20 yrs.	In combat
426–442 AR	The Iron King Godwin Blackwood assumes power.	16 yrs.	In combat
442–456 AR	Vinter Raelthorne I is king of Cygnar.	15 yrs.	Illness
456–465 AR	Hector Sunbright IV is king of Cygnar.	9 yrs.	Munitions accident
465–472 AR	Fergus II is king of Cygnar.	7 yrs.	Assassinated
472–489 AR	Bolton Grey V the Blessed assumes power. Civil strife and war begins during his rule.	17 yrs.	In combat
489–515 AR	Grigor Malfast serves as king of Cygnar.	26 yrs.	Illness

515–538 AR	Vinter Raelthorne II inherits the throne (Woldred's Covenant).	23 yrs.	Old age
539–576 AR	Vinter Raelthorne III the Stoneheart rules as king.	37 yrs.	Illness, possibly poisoned
576–594 AR	Vinter Raelthorne IV the Elder is king. Rule is cruel and unjust.	18 yrs.	Exiled, still living
594–Current	Leto Raelthorne the Younger deposes brother and restores nobility to the throne.	10+ yrs.	N/A

Royal Precedence: Who's In Charge?

All of the Iron Kingdoms have their various levels of peerage, and in truth they are all rather complicated. Each kingdom chapter contains a basic table of precedence that outlines the order of rank and preeminence within a particular kingdom.

The Cygnaran Royal Assembly recognizes the following noble peerages: barons, viscounts, earls, and dukes. These peerages are cumulative although they are rarely listed in their entirety. For example, every duke is also an earl, a viscount, and a baron with associated land holdings for each title. The rank of baron arose from feudal oaths requiring a lord of certain manors or lands to answer the summons of his king or warlord along with a body of armed retainers. Viscount is a title representing larger holdings and is generally given for acts of valor, loyalty, or other service. Those who hold the rank of baron are almost never referred to as such. Instead people refer to them with the honorific "Lord" which can be attached to bureaucratic titles such as "Lord Mayor."

The rank of earl has special significance in Cygnar; they are governors of major territories of the kingdom termed provinces. "Earl" is an evolution of an ancient Caspian term for warlord, and the earls were once recognized as descended from sovereign warlords during the Thousand Cities era. Over time the most important of these regions were collected together under a single earl and then later as duchies controlled by the highest noble ranks, the dukes and archdukes. All dukes are also earls of specific provinces but have additional authority and the direct ear of the king. Archduke is a special coveted title of respect usually only bestowed on dukes with a direct blood-tie to the crown.

In most cases there are more titles than exist on the tables especially when extended families are considered. Marquesses (sons of dukes, earls, and viscounts), knights, and esquires are such examples. However for simplicity's sake a discretionary table of precedence is presented for each kingdom without the various and sundry array of lesser titles.

High offices of the Church of Morrow are included in the tables of precedence as an indicator of the respect and courtesy due these figures. They do not actually have direct secular sway, nor are they considered part of the Cygnaran government. Nonetheless, these powerful priests are often heeded as advisors and consulted in affairs of state.

Table 3–2: Cygnaran Royal Precedence

Title	By Definition	# in Kingdom
King/Queen	Ruling monarch(s) of the kingdom	1
Primarch	Head of the Church of Morrow and advisor to the Cygnaran Crown	1
Lord High Chancellor	Direct advisor to the royal family of the Cygnaran Crown	1
High Chancellor	Advisor to the lord high chancellor and to the Cygnaran Crown	1–7 (varies)
Duke	Includes the archdukes and dukes who govern Cygnar's duchies and answer directly to the king/queen or a chancellor of the Crown	9*



Earl	Lord of one of Cygnar's major provinces	15*
Exarch	Advisors and ministers to the primarch	36
Alderman	A viscount or baron; often a mayor, city councilor, or magistrate who answers directly to an earl or duke	Approx. 300
Vicar/High Prelate	Heads of the various dioceses throughout Cygnar	Approx. 300
Reeve	A baron, knight, or lesser appointee; an officer that fulfills many municipal duties and answers to an alderman or directly to an earl or duke	Approx. 1,000
Knight Banneret	A knight entitled to lead men under his own standard; those appointed by the king have precedence over those not made by the king	Approx. 3000
Knight Bachelor	A knight of the lowest order who serves under any of the various ranks as high as duke	Thousands

* Each duke is also an elevated earl

Table 3–3: The High Chancellors

Title	Current holder of title
Lord High Chancellor	Vacant
High Chancellors	Warmaster General Olson Turpin, leader of the Cygnaran Army
	Navarch Govan Trent, leader of the Cygnaran Navy
	High Magus Arland Calster, court wizard to King Leto
	Scout General Bolden Rebald
	Lord Treasurer Lars Corumny

Where is the Lord High Chancellor?

The previous Lord High Chancellor of Cygnar died in 602 AR. He was Lord Brendon Wyatt, a beloved friend of Leto and his mother. The position has been vacant these past few years, and the matter is a growing source of discontent among the Royal Assembly. King Leto has relied more upon the advice of Primarch Arius of late to fill this lack but knows this is not the best long-term solution. Indeed, the Primarch himself has urged King Leto to place someone in this position, but the onset of war has been too much of a distraction.

Cygnar's Military

Strife and turmoil, blood and sweat, gun smoke and blazing arcane fire: all of these accompany the blue and gold banner of the Cygnus into battle. Cygnar is a protector of its people at odds with many forces that seek its strength and prosperity for their own. Now Cygnar's proud military, seasoned by bloody warfare, protects the nation from the wolves of Khador, the pious fires of the Protectorate of Menoth, and the undying legions of Cryx. Forged on the anvil of war, Cygnar's military forces grow more experienced with

each passing day. However, as the Crown calls for recruits and rewards the valiant with gold coin and commissions earned in service, the ominous pressures of a war on many fronts drains the nation's coffers. Younger and younger recruits enlist each day, and the training period for infantry has intensified.

Many say that Cygnar's vanguard is their advanced mechanika; indeed, the nation is unequalled in the synthesis of magic and science. Their advanced technology is evident in the varied strengths of their troops from specialty forces such as the fabled Stormblades and units of gun mages down to trencher and long gunner infantry. The Royal Navy too is peerless in its might because of mechanika support for its ships, and it has become crucial in preventing incursions from the sea in recent times. As new warjacks trundle off assembly lines, mechaniks find themselves forced to implement alterations in the field to suit the conditions of combat. It would seem that war is changing the pace of Cygnar's technology as swiftly as it is changing the pace of its people. Their foundries produce more weapons, warjacks, alchemical components, and material to support the war effort, and goods and rare materials throughout the kingdom are now rationed for the military.

In truth, the Cygnaran spirit resting in the hearts of its soldiers is the military's true strength. Even after massive losses over the past campaign season, so many of them are still eager to take up arms and fight despite the risks. They are more than willing and ready to defend themselves and their beloved kingdom from those who would crush the principles of freedom and all for which Cygnar stands.

Duchies and Provinces of Cygnar

Cygnar is divided into fifteen provinces, each overseen by an earl. The more important provinces or collections of lesser provinces are also considered duchies and their rulers are granted the higher title of dukes or archdukes. Some duchies have changed over time as a matter of royal discretion. An example is King Leto's controversial decree breaking up control of the Midlunds into four duchies (formerly provinces) believing that a single archduke should not have so much power and territory. Some of the current provinces are the result of similar acts by other sovereigns. Lesser nobles supervise smaller regions, lands, or towns within the provinces subject to the vagaries of local customs, family inheritances, and royal decree. Some dukes or earls spend little time in the provinces they govern and devote their attention entirely to Caspia.

Caspia

The duchy of Caspia is ruled by Lord Admiral Galten Sparholm III of Sentinel Point, Archduke of Caspia, and includes the Caspia and Mansgrave provinces.

Caspia Province: This province encompasses all lands around Caspia, the Cygnaran capital and fabled City of Walls, and includes Salt Vale Lake and the coastline stretching south to Clockers Cove and north to Eastwall. It is a small province but one of the wealthiest.

Mansgrave Province: This province encompasses the villages around Steelwater Lake, including Steelwater Flats, and extends south to the Wyrmwall, north to Ironhead Station, and east to the banks of Salt Vale Lake. It is a rugged region graced by numerous lucrative mining communities, and it is a major hub of the Cygnaran railway. Mangrave is ruled by Earl Druce Halstead, Lord Mayor of Steelwater Flats.

Midlunds Duchy, Eastern

The Eastern Midlunds includes Fharin and the region east to the Marchfells and north to Fort Falk and comprises some of the eastern mountains of the Upper Wyrmwall. This duchy has excellent farmland, numerous small mines, and several smaller villages and communities. Eastern Midlunds is ruled by Archduke Alain Runewood, Lord of Fharin.

Midlunds Duchy, Northern

The Northern Midlunds is a large and geographically diverse region stretching west to Bainsmarket, south to Fort Falk, and some leagues north of Corvis including portions of the Widower's Wood. This duchy also includes the Dragonspine Peaks and an eastern run of Dragon's Tongue River. Much of the Northern Midlunds' wealth comes from the bustling trade at Bainsmarket and Corvis but also through some mining in the peaks. Northern Midlunds is ruled by Duke Kielon Ebonhart IV, Lord of Falk.

Winds of War

The people of the Northern and Western Midlunds as well as portions of the Northforest duchy are quite concerned with the state of their domain. The lands surrounding the important city of Bainsmarket have endured both drought—the lowest amount of precipitation this season in recent memory—and terrible conflict. The scrublands south of the Dragonspine Peaks have overtaken crucial arable land and now tens of thousands of Cygnarans are facing severe food shortages and starvation. The people are also beginning to wonder if there will be an end to the Cryxians plaguing their lands. Some debatable sources hint that the troubles with Cryx are only beginning and even more strife is on the way. Indeed, in the fall of 605 AR Cryx has begun deliberately targeting food stores, and more troops have been rushed into the area to protect Cygnar's breadbasket.

Midlunds Duchy, Southern

The Southern Midlunds are comprised of most of the fertile region south of Fharin to the Brenn Forest including the town of King's Vine and a large expanse of the Upper Wyrmwall. This territory boasts productive farmlands, silk farms, ample lumber, and numerous mines. It is an affluent duchy and provides the bulk of the capital city's supply of grain and cattle. Southern Midlunds is ruled by Archduke Fergus Laddermore, Lord of Durnkeep.

Midlunds Duchy, Western

The Western Midlunds is the largest duchy in Cygnar but sparsely populated for its size, for much of it remains untamed. It stretches east to the northern Upper Wyrmwall, south to Fort Whiterock, and west to encompass the Gnarls. Numerous villages and small towns are scattered across the region, and although there is some mining in the east, the bulk of its wealth comes from western lumber. Duke Mordrin Sunbright II, Lord of Whiterock, rules Western Midlunds.

Northforest Duchy

The Northforest Duchy includes the Bloodsbane, Bournworth, and Thornwood provinces. Leto's recent promotion of General Olan Duggan, Earl of the Thornwood and Lord of Fellig, to ruler of the duchy came as a shock to the Royal Assembly. His family has little wealth or reputation, yet he is a proven leader of men. King Leto believed a trustworthy northern general, not a statesman, must hold this northern region.

Bloodsbane Province: Of the three major "swamp" provinces, Bloodsbane is arguably the worst of the lot. It includes Bloodsmeath Marsh and the Blindwater Lake and is bounded by the Thornwood to the west and the Dragon's Tongue to the south. A number of swampie villages and communities are found in this region, and many Cygnaran soldiers are unhappily becoming acquainted with the region due to the Khadoran occupation of Llael. Earl Hagan Cathmore, Lord of Northguard, rules Bloodsbane.

Bournworth Province: Bournworth is a small but important province around the Thornmere including Point Bourne, Fisherbrook, and the lush farmlands south of the lake. This area includes many established villages and small towns as well as a large number of refugees from Llael. Bournworth is ruled by Earl Galt Langworth, Lord of Point Bourne.

Thornwood Province: The Thornwood province, also known as Morrdhwood, is a large and mostly untamed wilderness region north of the Dragon's Tongue. It includes the entire Thornwood Forest and the remote town of Fellig. It is a relatively poor province with little to offer other than its logging industry. Thornwood is ruled by Lord General Olan Duggan, Duke of the Northforest.

Winds of War

The lands north of the Dragon's Tongue are a hotspot like no other in western Immoren; no place seems safe right now in Northforest. Khador's occupation of Llael impacted this duchy significantly by turning its forested fields, foothills, scree-covered vales, and escarpments into deadly killing grounds. Enemy troops, lawless brigands, harried mercenaries, impulsive rebels, distressed refugees, and Cryxian thralls clash with Cygnaran forces in sporadic battles across this troubled region.

Southpoint Duchy

The Southpoint Duchy includes the Shieldpoint and Fennmar provinces. While Duke Waldron Gately, Earl of Fennmar, rules the duchy and theoretically outranks the Earl of Shieldpoint, he would never try to give orders to Lord General Gollan. In their unique relationship, the general's military rank is more important than their respective noble titles and the duke is aware of this.

Fennmar Province: A swampy and difficult coastal region of southern Cygnar, Fennmar includes the lake of the same name, the Fenn Swamp, the Ditches, Murkham River, and the great port city of Mercir. Much of this region is considered impassable with scattered inhabitants and little industry outside of Mercir. Duke Waldron Gately rules Fennmar.

Shieldpoint Province: Shieldpoint is a mountainous and rugged province that includes Highgate, the Steeltongue River up to Steelwater Lake, and the western coastline along the Gulf of Middlebank. This province is traditionally entrusted to the military commander of Highgate due to its strategic importance. Shieldpoint is ruled by Lord General Vincent Gollan, Earl of Shieldpoint, Supreme Knight of the Highgate Vigil, and Senior Knight of the Prophet.

Thurian Duchy

The Thurian Duchy includes the Cloutsdowns and Oxmeath provinces. This region has long been the domain of the Dergerals and linked to the leadership of Ceryl, but King Leto is reportedly less than pleased with the disrespect his distant cousin exhibits to the Crown. Duke Mayhew Dergeral, Earl of Oxmeath and Lord Mayor of Ceryl, rules the duchy.

Cloutsdowns Province: One of the poorer provinces, the Cloutsdowns, or simply "The Downs," include the noxious Cloutsdown Fen, the Helmsreach Mountains, and the fertile lands around Haltshire Lake as well as a short stretch of coastline including New Larkholm. This region is sparsely populated, but its inhabitants are industrious and tough-spirited bog folk and lakemen. Cloutsdown is ruled by Earl Harlan Mosley, Lord of New Larkholm.

Oxmeath Province: The large and wealthy peninsular province of Oxmeath includes the city of Ceryl and is bounded on the east by the Gnarls and to the south by the Cloutsdown Fen. It is a highly populated region with many coastal villages and rich farmland and it is the second largest city in Cygnar. Duke Mayhew Dergeral rules Oxmeath.

Westshore Duchy

The Westshore Duchy includes the provinces of Rimmocksdale and Westinmarsh. The duchy is ruled by Duke Brandel Foxbridge, Earl of Westinmarsh.

Rimmocksdale Province: Rimmocksdale is a small province including Rimmocksdale Lake, the mining city of Orven, and numerous villages along the lakeshore and nearby valleys. Considered one of the less important Cygnaran provinces, it is still a source of significant mining and the Orven Rail. Rimmocksdale is ruled by Earl Quinlan Rathleagh, Lord of Banwick Manor.

Westinmarsh Province: Large but sparsely populated, Westinmarsh is the region north of the Foxbridge River and west of the Upper Wyrmwall and extends north to Westwatch Tower. It includes Ramarck, several small towns, and a number of abandoned Orgoth ruins avoided by locals. Sentinels remain on duty at Westwatch Towers on guard for Cryxian raiders. Westinmarsh is ruled by Duke Brandel Foxbridge.

Notable Cities

Bainsmarket

In Power: Viscount Wolfe Blackwood, Alderman

Population: 21,000 (around 35,000 during harvest season)

Military: Bainsmarket was reinforced after food stores were targeted by Cryxian raiders during fall 605 AR. It is now garrisoned by a large contingent of long gunners supported by local constables and city guards. In addition, the viscount maintains an honor guard of 30 knights, and Stonebridge Castle is 35 miles away with soldiers sworn to defend Bainsmarket should the city require assistance.

Imports: Coal, iron, sugar, wood

Exports: Gold, manufactured goods, textiles, wheat

Bainsmarket is the largest commercial hub in the kingdom. Within its walls commerce is king, and merchants are among its chief citizens. The city is located in a huge fertile valley nestled in a divide within the Dragonspine Peaks. This area contrasts with the rest of the terrain just to the south and east, primarily a rain shadow desert consisting of leagues of arid scrubland. In fact, scores of prospectors have begun flooding into Bainsmarket after gold deposits were discovered in the scrublands among the gravel

basins at the base of the Dragonspine. This has created a minor gold rush that in turn stirred up farrow and other unpleasant creatures in the mountains.

A merchant-dominated city council ruled the city until recently, and its members sat upon the board of the Bainsmarket Agricultural Consortium. However, incessant bickering led to the imposition of aristocratic rule roughly three years ago. The Cygnaran Royal Assembly has been concerned for some time that Bainsmarket's markets and farms have slowed down their production and thereby have endangered Cygnar's military preparedness. Because of the high esteem the merchants of the city have for King Leto, they have done their best to support his decisions. However the current leader Viscount Blackwood has made few friends among them and has caused occasional bouts of unrest.

The military presence in the city has been augmented in recent months due to the hostilities in the region and the importance of Bainsmarket's beleaguered production facilities. Drought and war have taken their toll on Cygnar, making this city even more essential for the continued survival of the monarchy. It seems that the kingdom's enemies in Cryx are well aware of this and have been targeting food stores, attacking farms, killing livestock, defiling harvests, and burning silos to the ground. Cygnaran patrols have been stepped up in the outlands of Bainsmarket because of such atrocities, but they are sorely taxed. Indeed, adventurers and mercenary bands may find employment around Bainsmarket as scouts, escorts, and conveyers of information.

It is notable as well that the city lies at the end of the Market Line that bears its name, and in the past few years more rail has been extended toward Point Bourne and subsequently the Dragon's Tongue River. This extension was due for completion in 608 AR, but the outbreak of war has made the dukes of the Western and Northern Midlunds duchies lean heavily on the rail-workers to finish the line more quickly. Workers and guards for work crews are certainly in need.

Noted Persons

Viscount Wolfe Blackwood (male Midlunder Ari4/Ftr6): Alderman Blackwood is the overseer of Bainsmarket—a position granted him by order of the king with the support of Wolfe's ally at court, Duke Kielon Ebonhart IV. The council that had ruled the city was deemed to have undermined its defensibility, so governance by a solitary alderman was introduced. Blackwood relishes his position and looks down on the merchants who are the city's economic engine as petty "moneygrubbers." He maintains close links to the military elite of Bainsmarket and relies heavily on their influence to smooth over relations with the citizenry. Blackwood is not well liked, but his talent as a capable administrator earned him his current position.

Colonel Elspeth Scarrow (female Midlunder Ftr11): Colonel Scarrow recently came out of retirement to assume an officer's role with the increase of military forces in Bainsmarket due to the onset of war. She is the acting liaison with nearby Stonebridge Castle as well as a chairperson on the board of the Bainsmarket Agricultural Consortium. Elspeth is a muscular, middle-aged woman with close-cut, dirty blonde hair and a ragged scar on the side of her face. She is a cunning warrior and a superb strategist with the ability to navigate the treacherous terrain of both battle and aristocratic politics. Scarrow has no love for Viscount Blackwood, but she strongly believes in the chain of command. More than once she has saved the viscount's position by creatively re-interpreting his orders.

Locales of Bainsmarket

Cathedral of Ascendant Markus: Bainsmarket has two ordinary Morrowan churches, but it is also home to Bainsmarket's Cathedral of Markus, an impressive circular structure with a central tower encompassed by a few smaller buildings in its precinct. The nave, from which the vicar holds service, has an impressive support pillar that extends high into the ribbed vault ceiling and all is encompassed by rows of sturdy benches in a ring. The cathedral itself is the seat of the Vicar Gadsden Forsythe (male Midlunder Clr10/Ftr2), one of the most influential clerics in the northern Church. The vicar has somewhat of a vain and haughty reputation and is reputed to spend vast sums on his impressive vestments, but he is also considered a man of deep faith and devotion. In his youth he was a common soldier and became a cleric only after what he describes as the intervention of Asc. Markus saved his life on the battlefield.

Market Square: At the center of the city, both literally and metaphorically, is Market Square. It is a large, open-air bazaar at which almost any imaginable

good can be bought or sold. Although produce and manufactured goods are the mainstays, more exotic items from Khador and as far away as Rhul are also available. Market Square operates from dawn to dusk every day of the week except for the seventh and the Day of Markus (Trineus 3). If visitors wonder aloud at the lengthy market hours, natives are quick to point out that "commerce never rests" especially in a city whose lifeblood is trade.

Presidium: The city's tallest and most impressive structure is a stone fortress known as the Presidium. Designed by Orgoth sorcery and seized by rebel forces before the Scourge could strike, the Presidium serves as a military barracks as well as an armory. The city garrison lives here along with all other military personnel including those visiting from other cities. The Presidium also houses a dungeon for prisoners of war and others deemed valuable to the military. Dealing with recent transient soldiers has made this a crowded and chaotic place, and it is not unknown for soldiers to sleep in the halls and in tents on the fortress grounds.

Caspia

In Power: King Leto Raelthorne and the Cygnaran Royal Assembly; Lord Mayor Dermot Throckmorton

Population: 1,000,000 (human, mostly Caspians with a large number of Thurians and Midlunders), 8,000 gobbers, 2,000 dwarves, 2,000 ogruns, 1,000 trollkin, a few Iosans

Military: Since the start of the war, thousands of troops have rushed to Caspia from across Cygnar to fortify the city's huge garrison. Recent direct conflicts between Sul and Caspia have the military in a tense state of perpetual readiness, armed atop the walls and watching for any move from the other side. The city also houses the massive Cygnaran Armory with its heavy contingent of warjacks. A vast number of reserve troops, both for the army and navy, are likewise stationed at the city awaiting redeployment. The Stormguard, an elite division of the renowned Stormblades, serve as King Leto's royal guard. Additionally, the Order of the Arcane Tempest and the Sword Knights are both based in Caspia. In times of need, Leto has only to ask and the wizards of the Fraternal Order will turn out in force. Caspia also employs roughly 10,000 watch guards stationed throughout various precincts in the city.

Imports: Comestibles, wood, raw materials, iron, coal

Exports: Fish, silk, crafted goods, weapons, firearms, luxuries, steamjacks, steamships, and steam engines

One of the oldest and most prosperous cities in all the Iron Kingdoms Caspia is situated where the Black River empties into the Gulf of Cygnar, and it has been a center of great power for thousands of years. Currently home to over a million citizens, Caspia inspires awe and amazement in those who behold it for the first time. The scale of the place is without equal. It is a huge sprawling city of towering walls, close-packed buildings, and an endless progression of faces each with a story to tell. With so many citizens the city never truly sleeps.

Two major and three minor land routes lead to Caspia, and all of them teem with traffic. The north gate is the largest and opens onto the King's Highway to Fharin and beyond. Many boats enter the city by way of the Black River, and the northern docks are nearly as busy as those upon the gulf. Caspia is a bustling port city with excavated channels allowing ships deep access into the city. These serve a twofold purpose. First, merchant ships have greater access to the city proper and second, in case of attack ships can gain the protection of Caspia's mighty walls.

The capital's districts are enclosed by skyscraping walls of blue stone rising nearly two hundred feet into the air and nearly as thick in some places. The walls extend within the city to create an elaborate maze, and entire neighborhoods exist between these ancient stone bulwarks. Indeed, the dense city has actually grown into them, and nearly as much activity goes on within their winding tunnels as in the city outside. In theory one could explore the warrens of the Caspian walls for weeks without ever actually setting foot beneath the sky, unless they find themselves in various open-air channels higher on the walls. The only structure looming higher than Caspia's fortifications is the massive capital fortress dubbed Castle Raelthorne. This is the seat of Cygnaran power and is an immense blocky structure as unassailable as the walls themselves. The fortress has housed the royal line of Cygnar for ages as well as its thousands of servants and military personnel. From here, King Leto Raelthorne looks out over his city with its countless spires, shadows, and labyrinthine walls, and he ponders the fate of his monarchy and its people.

Winds of War

Caspia exists in a state of constant readiness for war. In the summer month of Vendarl in 605 AR, open bloodshed erupted between Sul and Caspia for the first time since the Civil War. Although there have been other periodic clashes between the Protectorate and Cygnar, they always happened elsewhere along the border and were blamed on "fringe elements." This attack was different, for the Protectorate brought its full strength to bear against Caspia's eastern walls using an immense ballista called Lawbringer and did considerable damage in the process. The Menites were beaten back by the city's defenders, and a counterattack was launched on Sul causing thousands of deaths on both sides before a tentative cease-fire was established.

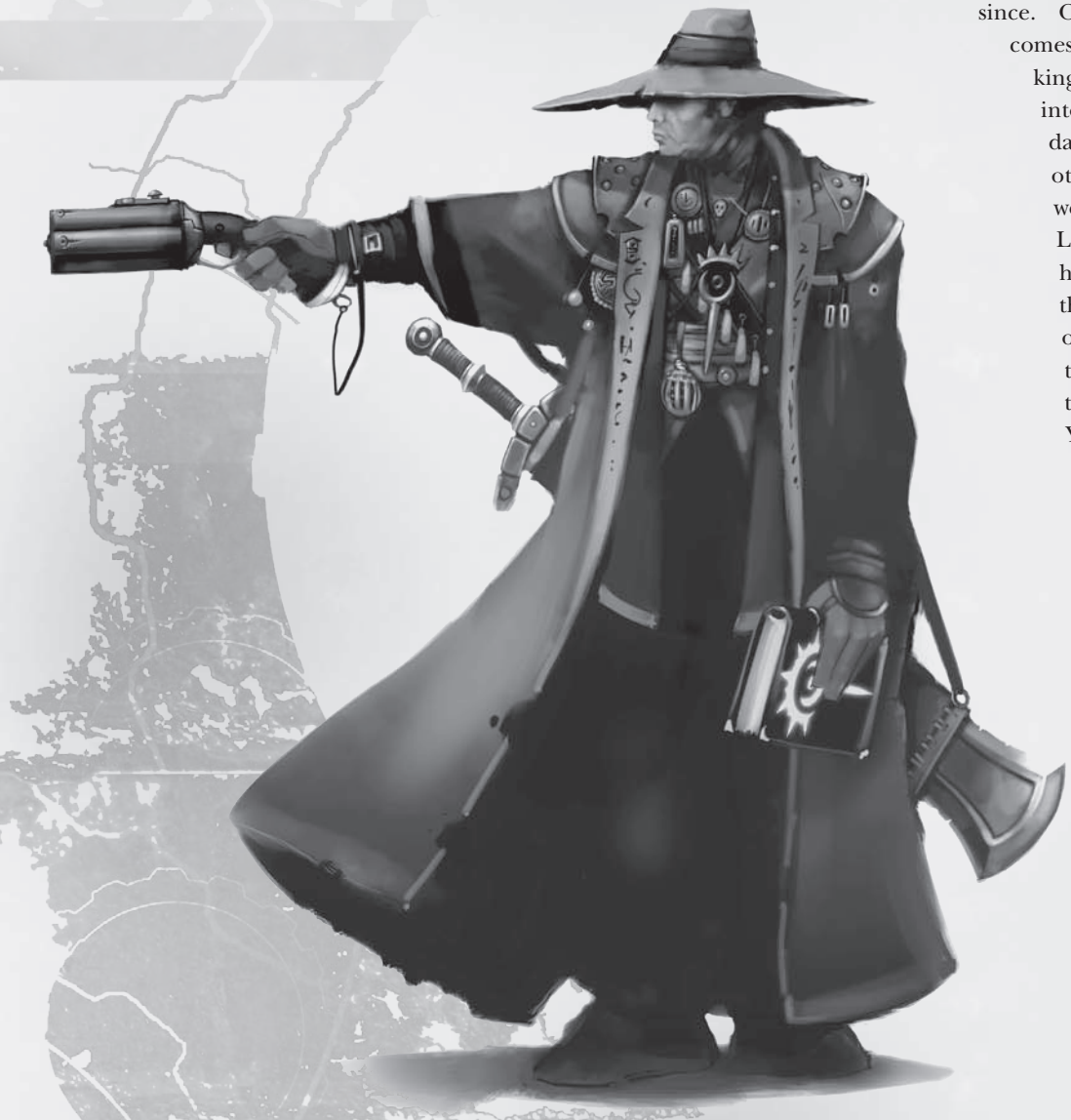
The Protectorate is now in open defiance of Cygnar, no longer pretending to obey the laws preventing them from arming a military force. Both sides realize that the walled cities are too defensible for attack, but this stalemate is

Caspia



considered temporary and renewed fighting could resume at any time. For now the drawbridges and gates between these two cities are sealed and have been reinforced. The trickle of former trade across the river has been halted. There may be goods smuggled between Cygnar and the Protectorate (and vice versa), but all official contact has been severed. Citizens living in eastern Caspia remain fearful of future attack, and many are still rebuilding and repairing the extensive damage caused during the inter-city battles. The districts adjacent to the gate have long been allocated to the military and their barracks, and these men and women are in a state of high alert.

The Illuminated Ones must remain ever vigilant.



Noted Persons

Fergus Laddermore, Governor of the Southern Midlunds, Lord of Durnkeep (male Caspian Ari9/Ftr1): An older cousin of Leto's from his father's sister, Archduke Laddermore is one of the most powerful landed gentry in Cygnar. His lands include an expansive swathe of the best pastures between Fharin and Caspia, and he controls most of the grain and cattle supply for Caspia. He also controls several of the most productive silk farms. The archduke and the king have never had a comfortable rapport, for it is no secret that the Laddermores supported Vinter the Elder. The archduke grudgingly swore allegiance to Leto but has caused more than a few problems since. One motive for his unruliness comes from one of Leto's first acts as king when he divided the Midlunds into four smaller duchies. To this day the Laddermores resent the other Midlund dukes, all of whom were once their subordinates. The Laddermore estate and lands are a hundred miles north of Caspia, but the archduke spends the majority of his time in the city and leaves the managing of his lands to his three sons Fergus II, Ambrose, and Yulian.

High Vigilant Peer Venessari Marpethorne (female Caspian Wiz17): The leading wizard of the Order of Illumination, Lady Marpethorne alternates her time between meetings in the Sancteum and attendance at the Royal Assembly often as a mouthpiece for her Order and for the Exordeum on arcane matters. Despite her piety, Venessari is a political animal and very comfortable among the city's elite. One of her embarrassments is her niece, Lyssimache (see MN1, pg. 225 and L&L:CP, pp. 6, 18), whose notorious adventures

have made life difficult for her aunt. She loathes the Fraternal Order and has a rivalry with the High Magus Arland Calster, one of King Leto's closest advisors. Venessari's focus on politics has opened her to criticism by some of her more active peers, but nonetheless most members of her Order appreciate her handling tasks for which they have no appetite or inclination.

King Leto Raelthorne (see pg. 145): King Leto's countenance is grim in these troubled times. The majority of his days are spent with his war council, and when he is seen in public, he is always accompanied by his elite Stormguard—not only for protection but also as a show of Cygnaran strength. The day-to-day governance of the kingdom has passed to the Royal Assembly and its small army of ministers and nobles while the king sees exclusively to the war.

Lord Mayor Dermot Throckmorton (male Caspian Ari7): From a noble line made even wealthier by backing Mercarian sea voyages, the appointed lord mayor of Caspia is a balding, rotund man with a surprisingly light disposition considering his responsibilities. He is charged with the day-to-day governance of the city's affairs and works from sunup to sundown to ensure the city of one million runs fairly smoothly. In addition to his positive outlook, his unswerving conviction to Morrowan dogma makes him well liked by the king. Civic position aside, the fact that his family also owns one of the leading wineries in King's Vine and he is generous with his shipments makes him well liked by more than just the king.

Locales of Caspia

Castle Raelthorne: This massive concentric castle has been home to the monarchs of Caspia for millennia. It is a huge edifice elevated higher and higher, curtain after curtain, with the immense tower keep of the central palace considerably expanded just this past century by both Vinter II and Vinter III; the castle is hence named for the Raelthorne line. The keep itself has a multitude of halls, chambers, chapels, and kitchens. Eight lofty round towers are attached to the keep. Honorable Knights of Cygnar are garrisoned two thousand strong within the various courtyards between the castle curtains, and the castle is also defended by various warjacks and a full battalion of elite mechanikal halberd-wielding Stormblades called Stormguard.

Cygnaran Armory: What was once the Metalworkers District in western Caspia has become known as the Smoke District largely due to the enormous factories of the Cygnaran Armory. This massive complex sprawls across numerous buildings, including those dedicated to metal smelting and refinery, and is the heart of Cygnar's war effort. Built over the very factories that produced the first Colossals, the armory was founded at the end of the Rebellion. Today, the bulk of Cygnar's warjacks are produced here along with other weapons and tools designed by the Strategic Academy such as the extraordinary stormglaives. The Armory employs almost a thousand armorers, blacksmiths, and weaponsmiths along with dozens of top-notch mechaniks and related support crews. Working conditions can be brutal, but King Leto has done his best to legislate fair wages and a concern for safety. Most employees of the Armory are members of the Steam & Iron Workers Union headquartered nearby, and the operation is run with military discipline by a stern old master mechanik named Lassiter Polk (male Thurian Amk8/Exp5). Though he spent most of his years as a regular smith and steamo, he is an able administrator and planner, and Lassiter supervises complex projects and directs men with greater mechanikal aptitude than his own.

Grand Archcourt Cathedral: Every Morrowan knows Grand Archcourt Cathedral as the very seat of the primarchy in Caspia. For over a millennium it has firmly watched, and often participated in, the events shaping western Immoren's history. The cathedral itself was designed by Asc. Sambert. Among its hundreds of relics, it houses the famous statue of Morrow shaped by Sambert's hands just moments before he ascended. Priests and followers alike believe he still protects the building directly, for it has shown no signs of weathering over the last 1,200 years. Several significant relics are on display within the cathedral's various chapels and pulpits, including the actual *Enkheiridion* written by Morrow and Thamar—only the Primarch and the Archabbot of the Order of Keeping may actually touch this invaluable tome.

Along with its enormous nave and assorted vaulted chambers, the cathedral houses the meeting hall for the Exordeum and the religious residents' chapter house which includes the Primarch's living quarters (see IKCG, pg. 211). Hundreds of priests, clerks,

scribes, paladins, illuminates, and pilgrims are in the cathedral on any given day as well as dozens of individuals waiting to speak with the Exarchs or the Primarch.

Of note, directly outside the west-facing great entry stand Amicus and Remeder, a pair of actual Colossals. They are stationed here as a warning to those who entertain thoughts of harm toward the center of operations for the entire Morrowan faith. However, with so many levels of protection and extensive fortifications, these towering warjacks have yet to move since the years immediately following the Colossal War.

Sancteum, The: This walled mini-city is the heart of the Church of Morrow and is acknowledged as a sovereign nation protected by its own small army. The Sancteum is self-contained with its own foundry, housing, markets, restaurants and even several taverns; it could be sealed off from Caspia and survive for months without outside supplies. However, the Sancteum is always open to the faithful of Morrow and hosts the great pageant of the yearly Ascension Feast when tens of thousands of citizens come to celebrate on the beautifully landscaped grounds and all along the paved brick avenues and ornate arching cloisters.

The Sancteum has numerous churches and church-related buildings including the Sancteum Library connected to the Seminary College where theologians can be found teaching by day and researching by night. Near the college are the headquarters for the Order of Illumination utilized by the pious wizards serving the Church of Morrow.

Strategic Academy: A jewel in Cygnar's military scepter, the Strategic Academy is charged with training the Crown's military elite to be dauntless and implacable on the field of battle. As the military branch of the Royal Cygnaran University, the Strategic Academy is the sole institute recognized for training Cygnaran warcasters, and the faculty is well known for its ability to spot prospective warcasters from the ranks of their trainees. Only the best and the brightest graduate from the Academy, and these rising stars of the military are devoted to defending their beloved Cygnar from foreign aggression. A small division of the Academy also recruits arcane mechaniks into military service to make blasting powder and other weapons. Since the outbreak of war, locating and recruiting potential warcasters has gone from being a top priority of the Academy to an imperative, and recruiters go to great lengths to discover promising candidates and put their talents to good use in service to king and country.

The Strategic Academy building actually extends partially from the inside of the massive wall facing Sul, and almost half of its rooms are entirely within the wall itself. The current chancellor is former Commander Adept Birk Kinbrace (male Caspian Ftr2/Wrc4/Wiz10), a renowned warcaster retired from active duty due to his advanced years. The Academy works closely with the Fraternal Order of Wizardry to provide the best possible instructors and in return the Order uses the Academy as a recruiting ground for Cygnar's best and brightest. The Academy even counts renowned warcaster and inventor Commander Adept Sebastian Nemo among its senior instructors and trustees.

Temple of Concord: Recently completed, this unprecedented temple was assembled rapidly and is already providing services in praise of the Maiden of Gears. Sanctioned by King Leto as an act of religious tolerance, it is the first public and open temple to Cyriss in any major city of the Iron Kingdoms. It is located in a poor district in northern Caspia far from the Sancteum, but it has still caused quite a din with the local citizenry. The "cult" of Cyriss hopes to use this temple to gain acceptance and recruit new members. The leader is an intelligent and attractive enumerator named Jylle Holthorne (female Caspian Clr13) who has been kept deliberately in the dark about the Cult's larger goals and purposes. She has been instructed to pass along her most promising recruits to her superiors for further review. She has also been asked to make arrangements for specially authorized workers to enter and leave the premises at evening hours to work on a large project in the subterranean levels including a sizeable quantity of intricate machinery.

Rumor Has It…

Some gossips say King Leto made mysterious arrangements with the Cult of Cyriss in exchange for the right to build the Temple of Harmonic Unity, perhaps including access to new technology or mechanikal secrets he passed on to the Strategic Academy. It is known that the Primarch disapproves of this arrangement whatever it may be. The rumor makes some highly placed Caspians nervous, for very few can be said to fully trust in the motives of Cyrissists. The lack of any

IMMEDIATE PROBLEM FROM THIS QUARTER HAS PARTIALLY SUBDUED THE WHISPERS.

Ceryl

In Power: Duke Mayhew Dergeral of Thuria, Earl of Oxmeath and Lord Mayor of Ceryl

Population: 300,000 (human, mostly Thurians with a large number of Caspians and Midlunders), 5,000 gobbers, 1,000 ogrun, 1,000 trollkin, a few Iosans

Military: A few miles north of Ceryl, Fort Balton is the westernmost position of the Cygnaran army and home to thousands of soldiers and a substantial garrison of warjacks. Ceryl also serves the Cygnaran Navy: six major warships (including the ironhull *Merciful Boon*) and two dozen lesser vessels are permanently stationed here. The city is directly protected by a thousand city guards supported by dozens of warjacks. At any time, thousands of additional troops are passing through Ceryl on ships, and Ceryl can rely on assistance from the wizards of the Fraternal Order.

Imports: Gems, iron, luxuries, silk

Exports: Fish, textiles, quality crafted goods, mechanikal parts (including cortexes)

Perched on the far western tip of Cygnar, the great port city of Ceryl is known for its strong tradition in the arcane arts. It is a huge city with all the appearances of a mountain built row upon row and street upon busy street upward from the crowded waterfront. Here and there the spires and spikes of churches and towers rise above the rust-colored tile roofs of humbler dwellings, and among them are the blocky whitestone structures encircled by palisades of dark iron, homes of prosperous merchants, or powerful magi. Just along the wharfs, the smoke of the sprawling factories is quickly swept away by strong ocean winds while everywhere whitewashed buildings gleam in the sun whenever the clouds break.

The extensive Cerylian waterfront is every bit as busy as those of Cygnar's two other great port cities, Caspia and Mercir. Steamjacks labor among the docks conveying endless supplies and crated goods along the thoroughfares and down to the paddlewheel steamships and heavily laden galleons with their broad flapping standards and sails. Vessels of every tonnage, rig, and calling populate the bay that also serves as one of the Cygnaran Navy's major shipyards. Hence the masts, spars, and stacks of several warships are seen here at any given time.

Ceryl is also known for its innovative public transportation system based upon the merging of horse-drawn carriages with the success of mills and railways. For a shield (1 sp), anyone in Ceryl can



The Fraternal Order of Wizardry maintains a powerful presence in Ceryl.

purchase a "day ticket" to use a railcoach to ride from practically one end of the city to the other for the entire day. These long carriages are fixed upon rails and are moved along by metal cables propelled through a series of steam-driven shafts in various powerhouses throughout the city. Horse-drawn carriages remain plentiful throughout Ceryl, but the masses have quickly taken to "hopping the rail" to move about the city.

Ceryl is also noted as a city of wizards, many of whom wield a disproportionate amount of influence. All of the major wizard orders have a presence in the "Bastion City," shortened from "Bastion of the Arcane." Ceryl houses the headquarters for the Fraternal Order of Wizardry, said to be the true masters of the city. Indeed, calling it Bastion City is fitting, for it was once home to the legendary Sebastien Kerwin whose writings and teachings were paramount in the understanding and application of magic and who established the Arcanist's Acadame and the Circle of the Oath, both of which led to the rise of organized wizardry as well as the eventual overthrow of the Orgoth.

The Strangelight Workshop

Despite a reputation for unconventional and somewhat questionable research, the employees of the Strangelight Workshop are the Iron Kingdom's leading freelance supernatural researchers. The Workshop employs open-minded operatives with keen minds for both occult and scientific observation armed with specialized mechanikal apparatuses designed to aid in their investigations. Headquartered in Ceryl, the Workshop has been so successful it has opened offices in Caspia, Corvis, Leryn, and Merin. With no shortage of hauntings and habitations in western Immoren, the employees of the Strangelight Workshop should remain busy for years to come.

Noted Persons

Duke Mayhew Dergeral (male Thurian Ari6/Ftr2): A cousin of King Leto's, Duke Dergeral pays little heed to the throne except when absolutely required. As one of the wealthiest citizens in all of Cygnar, he prefers to conduct himself like an independent sovereign. The duke is deferential to the wizards of the Fraternal Order and rules in their favor for any dispute brought before him. Dergeral's recent hesitation to approve more soldiers out of Ceryl to aid the war effort has recently put him at odds with the Royal Assembly in Caspia more than ever before. Though he is shrewd, not as debauched as appears, and capable of manipulating the influential families and merchants of Ceryl for his own benefit, Dergeral's weakness is his pride and arrogance.

Admiral Tucker Luptine (male Caspian Exp4/Ftr6): Admiral of the northern fleet, Tucker Luptine is noted for his troubled relationship with the Lord Mayor. A king's man, Luptine used to chafe at being stationed so far from Caspia, but the war with Khador has emphatically changed his attitude. He loathes Duke Dergeral and believes every rumor of his corruption, but Luptine prefers to focus on his duty to the fleet, in constant peril from increased Cryxian raids, pirates, and smugglers from Five Fingers and beyond, and the looming threat of Khadoran attack. Although the two major powers have not yet engaged in naval battles, the admiral stands ready to defend his waters or carry the fight to the enemy if ordered.

High Magus Thanos Terpwell (male Thurian Evo20): The most senior and respected of the six ruling magi of the Fraternal Order Stronghold, Terpwell has been aging poorly for some time. He clings to the power of his station desperately hiding his growing fear of losing his famed arcane abilities. Some say he suffers minor fits of dementia. Terpwell is a noted evoker and his knowledge of destructive magic is unequaled. His long-term goals have always been extending the Fraternal Order into new cities and quashing all competition to their supremacy, and he is one of the few Cygnarans who views war time as a great opportunity for profit and gain. In fact, the magus has volunteered the services of his Order to the war effort, heedless of the opinions of his subordinates and Duke Dergeral.

Locales of Ceryl

Fraternal Stronghold: Headquarters for the Fraternal Order of Wizardry, the Stronghold is a grim and impressive structure. It was constructed as a defensible bastion for the Order in darker times, and its defenses are legendary. This is one of the few Order lodges that make no pretense at being inconspicuous; it is a fortress made of whitewashed stone, draped with golden banners, and topped by a myriad of leering gargoyles. Although there is only a single massive set of watched doors through which outsiders are allowed

to enter, it is rumored the Stronghold is riddled with underground tunnels and bolt-holes connecting to the rest of the city. Tales of enormous stashes of wealth and other treasures have forced the Order to deal with many would-be thieves over the centuries, and the security is exceptional. The exact number of wizards living at the Stronghold has never been verified but includes the six ruling High Magi of the Order and as many as three-dozen other respected Magi and their respective servants and apprentices. In the center of the Stronghold is its most valued and well-guarded treasure: the Anthaneum—a library filled with singular rare tomes and ancient manuscripts.

The Winds of War

The war has been a constant topic of heated debate within the hallowed halls of the Fraternal Stronghold since Khador first invaded Llael. The loss of the Merywyn chapter sent shockwaves through the Order, and the surrender of the Order of the Golden Crucible only intensified matters. There is a powerful sense that the Order has suffered terrific blows at the hand of the Greylords Covenant, and dozens of incensed Fraternal wizards are preparing to strike back however they can.

Grand Cathedral: This ancient cathedral is the primary bastion of Morrow in western Cygnar and home to the Vicarate Council of Ceryl. Despite the grace of this cathedral, the Church of Morrow is weak in Ceryl and has little impact on city politics. The vicars are nonetheless respected members of the community responsible for all priestly appointments for the western region. They are an unbending group of aged priests, predominantly of the Path of Justice, led by Vicar Dowd Montfort (male Midlunder Clr13). Although their religious authority is nigh absolute, they have virtually no secular power and are not invited to Duke Dergeral's councils.

Omnibus Rail: Ceryl was the first city to adopt the pioneering cable transport system, but it is certainly not the last. Inspired by the power provided by steam to gears and flywheels, Narman Halladian (male Caspian Exp10) invented a cable pulley system to propel large carriages along a rail. His company, Omnibus Rail, began its work in Ceryl in 579 AR and by 587 had five separate rails running in the city with 22 powerhouses and 14 boarding stations. Some of the most popular Omnibus boarding stations have become busy places where people gather not only to embark on trips across town but also to share news, eat, drink, and socialize in general. Bulletin boards at the stations post company and city news and also serve as a public forum.

Smokehouse: The Smokehouse is one of the largest commercial markets for high quality blasting powder and firearms on the western coast. It sits at one corner of Ceryl's arena-like market adjacent to the local Golden Crucible meeting hall and workshops. In fact, the Smokehouse was previously subsidized by the Order of the Golden Crucible. Master Alchemist Lyesse Pylus (male Ryn Alc14) led the fragmented local chapter until recently—due to their Order's signing of contracts with Khador after the occupation, Crucible members are in a state of disarray—and he also owns the Smokehouse. He still sells Crucible wares here along with firearms, powder, and other alchemical products and even licenses to local gunsmiths. After sunset the market arena is sometimes chosen as the backdrop for deadly (usually illegal) pistol duels for both sport and honor.

Winds of War

Since the capture of the Order of the Golden Crucible headquarters in Leryn, Master Alchemist Lyesse Pylas of the now somewhat-disjointed Ceryl chapter has become increasingly important to the western members of his Order who look to him for leadership. Since Llael has been lost and the Smokehouse cannot expect alchemical shipments from Leryn, it has become a priority to secure new sources of essential components. Master Pylus believes there may be untapped deposits needed for the manufacture of blasting power to the southeast near Demonhead Pass, and he has begun to hire trained individuals to investigate and secure these for the recently-dubbed "Free Order of the Golden Crucible" headquartered in Pylus' Smokehouse.

Thurian Palace: Few buildings of the kingdom of Thuria, which ruled from Ceryl centuries ago, have survived to this day. Though the great Thurian Palace has suffered numerous fires throughout history, it has always been recovered and remade. The primary rectangular structure is open throughout the middle and features a wide gardened courtyard the entire length of the building. Various wings, bridges, and polygonal towers have been added during the reconstruction process though the palace retains

much of its symmetrical shape. It is, like any ancient palace of this enormity, riddled with hidden chambers, many unknown to its inhabitants. For generations upon generations, Thurian Palace has served as the ostentatious royal living quarters, and frequent parties and feasts are hosted here where crucial political arrangements are both made and unmade.

Rumor Has It…

Beneath a bustling and cheerful façade, Ceryl hides many dark secrets. The tunnels beneath the city harbor depraved Thamarite cults, unsavory rituals, and the discarded bodies of those murdered in their sleep—victims of sordid plots and schemes. Priests warn that the city rots from within like an infected tooth as Thamar whispers temptations from every alleyway and dark corner. Power is a heady drug, and there is much power to be found in Ceryl, Bastion of the Arcane.

Clockers Cove

In Power: Captain Fairot Grayce, Reeve

Population: 40,000 human (mostly Caspians), 4,000 gobbers, and small numbers of ogrun, trollkin, and dwarves

Military: The garrison at Clockers Cove was doubled after recent Cryxian attacks nearby. Additionally, nearly two hundred uniformed watchmen patrol the streets of the Cove and roughly a hundred naval privateer captains and their crews may be pressed into service in times of need.

Imports: Food perishables, textiles, livestock

Exports: Copper ore, tin ore, bronze goods

Built on the clay banks at the mouth of the Murkham River, Clockers Cove is the leading haven of scoundrels and privateers on the Gulf of Cygnar. Called "Little Five Fingers" by many—to some a derogatory term, to others an inviting adage—it is a playground of salacious activity, free flowing liquor, and less-than-savory goods. If one knows where to look within the maze of narrow streets and watery canals, one can purchase almost any manner of item.

The city is not without its legitimate commerce, however. Steam-powered paddleboats come downriver from deep within the Wyrmwall laden with miners and their crates of raw tin and copper for the many smelting forges in the town's industrial quarter. From out of these smoke-belching, eye-watering foundries of callus-grinding labor come some of the finest copper and bronze goods found anywhere in the kingdoms. In fact, many of the intricate gears and steamjack fittings used throughout western Immoren are crafted in the Cove and sent up or down the coast to Caspia or Mercir.

Noted Persons

Morgan Bragg (male Scharde Ftr8/Rog7): Bragg is a handsome fellow with a charming smile, delicate hands, and a quick wit. This is perplexing when it is discovered he is one of the cruelest pirates ever to sail Immoren's seas. One tale tells how Bragg single-handedly boarded an Ordic vessel, killed a dozen men, and drove the rest overboard. Another story says his pirates captured wealthy Mercarian merchants who were slow to pay ransom. To expedite negotiations, Bragg quartered the body of one captive and sent the pieces ashore in a wine cask. Twice have Cygnaran patrol ships captured Bragg, and twice he has managed to escape. In fact, the last ship that held him suddenly exploded, but Morgan Bragg turned up in the Cove a few days later and has been hiding out there ever since.

Maagaskenrenzulor "Gasken" (male gobber Exp3/Rog3): A gobber with enterprising talents, Gasken and his band of smugglers—mainly gobbers with a handful of humans and a single one-eyed ogrun named Velgorr (male ogrun Ftr7)—run their black market out of various safehouses around town. As a young gobber, Gasken worked in the Merin shipyards when he came across a self-styled scoundrel named Lucius Spriglow (male Caspian Rog6) who took him under his wing mainly, at first, to use as his dupe. In time they both ended up run out of the city because of insurmountable gambling debts and eventually made their way to Clockers Cove. Over the next few years, Gasken and Lucius assembled several down-on-their-luck natives and established a smuggling ring. Gasken more or less inherited the business when Lucius left over three years ago on a mission for their operation and failed to return.

Mayor Narien Greymont (male Caspian Exp2/Ftr8): A sailor of average build with sandy brown hair normally cut into a short braid behind his neck who was once a commissioned officer in Cygnar's merchant

marines, Greymont is a marine through and through. Due to an "unforgivable error" in the cargo of one of the vessels in his command, he was discharged from the naval service. It is an issue about which he does not speak but maintains that he never failed to do his duty. Good friends with Navarch Trent, he was recommended for the government offices in Clockers Cove for his ability to deal with the kind of populace it gathers. Greymont is not afraid to walk through the darkest streets of Clockers Cove at night, for his reputed skill with a cutlass and pistol is widespread.

Locales of Clockers Cove

Church of the Salient Soul: Dedicated to Asc. Rowan, this church is not only a place of worship, but due to the workings of Rector Wilver Harkabry (male Caspian Clr9) it also serves as a halfway house for the downtrodden and impoverished. He requires those who stay in the Salient Soul to work as best they can in order to earn their room and board. True, many tenants are infirm or injured, but he often gives out light duties such as grounds keeping or minor repairs. The priest also runs a modest orphanage school and tends to several dozen of Clockers Cove's unfortunate waifs and strays. The chapel grounds boast a somewhat dilapidated church of cracked and crumbly stonework with a singular spire as well as an ivy-covered chapter house behind it that houses the religious staff as well as several orphans. A six-foot-high black iron fence extends from both sides of the church and to the rear and encloses the chapter house and the grounds featuring several mature trees, overgrown cobblestone walkways, non-working fountains, and modest gardens.

Clockwerk Arms: This narrow brick building just a block from the wharfs is a hotbed of recent activity, for its owner Silas Fonworth (male Morridane Exp7/Rgr3) and his team of gunsmiths is very busy these days. As the recipient of a recent contract from the Cygnaran military to produce his Clockwerk trademarked multiple shot rifles and pistols, Fonworth is the veritable pride of Clockers Cove, but he spares little time to enjoy the rewards of his success. Inundated with orders, Fonworth is a hands-on perfectionist when it comes to his production facilities. Additionally, some poking around will turn up that he is outspoken in his support of the recent vigilante activity in the Cove's streets.

Exotic Oddities: This trading house offers difficult-to-acquire luxuries at exorbitant rates, including both legitimate and mysteriously acquired goods from Ios, Orgoth relics, and well-preserved antiques from Rhul, Khador, Llael, and even the Bloodstone Marches. The proprietor is a scar-faced dwarf who goes by the singular name of Vystral (male dwarf Rog11) whose side occupation as a fence is known among those looking to off-load stolen merchandise. Vystral has had angry run-ins with both Crucible and Fraternal wizards as well as the local authorities, but he has thus far evaded incarceration. He is said to be somewhat of a churl with sarcastic habits and a broad disgust of people in general (mainly humans, it seems), which he tries his best to hide behind a veneer of professionalism. He is less aloof and more friendly to gobber customers more than other races, given they have sufficient coin or items to barter.

Palace: Gently swaying on the current of the Murkham is a large paddleboat whose wheel has turned twice in its whole existence. Chained and anchored to the docks of Clockers Cove, the Floating Palace is a seaside gambling den and hostel run by the MacBain family. The MacBains are Thurian criminals whose ancestors were forced to sail away from their homes in Five Fingers to escape prosecution for their crimes. The Palace is run by Sara MacBain (female Thurian Exp1/War2/Rog5). It is open from dusk until dawn and draws all sorts of patronage: the rich wanting to be richer, the poor hoping to become wealthy, and the savvy looking to spend some coin. With such a mixture one might think it would be a rough-and-tumble establishment, but the MacBains make it quite clear through their staff of trollkin "Palace Guards" that if one starts a fight in the Palace, they will gladly finish it.

Rumor Has It…

An old and unused tin smelt on the edge of Clockers Cove is home to an illegal Thamarite cult. This motley collection of thieves and pirates is organized and headed by the corpulent and gluttonous Rodderick Trullis (male Caspian Clr6/Rog2), a greedy hostel owner and purveyor of illegal goods. Trullis can, and will, order the hijacking of any shipment, trade, or exchange about which he hears if it suits his fancy. While not exactly a proper priest, he has at least one unholy servant of Aiden in his employ who runs the hidden masses on the third day of each month.

Corvis

In Power: Duke Kielon Ebonhart IV, assisted by the Corvis Council

Population: Officially 120,000 (mostly human, some gobbers, dwarves, ogrun and trollkin). An estimated 50,000 live on the streets or below the city and have escaped official census. Up to an additional 100,000 people, either passing through or visiting on business, are in the city at any given time. Refugees arriving daily from Llael further swell the population of Corvis.

Military: After Vinter the Elder's attack and brief occupation of Corvis, a large garrison of soldiers with a heavy contingent of warjacks was stationed on the outskirts of Corvis. Since the start of the war, Corvis has become an important military hub with thousands of troops passing through the city at any given time. With the recent troubles plaguing Corvis, the famed city watch has recently expanded to roughly three hundred and fifty able bodies.

Imports: Cloth, ore, timber

Exports: Ale, armor, fish, mechanikal parts

Corvis is a city of watery canals, riverfronts, and dark alleyways where one can easily disappear without a trace. The swampy ground and the nearby Widower's Wood seem a poor choice for the locale of a major city, and it has required enormous labor to maintain the infrastructure. Nevertheless Corvis has thrived, and as buildings collapse for lack of ground support or simply sink into the mire, the industrious engineers and laborers keep constructing anew atop the crumbling structures. In fact, the Corvis graveyards are notoriously difficult to maintain due to the boggy grounds and the mysterious fell magic saturating the very soil. It is said the dead are restless even in sanctified ground and often rise to haunt the living—hence the appellation "City of Ghosts."

Despite such ominous traits, Corvis flourishes because it is a vital trade nexus between Cygnar and Rhul as well as the home of the famous—some might say infamous—Corvis Treaties that birthed the modern Iron Kingdoms. Indeed, Corvis is a mixed bag. Its diverse and colorful culture, center of learning, mercantile society, and prime location make it a major hub for adventurers, frontiersmen, traders, students, and rivermen. Such details combined with its haunted reputation make Corvis one of the most famous cities in the Iron Kingdoms.

Additionally, the City of Ghosts has been plagued by invasions, political upheavals, and gang wars in its seedy districts. The aforementioned invasions were of both undead and the alien skorne led by none other than the deposed king Vinter Raelthorne who seemingly escaped the clutches of some intrepid adventurers at the last minute. Even these startling events have recently been overshadowed by the Khadoran invasion of Llael.

News from the war front arrives daily and is eagerly anticipated by the locals regardless of embellishments. A large number of refugees have made their way south, and many of the displaced now haunt Corvis like the ghosts of its namesake, uncertain of their future or what to do in the present. Several small camps of tents and other temporary housing have cropped up outside of town, and the local Church of Morrow has endeavored to aid these people. Other less scrupulous locals are taking advantage of the situation for personal gain by finding ways to swindle the newcomers or charging ridiculous prices for common goods. Combined with the soldiers passing through the region, the population of the city has risen well beyond its means. The crowding has reached unacceptable levels, particularly combined with the often-unpleasant local weather. Tensions in Corvis are very high, for it is feared further aggression by Khador could place the city in even more danger.

Rumor Has It…

The Khadoran invasion of Llael is not the only threat that worries the citizens of Corvis. The exiled Vinter Raelthorne and his skorne allies were only cast out, not destroyed. No one in Cygnar knows the extent of the skorne, or if they are capable of even larger attacks now that a passage through the Bloodstone Marches has been managed. There is also word that the Protectorate of Menoth to the southeast is stirring with its own fanatic soldiers, prompting much suspicion toward the city's Menite population.

Noted Persons

Lord Roget d'Vyaros (male Ryn Ari2/Wiz9): One of the more famous of the new refugees in Corvis is this man who was highly placed in the old Order of the

Golden Crucible in Llael but happened to be in Cygnar when Khador invaded Merywyn. He has been largely adopted by the upper crust in the city, and some of them wonder if he may take over the Corvis chapter of the Free Order of the Golden Crucible—although it is uncertain if he is up to the task. In recent weeks, Lord d'Vyaros has been working with Halleran Alkott (see Pitt's Pistols below) to assist other refugees of their order, many of whom have come to Corvis. They are presently constructing a larger office of operations in the city, provoking a good measure of animosity from the local lodge of the Fraternal Order of Wizardry.

Duke Kielon Ebonhart IV (male Midlunder Ftr9/Ari5): Ruler of the Northern Midlunds, Duke Ebonhart was an arrogant man of considerable martial prowess before he was humbled by setbacks in his region, namely the invasion of Corvis by the Elder. He holds himself personally accountable for that debacle despite having been stationed two hundred miles away at the time. King Leto recently appointed the duke as de facto leader of Corvis during wartime. The council remains in place, but Corvis is currently under Ebonhart's jurisdiction. He works closely with the ranking officer of the Cygnaran army Colonel Eli Brocker (male Caspian Ftr11) as well as the commanders of the city watch. Despite his sometimes unpleasant demeanor, Duke Ebonhart is a loyal vassal of King Leto's, having fought alongside him as a Stormblade during the coup. He nurses a hatred of Vinter Raelthorne likely stemming somewhat from his fear of the man's seeming invincibility.

Commander Julian Helstrom (male Morridane Ftr11): The recently appointed Commander Helstrom is known throughout Corvis as a respected leader and hard-nosed lawman. After many stellar years in the Cygnaran army, Helstrom retired to Corvis and joined the city watch. Just like in his tenure with the army, Helstrom quickly made a name for himself with his dutiful service and forthright manner. His loyalty and secret links to King Leto proved invaluable in Corvis' resistance of Vinter the Elder's maneuverings. Some wonder if he will be recalled to military duty, but so far his services have been required to keep order in the city. The watch has been pushed beyond endurance by the flood of refugees and other traffic, and it is said Helstrom is getting little sleep. Relations have also been strained between Commander Helstrom and the recently posted Colonel Brocker, ranking officer of the new army garrison. Helstrom considers Brocker a naïve young bureaucrat with too little field experience for such an important post.

Locales of Corvis

Corvis University: The city's center for learning is located in a massive but evidently aged estate and is the home for many erudite individuals and their studies. The University features an observatory and many courses strange and sundry for its students ranging from extraordinary zoology to astrometry to alchemical theory. Corvis University is primarily known for one of its most prolific professors, the High Chancellor of the Department of Extraordinary Zoology Professor Viktor Pendrake, whose latest work, the *Monsternomicon*, has become one of the most well known tomes throughout the kingdoms in recent memory. Professor Pendrake's time has been taken up with questions about the skorne and their physiology, and he is now considered one of the foremost experts on the dangerous species. He managed to salvage several corpses, armor, weapons, and other accoutrements for the University.

Grand Cathedral of Morrow: This church of Morrow—the largest in the city—has recently been rebuilt following the fiery destruction of its rear and west wing at the hands of Vinter Raelthorne's Inquisitors during the Elder's recent occupation. The newly rebuilt cathedral is even more impressive than the last and all damage done to the surrounding cemetery and tombs has also been repaired. High Prelate Pandor Dumas (male Midlunder Clr9) oversees the day-to-day operations of the cathedral and is served by a small force of clerics. Father Dumas, as he is called, is a very well respected and loved member of the community. Due to the recent troubles, the Sancteum sent a small group of fighters and paladins loyal to the Church to protect this building although Father Dumas is still not comfortable with having such protectors.

Pitt's Pistols: A quaint two-storied shop for those seeking quality handcrafted firearms or custom ammunition, Pitt's Pistols is the premier gun shop in Corvis. Even with prices recently dropping because of arms production by the arrival of local gunwerks, handmade pistols like those made by Angmar Pitt

(male Thurian Exp10) still demand top price. Angmar is assisted by a skilled young gobber named Gortralokanomok "Gort" (male gobber Exp3/Rog2) and receives the bulk of his raw blasting powder from a local Golden Crucible agent named Halleran Alkott (male Midlunder Wiz6).

Quad, The: The large open court known as the Quad lies at the intersection of two main thoroughfares in the northwestern bourg. It is one of the most frequented areas in the city. A thousand customers, hundreds of stalls, scores of foot vendors, dozens of street performers, and a handful of thieves can always be found here at any given time from sunup to sundown. During Summerfaire running throughout the month of Solesh in Corvis, the Quad is open from sunup until midnight—sometimes beyond depending on when the watch can ensure the merchants have shut down for the day.



Undercity: Some portions of Corvis' Undercity are a cave system created by underground water erosion from the Black River's current. This is one reason why the City of Ghosts has been sinking into the mire and continually rebuilt for centuries, very likely from the city's beginning. Ever since the caverns were discovered, the Undercity has been periodically expanded intentionally, most notably by the Tradeway Union during the Orgoth occupation when thousands of people hid beneath the city for generations. Certain underground sections have been stabilized over the centuries and kept clear of water, and entire city blocks and their buildings and alleys exist below ground. Some of the more populated areas are lit by torches and gas lamps while dozens of miles of caverns natural, collapsed, or sunken are dark and forgotten even by those who frequent the Undercity. These regions in particular are rumored to be haunted by malevolent or forlorn apparitions or habited by denizens such as bogrin, goraxes, thrullg, gatormen, and even Thamarites.

Several regions of the Undercity have become popular with criminal circles in particular, and it is said anything can be had there for a price. The entrance to one of the most active regions is found in a dangerous neighborhood called Filchers' Crossing. This section includes taverns such as the Black Eye and The Bucket as well as Mistress Magden's brothel where a reliable fence and weapons dealer who goes by the name of Tully (male Midlunder Exp8) is often found.

Fellig

In Power: Lord General Olan Duggan, Duke of the Northwood and Earl of the Thornwood

Population: 29,000 humans (mostly Morridane with significant minorities of Thurians, Midlunders, and Khadorans)

Military: Since the start of the war, Fellig has become a fortress. Thousands of trenchers and long gunners supported by a large number of warjacks have been deployed to fortify the town, and gun emplacements have been built around the perimeter.

Imports: Manufactured goods, textiles, wheat

Exports: Coal, iron, wood

Fellig is an important town in northern Cygnar

right on the border with Khador. Consequently, it has become a heavily fortified military supply center for Cygnaran forces throughout the region. In times of peace Fellig has been somewhat of a military city, but now it is truly the first line of defense in the war with Khador. The presence of so much military has created a tense society, however the residents still recognize the importance of the army in their city. Locals have heard tales of the razing of Riversmet and other bloody battles and fear their turn may come soon. They are a stalwart people who have stood against the northmen and are no strangers to hostility, yet Fellig has never seen so many soldiers for so long. Daily, war-ravaged troops carry back the wounded from the frontlines and gunfire can often be heard in the distance. Felligmen have to wonder if a full-scale assault is in the town's near future.

Most of the residents are of Morridane blood, but a fair amount of them are Thurians, Midlunders, and even Khadorans. Many Khadoran tradesmen and a few kayazy merchants were stranded in Fellig at the outbreak of war and now view the city as a de facto prison. As their situation grows more desperate day after day, the Khadorans find themselves shunned by their former business partners and left stranded to wait out the war or find a means to escape across enemy lines. Some of the more resourceful have dedicated themselves to any opportunity to continue business even if it means smuggling goods through Ord.

In the ancient past, Fellig was one of the major cities of Morrdh that dominated the region. When Morddh fell, Fellig—once much larger—shrank to little more than a small outpost town. War has again swelled its population, and the town has become a hive of activity with the pounding of hammers and the sawing of boards as walls are reinforced and new buildings are hastily put together. Even so, Fellig looks very much like it did before with clever wooden construction being the architectural style of choice. Although it is an impressive hall in the old style, even the duke's home is made of the same large wooden beams as the rest of the town. Rainfall is quite significant here during most of the year, muddying the dirt streets and contributing to Fellig's customary rundown appearance. Visitors are often struck by how small and underdeveloped it appears since it lacks many of the comforts one might expect in a town of this size.

Noted Persons

Abbess Roshean Gilmore (female Morridane Clr19): Roshean Gilmore is the abbess of the renowned Monastery of Asc. Angellia located just outside of Fellig. She is the most powerful cleric in northern Cygnar and very respected. Abbess Gilmore has the singular distinction of having turned down the position of exarch five years ago. She is a well read and erudite woman entrusted with the legendary library started by Mother Caspis Crispus nearly three hundred years ago that includes some of the most ancient tomes in the entire kingdom if not all of Western Immoren. She maintains a voluminous correspondence with fellow clerics throughout Cygnar and beyond. Her staff has been overburdened of late dealing with the wounded and needs of the war effort, but she remains stalwart and devoted to her cause. Foremost of her concerns is protecting the irreplaceable lore maintained at the monastery. If war were to come to Fellig, she would gladly lay down her life to protect those under her charge, but she would try to send the books south to safety.

Lord General Olan Duggan, Duke of the Northwood (male Morridane Rgr14): Olan Duggan is the military governor of Fellig and the resolute commander of Cygnaran forces in the entire Northforest duchy. He is a lifelong soldier who has fought in many battles. The lord general's reputation precedes him wherever he goes; after all, so far he has fought Khador to a standstill. He is reputed to be a no-nonsense man with a flair for the dramatic. Indeed, he prefers his military uniform to the finery of his recently elevated noble title, and he goes about his duties with only a small retinue of guards. This bravado has earned him the respect of his soldiers as well as the civilians of Fellig when he is in town. In addition to his vigil against Khador, the lord general has become aware that the Thornwood is home to something wicked. This concern has increased with reports of thralls recently spotted in the forest. The lord general intends to investigate, but he is preoccupied for the moment. Much of his time is spent traveling from one military base to another, especially the vital Northguard fortress.

Locales of Fellig

Flagonmist Hall: This former festhall and town meeting place has been commandeered by Cygnaran

troops and serves as the base of operations out of Fellig. It is a tall, long building appropriate to its name, and the soldiers have lashed together a wooden barrier around the perimeter encompassing not only the hall but also several outlying buildings for troop housing. Wooden watchtowers have been erected around the palisade, and the yards also act as a military supply depot. Dozens of warjacks are housed within the walls, and guard patrols are wary of anyone approaching the hall within a hundred yards. When Lord General Duggan is in the town, he is often found here taking reports and devising tactical plans with his officers. At any time, up to a dozen companies may occupy Flagonmist's vicinity.

Monastery Angellia: This sprawling monastery is one of the oldest structures in Fellig as well as one of the few made entirely of stone. Built in the interregnum between the fall of Morrdh and the rise of Cygnar, it is a noted center of devotion to Asc. Angellia, and attracts devotees from far and wide. The tall, beige colored building features several dozen windows of stained glass, many of them depicting phases of Asc. Angellia's life. The primary draw of the monastery is its remarkable collection of tomes; it is said that no library in western Immoren possesses more. Likely an inaccurate boast, it is safe to say that no library contains more valuable tomes of ancient lore. Since the onset of hostilities, the clerics of Monastery Angellia have tendered care services to the wounded, which has kept them quite busy and overtaken much of their previous duties and study time.

Outland Company: The Outland Company is the brainchild of Brend Ranamor (female Morridane Exp6), a savvy businesswoman who has hired a number of scouts to lead caravans and travelers through the "safer" portions of the Thornwood. Brend advertises her service as a quicker route to Fisherbrook than the established roads, and it is. Her scouts are excellent and have yet to run afoul of the dark beasts that exist within the forest, increasing her good standing with those who seek her services. Brend would be hard-pressed to admit, however, that two of her last few caravan escorts are months overdue, and the war notwithstanding she is aware of the rumors that lately the Thornwood has gotten nastier with Cryxian thralls and other dark denizens. She is quite concerned about this and the thorough military searches her clients must endure at the various blockades around Fellig.

Fharin

In Power: Archduke Alain Runewood of the Eastern Midlunds, the City Council

Population: 200,000 human (mostly Caspians, Thurians, and Midlunders), 5,000 gobbers, 1,500 Rhulfolk, hundreds of trollkin and ogrun

Military: Fharin has a moderate garrison of soldiers supported by a small contingent of warjacks. The Fharin Watch, numbering aproximately four hundred and fifty watchmen, is charged with local law enforcement. The archduke's estate has its own contingent of knights and veteran soldiers who assist in town matters if requested. Additionally Fharin is a major transportation hub, and thousands to tens of thousands of soldiers move through the town each day. Thousands more can be called in from Fort Falk.

Imports: Timber, stone, iron, wine, raw components for alchemy, gemstones

Exports: Chemicals, grain, fruit, coal, blasting powder, shipped goods of all description, black market goods

Fharin is a thriving city. It is a major trade hub at the center of several busy roadways and an important stop on the northern rail line to Bainsmarket. It is a compact city at the base of the Upper Wyrmwall Mountains rising to dominate the western skyline. To the east tracts of fertile land are farmed. Its houses are primarily made of red brick under black-tiled or red-tiled pitched roofs and feature windows and balconies set in depressed arches. Unfortunately, the view of the mountains is often obscured by a thick haze caused by choking smoke and strange vapors pouring from foundries and alchemy shops at all hours and rainbow-hued oils of peculiar odor spilling into the city's litter-strewn gutters.

In spite of the pollution and haze, the residents generally appear in good spirits. Theirs is a city of motion filled with churning wheels from cargo-laden wagons to the Caspian Rail's great engines. The steel behemoths grind through the sprawling city exhaling plumes of smoke and steam while screeching along on their tracks. Every traveler arrives with news, goods, fresh coin, and a chance for profit and excitement, and the locals are eager to learn the latest rumors from Caspia, Corvis, or the frontlines.

Winds of War

Currently Fharin is teeming with military activity. The rail lines are constantly moving troops and military supplies back and forth, disrupting many a civilian's scheduled transportation and mercantile shipping. Indeed, local merchants who had become accustomed to the rails are having trouble these days getting their products through the city. Some have managed to find ways to get certain military personnel to transport their wares for them, but this practice would certainly be frowned upon by the Crown. Additionally, the presence of so many soldiers seems to have moderated Fharin's rampant crime rate somewhat. Though in truth, it is not so much less crime, just less overt crime.

Fharin is famed across Cygnar for its markets; major bazaars are located near every major gate. Great deals can be had by those who know how to haggle including the fresh produce of the nearby fields, choice silks and other fabrics, fine weapons, chemicals of every description, and much more. The unfortunate consequence of these markets is rampant crime; the streets are thick with thieves and beggars in quantities that are more than the Fharin Watch can handle. Dubious services are available for hire if sought discreetly, and thieves and assassins tend to prosper in the dark alleys of Fharin.

Noted Persons

Archduke Alain Runewood, Governor of the Eastern Midlunds (male Midlunder Ari5/Ftr9): A staunch supporter of King Leto, Archduke Runewood divides his time between Fharin and Caspia depending on the needs of the court. Alain is of Leto's generation, just a few years younger than his king. He served as page to the prince decades ago, and the two have been friends as long as they can remember. The recent call to war in the north tugs at Alain's heroic nature, and he wants to answer with action. He finds it difficult to sit in the safety of the heartland while Cygnarans bleed on foreign soil, yet he knows Leto needs his support in Caspia. Meanwhile he has loaned some of his personal guard to the eastern border watch knowing the greatest threat to his land is the Protectorate of Menoth. King Leto has asked him to ensure personally that nothing like the destruction of the Marchbridge ever happens again in this region. Of note, the archduke also gets along well with Lord Ebonhart, duke of the Northern Midlunds, yet considerable enmity persists between him and Archduke Fergus Laddermore of the Southern Midlunds.

Magistrate Degar Villius, Reeve (male Midlunder Ari2/Sor7): Fharin's city council is a cutthroat group of elders dominated by major trade organizations and merchant groups. A mayor has traditionally led the city, but no accord has been reached in years to appoint a new one. Magistrate Villius helps fill that void as arguably the most influential councilman. Degar Villius is an iron willed old man with a hunger for power. He has long kept his powers of sorcery a secret, fearing the stigma would hurt him politically. He lived through Vinter's Inquisition and does not believe attitudes have truly changed. Degar uses his powers to gain advantages when he can do so discreetly and has mastered a number of subtle powers used to spy on his peers. He has been extorting money from several criminals and is concerned about recent efforts by the clergy to clean up the city.

The Four Gangs of Fharin

Many unaffiliated criminals plague Fharin particularly among the beggars and thugs. However, four strong gangs dominate the city's underworld. They clash frequently over territory but are loosely divided by the major city markets.

The Fairmarket Chums is a lucrative protection racket led by Hob Dabbins (male Thurian Rog9). His cover is working for the Fharin Caravaner's Guild, and Hob has friends among the Griffons in Corvis.

The Rail Street Gougers is a ruthless bunch of thugs run by Drake d'Motta (male Ryn Rog6/Ptr4) who specialize in extortion, kidnapping, smuggling, and sometimes murder. They frequent the Rotten Apple, a seedy dive in Hillmarket, and have connections to several groups outside Fharin. D'Motta is connected to a powerful Thamarite priest called Roletto (male Tordoran Clr11).

Desley "Locks" Farrower (female Caspian Rog9/Ssm4) runs the South Baggage Boys and only employs proven professionals. They specialize in carefully planned burglaries and heists and utilize a variety of fences to distribute their goods. Thieves caught poaching on their territory are left alive but either have all the fingers severed from their right hands or most of their teeth pulled out or broken, and females are often misused.

The Bridgeway Butchers are filled with second-rate pickpockets, enforcers, and conmen. This gang recently absorbed a smaller gang and is somewhat fragmented with no strong central leadership at the moment, yet they still get by with numbers.

Locales of Fharin

Corben Cathedral of Fharin: This impressive cathedral was built a century after Asc. Corben saved

the region from rip lung. It took twenty years to build the massive cathedral, drawing workers and artists from as far away as Laedry. The building itself is surrounded by a moat with four lofty towers on the north side and a stair-tower on the south, and it features dozens of tall stained glass windows with depressed arches. The upper arches are carried on sandstone corbels. Behind these are defensive walkways with machicolation holes all round the building. It features a copper-tiled pitched roof in the traditional Fharin style. The Fharin Vicarate Council meets here regularly led by Vicar Cecily Applewhite (female Midlunder Clr13), a stern and outspoken priestess trained at the Sancteum Seminary. The Council believes Fharin's rampant crime is an embarrassment and reflects poorly on their leadership.

Cornby's Fine Alchemicals: The alchemy business thrives in Fharin with several major competing shops. Some of these are cut-rate labs filled with con artist physicians and snake oil salesmen, but Cornby's is a reputable shop with a staff of skilled alchemists including several gobbers. Their wares are shipped by caravan as far away as Ord although most are bought locally. The proprietor is Jonus Cornby (male Midlunder Alc12) who is nominally a member of the Order of the Golden Crucible. Jonus merely covers his dues and tends not to associate with members of the local branch, many of whom are his competition. Jonus prefers to maintain his independence and seeks no additional responsibilities. News of the Thunderhead Fortress's exclusivity with Khador has not changed his opinion, though he worries how it will affect his business in the near future.

Fharin Station: The rail yards of Fharin Station are among the largest and most impressive outside of the capital. They are owned and run by the Caspian Railway Society (see pg. 70). Caspian Rail owns six advanced steamjacks that work alongside human and trollkin laborers to offload cargo. They are the single largest employer in Fharin and one of the wealthiest enterprises. The local manager is Lon Brashner (male Midlunder Exp7) who sits on the city's council. His employees have recently clashed with the Fairmarket Chums, for Lon refuses to pay protection money. Given he employs his own small army of laborers, he may be able to stand against their intimidation tactics although the Chums fight dirty and never take "no" for an answer.

Fisherbrook

In Power: Captain Phineas Montfort

Population: 14,000 human (mostly Morridane), 1,000 gobbers, and some ogrun and trollkin

Military: Fisherbrook is a backwater under martial rule. The town is garrisoned by a company of soldiers that would rather be just about anywhere else.

Imports: Manufactured goods, wheat

Exports: Cured meats, fish, fur, lumber

Traders on the Dragon's Tongue will tell you that Fisherbrook is a sad place—many think it should have been left to rot decades ago. Notorious for its appalling weather and trapped in the Dragon's Tongue River Valley, Fisherbrook lies beneath continually lingering clouds that drop buckets of cold rain upon the northern foothills of the Dragonspine Peaks. Truly, the Morridane who live here have cause for their humorless reputation. Once Fisherbrook was an important trading town frequented by merchants traveling to and from Corvis. Seaborne cargos would often brave the Tongue as far as the Thornmere, transferring to lighter vessels for the last leg of the journey or selling to local traders in the Fisherbrook market. Then steam-powered vessels grew increasingly common, able to ship substantial cargoes straight from Point Bourne to Corvis. Only those with slower boats or crafts in need of repair stop in Fisherbrook now. Almost a third of its buildings stand empty, many in utter disrepair; others have been converted by gobbers into a labyrinth of houses.

Some families have dwelt here for generations in spite of the city's decline; they are too stubborn to move. They work as loggers, boat crews (at knock-down rates), fishermen, or hunters in the fringes of the Thornwood. Of course Brookmen, as the city's inhabitants are called, do not venture deep into the forest. It is said that lost spirits can be seen wandering there, for the bones of those who perished in the Thornwood War are easily disturbed. Indeed, the stockade is the town's sturdiest construction, not so much because of ghosts but because Tharn are known to lope out of the woods and into the streets on occasion to snatch unfortunate residents from their homes. The gates are closed at dusk and manned by drab-looking guards in their rainskins. It was no

great surprise when the Mayor of Fisherbrook threw down his chain of office in 593 AR and nobody took it up. In fact, it hangs to this day above the bar in the Woodsman's Folly. Since then the town has been under military rule.

Noted Persons

Captain Phineas Montfort (male Midlunder Ftr9): Montfort is the de facto leader of Fisherbrook. It is not a job Montfort ever wanted, and he long surrendered hope that a job well done will lead to a promotion and a way out of this town. He is sincere and hard working, but there is something dead in the man's eyes. It is as if the poor captain wants to die every day he gets up in the morning, and there seems to be much more to his story. In spite of his barely suppressed apathy, Montfort asks his men to take their jobs seriously, and they usually do. Often he and his troops are busy stopping rowdy citizens and drunken mercenaries from getting out of line. He turns a blind eye to the smuggling, however. He has to; it is just too much. Anyone who works to make Fisherbrook a better place will earn his respect, and anyone who does not had better not need his help.

Locales of Fisherbrook

Gobber's Mill: This sprawling structure was at one time a small neighborhood of middle-class merchant homes. The once abandoned houses have since become home to most of the city's gobbers who have connected the houses with crude bridges, catwalks, ropes, and pulleys. The Mill—so called by the Morridane Brooksmen because of the frequent clank of machinery and the rhythmic thumping of the large wooden wheels installed by the gobbers to grind their grain and provide motive power for winches—is the only place in Fisherbrook where one is guaranteed to see smiling faces moving about in a flurry of activity. The gobbers seem to be the only citizens left who have not yet been overcome by apathy, but it is unlikely that they will be able to revitalize the town. Even the gobbers will admit that Fisherbrook is doomed to fade away, but they are enjoying the town and the small trickle of work it provides while it lasts. Although it looks like a confusing jumble at first glance, the mill is the best-maintained structure in Fisherbrook and is very sound.

Tharn encampment: Although the Tharn are widely believed to have been wiped out by Cygnaran knights and plague, anyone who lives near Thornwood knows that this is just wishful thinking. What very few realize is that parts of the shattered tribe have begun to gather in a secret location inside the forest. Woodsmen have spread rumors that dozens have been seen traveling through the trees, but they are inaccurate. In fact there are scores, maybe hundreds. The change is the result of an enigmatic new leader, a black-robed druid calling himself Serpent's Tooth.

Winds of War

Bad things are always stirring in the Thornwood according to the local superstitions. However, things have gotten worse in recent months both in Fisherbrook and the entire nearby region. Outlying homes and farms have been burned to the ground, and reports have come that this is happening to the southwest as well, as many small villages between Point Bourne and Orven have had to endure terrible attacks. Some of the locals presumed these were the work of the Tharn or similar old terrors, but now it is believed these are the acts of Cryxian raiders who may have established strongholds in the region. The soldiers at Stonebridge Castle have been asked to investigate these random acts of violence as have those at Fort Whiterock. Many locals in Fisherbrook believe Cryxians have invaded the Thornwood and possibly the Gnarls as well although how they got there and what they are doing is unknown. Some people have suggested that blackclad druids should be approached about helping to deal with the problem—most consider this a lunatic notion. Desperate times may call for unusual solutions and the druids surely cannot approve of necromantic intruders in their forests.

Highgate

In Power: Highgate City Council, Lord Mayor Baniger Stromroy, and Lord General Vincent Gollan

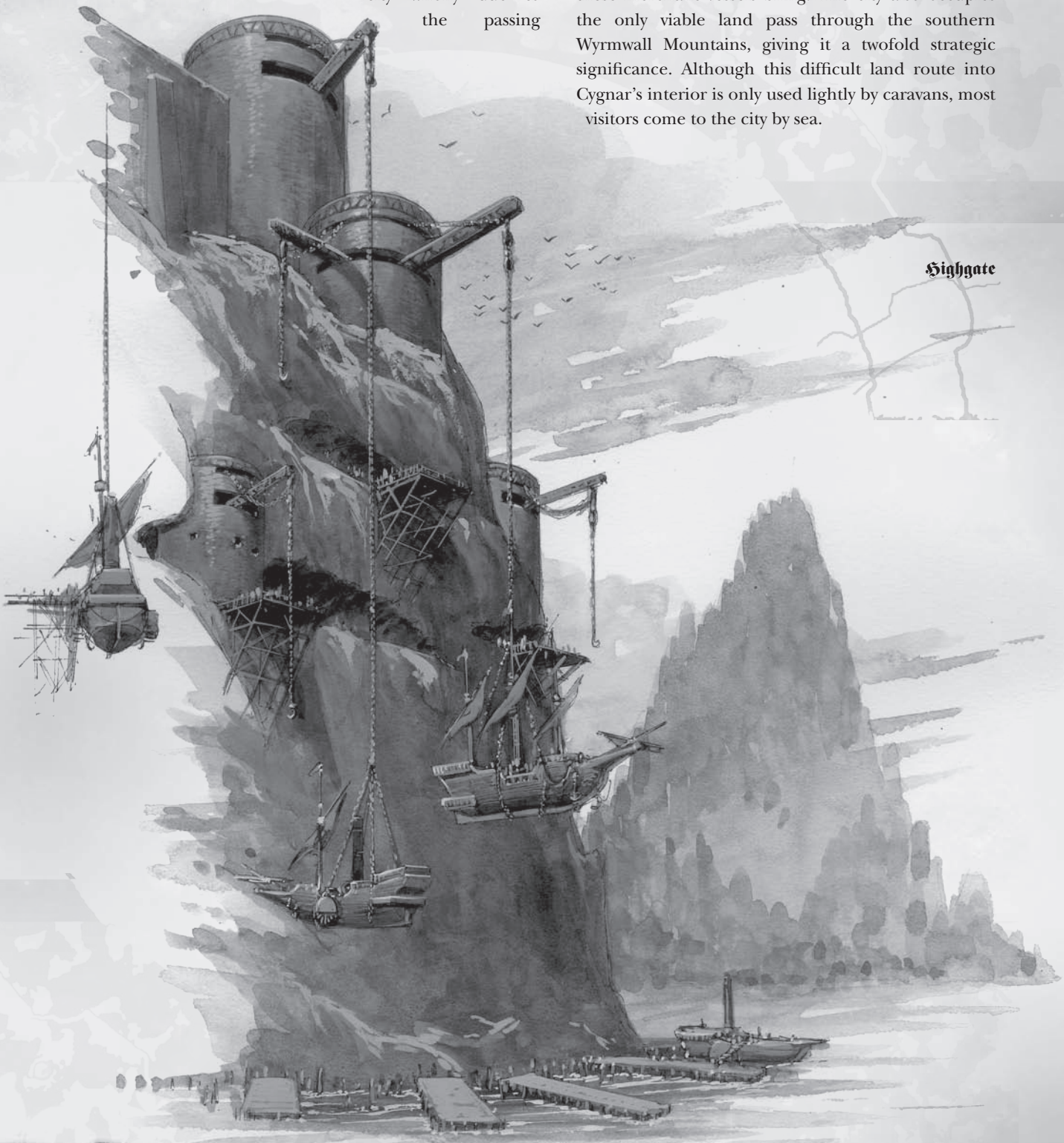
Population: 60,000 (mostly human, with several hundred dwarves and gobbers and a few ogrun)

Military: Highgate is a military outpost first and foremost and very well garrisoned. Almost a fourth of the city's population is in the service of the military, and they keep a wary eye on Cryx and the movements of their ships. Highgate is home to six fully stocked battle galleons bristling with cannon.

Imports: Ale, coal, food, iron, weapons

Exports: Copper, fish, sulphur, textiles

Originally founded as a lookout along the Broken Coast where soldiers could watch for pirates or Cryxian blackships, Highgate quickly grew into a major port city wholly due to the passing merchant ships that arrived at the well-situated locale to re-supply. For generations since, Highgate's commerce and status as a key city relies upon the trade these merchant vessels bring. The city also occupies the only viable land pass through the southern Wyrmwall Mountains, giving it a twofold strategic significance. Although this difficult land route into Cygnar's interior is only used lightly by caravans, most visitors come to the city by sea.



Highgate offers unique protection from the pirate-infested waters. It actually hoists ships out of the water and suspends them from massive cranes jutting from the high cliffs above. The city itself is built atop these heights nearly a thousand feet over the water. Indeed, travelers must either endure the myriad flights of stairs or brave one of the rickety mechanikal elevators to reach the city proper. Highgate is an incredible site to behold, for dozens of ships can be found hanging along the sheer sea cliffs at any given time.

The city above conveys great natural strength and remarkable beauty. It is actually carved into the stony mountain named, appropriately enough, Highgate Rock. Blocky buildings built with the local porous stone, a warm red brown color full of fossil shells and easily corroded when exposed to the air, are situated layer upon layer with tiered avenues crisscrossing along rock faces or atop various crags and overhangs. At one point the city abuts a ravine that drops straight down into the sea, but a single massive stone bridge spans the 350-foot ravine and another third of the city is seated row upon row on the other side.

Winds of War

In recent months thousands of soldiers from Highgate have moved closer to the front lines. Lord General Gollan has heeded the requests of Warmaster Turpin, but the local military has become increasingly worried about the threat of Cryx—more and more blackships have been reported on the move up and down the Broken Coast. Should Highgate lose too many of its soldiers, southern Cygnar will become quite vulnerable to invasion, and things could become much worse if the Khadoran Navy moves against Ceryl. It would force the city to send away many of its warships.

Noted Persons

Lord General Vincent Gollan, Earl of Shieldpoint, Supreme Knight of the Highgate Vigil, Senior Knight of the Prophet (male Caspian Pal15): General Gollan is in charge of all military forces in Highgate—navy, army, and scouts—and reports directly to King Leto. He is also the governor of the Shieldpoint province although he delegates most of these administrative tasks to his staff. He defers to the mayor on civic policy but has the authority to take control of the city in times of war or crisis. He is held responsible for all western defenses against the nightmare hordes of the Cryxian island empire. His hatred of Cryx is as unwavering and absolute as his honor. The lord general does not like to admit he is long past his prime, and he has hopes to give a few more years of service before retiring.

Locales of Highgate

Chapel of Light: Few churches can boast of having produced more battle-chaplains than the Chapel of Light in Highgate. Dedicated to both Ascendants Katrena and Solovin, this church draws the most rugged and battle-ready priests into its service. The chapel is connected to the great hall of the Knights of the Vigil and tends to the order's spiritual needs in addition to helping to train its few paladins. The chapel is supervised by Prelate Nathan Burgis (male Caspian Clr8/Pal4), a former Knight of the Prophet. Nathan has become obsessed with the notion that Blighterghast, the nearby dragon of the Wyrmwall, is a larger threat to the city than distant Cryx. He has urged the Knights of the Vigil to discover more about the wyrm and its minions.

Cragspire Lighthouse: Occupying the highest point in the city, this famous lighthouse has a fantastic long view and can shine its beacons quite far either west or south. It uses a complex code of flashes to indicate weather and tide conditions as well as the likelihood of pirate attacks. The lighthouse is manned by a small staff paid by the army and supervised by a keen-eyed old gobber named Diggins (male gobber Exp5). Some subordinates chafe at being ordered around by a gobber, but Diggins is trusted by officers of the navy. He is an expert on coded signal and has a peculiar knack for accurate weather prediction.

Craneworks, The: The many powerful cranes of Highgate and the steam engines that power them are masterpieces of engineering, but unfortunately they are also in constant need of maintenance. A small army of mechanics and craftsmen work night and day on the Craneworks and their engines sometimes overseen by Lord Mayor Stromroy (male Thurian Amk12), an arcane mechanik of renowned skill who would rather be at the Craneworks than in council. During dangerous times the Craneworks becomes a frenzy of activity as military vessels are lowered for battle and merchant ships are hoisted aloft. Two important individuals here are the dockmaster and the rig-foreman. Dockmaster Hugh Went (male Caspian Exp9) is responsible for coordinating all arrivals to

Highgate both at the docks below the cliffs and those hoisted up into the city proper. Rig-foreman Jerg Daro (male dwarf Exp5/War2), a dwarf born in Highgate, oversees all crane operations and ensures that the complex tangle of ropes and winches functions as it should. These two men are fast friends but also prone to fierce arguments and rarely agree on anything—unless confronted by a third party, whereupon one is quick to come to the defense of the other.

Ironhead Station

In Power: Viscount Casner Rathleagh and the Ironhead Elder Council

Population: 15,000 humans, a couple thousand gobbers, and a few hundred ogrun and trollkin. 35,000 dwarves and roughly 1,000 ogrun live at the Ironhead Conclave.

Military: Ironhead Station has a permanent garrison of several hundred soldiers supported by dozens of trained railwardens who regularly inspect the tracks and cargo. The dwarven conclave looks to its own protection and has thousands of able-bodied warriors.

Imports: Grain, fruit, wine, beer, dried meats, mining supplies, and water

Exports: Iron, coal, stone, copper, silver, bauxite, tin, gemstones

Arriving at Ironhead Station is a peculiar experience, like being swallowed by a mountain, since the entire city is completely beneath the earth. The rail line curves through the Wyrmwall before entering an enormous hollowed out cavern in the mountain, within which, like jewels in darkness, the houses and buildings of Ironhead Station are brightly lit by hundreds of gas lamps. The majority of the housing and tunnels are of course within the rock walls of the massive cavern, but scores of buildings on grillwork platforms are nestled high along many of the walls. Dozens of catwalks of varying heights, widths, and angles crisscross to and fro. Massive steel girders secure the structures aloft, and enormous clockwork gears and pulleys raise and lower several hanging cages and wide grillwork platforms throughout the area conveying the folk of Ironhead to their destinations above and below.

Perhaps the most unique settlement in Cygnar, Ironhead is actually two towns in one. The small underground town and rail station most visitors see is peopled mainly by humans, but an older second community is less than a mile away, connected by tunnels and inhabited by thousands of dwarves. The Ironhead Conclave settlement evolved almost in isolation, and it is an important connection between Orven and Steelwater Flats. Main contact with the dwarves initially came from the regular merchant and supply caravans stopping for safe haven along the mountain roads, but this all changed with the invention of the rail.

Since then, hundreds of families have moved to Ironhead Station hoping to find their fortunes in the deep mines or the related shipping and rail industries. Residents include enterprising ogrun, gobbers, and trollkin all willing to work for a share. "Miner Rhulic" is a common dialect spoken in Ironhead Station by all the races including an integrated half Cygnaran, half Rhulic vernacular quite unintelligible to outsiders. The saying goes that the inhabitants of Ironhead have "gravel in their pants and iron in their skulls," but there is no disputing the wealth that comes from these mines and quarries. Additionally, local fortunes increased when the rail line finished the connection to Orven through Ironhead Station making it a crucial stop through the Wyrmwall Mountains.

Dwarven Conclaves

The dwarven conclaves in Cygnar date back to 204 AR when the ink of the Corvis Treaties was still damp on the page. King Benewic the Bold, first king of Cygnar, was visited by emissaries from Rhul with an unexpected proposition. The Stone Lords offered to cement their new friendship by establishing conclaves in the lands of man. Numerous young dwarven clans were eager to move south and make their mark. Familiar with their industrious nature, King Benewic gladly accepted and offered the dwarves considerable territory deep in the Wyrmwall Mountains, lands too rugged for much useful human work. In a few short decades the conclaves at Ironhead and Orven were born as well as other smaller settlements elsewhere in the mountains of Cygnar (and via similar arrangements in Khador). At the bargain cost of being allowed to govern themselves by Rhulic law, these dwarves have proven invaluable sources of industry and labor.

Noted Persons

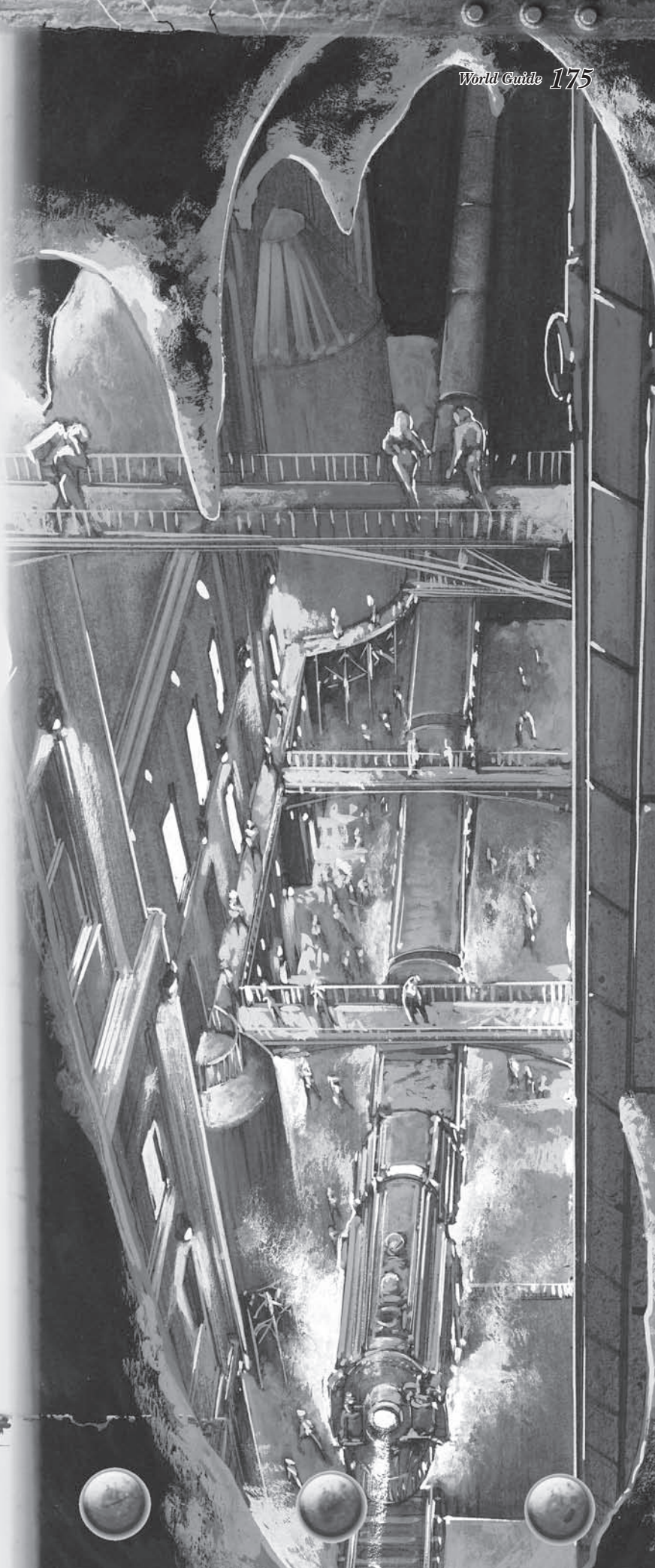
Viscount Casner Rathleagh, Alderman (male Thurian Ari2/Wiz11): The elderly viscount is a man

of influence in Cygnar connected to a powerful family that includes his nephew, the Earl of Rimmocksdale. The younger brother of the former earl, Casner grew up in Orven but was sent off to Caspia to find his calling among the Fraternal Order of Wizardry. His comfortable career as a wizard came to a close when the new king sent him to rule Ironhead Station in 595 AR, trusting to his experience with mining communities as a youth. Viscount Rathleagh has proved an able leader although the constant darkness and oppression of being underground pecks at his sanity, and he has begun to have disturbing nightmares. The viscount has recently renewed his occult studies in an attempt to distract himself. He is convinced there may be old lore in various recently discovered mountain ruins and is quick to embrace any excuse to see the surface again. The viscount is a frequent visitor to the upper levels of the nearby dwarven conclave where he can observe the stars at night.

Marba Stoneground (female dwarf Rgr4/Rog4): Marba has friends in unlikely places such as members of the Glomring (see pg. 134) as well as rig-foreman Jerg Daro in Highgate. However, she has made a comfortable living in Ironhead Station as a scout, both in the nearby mountains and descending into the deepest and most dangerous of mine shafts. She has become an invaluable liaison between the dwarven conclave and the human mining companies and is well trusted in both settlements. Marba is usually hired to find new likely claims or to evaluate the safety of ongoing projects and to warn of potential threats to the town by dangerous creatures in the deeper shafts or nearby mountain trails, of which there are many.

Locales of Ironhead Station

Chapel of Sambert: This chapel is built into the wall of the cavern and through a clever bit of design has several long shafts that reach the surface and allow sunlight into the central chamber during a period of the early afternoon. As if starved for natural light, some in the congregation do not even realize this is why they visit the church. It has made the chapel more popular than it might have otherwise been among the predominantly casual Morrowans of Ironhead Station. The prelate who maintains the chapel is Viktor Melgravka (male Umbrean Clr7), a hearty but blind priest who emigrated from eastern Khador decades ago. He is married and has three sons and two



daughters all of whom have settled near Steelwater Lake. Viktor is also a masterful sculptor, and his figurines of the ascendants are treasured by those who receive them.

Deepventure Mining: The most successful of several mining companies based in Ironhead, Deepventure is also the most dangerous to its employees. They pay well but make no pretenses about the fact that they will put their workers in hazardous conditions to get ahead of the competition. Their lack of caution has made them unattractive to many local dwarves and many refuse to work for Deepventure. However, plenty of fresh newcomers are always willing to take chances in order to make a few crowns. Deepventure Mining is owned by the Mercarian League through some complex financial arrangements.

Ironhead Conclave: This dwarven settlement was built in the style of the old guard towns of northern Rhul by first establishing a secure bastion fortress on the surface of the mountain, building a town around it, and then erecting additional walls around the town. Once secured from outside threats, they built downward into the mountain. It was during this underground excavation they discovered the large open cavern that would eventually become Ironhead Station. Ironically, more dwarves here live on the surface than in the neighboring human town although there are still a large number of underground dwellings. The conclave is in regular contact with Rhul but is governed by its own Council of Elders, a body of ten clan lords or their spoken representatives mirroring the Moot in Ghord. The Ironhead clan, led by Clan Lord Jaril Ironhead (male dwarf Ftr8), has special clout as the founding namesake of the region. It is rumored this clan name was a derogatory appellation in Ghord before their exodus—given for the stubbornness of their founder—but it is now used with pride.

Offices of Steelwater Rail and Caspian Railway Society: Although neither company is based here, both competing rail lines maintain large offices and contribute to the busy station. Conflicts between the two are less frequent here than in Steelwater, but problems still occasionally erupt. There is a lot of turnaround in employees here. Most who are assigned cannot bear to stay underground, yet fortunes have been made by those who can tough it out. Between the two rail offices is a large branch of the Steam & Iron Workers Union which some people claim is the true power and authority in Ironhead Station.

King's Vine

In Power: Lady Mayor Rohessa Rainecourt

Population: 15,000 (almost entirely human, mixed Caspian and Midlunder heritage)

Military: King's Vine is garrisoned by two full companies of soldiers each numbering over a hundred men. One hundred watch guards maintain law enforcement, and the area around King's Vine is also patrolled by troops from Eastwall. Recent movements by Menites in the east have the locals unsettled, and additional soldiers now protect the town. Archduke Laddermore has also responded by sending two mercenary companies to patrol the region—the Daggot Blades and the Black River Rovers. These mercenaries are of uncertain honor and reputation however, and they have caused some difficulties for the locals.

Imports: Manufactured goods, textiles, wheat

Exports: Grapes, wines

Situated among the rolling hills of a large river valley a few miles west of the Black River, the small city of King's Vine is known to most Cygnarans for its sole product: wine. Since before the founding of the kingdom, this valley region of hills and vales (known as Haimmonvale, which is why its inhabitants are called Haimmoners) was renowned for the fertility of its fields. The long valley stretches fifty miles from the base of the Wyrmwall to the Black River and the hills beyond, and it is home to a unique group of wineries producing a broad range of excellent wines. The grapes grown here surpass those found anywhere else in Cygnar. Thanks to generations of cross-fertilization and grafting, these fields now boast dozens of varietals. Most notable is the *bricet*, a taste so remarkable that connoisseurs as far away as Khador actively seek it. In addition, the western mountains permit the cultivation of ice wines—another specialty of the city.

Inhabitants are of two sorts: native Haimmoners and transients. The latter consists largely of noblemen and wealthy merchants, both of whom come to King's Vine because of the cachet associated with having a

summer home here. Most of the time, the transients' great estates are empty except for their servants who maintain them in case their masters should choose to arrive. Not surprisingly, some of these servants take advantage of their masters' absence by living like kings or by renting out the estates to visitors. Native Haimmoners live simply and take their care of the vineyards very seriously; it is not only their primary source of income but also a source of immense pride.

Noted Persons

Lady Mayor Rohessa Rainecourt (female Midlunder Ari3): Rohessa Rainecourt owes her position to the wealth of her family, which made its fortune creating new varieties of grapes to excite the taste buds of even the most jaded nobles. Consequently, Lady Rohessa believes that there is no problem that cannot be solved by the application of gold. When dealing with nobles or—better yet—merchants, this approach works well, and it has ensured that King's Vine remains unassuming. However, the lady mayor has had less success when dealing with the Haimmon Valley South Company, an alliance of winegrowers whose demands for representation on the city council are becoming ever more vocal. Lady Rohessa is in awe of Archduke Fergus Laddermore who controls this region from Caspia, and she eagerly seeks his praise. The fact that he has ignored her recent requests for additional "high bred" soldiers to protect the region has only slightly tarnished her esteem for the man.

Locales of King's Vine

Avelot Vineyards: The Avelot Vineyards are the largest and most impressive in all the surrounding countryside. They are owned by the Crown and the produce goes directly to Caspia and other royal enclaves throughout the kingdom. For the right amount, some of the vineyards' unique grapes and wines can be purchased on the sly, and there is rumor of a smuggling ring based around Avelot. It is a source of embarrassment for the city watch, for the smugglers have yet to be uncovered—if smugglers indeed do exist.

Cathedral of the Vine: High Prelate Garrett Strivelyn (male Caspian Clr7) oversees this impressive house of worship dedicated to Ascendant Gordenn. The cathedral is one of the most beautiful in all of Cygnar thanks to the benefices granted to it both by royal charter and gifts from nobles and merchants alike. Its grounds are lush with carefully maintained gardens, and its exterior is green with the vines of its namesake. In addition to extraordinary stained glass windows, it houses a magnificent clock gifted by the noted engineer Alart Bauquemyre (male Ryn Amk7/Exp3) who lived in the city for a time. Most transient inhabitants of the city give lip service to Asc. Gordenn (seen as the patron of vintners). Few are especially zealous in their devotion much to the chagrin of High Prelate Strivelyn who has begun a campaign—with little success so far—to encourage them to attend weekly liturgies. Native Haimmoners, on the other hand, are quite pious since their livelihood depends heavily on the blessings of Gordenn.

King's Castle, The: With its hipped roofs, seven-story central tower, myriad pointed windows, and lavish royal vineyards, the cruciform King's Castle made of Wyrm's chalk—from the Wyrmwall—and large brick is certainly the most impressive building in King's Vine. It is surrounded by a moat and the east wing is quite a bit longer than the other three. The castle serves as residence for the Lady Rainecourt but is actually owned by the Cygnaran Crown and foremost belongs to the king. Indeed, Leto often carves time out of his schedule to rest in the castle at King's Vine. An intriguing story is attached to the castle. Roughly 100 years ago a vintner named Taran Cray, also a reputed apothecary of no small skill, was enraged by an earl named Gravis Halfmont who gravely insulted his family by "sullying" the reputations of the vintner's wife and daughter during a royal party. Cray secretly served poisoned wine to the nobleman resulting in the earl's death, but his crime was quickly discovered. The vintner was seized and soon hanged on the castle grounds for his offense, but when it came time for his burial, the body was never found. Later, a journal was found among his belongings that made Cray out to be an alchemist, and in it he claimed to have uncovered the secret to making an elixir that could impart long life, perhaps even immortality.

Stone Ring: The geographical feature known as the Stone Ring is precisely that: a large circle of stones near the center of the town. The stones that make it up stand about a foot high, and the circle has a diameter of twelve feet. No one knows who built it or for what purpose. Some speculators say it is

Orgoth in origin although most scholars dismiss this as nonsense. Others claim it is an invocation circle for dark summoning. Whatever its original purpose, it is now a popular tourist attraction, and couples often come here to pledge their love, believing the ring brings good luck.

Mercir

In Power: Lord Mayor Smeaton Bolder, the Mercarian League, and Duke Waldron Gately

Population: 185,000 humans (mostly Caspians), 10,000 trollkin, and a few hundred dwarves, gobbers, and ogrun

Military: In addition to the Cygnaran naval vessels stationed here to protect Mercir's docks and trade, roughly a thousand soldiers garrison the city. Mercir is also a port of call for ships patrolling between Caspia and Highgate and hundreds to thousands of additional troops could be in port at anytime. The safety of the citizens is entrusted to local watch and several mercenary companies hired by the Mercarian League and other trading enterprises.

Imports: Many

Exports: Fish, exotic crafted wares, trade goods

All ships rounding the southern cape stop in Mercir. Though remote and difficult to reach by land, it has become one of the busiest ports in Cygnar and serves as a hub for commerce between Caspia and all points beyond. Mercir's bustling docks are always crowded, forcing ship captains to perform daring maneuvers simply to find a safe berth. Ships from rival companies often race to beat one another to the markets, and such activity results in accidents or fights now and then. A well known standing rivalry exists between the local fishing fleets and the merchant captains.

Mercir has a somewhat troubled history, starting as an obscure fishing village and growing to a major city during the Orgoth occupation. Much of the old city burned to the ground in the great fire started by the city's most notorious historical figure, Sc. Stacia, in 415 AR. Great cost and effort went into rebuilding, and thousands of trollkin, drawn from independent bog villages in the Ditches, answered the call for cheap labor. For this reason, Mercir has a very large population of trollkin who have mostly settled in a southern neighborhood named Fornby, sometimes called "trolltown" by locals.

The city is roughly divided. The eastern half is nicknamed Waterbourg and is devoted largely to the docks, warehouses, shipping companies, and the many taverns, inns, and dens of ill repute which service them. These are busy and lively neighborhoods, but they are also dangerous for the unwary, filled with cutthroats and the occasional press gang looking for recruits. The western city is more sedate and upscale with large estates belonging to the influential. The diverse variety of foreign people and assortment of exotic wares and goods in Mercir is bewildering for newcomers. Recently the city has been buzzing with wild rumors about Zu, the southern continent. Given their remote location, it is no wonder these exotic tales find more interested listeners than stories about the far away invasion of Llael.

Noted Persons

Duke Waldron Gately of Southpoint, Earl of Fennmar (male Caspian Ari8/Ftr2): Although frequently away in Caspia attending Leto's court, Duke Gately is the most powerful noble on the Mercarian peninsula. He is a stern man who brooks no outside interference with the shipping trade—the lifeblood of the region. His estate is a restored keep atop a low hill overlooking an apple orchard and is located just north of the city. Despite his enormous influence, the duke leaves most city matters to the mayor and city council, but he expects his requests to be heeded when asked. The Gately family has been inextricably linked with the Mercarian League since its founding and remains one of their most influential backers. The duke is a member of their ruling board and in frequent contact with Lord Ethan Starke, the chief alderman (see Mercarian League, pg. 72). His own duties leave him little time to follow the myriad details of its daily business, but he is one of their advocates in the Royal Assembly.

Locales of Mercir

Dhunia's Hold: This completely circular granite-block church dedicated to Dhunia was erected by the trollkin populace around 455 AR. Inside, four enormous granite columns support the round-arched vaults. The church is built near a sand beach on

the fringes of the Fornby district and is usually met with mixed reactions from non-Dhunians within the community. In fact, some zealous students of Morrow can sometimes be found hovering near the building attempting to convert the trollkin from their misguided ways. Most trollkin take this in stride, and some, in fact, are known to swear by and/or offer prayers to both deities. Wise One Balaras Surfborn (male trollkin Clr9) is the leader of Mercir's trollkin community and head of Dhunia's Hold. He is beginning to show his age having worked much of his life to improve the living conditions in Fornby. Merchants who own these companies consider him a meddler, and many would like to see him gone, but he also has several friends and allies including the Morrowan vicars who appreciate his peaceful message. He is unaware that his son Talaras (male trollkin Ftr5) is an enforcer for a local human crime lord.

Fraternal Order Lodge: Many of the magi in Mercir's Fraternal Order of Wizardry are heavily involved in local politics. The High Magus is Gorridan Whentish (male Thurian Wiz16), a strong-willed, middle-aged man who has aspirations one day to replace the High Magus Arland Calster, court wizard to King Leto in Caspia. The lodge itself is a small estate in western Mercir nestled behind high ivy-covered walls and isolated from the public. Built of large red-brown brick, the construction started as a defensive castle with moat, but by the end it had introduced many post-Orgoth features such as the highly decorated round gables inspired by Morrowan architecture, decorative bronze spear-tops to the towers, depressed round-arched windows, and a large attic under a hipped roof with dozens of dormer windows which are always warmly lit. The grounds also feature a separate red-brown brick and copper clock tower with a black, glazed tile roof. Several potent wizards of the Mercir branch are in the employ of the Mercarian League researching arcane methods to improve navigation.

Mercarian League Compound: The Mercarian League is the wealthiest and most influential mercantile organization in western Immoren. Its compound in Mercir, located in Waterbourg, is guarded well by armed men and watchdogs, and from here the League coordinates its empire of trade. The compound includes several outbuildings that lead to a large manor that is unto a palace situated on its own private inlet. It is built as a double house—that is to say two long houses joined together containing the residences of permanent officers who dwell there year round—and it is a genuine water castle that rises directly out of the water. It stands on oak piles and the walls rest on a stone plinth. Countless arrow slits accompany the crowstep gables of the various arched windows and along the round corner towers on the south end of the building. The smaller buildings are various offices and workshops. The League does not trust its security to the local watch and employs its own team of well-paid mercenaries wearing the Mercarian colors. A number of Ordic employees work for the League as well, particularly as skilled pilots and captains, and a bit of rivalry exists between them and the Cygnaran-born workers. Tensions have been particularly high recently, and they have tried to stifle rumors about recent problems with their shipping routes to the southern continent of Zu.

Mercir Cathedral: Home to Mercir's Vicarate Council, this is the center for the Church of Morrow in the south peninsula. The original cathedral suffered greatly during the fire of 415 AR as did much of the city. It was restored some years later on the very same breathtaking slopes immediately overlooking the harbor. It is made primarily of flint with an embraced central brick tower that serves as a lighthouse and waypoint for incoming ships. The senior vicar is Calefo Silvi (male Tordoran Clr14), a broad-shouldered priest with weathered skin who was born in Berck but has lived most of his life in Mercir. He is a true follower of Asc. Doleth and owns a fishing boat with his son.

Rumor Has It…

Despite repeated attempts to root out Thamarites in the city, a small hidden shrine devoted to Scion Stacia exists near Mercir. The unholy site is located in a warren of caves along the cliffs of the cape just east of the city. Occasionally, baleful lights from fires in these caves can be observed from the harbor and are always taken as an ill omen. A small sept of Thamar meets here periodically. The timing is based on obscure astrological events, and the meetings are typically followed by ritual murders in the city. This group has been outlawed as a disruptive and subversive organization, yet no proof is immediately available that they exist, much less are linked to the periodic murders in Mercir.

New Larkholm

In Power: Earl Harlan Mosley of the Cloutsdowns, Commander Ratcliff

Population: 55,000 humans, a couple thousand gobbers and trollkin

Military: New Larkholm has a small garrison of troops. Hundreds of additional soldiers and mercenaries repeatedly pass through by ship.

Imports: Textiles, wheat, wood

Exports: Coal, gold, iron, manufactured goods

The very spot where the city of New Larkholm stands has been the site of more than one terrible tragedy. During the Orgoth invasion, thousands of the conquering foreigners devastated the town of Larkholm with their magic and might, murdering the residents and burning the buildings to the ground. In time, the skulls and ashes were cleaned away and a new city arose on the site of the previous settlement. In 242 AR, Cryxian reavers sacked the place and started a fire along the waterfront that spread throughout the entire city. Once more, Larkholm burned down to mostly frames and ash. A royal decree was thereupon issued by King Woldred in 277 for a new city to be constructed on the remains of the old, this time with a massive hill fortress overlooking the sea. The fortress was placed under military command to dissuade the Cryxians from ever again attempting to make forays onto Cygnaran soil. This strategy seemed to work. Very few invaders have tried to land anywhere near the fort, and when they have, they have always been decisively repelled.

Because of its position, New Larkholm is called the "Gateway to the Seas." The Mercarian League has adopted the fortified and well-placed city as one of its base ports, so New Larkholm contains hundreds of luxuriant manors. Merchants feel that the harbor is ideal for their purpose, and the League pledges large portions of its resources to maintain the city in exchange for royal tax concessions. As one might expect, the League has gained considerable power here and pushes smaller merchant companies to the sidelines. Without a counterbalance to their influence, Mercarian officials have become the unofficial rulers of New Larkholm with the commander of the hill fortress as one of their primary allies.

Recently though, the situation in the city has changed. The current ranking noble of the region, Earl Mosley, sees Mercarian power as a threat to the economic stability; this has not made him fast friends of either the League officials or the city's commander. At the moment the situation is quite unstable, and the residents have become anxious with the ongoing tension between the earl and the commander along with his Mercarian allies. In fact, some observers believe it is only a matter of time before outright violence erupts in the city streets.

Noted Persons

Lady Haley Hadley (female Caspian Rog6): In some circles, Lady Hadley is referred to as "the earl's good right arm" since she is Earl Mosley's prime agent in New Larkholm. She acts on his behalf in numerous capacities including spying on the Mercarian League. In this capacity she frequently employs outsiders to the city, so the earl can plausibly deny his connection to their activities. Lady Hadley is the earl's lover as well as a consummate professional who never does anything that could adversely affect the earl's reputation or standing in Caspia. Even so, she is not above dirty tricks to achieve her goals, and she encourages those she hires to think similarly.

Prelate Phineas Herber (male Midlunder Clr7): Prelate Herber heads the local church of New Larkholm. His congregation is large, consisting primarily of locals in addition to a steady influx of sailors and naval merchantmen. Herber once served in the Cygnaran navy himself, so he understands those who make their living on the sea. For that reason he is respected by Earl Mosley, which in turn puts him at odds with the commander despite his best efforts to maintain amity with him and his supporters. He can often be found meditating in the chancel or visiting with the monks of the priory.

Earl Harlan Mosley (male Caspian Ftr13): Earl Mosley is the lord mayor of New Larkholm and governs the entire Cloutsdowns province. He is a former captain in the Cygnaran navy and his missing right arm is evidence of how much he is willing to give in defense of king and country. He retains a distinctly military bearing and many of his intimates still address him as "captain" rather than "lord." Unfortunately, Mosley is not much of a politician and is viewed as a

harsh and dogmatic fool by some, particularly those allied to Mercarian League and Commander Ratcliff. This has made his job all the more difficult and there is some buzz that he may be removed from his position soon. Despite these rumors, the earl has the trust of King Leto who admires his military service.

Commander Griffin Ratcliff (male Caspian Ftr12): Commander Ratcliff is a grizzled war veteran whose service to Cygnar has won him powerful backers in Caspia. He is among those who were loyal to the former King Vinter such as the Archduke Fergus Laddermore. Ratcliff uses his position to carve out a personal empire for himself, lining his pockets with bribes from the Mercarian League as well as the smuggling of contraband through New Larkholm's port. He has little fear of either the new king or his "puppet" Earl Mosley. Despite this treasonous attitude, Ratcliff is a talented soldier and an excellent commander. His strategies have helped repel no fewer than three Cryxian pirate raids in the last decade—another reason he does not fear being replaced. After all, corrupt or not, he knows no one else could do his job half so well.

Locales of New Larkholm

Larkhold: New Larkholm's hill fortress, the Larkhold, is nestled safely on a high bluff overlooking the city. It is very imposing situated atop some cliffs and has a spectacular view of the Larkholm valley. The fortress features high protective walls that seem to grow straight up from the rock face, and it boasts many cannon and other artillery pieces designed to attack ships at sea. It is the center of power for Commander Ratcliff and, as such, is filled with soldiers intensely loyal to him.

Larkholm Church of the Ascendant Ellena: Near the waterfront this stately church sits behind Stanton Wall, a fortified bulwark that drops straight down into the sea and is topped by a long row of buttresses. Above the church entrance is a striking bust image of the Asc. Ellena surrounded by garlands, and along the façade are several ornately carved vergeboards in a similar style. The cathedral itself is built of creamy brown—almost yellow—stone blocks, as is most of the city, and is coated with lime from the salty sea air. The west-facing tower, called Ellena's Tower, is a hundred feet tall and buttressed with corner shafts topped with pinnacles and five impressively carved open windows below through which the large church bell can be seen. A shorter south tower—called the porch tower—features battlements and three ornate windows above five smaller windows. The church is enclosed by a curving wall of the same stone with a large wrought iron gate that is closed after the evening bell. A modest priory is also on the grounds where a handful of Morrowan monks—no more than a dozen—study and illuminate religious tomes in the old style.

Mercarian League Office: The Mercarian League maintains a regional office in New Larkholm. From here its employees oversee the League's maritime businesses as well as overland trade routes heading eastward into the Cygnaran heartland. The headquarters are well protected by private soldiers, many of whom once served under the commander.

Orven

In Power: Lord Mayor Amauri Montewick, reporting to Earl Quinlan Rathleagh of Rimmocksdale; also Clan Lord Horud Lakestone of the Orven Conclave

Population: 38,000 humans, 25,000 dwarves, and a few hundred gobbers, ogrun, and trollkin

Military: Orven employs hundreds of watchmen to maintain law and order. The dwarven conclave is protected by scores of volunteer guards and assists Orven when needed. The Church of Morrow can also provide up to thirty paladins and religious knights to defend the city and the pilgrims who visit it. Additional troops may be moved into Orven by rail or downriver from Fort Whiterock.

Imports: Manufactured goods, textiles, wheat

Exports: Coal, mineral water, religious items, silver, sulphur

Orven's importance to Cygnar grows with each passing year. Originally it was rather insignificant, known mainly for the pure mineral water that flows from the nearby Wyrmwall Mountains and for the hot springs fed by underground volcanism. All that changed when then Exarch Arius, who was born in Orven, used his influence to have the city conceded as a haven from most royal taxes. As a native, the exarch knew that the Wyrmwall possessed sizable quantities of coal and silver whose extraction would

fuel the development of mechanikal and other types of engineering projects in the area. The soon-to-be Primarch proved prophetic, and in the year 603 AR the Orven Rail line was laid down after investors poured their wealth into it and other equally grand endeavors. Even after just a couple short years, the locals cannot imagine what life would be like without the rail and feel more connected than ever to the heart of the kingdom. There has been an upsurge in pilgrims to the city who come to visit the birthplace of the leader of the Morrowan Church—a practice that was unknown in previous generations. Likewise, the Church exercises plenty of influence with Orven, both subtle and overt, and the town has grown rich from the proceeds of pious donations. Some skeptics disapprove of the way in which these funds have been used, however.

The other major distinction of Orven is the city serves as the home of the second largest dwarven conclave in Cygnar established after the Corvis Treaties when the dwarves ended their isolation. This began as a civic experiment but after two centuries has become an integral aspect of the town. The conclave takes up a sizable portion of the northern neighborhoods and extends down into a considerable subterranean section. This part of town is considered Rhulic territory and is not subject to Cygnaran law. Its robust multi-storied buildings bear more resemblance to Ghordic construction than the southern neighborhoods. Recent decades have brought more mixing of the two communities and there are now thousands of dwarves living in other neighborhoods along with numerous human families who have moved into dwarven-built homes. These ties have worked to strengthen the community as well as create lasting bonds between the races. Nonetheless there are periodic disagreements particularly where Cygnaran and Rhulic laws do not agree. It is well known that lawbreakers such as thieves are brutally punished in the conclave to a degree considered almost inhumane. This has caused anger and resentment among freer minded human "merchants and traders" (i.e. thieves and con-men) and focused crime in the human neighborhoods.

Noted Persons

Clan Lord Horud Lakestone (male dwarf Amk6/Ftr3): The dwarven counterpart of the lord mayor, Horud is relatively young for a clan lord and new to the position. The Lakestone clan has led the Orven conclave for almost a century and is influential among the miners, builders, and engineers of the dwarven community. Horud is more interested in working on mechanikal devices than is considered proper for one of his station, and rival clans seek to overthrow the Lakestone dynasty. Nonetheless, Lord Horud is well loved by the industrious members of his community, particularly since he is willing to get his hands dirty and work alongside them. He cemented his reputation in recent months when he led his people to aid Cygnar in the reconstruction of the Marchbridge south of Fharin at King Leto's request.

Lord Mayor Amauri Montewick (male Midlunder Ari3/Ftr4): Orven's current lord mayor is a devout follower of Asc. Katrena and is in good standing with Vicar Roard. He has adopted a very hands-off approach to governance, preferring to allow the Church, the conclave, and the various business factions within the city to act without interference from his office. Indeed, Montewick frequently turns to them for advice and assistance since he hates confrontation without good cause. When he does take an interest in something, as he does whenever he finds evidence of corruption or malfeasance, no one—not even the vicar—can sway him from his course.

Vicar Juliete Enderlin (female Caspian Bcp5/Clr9): A middle-aged woman with a friendly manner and open-minded approach to religious matters, Vicar Enderlin is new to Orven having only recently been appointed by the Primarch to oversee the basilica and the clergy of the town. She is by nature very accepting of religious differences and gives much leeway to local practices so long as they do not undermine the central doctrines of the faith. A dozen lesser churches and shrines in Orven fall under her authority, and she has been making her rounds to get to know her priests. Due to the interest in Orven as a site of pilgrimage, more paladins and church knights are assigned to these churches than is customary for a town of this size. As well, the substantial town watch is actually paid and organized by the Morrowan clergy; thus Vicar Enderlin also acts as the city's watch commander.

Locales of Orven

Basilica of Ascendant Katrena: The basilica is a massive cruciform structure with hundreds of fluted

columns and several open-domed rotundas along its exposed cloisters and walkways. It is perhaps best recognized for its high, arcing Bridge of the Grand Path linking the Old and New Quads. The bridge has ornate columns on decorated brackets and an open voluted pediment at its center. The basilica is usually packed during worship days, for Vicar Enderlin has a reputation as an inspirational homilist, and the Orven Basilica Choir is second only to the Grand Archcourt Cathedral itself.

Mining Camps: Since its establishment as a tax haven, Orven's mining industry has exploded. Companies from across Cygnar employing thousands of diggers, mechaniks, and other workers have burrowed deep into the Upper Wyrmwall to extract seemingly endless supplies of coal, sulphur, and silver. These camps are renowned as test beds for many unusual mechanikal devices including steamjacks with mining enhancements. From time to time the mining disturbs subterranean creatures, but even this has done little to slow the pace with which the mines expand.

Orven Station: Orven is the last stop on the Orven Rail going all the way to Caspia. The rail station here is therefore large and impressive. Immense railcars carrying metals and minerals are sent to Ironhead Station and elsewhere for processing. Likewise, equally immense cars enter Orven bringing much needed supplies as well as throngs of pilgrims, most of whom bribe their way aboard cargo cars. The station itself is a grand affair. Its wrought-iron construction combines sturdiness with stark beauty and few can compare to Orven Station for the boldness of its design. There is a lot of local buzz about the current debate in the capital over the possibility of extending the rail line to Ceryl. With the outbreak of war it is not certain if this will happen, but if such an enormous project were started, it would mean more prosperity and work for the region.

Rimmockspan Bridge: Perhaps the most visually impressive of Orven's many architectural sights is the Rimmockspan Bridge. As its name suggests, it spans 1,500 feet between two sheer cliffs above the Rimmocksdale. A grand cooperative work of dwarven and human design, the bridge serves very little practical purpose beyond showing the limits of engineering advances. It is thus a major tourist attraction and many visitors to Orven cross its length in order to look down on the city from above.

Spire of the Great Fathers: This spiraling tower is the most prominent feature of the dwarven conclave but is considered relatively small for a church of this type. Assessor Paulida Claywen (female dwarf Clr9) is the conclave's religious leader. She is on cordial terms with Vicar Roard, but some dwarves are worried about the Morrowan pilgrims to Orven and reported attempts to convert local dwarves. Indeed, there are a growing number of Morrowan dwarves in Orven eyed with disapproval by their kin.

Point Bourne

In Power: Earl Galt Langworth of Bournworth, Mayor Leto Millward, and the City Council

Population: 72,000 human (mostly Midlunders and Thurians), 2,000+ gobbers, 500–600 dwarves and 200–300 trollkin

Military: Point Bourne is garrisoned by thousands of soldiers and patrolled by hundreds of civilian watchmen.

Imports: Iron, ale, wine, stone, firearms, blasting powder

Exports: Fish, timber, grain

Visitors to Point Bourne are liable to remark first on the immense locks that dominate the city, but once they overcome their awe of the mechanical marvels they cannot help but hear the great roar of the nearby waterfalls which dominate the neighborhoods near the river and overwhelm even the noise of the city's industry. The locals soon tune it out, but many who regularly work directly adjacent to the rushing waters are prone to hearing problems. Point Bourne was built at the most turbulent point on the Dragon's Tongue River where a narrow gorge caused the backflow to spill over and eventually become Lake Thornmere. The Dragon's Tongue is bolstered here by the mountain flow from the Banwick River coming down out of the mountains to the south. This has combined to make for a powerful current rushing down treacherous rocks in a series of tall falls.

In ancient days, boatmen had to land well before this stretch of river and were forced either to turn back or drag small boats on land around the falls.

Trying to ride them out became a popular form of gallant suicide. Intrepid engineers of northern Cygnar solved this problem using a series of mechanical locks built between 250 and 260 AR. The construction of the locks cost a large fortune contributed by investors all along the river and the lives of 204 workers. 183 of those workers are entombed in the structure of the locks, buried where they fell during construction when their bodies could not be safely recovered. Although the process is tedious, the system of locks



Point Burne

allows commerce to travel both directions on the Dragon's Tongue and opens markets between Corvis, Five Fingers, and Ceryl. The locks also allowed traffic from the Thornmere to the Dragon's Tongue, which made river trade on the Banwick River between Orven and Point Bourne viable. Traversing the lock system and passing through the city takes a typical merchant boat three or four days due to bureaucracy, customs inspections, and traffic congestion. Due to the locks' sheer size, even with all civilian traffic halted and all bureaucratic inspections waived, it still takes military vessels an entire day to travel through in an emergency—the enormous mechanisms and the millions of gallons of water they contain simply cannot cycle any faster.

The town is terraced along four elevations corresponding to the major levels of the lock system with wide stairways and sloping roadways connecting each terrace and grand bridges and walkways spanning the locks. Nearly identical to the public transit system in Ceryl, Omnibus railcoaches constantly shuttle citizens from one end of the city to the other. The long steam-and-cable-driven carriages are famous for traversing the terraces that divide the city into quarters, especially the steep inclines of Garden Hill and the various grand bridges throughout the city.

The High Quarter is easternmost and upriver, and despite its name it is the poorest district of Point Bourne. It is home to many fishermen who cast their nets on the lake and river. The Cygnaran Army dominates the Falls Quarter which has the largest section of level ground in town. Any land not claimed by the military in this quarter is fairly cheap because the falls roar loudest here. The Garden Quarter lies below the falls and is known for its markets and craftsmen. It was so named because it is perpetually sprayed with mist from the falls above, keeping its greens lush and vibrant (but also damp and cold). Westernmost and at the lowest elevation is Downbelow where the city's best taverns, inns, and restaurants can be found along with the most expensive homes and the Point Bourne City Hall.

Along with the vital river trade, Point Bourne is a training ground for the Cygnaran Army and home to a small branch of the Strategic Academy. Most northern officers and soldiers receive their formal training at Point Bourne and they are a common sight on its streets. The city has become a major mustering point for reinforcements; soldiers, warjacks, horses, supplies of food, ammunition, weapons, coal and water are all shipped here from as far away as Highgate. None of these transients stay long, but they have contributed to a sense of general military readiness and organizational chaos.

Noted Persons

Mayor Leto Millward (male Morridane Exp9): Something of a local celebrity, Leto Millward is well loved by the populace and was an easy choice for mayor after the death of his predecessor. He is sometimes referred to as "Little Leto" in good-natured jest for sharing a first name with the King of Cygnar and also for being but 5' tall. Mayor Millward is a wise and compassionate man who listens to the community and has a knack for getting things done. He has limited contact with Earl Galt Langworth, the ruling noble of the region, who spends most of his time in Caspia. The mayor is feeling a bit out of his depth with the current military traffic through his town and has increasingly relied on the help of Commander Shay Terswell. Further, he has been getting enormous pressure from Earl Langworth to provide incentives to help finish the rail line between Point Bourne and Bainsmarket which is not scheduled to be completed for several years.

Commander Shay Terswell, Chancellor of the Strategic Academy (female Midlunder Ftr4/Rgr7): After serving for many years as a scout in the Thornwood patrols, Shay received serious injuries at the hands of the Tharn. The wound became infected with a mysterious taint that did not respond to clerical remedies, and the battle-chaplain was forced to sever her left arm to halt its spread. It has likewise resisted all attempts to regenerate the tissue. Shay was reassigned to supervise training at Point Bourne, and with the recent chaos in Point Bourne, it has fallen to her to manage the sudden influx of military personnel and equipment. Recent raids by Cryxian forces on nearby villages have given the commander a chance to relive her "glory days" and return to active status in a leadership capacity—if not actual battlefield combat—and she has begun orchestrating patrols and setting up defensive positions in the villages and farmsteads around Point Bourne to fend off the pillagers.

Locales of Point Bourne

Bourne Locks: Serving as the very bones of the city, the locks form a marvel of Cygnaran engineering. The mechanisms that operate the cyclopean gates of the locks are all fairly simple in design. Steam engines provide power for the gears that open and close the gates and the water is allowed to flow from lock-to-lock by gravity alone. Steam-powered water pumps are connected to the locks in case of emergency, but these are no more complex than the first Rothbal pumps made to drain water out of mines. What makes the locks impressive is not the complexity of the mechanisms but their sheer size. One section of gate can measure a hundred or more yards long and several yards thick. Made of dense oak and wrought iron plating, just one panel weighs several thousand tons. The cogs on the axles of the gates are so large that if one were turned upright, a heavy steamjack could stand between the teeth of the gear and not be able to reach the tips. The upper edges of the gates are paved with cobbles and used as streets while the gate is closed and the lock is cycling. Numerous walkways and bridges span the locks, and stairs and ramps connect the various terraces around the different levels of the locks.

Bourne Rail Station: The rail line between Point Bourne and Bainsmarket is not yet complete, but the Bourne Rail Station has already been built by Steelwater Rail and is currently being used as temporary housing for railroad workers out of Orven. Work crews from Caspian Rail have been advancing steadily westward from Bainsmarket, but progress through the Dragonspine Peaks has been measured in yards per day rather than the miles per day that can be achieved over level open ground. In an attempt to hasten the line's completion, Mayor Millward has arranged for work crews from Steelwater Rail to come down the Banwick River and extend a rail line east to meet the Caspian Rail crew halfway. Both crews are working hard to outdo each other, which is increasing production even more than simply doubling the number of workers. Of course, the drawback is that the Steelwater Rail workers often cause trouble when they return to the station at Point Bourne to spend their pay and blow off steam. The building itself is plain brick and iron, but there are plans to finish the faces of the building with carved marble slabs when the line is completed and the station officially opens.

Ramarck

In Power: Countess Richemaya Barkentin, subordinate to Duke Brandel Foxbridge, the Earl of Westinmarsh

Population: 35,000 humans (mostly Caspains and Thurians), 7,000 gobbers, and a couple hundred trollkin

Military: Ramarck has a garrison of several hundred soldiers supplemented by nearly three hundred local watchmen and a handful of rangers with experience traveling the bayous and mangrove forests of the surrounding countryside.

Imports: Manufactured goods, textiles

Exports: Coal, oil, sugar, wheat, wood

Ramarck is a port city on the western coast of Cygnar nestled miles within a forest of mangrove and bald cypress that reaches to the ocean. Though situated within the marshes known as the Marck (hence one of its nicknames as the City-on-the-Marck), it is nonetheless a beehive of activity. Because it is so far below sea level, Ramarck is also sometimes called the City of Stilts. Its buildings are built upon a series of metal and wooden stilts that suspend them above the murky waters of the swamp. Steamboats carry goods to and from the city on a daily basis. The bayous surrounding Ramarck are rich in coal, oil, and rare woods, and the marshy ground makes a rich seedbed for sugar and wheat. These products are shipped to many other locales including Westwatch and New Larkholm, both of which maintain steady trade relations with the city.

Ramarck has a haunted reputation partly due to its age and partly to its environment—the city has existed in the misty shade of the bayou since before the Orgoth invasion. Likewise the humid, misty environment and the hanging moss that covers the city lend a decrepit air that does little to discourage dark rumors about the place. The bayous and waterways are home to creatures such as giant turtles and serpents as well as swamp shamblers and many other dangerous things. In addition, mysterious humans called Arjun, or "swampies," have lived in the bayous for untold generations. Until recently they had only occasional contact with Ramarck and are reputed to be witches and cannibals. True or not, the Arjun do make

excellent guides if they can be convinced to assist outsiders and if one has the wherewithal to endure their strange language and behavior.

The isolated location of Ramarck and the difficulty in reaching it with larger naval vessels makes it a popular port for pirates and privateers who utilize smaller, shallower drafting vessels and prefer to avoid direct confrontations with the navy's clippers. Much to the chagrin of its more respectable, hard-working inhabitants, Ramarck has become a fairly bustling center of black market trade, and the local watch is either too corrupt or too busy fending off dangers from the swamp to do much about it.

Noted Persons

Lady Maya Arken (female Midlunder Ari8): Baroness Arken is as formidable as she is rotund. A daughter of one of Ramarck's oldest families, Lady Arken is the city's mayor and claims her family has held this area as their barony since the Thousand Cities era. Duke Brandel Foxbridge (male Midlunder Ari9/Ftr2) is the true lord of the region, but he has shown little interest in the affairs of the city of Ramarck and entrusts such matters to the baroness, only visiting when absolutely necessary. Currently the lady's greatest concern is the increased presence of Cryxian raiders on Cygnar's coast due to sporadic attacks on Ramarck and its surrounding area. The swamp makes rapid strikes against the city difficult, but it also makes it difficult for the city's defenders to respond to attacks on isolated farmsteads. The baroness has begun to form agreements with Arjun communities to gain expert guides and scouts to help defend her city. This decision has led to more and more of these folk within the city. It is a circumstance that has not met with universal support from the citizens who are largely suspicious of the "swampies."

Locales of Ramarck

Market Square: The largest open space in the city, Market Square is a large uneven platform of iron girders and thick wooden beams surrounded and supported by permanent shops, taverns, and inns. Traveling merchants use the open space to sell their wares from temporary stalls, and the shadier taverns are the sites of many black market deals. Suspended walkways and bridges lead to other parts of the city. The largest three bridges, able to support mule-drawn carts and wagons, lead to the docks surrounding the market area where boats deliver and pick up cargo.

Old Clock: At the center of Market Square is the so-called "Old" Clock, a forty-foot-tall clock tower built thirty years ago. Although it was struck by lightning and never repaired, it remains a thing of beauty and still keeps accurate time. The only problem is that it is missing a tooth on its hour cog and cannot advance from 10 to 11 without the hand being advanced manually at the start of the hour. This job is performed by Kar Sandrun (male Thurian Exp5), an old sailor who has long since given up a life at sea. He now lives with his son and daughter-in-law but spends most of his days up in the clock tower watching Market Square and the surrounding neighborhoods like he once watched vast Meredius from the crow's nests of many of His Majesty's ships.

Raft Town: Ramarck is a city built on stilts, but it was not always so. In earlier times, different arrangements were used including tethered rafts. The buildings built upon these rafts would periodically fill with water when unusually strong tides rose higher than the tethers would allow. Most of these floating buildings were abandoned for more stable methods, but some still endure. They form what is known as Raft Town, a collection of old decaying raft houses and dilapidated boats beneath the stilts of modern Ramarck. Many of these structures house rogues and criminals—and the occasional swamp monster. Efforts to eliminate Raft Town have rarely met with any noticeable success.

Ramarck Church of Doleth: Overseen by High Prelate Ganelon Senarpont (male Caspian Clr9), this church plays a central role in Ramarck's society. There are other churches in Ramarck, but Father Senarpont oversees the other priests in the area, and the Church of Doleth is the center of most of Ramarck's important cultural events. Throughout the year numerous festivals are held in the city, each one honoring Asc. Doleth and asking his aid in ensuring Ramarck's continued prosperity.

Steelwater Flats

In Power: Earl Druce Halstead of Mansgrave, Lord Mayor of Steelwater Flats

Population: 114,000 (human majority; several thousand dwarves, minorities of trollkin, ogrun, and gobbers)

Military: Steelwater Flats is home to a modest garrison of troops. The city employs about seven hundred as well watchmen. Additional military units pass through Steelwater Flats regularly.

Imports: Coal, wheat, lumber, iron

Exports: Livestock, steel, steam engines, textiles

Passengers on a train bound for Steelwater Flats out of Caspia often spend the last part of their trip trying to catch a glimpse of the panorama ahead. One of the marvels of the Iron Kingdoms, the mighty Wyrmwall is a towering backdrop looming over graceful iron arches and squat blisters of brick and stone and the lines of rising steam and smoke tousled by the mountain winds. This is the city of Steelwater Flats.

The indomitable Cygnaran spirit of progress and innovation has transformed this former quiet farming town into the sprawling expanse of iron and smoke that it is today, handling thousands of tons of trade goods daily. Estimates say roughly ninety percent of Caspia's coal and rock ships through Steelwater. One side of the city sprawls toward the lake. This was once a picturesque region, but pollution has tainted the waters, and the quaint lakeside resort area is now a slum. The formerly grassy farmland has turned fallow and been given up as grazing land for livestock. The other side of the city is riddled by rail lines worming their way into the city's heart. The rails are linked by branch lines, turntables, and sidings that crisscross the city and cut it into a patchwork of districts, most of which are filled with motley, tumbledown buildings, coupled by bridges and tunnels.

One of the newer stations located in the south of the city belongs to Caspian Rail. Big and wrought with steel filigree, it is newer and brighter than the dark and dingy "iron vault" of the Steelwater Rail Station. This matters little to Steelwater Rail. The majority of passengers already travel the Market Line between Bainsmarket and Caspia on Caspian Rail whereas Steelwater Rail runs the freight lines—mostly coal and iron—in and out of the Wyrmwall to Ironhead and Orven with little need for pretty passenger stations.

The proud heart of Steelwater is its commercial district. Offices, civic buildings and high-class residences rise just out of reach of the smoke. The garrisons act as a buffer between this area and the industrial districts to the east, but a gradual deterioration toward the lakeside slums to the south is apparent. If the commercial district is the heart, the innumerable workshops and factories belonging to the Steam & Iron Workers Union are the city's lifeblood. All manner of mechanikal constructs are found in and around the stations loading or pulling, grinding or sorting, and a veritable army of machinists and mechaniks march to and fro applying their skills and either bellowing orders or following them as material is moved between the stations and the factories.

The industrial district clanks and belches smoke and steam at all hours as iron ore is refined into steel, cast into gears and pistons, and assembled into mechanikal marvels of the modern age. Steelwater Flats is a microcosm of industry and one can see the entire gamut of mechanikal production one part at a time by moving from one factory, refinery, or workshop to another. Local water, wool, and leather are combined with iron, coal, and other materials delivered by rail to create everything from textiles to engines.

Noted Persons

Gwynneth Floryce (female Ryn Ari2/Exp2): Gwynneth represented the Sovereign Coal Alliance's interests in some of the mining operations in the Wyrmwall. The daughter of a senior partner in the Alliance, Gwynneth came here from Merywyn to act as a liaison. In truth, she cares little for "this grimy, banal cesspool of a city" and was always on the lookout for any excitement. Of late, the lecherous Marquis Rathbold Halstead has taken doggedly to pursuing her both in and out of social events. So far, Gwynneth has played her part as the fox to Halstead's hound through propriety and pride, but the Khadoran invasion of Llael has thrown her world upside down and put a damper on these games. She has lost contact with Sovereign Coal and does not know if the company—or her father—is still in Merywyn. She has been persuaded not to return north, but she eagerly seeks any news from home and seeks hirelings to locate her father.

Lord Mayor Druce Halstead, Earl of Mansgrave (male Caspian Ari8/Exp4): Lord Halstead has walked the political tightrope for years now with considerable skill and aplomb in order to satisfy the city's industrial interests. Due to the endless Steelwater Rail and

Caspian Rail disputes, the earl has been charged with keeping the peace between the companies, and he has managed to keep a trickle of goods flowing by brokering solutions to countless disagreements over the past decade. Sadly, the earl is getting on in years and his physical and mental faculties are fading. Mutterings hint that he is starting to lose his grip on the complexities of Steelwater Flats, and his son, the Marquis Rathbold Halstead (male Caspian Ari4/Rog4), is viewed as an incompetent rake who despises anything to do with governing the city. He would much rather indulge in women, wine, and gambling. Hence, industrial interests are already imploring the earl's backing of "suitable candidates" to make a change in mayorship.

Locales of Steelwater Flats

Steelwater Central Station: The southern station owned by Caspian Rail is a towering edifice teeming with travelers, traders, and service staff. Taverns and inns throng around it, and there is always bustle. This strategic investment has earned the company a fortune; the only problem is that skiggs and an occasional thrullg always seem to find their way into the rail yards.

Steelwater Armory: This smithy in the middle of town has become a full-time gunwerks supplying quality rifles, pistols, and ammunition to local military personnel. They often sell their lesser-quality items to private buyers and will work to commission.

Steelwater Shantytown: Many workers live full-time in the districts of Steelwater, but a shantytown of migrant workers, trollkin, and gobbers has sprung up along the lakeside to the southwest in the past generation. Although the construction work that originally attracted the inhabitants has somewhat dried up, this multicultural and rather lawless shantytown remains. There has been recent effort by local trollkin to improve buildings and conditions here—a truly heroic task in more than one sense.

Steelwater Flats rail yards: There are many yards scattered around the city, most owned by Steelwater Rail. They are strange places full of carriages and the occasional rusted engine but largely empty of people. A mixture of gobber scavengers, gangs, and outlaws however can sometimes be found prowling around the yards at night attempting to find something useful to carry off while avoiding being caught by the railwardens.

Wyrmwall Tunnel: The coup de grace that secured the fortunes of Steelwater Rail was a risky venture. A fortune went to the local chapter of the Steam & Iron Workers Union to undertake one of the most impressive feats of engineering in all the kingdoms: digging 60 miles of tunnels through the mountains to Ironhead Station. The rail line to Ironhead Station runs for 60 miles through the mountains with only 10 of those miles above ground. The rails penetrate the mountain through a series of six tunnels the longest of which is 15 miles long. The tunnels are 20 feet in diameter with 12 inch by 15 inch support beams and posts placed as buttressing arches spaced from 5 feet to 100 feet apart depending on the material forming the tunnel at that point. At intervals of 50 to 75 feet there are large niches in the sides of the tunnel big enough for a group of men or a steamjack to take shelter from a passing train and at intervals of 2 to 4 miles there are side passages leading to small rooms, ostensibly for the future storage of supplies for the engines.

Places of Interest

Demonhead Pass: Named after the peculiar natural stone archway formed by wind erosion above the Twelve Day Road between Orven and Ceryl, Demonhead Pass is a giant arch that looks like a monstrous, brooding visage. It marks one end of the mountainous leg of the Twelve Day Road taking travelers through the valleys of the eastern Watcher Peaks. This region is the subject of much local superstition and legend that tells of malevolent spirits that watch the road, jealous of those who pass. It is said that the jingling of bells and chimes keeps these spirits at bay and the pass echoes with the soft tinkling sounds with each caravan that passes—even the most rational travelers find little harm in buying a cheap bell or two as a souvenir from one of the villages on the Twelve Day Road.

Divinium: In the Wyrmwall mountains northwest of Clockers Cove, where the headwaters of the Murkham River still run fresh and clear from the snowy peaks above, lies the oldest known structure of the Morrowan faith: the Holy Place of Virtue, the First Church, the Divinium. A pious monk named Nolland Orellius established the Divinium as a monastery in

1,866 BR to provide a permanent place to anchor his faith. His piety and selfless leadership was rewarded by Morrow himself when he chose Nolland to become the first Primarch.

The original stone building is plain and unadorned except for the Radiance carved into a slab of white granite over the main entrance. The outer walls added in later centuries to protect the monastery dwarf it with their size and splendor. Upon first visiting the holy site, most pilgrims often overlook the tiny building up the mountainside from the gilded fortress-like walls sprawling across the Wyrmswall below the Divinium proper.

The Divinium is the only place on Caen where the clerics of Morrow suffer the presence of Thamarites (and not just lay worshippers) and allow them peace if they ask for it. The inner sanctuary of the Divinium is a small room of marble pillars that has been the site of more world-changing miracles than any other spot in western Immoren. It was in this room where Morrow appeared before the gathered congregation to appoint Orellius I as Primarch in 1,865 BR. In 1,810 BR a pious young knight named Katrena gave her life and died on the cold granite stones of the sanctuary's floor to save Primarch Orestag I from Menite assassins whereupon her soul rose to Urcaen as the first of the ascendants.

In 1,250 BR this room saw the single greatest convocation of divine beings in known history—the ascension of the Fourth Scion. After centuries of attempts on the lives of Primarchs by assassins, an immoral priest named Khorva, motivated by gold and professional pride, succeeded. The granite flags flowed with the blood of paladins, priests, monks, and nuns until the hired killer was alone with Primarch Lorichias. Ascendant Katrena manifested just as Lorichias died. The ascendant then slew the assassin outright and Morrow arrived to personally gather the soul of Lorichias and raise him to the position of archon just as Thamar arrived to collect the soul of Khorva and make her a scion. Together in one small room slick with the blood of Morrow's servants stood a nascent archon, a martial ascendant, a brutal scion, the Lord of Light, and his dark sister, the Whisperer in Shadow. After that day the seat of the Church of Morrow was moved to the Sancteum in Caspia, but the Divinium remains one of the holiest sites of the Morrowan faith.

Fort Rhyker: The grounds of this destroyed fortress, some thirty miles northwest of Corvis deep in the Widower's Wood, last saw major military use when the Orgoth arrived in the area. The Orgoth easily crushed what resistance Fort Rhyker offered and left it in ruins. This decrepit fortress was largely ignored after the Scourge, but it saw occasional use as a hideout by bandits or a temporary encampment for soldiers. In 502 AR a large force of bandits partially restored Fort Rhyker and used it as a base of operations until the local division of the Cygnaran army hunted them down and slaughtered them to the last man for their attacks on nearby villages. The site remained largely forgotten for the last century until 603 AR when the skeletons of the bandit army were animated and set upon Corvis. Most locals now consider this a cursed place and refuse to go anywhere near it.

Great Cygnaran Observatory: The most powerful telescopes in Cygnar have been built on the Mercarian peninsula northwest of Mercir and up in the foothills south of the Wyrmwall. This large building has been expanded considerably since it was first constructed and now includes the living quarters for a number of esteemed astronomers, scientists, and professors, some of whom live here permanently. The lower reaches of the observatory were built like a fortress and are garrisoned by a small staff of two dozen soldiers out of Mercir. Vital work is conducted here under the direction of Royal Astronomer Ennis Baskworth (male Caspian Alc5/Exp5/Wiz5) particularly on the improvement of navigation. Some astronomers here worry that Ennis, a devout follower of Asc. Corben, is too zealous about keeping the observatory free of Cyrissists. Several widely acknowledged and respected astronomers such as Gameo Ortmin (male Tordoran Clr2/Exp8) have been refused access based solely on religious grounds, and it is causing an increasing rift in the astronomical and scientific community.

Henge Hold: Few records remain of the once great hall and surrounding town that perched here overlooking the waters of the Wailing Sea. It is said to have been the home of more than one legendary warlord but had fallen into decline by the time the Orgoth landed. Henge Hold was sacked in 593 BR, its villagers were spitted and thrown into the waves, and the cyclopean "hanging stones" that gave Henge Hold its name were used to build one of the first Orgoth

strongholds. It was also one of the last strongholds to fall during the Scourge as the Orgoth fled west in 201 AR. Some say the dark stones here burn the flesh of those who touch them and that the large, now-toppled henge stones weep blood. Regardless of the truth of this claim, after eight centuries of dark rites, no one has rebuilt Henge Hold.

Ingrane: Time has washed away the blood of Ingrane, but the ruins remain a silent reminder. Where a thriving fishing village once stood, only blackened remains of fire-gutted houses poke from the bluffs. Neither graves to mark the resting places of the former inhabitants nor bleached bones remain; dark hands took them all away. A Cryxian raiding party took this village by surprise and mercilessly set upon it with sword and torch in 584 AR. The few survivors fled to Ramarck and never looked back. The most famous survivor of this tragedy is the warcaster Captain Victoria Haley who was just five years old at the time and dislikes answering questions about that night. Locals avoid the ruins, convinced they are haunted. On some fog-shrouded evenings "Ingrane's Keening" can be heard coming from the bluffs. It is described as an unnatural wind that produces a haunting sound akin to hundreds of pain-stricken voices wailing in anguish.

Nine Stone: The origin of the place called Nine Stone is unknown, yet it has been linked to many dark uses throughout its history. The ruins consist of several crumbled walls, ramped earthworks, and collapsed tunnels, but it is named for its most striking feature: nine enormous, sharpened stones that protrude from the earth and reach for the sky like claws. It is believed—and circumstantial evidence in the *Enkheiridion* supports this belief—that the stones are older than the Twins. The stones have been linked to Devourer rites and to dark druidic practices. The Orgoth were fascinated by the 30-foot-high stones resembling many surviving examples of their architecture. Warwitches and priests frequented the area, but the Orgoth never built a permanent structure closer to Nine Stone than their fortress at Henge Hold. Occasionally druids still gather in small councils at Nine Stone, but these druids have not caused trouble for Ramarck or Orven, so the soldiers of nearby Westwatch have thus far ignored them.

Raelthorne Island: Raelthorne Island is the exclusive palatial retreat of the Cygnaran monarchy. The great stone manor that sits on the island's northern shore was built during the reign of Raelthorne II. With some of the best hunting ground in the whole kingdom, the island is blessed with a large population of wild game. Its well-manicured lawns and ample gardens are renowned throughout the kingdoms.

The Island has fallen into disuse since the reign of Vinter Raelthorne IV; the Elder had little use for island retreats. Leto fondly recalls the days of his youth spent on the Island but cannot bear the thought of visiting the place without his beloved wife. The place is maintained by a skeleton crew of caretakers who dwell on the Island. Since its construction, visitors have sworn the manor is haunted though the caretakers claim this is mere superstition.

Tomb of Lost Souls: This lost tomb was recently rediscovered deep in the Dragonspine Peaks thanks to the efforts of High Prelate Dumas of Corvis who is credited with finding its location. Although there has not been time to study it properly, the University of Corvis has been debating a "fiscally responsible" method for cataloguing its contents. The tomb remains a very dangerous place filled not only with old devices to safeguard those buried here but also by the intrusion of unwelcome creatures drawn to dark and dusty chambers. This was the burial place of thousands of Cygnaran soldiers who were placed here in 295 AR at the request of a divine manifestation of an archon of Morrow. Various prophecies and portents are linked to this tomb, but the full meanings are still hotly debated.

Cygnaran Wilds

Bloodsmeath Marsh: Located in the upper northeast corner of Cygnar, Bloodsmeath Marsh comprises hundreds of tiny peat moss islands afloat in a sea of murky water, cat-tailed reeds, water locusts, and black mangroves. It is home to few humans—hermits and druids mostly. Difficult to traverse, the marsh is often avoided by travelers who prefer the safety of the Black River a few miles to the east. Bloodsmeath is thick with biting insects and poisonous snakes and home to gatormen, bog trogs, and primal gobber settlements. Cygnaran forces have recently been forced to make

their way through Bloodsmeath between Fort Rhyker and Deepwood Tower, and sometimes soldiers are forever lost within the dark and twisted marshes.

Ditches, The: Shale valleys and sandy-bottomed caverns twist and turn through the area called the Ditches, a result of the centuries of strip mining and careless excavation by Orgoth slavers. Limestone blocks were cut from the ground and surrounding mountains for centuries by thousands of slaves and the landscape suffered terribly. After the Scourge when the Orgoth were pushed out, Dhunian druids and shamans arrived and wept at the scar left behind.

Gnarls, The: Especially along the Dragon's Tongue River, many parts of this forest are blanketed by ever spreading climbing vines. The vines have overtaken the vegetation—creating interesting shapes and "tree sculptures"—and anything and everything that is fixed for more than a few months including abandoned buildings. The Gnarls also contain several secluded trollkin and bogrin communities, so venturing too deep can be a dangerous undertaking. For some the temptation is too hard to resist however, for the massive forest features fine game hunting and superior lumber. Lumberjack camps dot the fringes along the Dragon's Tongue from which they ferry supplies and raw materials to Five Fingers and Tarna or ship them to upriver communities and towns such as Fisherbrook and Point Bourne. The Gnarls are also rumored to contain many vine-covered wonders awaiting discovery such as hidden mines, abandoned settlements, and cryptic Orgoth shrines and fortresses.

Deep within the Gnarls

Some trollkin communities within the Gnarls emerge occasionally to trade lumber—mostly rare wood—and wild game to humans on the fringes in exchange for liquor and technical items such as steam boilers and firearms. They have done so for generations, and humans have come to view such transactions as normal. As it happens, trollkin from remote communities have always been a bit cagey, and those who deal with them assume it is simply in their nature. Perhaps so, but far more trollkin inhabit the Gnarls—as well as other remote areas of western Immoren—than humans believe, but custom demands that only a select few ever go into the outside world of "menfolk."

Because trollkin do not have the know-how to make firearms of their own, the weapons they get from the outside world are particularly prized. These arms give them a significant edge in the ongoing bloodshed between them and the numerous Devourer-worshipping savages with whom they have come into conflict over territorial boundaries. Indeed, history has shown that trollkin have little compunction about fighting for what they believe is theirs, and kriels within the Gnarls, the Thornwood, the Shadoweald, and the Veschenegs—places where the race is most concentrated in western Immoren—feel as if menfolk are once more invading their territory and pushing them further into the wild areas. At times like this when they are being pressed by outside forces, they react violently as evidenced by the Trollkin Wars (see Chapter One: History & Timeline).

Many humans who interact these days with the grim-faced trollkin are beginning to realize these transactions in which they exchange goods are tense matters, and the way some of them glare at the humans, even while accepting their goods, make them quite uneasy. Matters have been made worse since the start of the war. Large troop movements and fighting near or in trollkin territories have further strained relations.

Sand Narrows: The Sand Narrows is an inland beach three miles wide at its thickest point, and the natural anomaly of the enormous sand bar has baffled Cygnaran scholars for generations. Some claim it is the site where Toruk slew one of his children; others say it is the place where Menoth battled the Devourer Wurm. Several artifacts have been recovered from the area, but little information is actually known about the mysterious Sand Narrows.

Thornwood Forest: A thick forest of drooping willows, stout oaks, massive poplars, and a multitude of fallen dead trees, the Thornwood contains the infamous Warjack Road where dozens of destroyed 'jack carapaces from the Thornwood War remain covered in brush or half-buried in the leaf-littered soil. Within its depths countless skirmishes have been waged between Khador, Cygnar, and Ord. Tharn, trollkin, and all manner of monstrous beings have called the Thornwood home for ages. In addition to the horrors commonly associated with the Thornwood, Cryxian incursions into the forest have become alarmingly frequent. Cygnaran patrols return with tales of encounters with undying thralls—or never return at all. Cygnaran intelligence fears that Toruk's legions have established a base somewhere deep within the forest's tangled canopy.

Winds of War

War activities have encroached upon remote areas normally uninhabited by the likes of men, such as the Thornwood and the Gnarls, and these locales have unmistakably become

stirred hornet's nests. The Thornwood in particular is a place of much violence these days and is rife with hostile meetings between trollkin kriels and Tharn clans ripping, tearing, and shredding one another with savage abandon over territorial divides. Sometimes other forces get swept into these violent outbursts, and beneath the canopy of the Thornwood a bloody free-for-all is waged chaotically and with very little result other than pain and death.

intertwined with tunnels and mines that are home to a variety of denizens. Indeed, every decade or so tales surface of a huge shape seen flying from mountaintop to mountaintop. It is believed to be the dragon Blighterghast ranging across the Wyrmwall and peering toward Cryx, perhaps anticipating the impending arrival of its father Toruk to try to finish what He started eons ago.



Blackclads respond violently to trespassers within their territory.

Upper and Lower Wyrmwall Mountains: Rolling foothills leap dramatically toward the skyline to become the jagged Wyrmwall. Due to the richness in ore and minerals, the Cygnaran monarchy has always kept a hand in the exploration and excavation of these peaks that dominate as much as half of the kingdom. From Steelwater Flats and Orven, miners board trains, riverboats, and horse caravans bound for mining camps high up in the hazardous mountains

Cygnaran Fortifications

Bloodshore Island: Originally named for the deep red of its iron-rich soil, this foreboding island far to the southeast in the Gulf of Cygnar has been washed with its share of human blood and is a place no man visits voluntarily. Navigation is hazardous near Bloodshore—swift, powerful currents and constantly shifting sand bars surround the island, and scores of

shallow, razor sharp reefs lurk just under the waves. The island looms over the sea with imposing cliffs on all sides making landfall difficult. There is a single dock where all ships must land to offload.

King Woldred the Diligent had the prison built in the year 260 AR. Since that day it has been restored several times and serves as the home for the kingdom's most troublesome inmates. Cygnaran magistrates have no compunctions about sentencing deserving prisoners to death, so the prisoners at Bloodshore are those who either have information that may someday be useful or powerful connections that would make their execution embarrassing. It currently houses almost 100 hardened criminals, including many of the top officers of Vinter IV's Inquisition, several Cryxian pirate captains, and a handful of disgraced nobles. The current warden of the island is Captain Josef Binwilliams (male Caspian Rng10/Rfl5), formerly a scout lieutenant out of Highgate. He was transferred to the prison as its warden after the controversial shooting of a fellow officer, and it did not take him long to realize his promotion was, in fact, a sentence—his every request for transfer denied. In his ten years as warden, his once black hair has become iron gray. His aim with a rifle has considerably improved through constant practice, and he knows every nook and cranny of the island.

In addition to the geographical challenge of approaching the island, it has several layers of outer walls. The prisoners are locked away in individual cells of thick stone when they are not working or being summoned for interrogation. Prisoners with arcane abilities are held in magically warded cells watched over by wizard guards and specially trained gun mages. Those who are deemed physically fit are put to work in the island's quarry. The work there is more suitable for crushing spirits through grueling labor than for any truly constructive purpose.

Deepwood Tower: This fortress is an important element of the northern border defense built to tower over the nearby trees and provide a watch on Khador to the north. It rests roughly 30 miles east of Fellig, and many soldiers divide their time between the two. The fortress has expanded in recent years to hold a large garrison. Since the fall of Merywyn at the end of spring 605 AR, Deepwood Tower has been heavily fortified, replacing much of its wooden bulwarks with reinforced stone in order to provide a strong fallback position for Northguard. A large contingent has recently been stationed here, including thousands of trenchers encamped just outside of the tower, and the fort itself is the site of ongoing construction. Deepwood Tower serves as the main supply depot for the signal towers between Fellig and Northguard allowing messages to pass quickly along the border. Lord General Duggan has been spending more time here impatiently overseeing the construction of more rigorous defenses and ensuring the fortress is ready to withstand additional attacks.

Eastwall: This fortress was constructed after word reached the Crown of the rise of Tower Judgement to the east in the year 540 AR prompting concern that the Menites may violate their agreements. It has since proven a useful counterpart to Fort Falk watching over the highway and river. A small but capable garrison was kept here for decades, and now Eastwall is being expanded due to the likelihood of further attacks by the Protectorate. It was recently reinforced to nearly two thousand troops after the destruction of Marchbridge by Protectorate saboteurs (see pg. 268). Furthermore, punitive counterattacks into Protectorate territory have launched from here, and it has become an increasingly important base of operations against the Menite secessionists. Indeed, Eastwall is the only major line of defense protecting the town of King's Vine to the north. The current ranking officer is Commander Timeck Keller (male Midlunder Ftr7/Rfl4), an old comrade in arms of Corvis' Julian Helstrom.

Fort Balton: Located a few miles north of Ceryl, Fort Balton is the westernmost outpost of the Cygnaran army. Its simple construction of brick and wood normally houses roughly a thousand soldiers and a full battlegroup of warjacks, but two companies of soldiers have moved from here to the front. The current officer in command of Fort Balton is Captain Amara Dunhound (female Thurian Ftr10), a zealous young officer eager to see action. Amara has repeatedly requested permission to lead her troops east to the front, but Duke Dergeral is reluctant to withdraw any more soldiers than necessary from Fort Balton out of concern for Ceryl.

Fort Falk: The largest and most impressive of the eastern border fortresses, Fort Falk was originally built

in 281 AR during the reign of Woldred the Diligent to protect Cygnar's growing river trade from brigands. Over the years, Fort Falk has grown several times over and become the largest instruction facility of the Cygnaran army serving as the primary training ground for trenchers and elite Stormblades. At any given time, thousands of veteran troops are stationed at Fort Falk in addition to hundreds of trainees. The fort has become so large that it is practically a city itself, though not entirely self-contained. A population of a couple thousand civilians has grown outside over the generations.

This town, also named Fort Falk, is the home of Duke Kielon Ebonhart IV (male Midlunder Ftr9/Stb5), ruler of the Northern Midlunds. A proud man, the duke has recently been humbled by setbacks in his region that include attacks by Khadoran and Protectorate forces and the invasion of Corvis by Vinter the Elder's Skorne army. He holds himself personally accountable for the latter despite being two hundred miles away at the time. He has stepped up scouting patrols deep into the Bloodstone Marches in the last two years, but they have been largely fruitless. Before recent events this post was considered relatively sedate, responsible primarily for keeping the King's Highway and Black River trade safe and ensuring no savages from the Marches pillaged nearby farming villages. Now the soldiers here are obsessed with the skorne and are convinced they will find more of that peculiar race out among the sands.

The duke has been recently appointed to Corvis where he is attempting to atone for his self-perceived failure by organizing Cygnar's northern defenses for the war. With the duke away, Commander Garrett Lord Talbot (male Midlunder Ari3/Ftr10) has been appointed to run the fort in his stead. Garrett is a minor noble from Fharin who insists upon being addressed as an officer in most situations. He has often remarked, "Every brave soldier of Cygnar is noble. The blood he spills is more important than what blood he owns." The troops all love Garrett, and his frequent inspections boost morale.

Fort Whiterock: Sometimes called "Castle Forgotten," Fort Whiterock is an old, crumbling mountain fortress that appears in worse repair than it actually is. The ancient edifice has been regularly rebuilt and fortified, but the centuries have not been kind and it shows evidence of long years of weathering. Whiterock is the home of Duke Mordrin Sunbright II (male Midlunder Rgr12) and his family who watch over the expanse of the Western Midlunds. A small village has grown at the base of Whiterock Hill below the fortress along the banks of the Banwick River. There is some river trade from Lake Rimmocksdale, but the current here is swift and the rapids dissuade all but the most courageous boatmen. No major roads come into this region although a number of old cart tracks and mountain trails connect some of the nearby villages. Even the "reliable" old trading road to Point Bourne is frequently washed away during flood season.

The Royal Assembly considers Duke Sunbright an eccentric. He is an aging ranger with a devoted following of scouts and woodsmen, called the Sunbright Yeomen, who patrol the scattered villages of the Gnarls and the northern Wyrmwall. Their numbers are barely sufficient to provide assistance in this region, and King Leto has made no recent demands on them. The Sunbright family has a storied past of service to Cygnar including among their ancestors King Bolton Grey V the Blessed, one of the more beloved kings in Cygnaran history.

Winds of War

The Western Midlunds have been terrorized by Cryxian raiders believed to be operating from hidden mainland bases. Cryxian elements have sacked and burned many farms and small villages in the northern region, retreating before reinforcements arrive. The Sunbright Yeomen are attempting to find these culprits and protect communities but have had difficulty tracking down the enemy. This region is very large and only sparsely inhabited leaving endless acres of wilderness to cover. Duke Sunbright may be forced to resort to hiring mercenaries to help protect this region while his men look for the source of the problem. The raiders have hit farms almost all the way to Bainsmarket and have also been seen near Fisherbrook, thus becoming a concern of Stonebridge Castle as well. Duke Sunbright suspects collaboration with the Cryxians and believes they must originally have crossed the northern border from the Dragon's Tongue via Five Fingers.

Northguard: Northguard is a massive fortified castle, built at great expense at the northernmost tip of Cygnar on stone imported from both the Wyrmwall and the southern mountains of Rhul. It dominates the hillock upon which it sits and seems to stare across the nine miles of watery fen to its

counterpart, the Khadoran fortress of Ravensgard. The original Northguard castle was completed in 326 AR following the alliance between Cygnar and Llael, but the castle has expanded over the years to keep pace with improvements to Ravensgard. Both fortresses have been brought to full alert including ready complements of cannon batteries.

Intense and bloody fighting rages daily in the no man's land of half-flooded trenches that weave between these two fortresses. The blood-soaked bogs around Northguard are the stage for the hottest continuous action in the war, and casualties mount steadily on both sides. With each fortress just out of the cannon range of the other, the bulk of the action plays out between scouts creeping from the protective walls and trenches at night to test the defenses of their adversaries. Periodic casualties to sniper fire were a hazard even before the outbreak of war, but now casualty rates among scouts have soared. On the rare occasion one side mounts an offensive, men and 'jacks spill out of the trenches and clash in devastating pitched battles before falling back to their own lines.

The Lord of Northguard is the battle-hardened Earl Hagen Cathmore (Morridane Ari2/Ftr6/Rgr5) who serves under the command of Lord General Duggan of Fellig. The Cygnaran soldiers of Northguard have recently had to cope with large numbers of Llaelese military refugees driven to the sanctuary of the fortress. This has bolstered their numbers, but many of these men are shell shocked, disheartened, and unfit for active duty.

Sentinel Point Naval Fortress: This impressive fortress academy perches atop the cliffs overlooking the Gulf of Cygnar; its walls are lined with some of the most accurate and powerful cannon ever made. At the base of the cliffs lie walled and protected docks only approachable by authorized naval vessels. Sentinel Point has an esteemed reputation similar to the Strategic Academy and produces Cygnar's finest sailors and officers as well as the most accurate gunnery crews in the kingdoms. In fact, it is not unusual for army crews to come to the Point to improve their ordnance skills. This is also where the kingdom's experimental new ship designs are planned, crewed, and tested including Cygnar's first Ironhull ships and the top secret submersible *Intruder* (see pg. 108).

The fortress is the home of Lord Admiral Galten Sparholm III, Archduke and Earl of Caspia, although he is periodically called away to the capital. The archduke has many distracting responsibilities including the governing of the surrounding province, so he relies heavily upon Admiral Blythe Wassal (male Caspian Ftr10/Ptr7), captain of Cygnar's flagship the *Resolute*. Their priorities include protecting the sea trade from pirates and keeping watch on Protectorate vessels. Indeed, Sul has been producing an alarming number of sturdy "fishing boats" recently bearing a marked resemblance to Cygnaran clipper ships. Admiral Wassal has pushed for the navarch to allow the eastern navy to use their control of the Gulf of Cygnar to attack the Protectorate by sea, sink their ships, and shell Sul and Icthier. These measures remain under consideration out of concern for civilian casualties.

Southshield: Perched on an inaccessible spire on an oceanside cliff, Southshield is more of a glorified stone watchtower than a proper fortress and has thus far survived several attempts to burn it to the ground. This tower, located some 50 miles down the coast from Highgate, falls under the command of Lord General Gollan and serves primarily as a lighthouse for Cygnaran shipping and as a warning post to spot Cryxian raiders and privateers. Only veteran soldiers are posted here, and all aspiring knights of Lord General Gollan's Highgate Vigil are required to serve at least some time at this tower. The weather here is abysmal. The tower frequently bears the brunt of storms and keening wind along with occasional fog so thick it smotherseven the great lighthouse. It has a small dock at the cliff's base accessible by a narrow winding tunnel allowing access by naval ships.

Stonebridge Castle: When Khador invaded Cygnar during the Thornwood War, the Dragon's Tongue was a vital line of defense. At the cost of their bridges, Cygnar stranded the Khadorans across the water and rained death upon them from afar. The battle won, they decided to secure this strategic position by building a mighty castle—the high fort of Stonebridge. This impressive structure is the gateway to the only bridge across the Tongue for several days in each direction. It towers above the river and allows a vigilant watch across the forest to the north. Over a thousand soldiers are garrisoned here full-time, and hundreds

of new—and inexperienced—troops have arrived recently from the south. The force includes over a dozen warjacks and nearly two hundred cavalry ready to ride at a moment's notice to reinforce any frontline in northern Cygnar. Though not as prestigious as the Strategic Academy, Stonebridge also serves as a major training ground for soldiers and officers focusing more on field tactics.

As well as being an impressive, high-walled bastion in its own right, Stonebridge is also a civilian haven. In times of trouble, the folk of Fisherbrook evacuate to Stonebridge to take shelter upon a walled hill adjoining the castle. Needless to say, building and maintaining a keep this size is expensive, so tolls are collected from all passing road and river travelers.

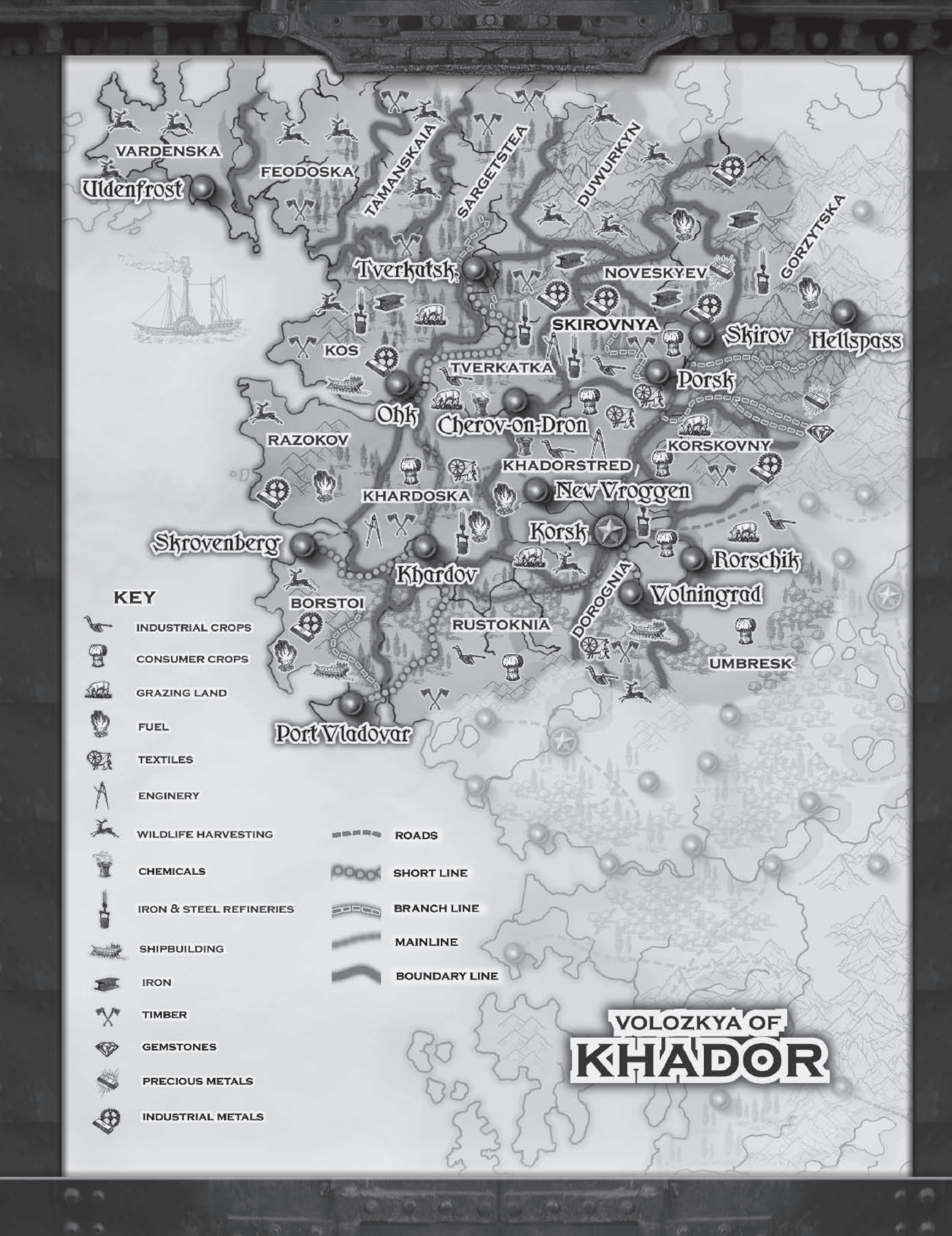
Westwatch: The most remote of Cygnar's active fortresses is the great keep of Westwatch situated on the western coast equidistant from New Larkholm and Ramarck. This keep was built immediately after the Scourge near the site of the exodus of the last Orgoth longboats. This was just one of many such forts constructed at great cost along the western seaboard to watch for the feared return of the Orgoth. As generations passed without a sign of the hated enemy's return, most of these keeps fell into disrepair and were eventually abandoned. However the Knights of Westwatch have stayed true to their oath and to this day keep a constant vigil for trouble at sea, though in the last few centuries Cryxian vessels have replaced Orgoth longboats as the focus of their watch. The docks here have become an important stop for western naval vessels patrolling north from Highgate or south from Ceryl, and western naval officers who do not go to Sentinel Point are trained at Westwatch.



KHADOR

Not only do we have a responsibility to our citizens to gain valuable natural resources, we have a responsibility to reclaim our seized lands!

—Matya Badesko (female Khard Brd4/Ftr3), philosopher and Winter Guard sergeant


VARDENSKA
FEODOSKA
Uldenfrost
TAMANSKAIA
SARGETSTEA
DUWURKYN
GORZYTSKA
Tverkatsk
NOVESKYEV
SKIROVNYA
Skirov
Hellspass
KOS
TVERKATKA
Porsk
Ohk
Cherov-on-Dron
RAZOKOV
KORSKOVNY
KHADORSTRED
KHARDOSKA
New Vroggen
Korsk
Skrovenberg
Rorschik
Khardov
DOROGNIA
Volningrad
BORSTOI
RUSTOKNIA
UMBRESK
Port Vladovar
KEY
INDUSTRIAL CROPS
CONSUMER CROPS
GRAZING LAND
FUEL
TEXTILES
ENGINERY
WILDLIFE HARVESTING
CHEMICALS
IRON & STEEL REFINERIES
SHIPBUILDING
IRON
TIMBER
GEMSTONES
PRECIOUS METALS
INDUSTRIAL METALS
ROADS
SHORT LINE
BRANCH LINE
MAINLINE
BOUNDARY LINE
VOLOZKYA OF
KHADOR

The northern kingdom of Khador is a land of sweeping expanses, fertile plains, imposing mountains, and wide spanning forests. Thick hewed and stalwart are many of its people, and they have been long considered cantankerous, lacking in social graces, and more interested in combat than cultural pursuits. It is said by those who are not Khadoran that these northerners have evolved very little from their forest and mountain-dwelling barbarian ancestors.

Indeed, the oft-wintry Motherland once teemed with roving tribes of barbaric nomads, many led by fierce horselords who ruled with iron fists over their families and those they conquered. These horselords banded together, conquered the weaker tribes, subjugated them, and fashioned the proud Khardic Empire. Some say the empire never truly fell but simply endured the ages until it evolved into what is currently Khador.

Throwing off the Orgoth yoke was the first step to a new consciousness. When the Orgoth were gone, the Khadorans began to look on the so-called deviousness and growing hegemonistic tendencies of their southern neighbors with a keen eye, as a wary wolf watches a stranger in its territory to discern if it is rival or friend—or prey. One cannot blame the Khadorans for these beliefs and gestures, for it was their homeland in which the Orgoth focused so many of their atrocities. It is something difficult for a once-proud empire to weather, yet they did, and as a result the Khadoran folk believe themselves strong enough to shoulder any burden. Khadoran traditions have not changed much since the days of the Khardic Empire. Even conquered by the Orgoth, they would not allow their culture to be crushed under the invaders' heels and lashes. To this day, they have the same mindset as their ancient forefathers. Although the practice may have taken a more modern outlook, the rule remains the same: the weak live at the mercy of the strong.

Since the dawn of the Iron Kingdoms, the Motherland has looked on is neighbors with contempt; the Khadorans never felt adequately compensated for their suffering at the hands of the Orgoth. As a result, over the centuries Khador has made numerous aggressive attempts to expand its borders. Time and again Khador's monarchs have felt the call to re-establish the empire of old, blurring boundaries with the blood of border skirmishes. Cygnar in particular has earned their ire time and again, for their rival's expansionistic goals mirror their own in some ways. To match her rivals, the Motherland has taken great strides over the past centuries toward reinventing itself as a major industrial power. As a result of unchecked mechanized growth, most Khadoran cities lie shadowed under a constant canopy of coal smoke and forge soot. The Motherland's industrial revolution has wracked its citizens with growing pains, but the kayazy and other royal supporters have no intention of backing from their goal of eventual superiority. While some noble families may wonder if the financial and philisophical cost is worth abandoning ancient traditions for newer breakthroughs, industrialization has stretched practically kingdom-wide in recent generations.

Khadorans are assiduous laborers who fervently devote their sweat and blood to their way of life. Patriotism is in their basic nature, and service is considered a badge of honor to most of them. Khador comes first. Religion, background, and even personal grudges come second to the call of the Motherland. Even though the kingdom has a massive Menite and Morrowan population intermingled throughout its cities and settlements, ancient feuds between the two religions are set aside in favor of Khadoran pride. Though occasionally questioned, true patriots quickly remind these wayward sons and daughters of Khador—sometimes forcibly—where their loyalties lie.

Winds of War

Beginning a massive expansionist campaign in 604 AR, Queen Ayn Vanar XI has blanketed the kingdom with military forces. Although spread thin in places and working day and night to keep the war effort in motion, Khador remains a force with which to be reckoned. After conquering Llael, Khador has immediately turned its attentions to Cygnar as open war threatens to consume the Iron Kingdoms. Ord has not made any official attempt to aid or dissuade their northern neighbor, preferring instead to shore up their own defenses. Even the traditionally standoffish Rhulfolk seem to have noticed Khador's successes, and rumors speak of a possible treaty or agreement in the near future.

Their steamjacks are of the utmost quality, and their railway progress has elevated their pride over the past century. Khador has transformed from ethnic pocket societies, isolated in their remote forests and mountains, into a kingdom with a unified sense of

nationalism and pride. The nation's capital of Korsk is every bit as impressive as any southern city with its great factories, schools of higher learning, and cathedrals.

The Khadoran people see their current queen, Ayn Vanar XI, as the personification of their nation and call her the *Pervichyi Rodinovna*, the "Prime Daughter" of the Motherland. Her recent conquest of Llael has begun the fulfillment of the ambitions of generations of her line, but her success has only emboldened Ayn. She has ordered the creation of a new and formidable army with a single goal—the complete restoration of the Khardic empire. More than imperialism, more than nation-building, for Ayn the coming war is the expression of a manifest destiny for her and her people. The Khardic people by right should rule the Iron Kingdoms, and she shall see this achieved by any means necessary.

Khador Facts

Ruler: Queen Ayn Vanar XI

Government type: Monarchy

Capital: Korsk

Ethnic Groups & Approx. Population: Khard (3,090,000), Skirov (1,518,000), Kossite (930,000), Umbrean (300,000), Gobber (175,000), Bogrin (140,000), Tordoran (90,000), Ogrun (75,000), Rhulfolk (40,000), Midlunder (30,000), Trollkin (25,000), Thurian (15,000), Morridane (10,000), Ryn (10,000), Nyss (9,500), Scharde (7,000), Iosan (2,000), Caspian (2,000), Idrian (1,000)

Languages: Khadoran (primary), Cygnaran

Climate: Ranges from steppes in the south to humid continental in much of central Khador; subarctic beyond the Nyschatha mountain range to tundra in the polar north; winters vary from cool along the southern coast to frigid in the north; summers vary from warm in the steppes to cold in the north with frequent thunderstorms throughout the spring and late autumn

Terrain: Broad plain with low hills south of the Bitterock River; vast coniferous forest and tundra in the north; uplands and mountains along the northern and western border regions; temperate coniferous and deciduous woodlands and moors in the south and around the Shield Lakes

Natural resources: Major deposits of oil, natural gas, coal, silver, iron ore, many strategic minerals, timber, arable land (south). Note: the formidable obstacles posed by climate, terrain, and distance hinder exploitation of a great deal of Khador's natural resources.

Queen Ayn Vanar XI

Queen Ayn Vanar (female Khard Ftr7/Ari3): The youngest sovereign among the current rulers of western Immoren, Queen Ayn Vanar XI has earned a reputation as one of the most aggressive monarchs on Khador's throne for nearly a century. As a princess, she fell in with a group of imperialists in the capital, all remnants of noble fellowships who believe in the divine right of Khador to rule all of western Immoren. She also sat at the knee of her grandfather-figure, the Lord Regent Simonyev Blaustavya, while he told her of her deceased grandfather's dream of a renewed empire—the "legacy of the Vanars," he called it.

The present royal line of Khador, the Vanars, descends from a strong dynasty with roots in the Khardic Empire. They pride themselves on military service, and Ayn enjoys reviewing Khador's armies in person. This way she ensures they are always equipped and ready for battle. She considers the modernization of Khador essential to long-term success and pushes the weapon foundries and the Greylords Covenant to labor night and day. Ayn handpicked Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk from among her advisory board—called the High Kommand—and tasked him with modernizing Khador's military. By royal decree, Irusk gained the authority to make any changes he saw fit, and the results have been extraordinary. Perhaps his greatest policy success lay in securing the required coin to extend Khador's rail lines, thus improving Khador's ability to mobilize swiftly.

Another of the queen's shrewd maneuvers was her treatment of Khador's Menites. Traditionally, her ancestors had largely ignored the prodigious Menite community. The queen, herself a Morrowan, instituted a radical plan to appease the minority faith and reduce religious tension. She reinstated several abandoned traditions in her personal chapel, offered substantial tithes to the local Temple, and restored the ancient litanies of praise to the Shaper of Man. These acts caused considerable controversy and worried the local Vicarate Council, but such formal recognition immediately gained her unprecedented approval with the Old Faith. She was the first monarch in centuries to attempt to bridge the divide between the two faiths, and the effect was especially strong with a number of significant noble Menite families. As a result of more correlation with these nobles and their agents,

the queen soon learned how many of them provided support, financial or otherwise, to the Protectorate's secret military schemes.

Queen Ayn chose not to act on this information immediately, for she recognized a powerful weapon in their zeal, and her plan to use the Sul-Menites against Cygnar eventually came to fruition. Constant raids and holy squabbles tied up Cygnaran intelligence while she manipulated Llael's prime minister into vacating his western borders, and it all played out perfectly. When the time was ripe, she swiftly severed all ties to the Protectorate and sent a message to Hierarch Garrick Voyle in clear terms: no longer would Khador take part in his seditious smuggling effort. In response to her terms, Voyle called for all members of the Old Faith to leave Khador and come to Menoth and his Protectorate.

Winds of War

When the first waves of Menites began to defect at the behest of Hierarch Garrik Voyle, Queen Ayn Vanar XI thought it best to remind the Khadoran people of the price for treason. One of her favored patriots, the infamous Butcher of Khardov Orsus Zoktavir, was sent to serve summary justice. He single-handedly slaughtered an entire cathedral full of would-be defectors, piled their heads on a wooden barge, and floated it downriver as a sign to all who would dare leave the Motherland in its time of need. It was a time of war, and the Motherland would need every one of her sons and daughters.

At nearly the same time and with the support of the kayazy, the queen mobilized her forces against Llael intent on reclaiming Khadoran lands lost through the conniving of



Queen Ayn Vanar XI

southern diplomats during the negotiations of the Corvis Treaties. Led by Kommandant Irusk, the invasion forces conquered virtually all of Llael within six months. Indeed, Ayn's manipulation of Prime Minister Deyar Glabryn weakened Llael's borders greatly and undermined any resistance forces when the might of Khador arrived at the walls of Leryn. Not only has the Motherland expanded its territory under Queen Ayn's rule, it has also captured a strategic gem—the Order of the Golden Crucible. With Khadoran troops at their gates, Crucible Guards surrendered and turned Thunderhead Fortress over to Khador.

Queen Ayn's aggressive tendencies and radical ideas have put her at odds with the more traditional noble houses of the Khadoran court. Even so, her successes have silenced any opposition. Since being crowned queen, Ayn has cultivated advances in agriculture, mechanika, mining, steamworks, medicine, and the arts all with the encouragement of former regent Blaustavya. She has ushered in a new era of expansive Khadoran conquests, gained the adoration of her subjects, and with allies such as Irusk and Zoktavir at her disposal the queen has little to fear from any would-be conspirators.

Table 4–1: Khadoran Hierarchy

Title	By Definition	# in Kingdom
King/Queen	Ruling monarch of the kingdom	1
Great Vizier	A direct advisor to the Khadoran monarchy	1
Great Prince	The princes govern the voloskya (provinces) and answer directly to the king/queen	18
Count	Equivalent to an earl; a landholder who owes allegiance to a (great) prince	Approx. 100
Viscount	A vassal to a count; a landholder	Approx. 500
Posadnik	Town and city overseers who answer to a great prince and his counts; on par with the viscounts	Unknown (hundreds)
Kayaz	Equivalent to a baron; typically an influential merchant and/or landowner who has purchased or inherited a position of power through commerce; usually under thrall of a posadnik, viscount, or count	Unknown (thousands)

Table 4–2: Listing of the Monarchs of Khador (Since the Drafting of the Corvis Treaties)

Years of Rule	Sovereign	Extent of Rule	Cause of Death
203-209 AR	Makaros Taranovi, the Oath-Maker, assumes power; endorses the Corvis Treaties.	6 yrs.	Assassinated
209-229 AR	Vladin Tzepesci usurps power; unifies Old Umbrey.	20 yrs.	In combat
229-236 AR	Geza Tzepesci assumes power and under his rule the Tzepesci lands are significantly reduced through warfare.	7 yrs.	In combat
236-272 AR	Levash Tzepesci, the Tormentor and lord of Old Korska—all that remains of the Tzepesci lands—assumes power; his rule is tyrannical; wages war against the south.	36 yrs.	Old age

272-286 AR	Dmitry Dopatevik ousts the Tzepescis and claims rulership over Khador; he establishes a formalized monarchy and takes the title "king;" friendly with Cygnar's King Woldred; his reign is peaceful.	14 yrs.	Assassinated
286-295 AR	Dmitry's wife, Cherize Vanar, claims the throne; renews hostilities with the south; she mysteriously vanishes some years later.	9 yrs.	Unknown
295–307 AR	Lord Regent Velibor assumes power in Queen Ayn Vanar V's name; initiates the First Expansion War.	12 yrs.	In combat
307-320	Ayn Vanar V assumes power and ends war; a century-long peace begins in Khador; abdicates to her cousin, Ioann.	13 yrs.	Illness
320-352 AR	Ioann Groznata III is king; unifies Khador for the first time by ousting the horselords.	32 yrs.	Old age
352-394	Yeken Vladykin assumes power; focuses on restoring Khador; erects thousands of buildings, Morrowan churches, and monuments.	42 yrs.	Old age
394-431 AR	Ioann Groznata IV assumes power at the age of seventeen; upon the death of his wife, Ioann's progressive policies turn tyrannical.	37 yrs.	Old age
431-445 AR	Weak and suffering from palsy, Dobrynia Groznata assumes power at the age of nine; he is allegedly slain by his own guards; the "Dark Times" begin.	14 yrs.	Assassinated
445-452 AR	Lord Regent Borim Golchin is instated when no legitimate successor is found; he dies upon seeing the allegedly resurrected Dobrynia Groznata.	7 yrs.	Old age
452-453 AR	Dobrynia Groznata takes over the throne but is shortly denounced as an imposter (Grigor Otilpaev) and disappears.	1 yr.	Unknown
453-457 AR	Several attempts by pretenders to gain the Khadoran throne; Barak Shumov assumes power by force; dies at the Battle of the Barrens.	4 yrs.	In combat
457-459 AR	Ivan Vladykin the Frenzied, a supposed necromancer, assumes power by force; later slain during a coup d'état.	2 yrs.	In combat
459-468 AR	Mikhail Vanar crowned king, though it is said he did not want the title and his brief rule was plagued by a festering illness (Vladykin's Curse); the latest Vanar Dynasty begins, continuing into the modern era.	9 yrs.	Illness
468–482 AR	Mikhail's only surviving heir, Ayn VI, becomes queen; advocates war with Ord and Cygnar; marries Dragash Vygor but keeps the throne for the Vanars, passing it to her son, Sagriv.	14 yrs.	Assassinated

482–486 AR	Sagriv Vanar I, age 16, is crowned king; spends his years away from court crusading for various causes.	4 yrs.	In combat
486-499 AR	Jozef Vanar, Sagriv's younger brother, crowns himself king; later imprisoned by his court and forced to abdicate.	13 yrs.	Unknown
499–511 AR	Ruslan Vygor claims to be Khardovic reborn, assumes power; the Vanars go into hiding; Vygor renews the Old Faith; launches the Thornwood War (510-511) against Cygnar.	14 yrs.	In combat
511–534 AR	Jozef's apparent son, Sagriv Vanar II, appears in Korsk and re-claims the throne for the Vanars.	21 yrs.	Illness
534-545 AR	Sagriv's eldest son, Aleksy Vanar, assumes power.	11 yrs.	Illness
545–572 AR	Aleksy's brother, Ivad Vanar, is known as the People's King, promotes nationalism with his dream of a new Khardic Empire; end of the "Dark Times;" abolition of serfdom (546 AR).	38 yrs.	Illness
572–587 AR	Simonyev Blaustavya acts as Lord Regent per Ivad's deathbed request, to hold the throne until the king's granddaughter is of age; mostly peaceful reign, however tensions on the rise with Cygnar.	18 yrs.	N/A
587–Current	Ayn Vanar XI, age 18, assumes power and is the current monarch; has vowed to uphold her grandfather's dream.	14+ yrs.	N/A

The Dark Times

A period of unrest during Khador's chronology, the Dark Times are earmarked in the annals of history by contested rule, when the throne of the Motherland was wrenched back and forth by pretenders, assassinations, and bloody battles.

It all began when the young Dobrynia Groznata was struck down by his own guards. Although some scholars argue the details and say this is not the case, it is a largely accepted tale among the people. Regent Golchin's weak heart apparently failed at the sudden appearance of the deceased Groznata, but the supposedly risen youth shortly vanished and was labeled an imposter despite the fact that the ruler's sepulcher was proven empty days after his eerie return. Barak Shumov and later Ivan Vladykin then seized the throne, but both ruled briefly, governed unsatisfactorily, and died in bloody combat.

In 459 AR, the majority of the Great Princes upheld a reluctant Mikhail Vanar and put him on the throne despite his protests. So began the extensive tenure of the Vanar dynasty, halfhearted and with the curse of Vladykin the necromancer upon it. Several of the family sat on the throne over the next generations: Ayn VI, Sagriv I, Jozef, Aleksy, Ivad, and now Ayn XI. The only time the dynasty was interrupted was when Ruslan Vygor claimed to be Khardovic reborn and seized the throne based on the fact that his father Dragash had shared power with Ayn Vanar VI who had no right to save the throne for her son from her prior deceased husband Brodryg.

Ivad Vanar, the current queen's grandfather, is considered responsible for the end of the Dark Times when he abolished serfdom in 546 AR and led the Motherland to a new and prosperous era. Ivad instilled Khadorans with a sense of renewed pride and confidence by reminding them of their storied lineage and promising a bright future. His granddaughter Ayn XI and the Regent Blaustavya who ruled before her believed in Ivad's philosophy, and many consider them an extension of that great king's oaths and promises. The Dark Times have endrf, and the days of a renewed empire have begun.

Khador's Military

Like the stones holding up the fortress, Khador's massive military is built from its citizens. Every capable Khadoran is added to the list of possible conscripts—if he does not enlist on his own, of course—sometime during the month after his 17th birthday. Most young men enlist as a matter of pride, and a good number of women follow suit as well. The enlisted majority become Winter Guard, the backbone of the Khadoran military. Some survive and graduate to higher roles such as the prestigious brotherhood of Iron Fangs or the imposing Man-O-War shocktroopers who fight alongside the most powerful warjacks in all western Immoren.

The massive armies of Khador personify their ideals: strength and resilience over all else. They are trained to smash an enemy's defenses with decisive strikes but are more than ready to dig in their heels and outlast any force in a war of attrition if necessary. They are glorious to behold in their solidarity as they march, often hundreds deep, with Khadoran pennants whipping above their heads and flanked by titanic warjacks that shake the ground with each step. Many conflicts have been quelled without a single casualty when such a force marches into the area, for their reputation marches with them.

The queen commands Khador's legions through her High Kommand. This group of venerable career soldiers have defied the odds and retired from the field into prestigious positions. They lead not from behind a cannonade on the battlefield, but from the great war room chambers of Stasikov Palace in Korsk. Although they defer to the queen—who oft reminds them by directly commanding *their* officers—they comprise the main wartime minds that have her ear at all times.

Volozkya of Khador

Borstoi

Borstoi is a western coastal territory that includes Port Vladovar and Skrovenberg and is bounded on the east by the Lothpool and Shadoweald Rivers. Kulvorn Bay makes Port Vladovar one of the best natural harbors in Khador and was once Ordic territory. Even after almost two centuries some northerners are still suspicious of the former Tordorans of this region. Skrovenberg to the north is more comfortably Khardic as are most of the intervening towns and villages. Borstoi is ruled by Great Prince Sergei Marvor.

Dorognia

A productive region, Dorognia includes Rorschik, Volningrad, Lake Volningrad, and the lands south of the lake to the border of Ord along with the Gallowswood. Most of the inhabitants of this region cluster around the great lake, the fertile lands near its shores, and the good farmland south of Rorschik. There is some logging of the northern Gallowswood, although most of this forest is still in the process of being tamed. Kommandant Karl Szvette, Count Martial of Volningrad, temporarily rules Dorognia after the arrest of Lord Boris Trevanik for cortex smuggling.

Duwurkyn

This mountainous region includes all of the Shard Spires Mountains and their numerous valleys and hills. The frozen peaks are home to the Nyss elves alone and are avoided by most humans. What few humans live in this region include some of the remaining barbarian tribes and a few barely more civilized old mountain towns of Kossites and their ilk. The inhabitants, when engaged in rare trading opportunities, stay well away from the winter stones that mark Nyss territory. Many other hazards exist in this region both from hostile creatures and the environment itself. Duwurkyn is ruled by Great Prince Ryczek Torinskyev.

Feodoska

This northern forested territory, bounded on the east by the Irkes and Tapping Rivers and on the west by the arctic bogs before Icebrand Lakes, includes Winterborn Lake and the Helvongen River along with a section of the western Scarsfell Forest commonly termed the Duvynwood. There are no major settlements in this region, but numerous small villages abound. Lord Forovi Descra, Prince in absentia since 601 AR, rules Feodoska.

Gorzytska

This is arguably the most rugged mountain terrain in Khador and includes all of the Thundercliff Peaks up to the border of Rhul. Although the western

mountains are slowly being conquered by hardy Skirov mining towns and settlements, much of this area is considered impassable. The trickle of trade between Khador and Rhul is conducted along a difficult small road from Hellspass which extends southwest through the lowest valleys and then circles south around the mountains before finally meeting up with the Orlovsk Highway. In the northern and eastern valleys live a few dwindling Skirov barbarian tribes. Gorzytska is ruled by Great Princess Regna Gravnoy.

Khadorstred

Without question the most prosperous and prestigious region in Khador, this is the heart of the kingdom. It includes the capital Korsk, New Vroggen, the Great Zerutsk and Shattered Shield Lakes, and Cherov-on-Dron. The territory stretches north to Fort Brunzig and the Bitterock River and contains ample if sometimes frugal farmland north of the great lakes. The people of this region are largely Khardic, although the cosmopolitan capital includes Khadorans of all cultures. The longstanding Yrkovna family used to rule this region, but Prince Yesteven Yrkovna was executed for treason in 602 AR and Queen Ayn has suspended the position until further notice.

Khardoska

Another influential region, this territory includes Khardov and its surrounding lands and stretches north almost to Ohk and east most of the way to the Great Zerutsk Lake. Khardov is an industrial juggernaut and the source of a vast majority of Khador's forged goods and coal, ore, and Orgoth artifacts. It has always been a site for a great deal of controversy, but the queen considers the black city a great resource that is well worth the risk. Great Prince Aeniv Rolonovik, Greylords Covenant Kuldun, rules Khardoska.

Korskovny

The area was once the ancient kingdom of Umbrey ruled by the noble horselords of the Tzepesci bloodline. Great Prince Vladimir Tzepesci, the "Dark Prince of Umbrey", still holds sway with a vast majority of the people found within a hundred miles of his ancient castle-estate in the Kovosk Hills overlooking the ancient capitol of Old Korska—once his family's territory. This territory includes the Kovosk Hills, extends south to the roadway known as the Anvil, and was once bounded on the east by the Llael border. With the recent occupation of Llael, this territory has been expanded to include Laedry and the ruins of Old Korska as well as some of the surrounding mountains. The Yhari-Umbreans, a pastoral nomadic people of herdsmen and horse-riders, dwell in the Kovosks while the more settled towns of this region are of primarily Umbrean descent. Korskovny is a region filled with superstition and longstanding traditions in danger of fading under Queen Vanar's rule.

Kos

At its height in ancient days, Kos stretched north to include Feodoska to the Helvongen, Tamanskaia, Sargetstea, and all of the Rimeshaws, but it was ever most closely associated with the Scarsfell Forest. The large region currently called Kos includes the great port city of Ohk, the Vilkhan Bluffs, and the lands between the Wolveswood River and Falconstream along with a long stretch of northern coastline. The Kossites of this region are a proud but insular people, and these lands are equally as fertile as they are dangerous to outsiders—giving the local Kossite communities an edge when negotiating with them. The majority of the region's tribal leaders have become well-paid allies of the kayazy. Recent mining of the Vilkhan Bluffs has proven profitable in spite of some resistance by the few remaining barbarian tribes there. The area also has a very thick presence of Devourer Wurm cults, and servants of the Old Faith rarely venture outside the protection of the larger cities. Kos is ruled by Great Prince Heron Castiliov.

Noveskyev

Another remote and lightly populated mountain region east of the Shard Spires, Noveskyev extends south to encompass the Malgur Forest. It is a dark and troubled area rumored to be rich in untapped resources. Although there are no roads into the mountains and many dark and foul things lurk in the Malgur Forest, the capital has put pressure on Skirov to begin more mining and forestry work here. The last of the great barbarian tribes of Skirov descent prowl the northern forest and mountain valleys and hold their more civilized kin in contempt. Noveskyev is ruled by Great Prince Igor Noveskyev.

Razokov

This territory includes the entire coastline north of the Lothpool delta past Brone's Point and up through Severed Reach toward the Wolveswood and Bitterock river deltas. It is bounded on the east by the road between Ohk and Skrovenberg but does not include any major towns or cities—only the fortress Icewatch and the old ruins of Khazomir's Palace stand in this territory. Many villages and small towns dot the coast, but most of these inhabitants steer clear of the Headlands which are rumored to be cursed and dangerous. Razokov is ruled by Great Prince Kulver Drohzsk.

Rustoknia

Rustoknia consists of large southern border marches bounded on the east by the road to Midfast, the west by the Shadoweald River, and stretches north as far as Rustok Castle and the Moskrad River. This includes Lake Moskrad, the Blackroot Wood, most of the Shadoweald Forest, and a short stretch of coastline between Sailor's Lament and the Ordic border. An area with diverse terrain dotted with numerous towns and villages, it includes some fertile farmland west of Lake Moskrad claimed by royal taxation farms. Although lacking in larger cities, it is a prosperous region. Rustoknia is ruled by Prince Jhrom Holcheski.

Sargetstea

This smaller and difficult region is noted for its seemingly endless winters. It includes all of the Rimeshaws Forest and the frozen tundra and lakes to the north along with the foothills west of the Shard Spires. Being "sent to the Rimeshaws" is synonymous in Khador with being exiled from civilization. Several hardy breeds of troll and tundra bogrin inhabit the Rimeshaws. Most humans of this region are a tribal people called the Ruscar. Prince Achar Greyvan rules Sargetstea.

Skirovnya

One of the wealthiest northern regions, this area includes the city of Skirov and its nearby foothills, Porsk, the Gravewater Lakes, and the forested lands north of the Bitterock River stretching almost to Cherov-on-Dron. The Skirov were another great people subjugated by the Khardic Empire, and their disparate tribes stretched far into the northern mountains. Despite these savage roots, the city of Skirov is one of the finest examples of Khadoran civilization. Profits from mining in the eastern hills, harvesting the lush farmlands around the lake, and the crucial rail line to the capital have made the area an important asset for the Queen. Most inhabitants of this region are focused around Gravewater Lake although there are scattered villages north of Bitterock River. The Iron Prince Neplakh Vanar rules over Skirovnya.

Tamanskaia

This region includes the bulk of the northern Scarsfell Forest and is bounded on the south by Falconstream and the east by Neves River. It includes a short stretch of coastline on the Hevongen Bay between the Irkes River and Falconstream where its largest fishing villages are situated. Aside from the river villages and a few communities of Kossite woodsmen and Vorgoi savages, this area is sparsely populated and dangerous. Tamanskaia is ruled by Great Prince Kretiman Volgh.

Tverkatka

This territory includes the city of Tverkutsk and the ancient Nyschatha Mountains along with many small woods and plains between. The Nyschatha are more weathered and less imposing than the Shard Spires to the north and therefore are also more settled with mountain communities of mixed Skirov and Kossite descent. Some limited mining occurs here although the crown believes they have not properly exploited these resources. Such projects will not begin in earnest until Tverkutsk is connected to the south by rail—a process in constant repair from numerous local troll attacks. Tverkatka is ruled by Great Prince Aleksandr Voyari.

Umbresk

The southern third of what was once the great kingdom of Umbrey extends from the Anvil south to the Cygnaran border and west almost to Rorschik. The western half of this territory is covered by the famed Khadoran plains, once the domain of the Umbrean horselords. The dense Ravenswood occupies the southeastern part of this territory, left unmolested by logging aside from materials used during the construction of Ravensgard. There is talk about extending this territory east, but such border

discussions must await the outcome of the war. Some Khadoran nobles favor maintaining the current Llaelese duchies (except Laedry and its surroundings) as part of their puppet government while others want Llael's regions completely requisitioned and renamed. Prince Rolav Mulesci rules Umbresk.

Winds of War

The current war has turned most of Umbresk into little more than a martial state. The local populace has become servants to the tens of thousands of troops garrisoned throughout the region. Winter Guard arrive daily to replace those lost in battle, and local villages and towns are overcrowded with military personnel.

Ravensgard has swelled into a small city of log cabins and leather tents surrounding the fortress, and constant fighting day and night boils over into the maze of trenches between it and Cygnar's Northguard. The dead number in the thousands with fresh recruits—ink still wet on their enlistment documents—arriving ceaselessly. Elite Widowmaker sharpshooters pick off Cygnaran officers and Khadoran prisoners one after the next, some of them becoming heroes as they lose count of their kill totals.

Vardenska

A harsh and unforgiving northwestern region, this volozk includes Uldenfrost, Uldenstream, and Lake Nyereck and is bounded on the east by the Icebrand Lakes and their tributaries. This most remote region of Khador is sparsely populated outside of Uldenfrost. Villages of hardy Kossites can be found scattered along the coast and around the Icebrand Lakes. Isolated tribes live in the old ways and practice forgotten rites shunned in the south, and several inhabitants of this volozk do not even consider themselves Khadorans but rather Kossites. Great Prince Hasz Bolovric rules Vardenska.

Notable Cities

Cherov-on-Dron

In Power: Posadnik Liubun Onopinskaia

Population: 37,000 (human, mostly Khard)

Military: Cherov-On-Dron is garrisoned by a moderate Winter Guard contingent.

Imports: Lumber

Exports: Fish, flax

Cherov-on-Dron is situated on the banks of the Bitterock River nearly halfway between Ohk and Porsk. It is said King Yeken Vladykin gave the town to his youngest son, Vasili, as a gift. It became a great controversy, and the noble bloodlines raised several eyebrows in search of explicit reasons. It proved to be an innocent gesture by the king, however, and the city soon lost its negative reputation. It became a pleasant stopping point during long travels, and at the start of the Dark Times, various nobles took refuge in Cherov-on-Dron. During this period a strong, oaken citadel was constructed near the outskirts of town to house and protect the visiting nobility.

The citadel mysteriously burned down in 475 AR killing several nobles and leaving no survivors. In the wake of such tragedy Queen Ayn VI saw a perfect opportunity to exert her influence upon Cherov-on-Dron's appearance and utility. She turned the city into a showpiece for her enlightened design principles and sent it her best designers and architects. Cherov-on-Dron has since become a successful port town on the river. More than an important re-supply point for ships moving from Ohk to Porsk and Skirov and smaller communities along the way, it also supports a healthy lumber industry supplying both commercial and military lumberyards up and downriver. Since the rail line opened, Cherov-on-Dron has experienced a slight lull in traffic, but nonetheless remains a popular and prosperous river town.

Noted Persons

Liubun Onopinskaia (male Khard Exp9): Posadnik Onopinskaia is a popular businessman and shrewd negotiator who leverages Cherov-on-Dron's position on the Bitterock River to his fullest advantage. To fund his personal endeavors Onopinskaia owns over a dozen large inns throughout the city and each one lines his pocket with coin. In case one day the increasingly demanding kayazy replace him as posadnik, he has taken lengths to further Cherov-on-Dron's profits through a complex series of taxes and fiscal negotiations on his behalf. In fact, Onopinskaia has ensured that the River City is a major tollgate between the port of Ohk and inland communities, including the larger cities of Porsk and Skirov.

Locales of Cherov-on-Dron

Krepoctya Dron: Over two thousand years ago,

Menite priests led their people in the construction of a mighty walled fortress on a round dome-shaped hill of granite, and many hill-fortresses, called *drons*, emerged during this time. The outer walls of Krepoctya still stand to this day, although the interior is largely empty except for a few piles of rubble where lesser buildings have long since crumbled. The hill itself is much smaller than it once was, and local legend claims that it is slowly being claimed by the Devourer Wurm's coiled movements underground. Many narrow tunnels, most barely wide enough for a Khardic man, are painstakingly carved into the granite under the old fort. The city was originally built around Krepoctya Dron, but when Queen Cherize rebuilt and redesigned the city, its center shifted further downstream leaving the city's namesake on its eastern edge instead of at its heart.

Wraithash Wood: The small stretch of dense woods that once bordered Cherov-on-Dron has long since overgrown into the area where Vladykin's oaken citadel once stood. The woods dug deep into the ash-laden soil and grew seemingly much faster than the other local vegetation. The trees themselves have taken on a darker tone to their foliage, and wildlife seems to avoid the area altogether. Superstitious rumors claim that the woods are haunted by the nobles who burned to death during the fire that consumed the citadel, and it is said the spirits hunt the living to ease their eternal torment somewhat .

Hellspass

In Power: Great Princess Regna Gravnoy

Population: 8,000 human (mostly Khard, some Skirov and Umbrean), 3,000 ogrun, a few hundred dwarves

Military: Hellspass is garrisoned by a small Winter Guard contingent.

Imports: Food grains, raw metal

Exports: Blacksmith goods, hand-forged weaponry, metal and mineral ores

General Description

The Dwarves of Rhul originally built the stone city of Hellspass as a gesture of honor to the ogrun, but men have forgotten the original name of Hellspass and the Ogrun will not speak it. The town itself has a very long history that dates back to 1308 BR when the local ogrun tribes came together and commissioned hundreds of Rhulic engineers to sculpt a "city worth spending eternity within." The dwarves obliged and built the city now known as Hellspass.

The ogrun used it as a combination of fortress and tomb for their dead; they buried thousands of their kin in the catacombs beneath the stone city. It was not until 1141 BR that the Khardic Empire discovered the city in their travels and demanded fealty by show of taxation. The Ogrun ignored such petty claims by the humans. The Khards briefly attempted to negotiate with the ogrun, but conflict ultimately erupted. For twenty some years the Thundercliffs hosted bloody battles that cost many thousand men, ogrun, and dwarves their lives. Eventually the dwarves recalled their support of the region and advised the ogrun to do the same. The ogrun were powerful warriors worth five men in battle, but even they could not withstand the concentrated onslaught of the innumerable legions of the Khardic Empire forever. The Khards were simply too many and too determined, so the ogrun forces yielded in 1118 BR with the condition that the catacombs remain sacred and unmolested. The Khards agreed.

The ogrun stayed in the city to protect their ancient fortress and the tombs of their ancestors from grave robbers, and they have learned to become allies with their rulers. Today the city is largely a mining facility that sends hundreds of tons of ore back to Skirov and Khardov for processing. Metal ingots arrive by the wagonload so that the ogrun smiths in the surrounding settlements can fashion excellent weapons and other components. Recent hostilities with the south have focused their talents on the mass production of blades and axes.

Hellspass is a cold and windy town. It smells of progress, and most of the original Rhulic construction still stands as a reminder of its history. Some ogrun still occasionally come to Hellspass to bury their dead in the catacombs and to gaze upon the enormous fortress that now looms vacant on the horizon.

Noted Persons

Great Princess Regna Gravnoy (female Skirov Ari9): Comely in her large, full framed figure, Princess Regna rules the entirety of Gorzytska through

her father's seemingly endless political ties. The only female among the Great Princes, she has chosen no husband to produce an heir. Regna openly admires the strength of the city's non-human inhabitants and she keeps several trusted ogrun servants.

Grokan (male Ogrun Clr11): A massive example of his species, Grokan is a stout and traditional shaman of Dhunia, charged by his people as warden over the entrance to the burial grounds. For nearly seven decades he has stood guard over the secret opening at the base of the ogrun fortress using his powerful magic and powerful followers to dissuade would-be grave robbers. He recently fell ill with an unknown ailment but claims the source is nothing less than the awakening of the Devourer Wurm itself.

Locales of Hellspass

Burial Catacombs: Hellspass stands atop a grid of sturdy bedrock tunnels that twist and turn under the city itself. They are large enough in diameter to hold two adult ogrun shoulder to shoulder with a dwarf's worth of room to spare. Countless ogrun remains—noble and commoner alike—are buried in the bowels of the catacombs along with the riches they took with them. Only ogrun and those proven dedicated to the worship of Dhunia are allowed access to its secret entrances, but no security is perfect. Of course, word of what the ogrun would do to intruders if caught does an adequate enough job of keeping most would-be rummagers away.

Ogrun Fortress: A unique fastness, this massive hold was carved out of the mountainside itself in ancient days for the use of the most powerful ogrun tribe of the region. It has fifteen-foot doorways and vaulted ceilings, battlements designed for tall frames, and floors and benchwork thick enough to hold a hefty ogrun body. It now stands vacant save for a few brave ogrun who police its vast halls. The fortress is open only to members of their race officially, but occasionally exiles and wanted persons have been known to pay bribes to the ogrun for a safe hiding place.



Khardov

In Power: Posadnik Korab Tishnikov

Population: 410,000 (human, mostly Khard and Skirov), 5,000 mixed bogrin and gobbers, 3,000 trollkin

Military: Khardov has a large garrison of Winter Guard supported by dozens of warjacks. The local kayazy maintain a private police force of 500 called olcheniy. Companies of Winter Guard troops are on the move by rail through Khardov at almost any given time.

Imports: Gears, labor, sugar

Exports: Coal, grain, machinery, uncovered relics, vyatka

Since the days of prehistory this city has stood stout and proud against the onslaught of the ages. What began as a trading community called Molga during the Thousand Cities Era grew into the great city of Khardov, renamed after the mythical King Khardovic whose descendants came and conquered the town in his honor around 1670 BR. Through the blood of generations and on the backs of countless men and women, Khardov became the capitol of the Khardic Empire and remained for nearly a millennia.

When the Orgoth came and conquered, they demolished much of Khardov's original structures and replaced them with sturdy black Orgoth architecture boasting enormous spike-lined walls to protect the city as well as discourage escape. They discovered heavy deposits of coal and raw iron beneath the city itself and the surrounding hills, which the conquerors immediately began to mine. Hundreds of thousands of slaves bent under the lash to dig out the precious materials. Whenever a mine collapsed—sometimes burying hundreds of laborers—the Orgoth would bless the site with a handful of sacrifices and move on. When the Orgoth were eventually driven out, Khardov was not spared the Scourge. Its people suffered the Orgoth wrath in the form of a powerful arcane explosion that sealed nearly half of the mines—with slaves, masters, and assorted other inhabitants inside.

After the Orgoth were gone, Khardov's ruling nobility decided to continue mining. It proved a very wise choice that made Khardov an economic powerhouse in the newly forming Iron Kingdoms. Rather than recreate a new workforce, the aristocracy chose to set their serfs, peasants, and criminals to the task of getting the mines back into working order. Later, the poor and dispossessed replaced the serfs, and kayazy industrials replaced the nobility.

Shrouded beneath a miasma of choking fog billowing from hundreds of forges and refineries, Khardov is a dark and oppressive city. Dominating the city's skyline, a grand keep stands constructed of the same black stone as the walls and is sealed with imposing iron doors. Dark rumors claim the building contains chambers not opened since the Scourge, and travelers on the streets late at night sometimes claim to hear echoing screams reverberating from the dark rock.

With the advent of modern industry, Khardov's convenient geographical location transformed it into a perfect hub for cross-Khadoran trade once more. The Iron Highway now runs straight through its center, complete with a massive rail yard, and the tracks in and out of the city are garrisoned by Winter Guard. After the rail line was finished, factories, textile mills, and vyatka distilleries sprang up everywhere. In the span of a few years, Khardov transformed from merely an oppressive mining community to an overcrowded, smoke-shrouded industrial city.

Smoke fouls the air; soot coats every surface. At all hours of the day and night, workers move through the foggy streets to and from Khardov's factories. The incessant noise of machinery has become the only lullaby known to the urchins roaming the streets. Too young to work in a factory with their parents, these little miscreants are left to their own devices until the age of eight when they can begin working the mines.

In addition to Khardov's military garrison, the city is patrolled by the olcheniy, a private kayazy-financed police force. They olcheniy break up strikes, quell food riots, and generally protect the interests of their employers. They roam the mines and industrial districts in small units enforcing order at the end of a truncheon—though they are far more interested with protecting the interests of their employers than actually enforcing the law.

Khardov's Toxic Fogs

The constant purging of Khardov's mine exhausts, forge and

refinery chimneys, and many steamjack boilers have saturated the air around the city with pollution so thick it can actually become toxic. On days when the wind is weak the air becomes heavy with filth. The fog ranges from a dull gray or tan to sickening oranges and yellows, stinging eyes and forcing all of the city's inhabitants and visitors to invest in goggles. Most people also wear cheesecloth masks to keep the soot and dust from their mouths and lungs, but after prolonged exposure it permeates everything. Visibility becomes particularly bad on such days, and crime rates soar; the small trollkin populace often takes advantage of their natural resilience by hiring themselves out to thinner-skinned folk for exorbitant fees. More of these days occur during fall and winter when the river breezes mix with the smog to create a blanket of toxins that turns even snow flakes a dirty gray color and causes them to irritate the skin.

Noted Persons

Great Prince Aeniv Rolonovik, Kuldun of the Greylords Covenant (male Khard Ari6/Wiz10): Aeniv hails from a long line of noble wizards serving Khador since the earliest days of the Order. He is unwavering in his dedication to the Greylords Covenant and serves as one of its highest politically ranking members. He is nearing his fiftieth year and graying at the temples, but his body remains strong and healthy despite continued exposure to alchemical agents and Khardov's deadly fogs. Aeniv spends a great deal of his time in



Staskikov Palace

the Orgoth keep at Khardov uncovering and studying their secrets and trying to put them to use for the Motherland. It is whispered Rolonovik has mastered the creation of the dreaded Fell Blades—weapons of incredible power chained to Khador's fearless Doom Reaver berserkers.

Posadnik Korab Tishnikov (male Khard Ari5/Ftr7): Korab Tishnikov is an iron-fisted man accustomed to living off the sweat and blood of those beneath him. Before reinventing himself as a kayazy industrialist, Tishnikov attained the rank of kovnik while serving in Khador's notorious 5th Border Legion. Throughout his military career he distinguished himself as a brutal sadist who gleefully interrogated Cygnaran prisoners. Tishnikov is physically a stout man. His face is distinguished by a carefully trimmed moustache and cold, dark eyes. In addition to governing Khardov, he also heads the city's Veche of twenty-five kayazy, and he has gathered sensitive blackmail information on each and every one of them.

Locales of Khardov

Hlebnaya Square: A large marketplace known to regulars as "Bread Square," this is where the majority of the trade takes place in Khardov. When it is peaceful, Hlebnaya is a thriving site for railroad traders to sell and barter, for it lies near the Khardov Railway Station. It is heavily policed by olcheniy who often oversee the distribution of bread to the lower-class citizens—the wheat crops surrounding Khardov are so covered in dust that the cheapest bread is actually gray in color. Occasionally food shortages occur, and riots sometimes follow. At such times, the olcheniy prefer to leave riot containment to the city's Winter Guard.

House of Urcaen's Gate: The House is a startling bone-white structure of painted stone and polished iron at the edge of the city. The traditionalist, all-female Menite caretakers live in a convent inside the bleak building. Their chief responsibility is the maintenance of its massive burial grounds—over 7,000 tombs and graves lie within its iron-shod walls. These wardens take their role as caretakers seriously and faithfully adhere to the strict tenets of Menoth. For every three women enrolled one of them has served as a soldier, so they are more than capable of defending the grounds. When Khardov's dismal fog rolls in, strange wailing can be heard rising from the cemetery, and some citizens speculate that the women are just as responsible for keeping visitors out as for keeping the dead in.

Khardov Station: Khardov's enormous train yard is always busy and heavily garrisoned. With the recent increase of activity through the city, Posadnik Tishnikov has stationed a handful of snipers to watch for any dangers to industry that might pass beneath the noses of the military. Khardov Station contains a massive distribution center for Blaustavya Shipping & Rail and Czavyana Trading Post headquarters. Never finished with the work of bettering the face of the Motherland, the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly is overseeing the construction of a westward rail towards coastal Skrovenberg.

Lothpool River: The Lothpool River has always been well traveled, but these days it is overcrowded with vessels of all sizes. It did not take long before the constant travel turned the river inky black and undrinkable without lengthy distillation. So polluted has the river become that fish caught in the Lothpool are often salted and used only for a pungent local chowder called *gratya*. Of note, when the steamer *Regent Pride* recently crashed into the Ironbridge, all 800 aboard went down with it. The immobile rotting hulk of the *Pride* and its hundreds of corpses attracted vicious water beasts, and now the whole area beneath the Ironbridge serves as a lair for dracodiles.

Mines of Khardov: Numerous tunnels twist and turn beneath the streets of Khardov, originally cut from the loam and stone by slaves during the Orgoth occupation, and they are currently ripe with mineral saturation from the Lothpool runoff. Over centuries of continuous operation, many of the original tunnels and chambers have been excavated. The Orgoth chose their sites well, and the deeper areas still contain precious materials.

Rumor Has It

Regarding the mines of Khardov, it is rumored that enormous torture chambers and reliquaries are sometimes hidden just a few feet beyond a shaft's walls, waiting to be opened and investigated while even darker horrors await release elsewhere. Documented discoveries range from enormous mass graves to weapon caches filled with savage implements. Indeed, it was in these mines that Greylord investigators discovered a great number of Fell Blades. These infamous weapons have since been claimed by the monarchy and used to create dreaded Doom Reavers. With tales of new

nightmares creeping up from the tangible darkness every day, it is sometimes a wonder the mines of Khardov remain in operation.

Korsk

In Power: Queen Ayn Vanar XI

Population: 790,000 (assorted humans, mainly Khard, Skirov, Kossite, and Umbrean), 30,000 gobbers, 20,000 ogrun, 15,000 dwarves, 10,000 miscellaneous humanoids (bogrin, nyss, trollkin, etc.)

Military: Korsk is garrisoned by a huge number of Winter Guard, Iron Fang Pikemen, and Man-O-War shock troopers supported by a heavy contingent of warjacks. The Druzhina houses between 3,000 and 5,000 Uhlan, Winter Guard, and warcaster officer cadets. The palace itself maintains the queen's Guard of 2,000 elite troops. Thousands of additional troops may be moving through Korsk by rail at any given time. The Greylords Covenant has a very substantial presence in the capitol and can be expected to give military aid upon request.

Imports: Beer, fish, manufactured goods, wine

Exports: Fur, honey, textiles, vyatka, wax

The capital of Khador is every bit as impressive as many of the major southern cities. With its great factories, schools of higher learning, and cathedrals, Korsk demonstrates its ingenuity and cosmopolitan ways in every edifice and street. The capital city is also known for its extraordinary fortifications. Thousands of elite forces are housed within its mighty walls either as part of Korsk's massive garrison or stationed at the Druzhina, the elite training ground for Khador's warcasters, officers, and the renowned Uhlan horsemen.

The most impressive and striking feature of the Khadoran capitol is built from stones of the dismantled Orgoth barracks buildings. Stasikov Palace sits near the center of the noble estates that make up the northern half of Korsk. It is truly a city within a city, protected on all fronts by impenetrable walls and interlocking patrols of the Queen's Guard—mostly Uhlan and Man-O-War shocktroopers supporting Winter Guard regiments. From her balcony on the foremost of three towers, Queen Ayn addresses thousands of her people, which she does quite often these days following successful reports from the war front.

Surrounding the palace are dozens of palatial estates owned by the various nobles and kayazy. It is a longstanding tradition to have at least a small home in Korsk if a family wishes to consider itself truly noble, and several of these familes have held their estates here for generations. Brave or foolish squatters sometimes use these but face harsh punishment if caught.

The largest building aside from the palace is the Strikoya, headquarters of the Greylords Covenant and ancestral home of the High Obavnik Arbiter, Vasily Dmitirilosk (male Khard Ari3/Ftr5/Wiz16). The majority of Khador's cortexes are assembled here. It is surprisingly lightly guarded on the outside, but terrible tales of inner machinations and enchantments keep out all intruders.

Korsk is quite modern and filled with sturdy cobblestone roads, working aqueducts on several city blocks, and whale oil lanterns lighting the streets every fifty feet. Large marketplaces split up the monotony of brickwork housing, and barter goes almost as far as raw coin. Most citizens live near or in the places they work, for harsh winters can seal the streets for days at a time. Those who can afford non-utilitarian housing live in short brick homes with few windows. These squat structures are far easier to heat in the winter and fewer openings means less draft on windy nights. Contrarily, most have larger than normal doors used to bring livestock and horses inside for shelter during heavy storms.

Blacksmiths and forges abound in the Zerutsk quarter—named for the enormous lake that borders it. Smoke clings to the air and soot dusts the streets lightly from the many chimneys and steamships that stop at the public wharf. Many of the city's ogrun and trollkin live and work in this quarter finding jobs as cheap labor or dockhands, for other sections of town are more likely to label them as outsiders.

Khador's capital city stands as the gem in Queen Ayn's scepter, and she makes sure that each and every citizen is aware of her pride in its majesty. Flags fly from nearly every tower, bearing the gold and crimson insignia, and she or Premier Horscze gives daily war reports to the masses in front of the palace. New warjacks parade around town along with the veteran

battalions receiving them, and holidays celebrating the Motherland's heroes—working holidays, but holidays nonetheless—occur almost weekly. One finds it difficult to remember the blood and scandal smeared over so much of Khador's politics and past when one beholds its shining capitol.

Noted Persons

Queen Ayn Vanar XI (female Khard Ari3/Ftr7): The striking queen of Khador is a shrewd and powerful politician with ambitions deeper than the Khardic Sea. She is willing to do anything to further her goals, and her machinations have come to fruition most recently with the successful invasion of Llael. These days her ambitions turn toward Cygnar. She has yet to choose a husband, to the chagrin of countless nobles, and pursues her family's destiny alone in the palace.

Mhikol Horscze, Premier of the Khadoran High Kommand (male Umbrean Ftr20): Horscze is an ancient giant of a man with stark white hair and piercing grey eyes. Despite his great age, the premier is sharp of mind. As head of the Khadoran High Kommand he has used his intimidating presence to steer the supreme kommandants efficiently and without question for over two decades. Premier Horscze once tutored the renowned Kommandant Irusk in the art of war and takes great pride in the many successes of his former pupil. Some among the High Kommand resent Irusk's rapid rise to prominence, but the premier is quick to silence them.

Posadnik Alexei Ladislav (male Khard Ari10/Ftr3): As a trusted advisor, Posadnik Ladislav is the queen's shadow. Alexei served briefly in the Winter Guard but lost one of his hands to a rampaging troll during his tour near Tverkutsk and was forced to retire into politics. He has the responsibility of acting as liaison between the throne and the persistent members of the kayazy, a role he performs with great pride and honor. He replaced his lost hand with a silver cap bearing the Khadoran insignia.

Kommandant Boris Makarov (male Khard Ftr13): Kommandant Makarov, an enormous man with voracious appetites, commands the Winter Guard of Korsk. If the queen symbolizes the Motherland, Makarov personifies the Khadoran fighting spirit. He pays his respects to both Morrow and Menoth, is fiercely loyal to his queen, and disdains petty politicking. Boris spent a great deal of his life behind the grinning cuirass of the Iron Fangs, and he would like nothing more than to stand on the frontlines of Ravensgard. He bides his time restively however, as he hopes his wife is on the verge of giving birth to his first son; after seven daughters, he feels his family is due a proper heir. After the boy comes into the world and Boris can hold him up for the gods to see, the kommandant plans to delegate his duties and immediately join the front.

Master Mechanik Dahlrif Salvoro II (male Khard Amk14): Dahlrif Salvoro II is the successor to the proud Salvoro name, renowned for its developments in steam technology. As one of the heads at the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly headquarters in Korsk, Dahlrif rarely appears without his trademark blood-tinted goggles. The testy middle-aged arcane mechanik does not suffer "fools" easily. He is very interested in all manner of mechanika, researches all types of technology, and meets frequently with other arcane mechaniks and engineers. Dahlrif throws himself into his work as if driven to build upon the Salvoro legacy, and he regularly lectures at the Khadoran Institute of Engineering.

Locales of Korsk

Gotskij Dvor: The business district known as the Gotskij Dvor is Korsk's permanent commerce center. Three city blocks square, covering nearly a square mile of city, and kept polished and clean despite neighboring factories and lumbering steamjacks, the elite and wealthy of Korsk come to the Dvor to trade on a massive scale. Servants of the throne come to contract huge work orders from the many businesses and industries that have offices here. Czavyana Trading Posts has its headquarters here as well as Falgora Arms and Armor, Salvoro Forge, Vislovski Gunwerks, and Gevenorsk Mercantile. Although the ruling class is situated closer to the palace, most merchants believe that the contracts changing hands at Gotskij Dvor form the real power in Korsk.

Katrinksa Cathedral: Officially, Morrow and Menoth are equally tolerated in Korsk, but the queen's favor is evident in the sheer majesty of the Cathedral where she chooses to worship—if she decides not to make her devotions in her personal palace chapel, that is. Built to impress, this gilded cathedral is visible from

almost anywhere in the capital. It sits near Stasikov Palace within the safety of the walls behind the Gate of Warvotsk and serves as a lofty and potent reminder of the Morrowan influence in Korsk.

Khadoran Institute of Engineering: Established in 295 AR by order of Queen Cherize, the Khadoran Institute of Engineering originally consisted of a suite of workshops and one massive stone hall where prototypes could be assembled. Now this hall has become a museum to the past glories of Khadoran engineering, and manufactories and storage depots surround the original building. The workshops are reserved for the use of the most senior academics with extensions several times the size of the original building set aside for newer staff and their projects. The queen's patronage of the arts and sciences shows in the Institute's achievements, producing much of Khador's hydraulic, clockwork, mechanikal, and metallurgical advances. Security is tight; despite being in the center of bustling Korsk, an entire division of the Winter Guard protects the Institute and its secrets.

Korsk Station: The Iron Highway is the heart of Korsk's economic prosperity. Its rails link the capital to Ohk and thence to all the other major cities in Khador. Most importantly, the Iron Highway serves as an information network and military transport ensuring that troops can react swiftly to any threat. Located on the commercial side of the city, the Iron Highway always buzzes with activity; trains move along its rails day and night. Blaustavya Shipping & Rail and Korsk-Khardov Railworks Konsortium both have a major presence at Korsk Station. To guard the station itself and to ensure the trains run on time, Kommandant Makarov has garrisoned two Winter Guard companies to rotate patrols at all times to discourage misbehavior and outside interference. The Iron Highway has proven so popular that the regime has ordered the construction of three more expansion rails—to the chagrin of the local residents weary of the incessant hammering.

Stasikov Palace: In the city's center stands the royal Stasikov Palace, the most renowned structure in all of Khador. This massive palace is one of the largest fortresses ever built in western Immoren. It was reconstructed from the black granite slabs claimed from the ancient Orgoth barracks between 276 and 304 AR by the designs of King Dmitry Dopatevik, a stern and zealous Menite of the Old Faith. The shape of the foreboding stone building is repeated in Khador's insignia—a triangle with a tower at each vertex—to show his god the strength and power of Khador. Though it was finished well after his death, the builders remained true to King Dopatevik's dream. Even the imposing walls dominating Korsk's skyline cannot conceal the majesty of the pointed domes soaring above them. It is a city-within-the-city—a walled fortification encompassing the queen's center of power. Should Korsk come under attack, the palace walls can withstand years of siege.

Inside the palace resides a collection of art and marvel sculpted from every precious stone or metal found within the confines of Khador's original borders. Bearskin rugs and woolen tapestries line most floors and walls respectively, and polished brass or marble tiles nearly every inch of floor. The throne room is a circular cavernous hall that is surrounded by life-sized alabaster statues of all the kings and queens that have ruled since the palace's creation starting with Dopatevik and circling around to the pristine image of Queen Ayn. The throne is a tall-backed oaken seat wrapped in furs and silks, supposedly carved for King Khardovic himself in the ancient days and brought here from Korsk when the capital changed locations.

Militarily speaking, the palace is nigh invulnerable to invasion. Fools who manage to get past the three-foot thick basalt and iron walls find themselves swarmed by the Queen's Guard and their numerous warjacks supported by several ternions of Greylord wizards. The palace has its own private weapon cache, mechanik's workshop, warhorse stables, and alchemist laboratory at its disposal creating an efficient royal fortress.

Rigevnya Complex: The birthplace and headquarters of the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly, this spanning string of linked buildings lies within heavy iron walls topped with spun rolls of barbed wire. Originally designed as a wartime foundry and weapon depot named for the most prolific bloodline of blacksmiths to survive the Orgoth, the complex perfectly fit the Assembly's needs when they took over in 393 AR after their founding. It has become a testament to the power of steam and mechanika as a whole and produced complex machinery that performed as magic solely did before: titanic warjacks, steamships capable

of grinding through the ice of the Windless Waste, and even armor that makes a man into a powerhouse. Nearly all of Khador's strongest designs were birthed from the sprawling Rigevnya workshops. The complex itself is a work of organized chaos as foremen dictate to frantic assistants what needs to be done, walking briskly amidst the work yards and labor lines. Outsiders are rarely allowed inside the grounds, for much of what they might see is experimental or prototypical.



Temple of the True Law: The Temple of the True Law is an impressive structure of ancient, cracked stone that dates back to the age of King Khardovic. During the Occupation, the temple suffered at the hands of the Orgoth, but with small repairs over the centuries it has remained a symbol of the Old Faith's tenacity. It is home to knights of the Order of the Wall, and some of the resident clergy are actually low-ranking paladins awaiting Menoth's guidance. The temple is a stout and stark building that has a single bell tower rising high over the parapets of its holy walls. Whitewash is applied to its outer surface to fight the constant soot clinging to it from the nearby Zerutsk quarter. The congregation has ebbed dramatically over the past year after Hierarch Voyle called for a pilgrimage to the Protectorate—evidence that most Khadorans have been forced to choose between nationalism and religion.

New Vroggen

In Power: Posadnik Ladon Prasetik

Population: 8,000 (human, mostly Khard), with scattered gobbers and trollkin

Military: New Vroggen has a small Winter Guard garrison.

Imports: Textiles, vegetables

Exports: Fish

A city on the rise, New Vroggen has grown beyond the stigma of its namesake Uld Vroggen, the Orgoth capital of Khador. The city has swelled of late into a prosperous town. It is experiencing a bit of a population boom as locals from Korsk and Khardov come here to escape overcrowding, pollution, and the incessant hobnailed stamping of military boots. The city's most reliable and plentiful resource (fish from the Great Zerutsk) is a staple industry. New Vroggen is centered on its ever-growing fishing docks with the wharf truly the hub of economic activity. Several canning and raw processing plants have risen up over the houses and trade stands, some of them sprawling out over multiple docks. These factories have quickly become the renewed lifeblood of the town, and visitors may take some time getting accustomed to the powerful fish smells of New Vroggen.

Noted Persons

Posadnik Ladon Prasetik (male Khard Ari6/Exp2): An industrialist first and a politician second, Posadnik Prasetik owns two of the larger fish canneries in town along with a small fleet of fishing vessels. This portly kayaz has strayed from political circles while his fishing empire has grown by leaps and bounds. In a gesture of patriotism, he reduced by half the cost of all canned fish he sells to Winter Guard soldiers as field rations. Queen Ayn personally sent him a letter of thanks for his support to the cause, which the posadnik has framed on his office wall. She referred to him as a true "son of Khador," which Prasetik takes much pride in telling—and reminding—anyone he engages in conversation.

Locales of New Vroggen

Great Zerutsk Wharf: The wharf takes up half of the city itself and is the focus of New Vroggen's activity from just before sunrise when the fishermen board their boats until well past sundown when they return and unpack by lamplight. A veritable armada of fishing vessels drop anchor in the Great Zerutsk Wharf each day, and it serves as a shipping hub to the only other city that shares the lake—Korsk. Docking and canning guilds have created many taxes for non-commercial traffic, but personal craft with enough coin can tie off here with little hassle. They will be told if their stay hinders the fishermen in any way.

Rumor Has It

Some circles believe that the small Greylords Covenant chapterhouse in New Vroggen takes advantage of its less-than-scholarly populace and covers up the true meaning of their presence in the town these days. After unlocking the secrets of the Fell Blade, it seems the Greylord wizards have a renewed interest in such Orgoth artifacts. Now they exist almost purely for the research, reverse engineering, and recreation of Orgoth relics they have uncovered in the ruins of Uld Vroggen.

Ohk

In Power: Count Ubisch Obelzov, backed by Kapitan Budimir Nadmienovich

Population: 330,000 (human, mostly Kossite, Khard, and some Tordoran), 10,000 gobbers

Military: Ohk has a huge garrison of Winter Guard soldiers supported by dozens of warjacks and a number of warships.

Imports: Gunpowder, iron

Exports: Fish, machinery, textiles

Known as the "White City" because nearly all of its buildings, walls, and gates are constructed of fine white stone, Ohk's intricate church façades and multiple glittering domes further reinforce its claim to fame as the most opulent city in all Khador. Notable artists have painted images of Ohk, and such pieces fetch high prices. The city was founded originally by the northern tribes as a place to come southward in case of horrible weather. Its walls would keep the hostile environment at bay until they could return to their ancestral homes. As the years progressed, Ohk became the traditional noble's hideaway, and their coin and attentions transformed the backwater burg into a powerful center of trade and political import.

Today Ohk is massive. It is surrounded by incredible walls twelve feet thick and forty feet high. Enormous longhouses carved from the trees of the Scarsfell dominate the city as do gigantic sheltered port docks where even the largest ships can come to rest in times of uneasy weather. The streets are kept clean, and the glass-globed oil lamps drive back the shadows at night to make the inhabitants feel safe. The Winter Guard enforces the law with the aid of the merchant guilds' marines. The railway, heavily guarded at all times, is the primary transfer

point for vessels to unload their wares for inland use, and Ohk sends tons of whale oil, much of it by way of Port Vladovar, to Cherov-on-Dron, Tverkutsk, Porsk, Skirov and hundreds of other inland communities. Nearer to the docks, countless layers of small gambling dens and alehouses keep the unwashed and undesirable—sailors all too often—from heading too far ashore where they might mar the White City's image.

Noted Persons

Thyll Fyoras (male Iosan MgHtr6/Rgr5/Rog4): A longstanding hunter of men and member of the Retribution of Scyrah, Thyll came to Khador while tracking a Greylord wizard he came upon in Five Fingers. Thyll stowed away on a vessel set for Ohk, killed his target while at sea, and uncovered evidence in his prey's belongings of a nest of the vile magicians in the White City. He began a mission to eliminate them one at a time in the past year.

Vicountess Marusia Kachikova (female Khard Ari3/Rog9): It is no secret that Marusia is a distant cousin of Queen Ayn. She is a tall, beautiful woman with pale skin, glittering violet eyes, and features much like her cousin in almost every respect. Indeed, Marusia embodies everything wonderful yet awful about the White City. She is the count's primary advisor and lover, and she is constantly lavished with jewels and gifts. Whatever the case, this noble lady's influence ensures the city runs smoothly and by force if necessary.

Kommander Budimir Nadmienovich (male Skirov Ftr14): Kommander Nadmienovich, an aging, rail-thin man, often frequents the docks and cuts a striking figure in his fitted uniform and black boots. The kommander has held his position for several years and takes pride in the city's progress. In his younger years, Nadmienovich would have loved frontline duty, but he now feels he can best serve the Motherland by making sure Ohk's shipping lanes on both land and sea remain in working order. He has secret aspirations to join the Khadoran High Kommand in Korsk, but he is too proud to voice this openly.

Count Ubisch Oblezov (male Khard Ari15): Count Oblezov is a pale, lanky man with darting eyes and a nervous demeanor. He came to power after all his other eligible relatives died, and he does not appear to be very well-liked by his people. Still, the count clings to his power with deadly tenacity. He trusts no one save his lover Marusia, and he suspects that the city will one day be taken from him by force or betrayal. As a result, Count Oblezov has spies everywhere. He has been known to pay a bounty on anyone who would conspire against him. Indeed, it is a testament to the city's underlying greed that he has uncovered at least nine assassination attempts in the past six years, but has managed somehow to foil them all.

Locales of Ohk

Cathedral Ohkskaya: This famous monument of architecture boasts a spectacular four-tier belfry and high spire. It is the main Morrowan church in the entire volozk of Kos and serves as its religious center. It is a synthesis of art, tradition, and culture and is arguably surpassed only by the Katrinksa Cathedral in Korsk. Ohkskaya radiates authority and majesty and is a potent reminder of the omnipresence of Morrow and the power and spirituality of Khador. The most amazing feature of the cathedral is its white stone carvings: over 1,500 sculpted stones explaining the finer tenets of Morrow's worship. the cathedral's necropolis houses the relics of Ohk's many counts, their relatives, and numerous prelates.

Noble Quarter: This portion of the city is home to nobles and kayazy alike, though the two classes tend to drift away from each other; it is a case, like in much of Khador, of the nobility's ingrained sense of entitlement versus the kayazy's barely masked contempt for those of pure blood. The white stone for which Ohk is famous is part of every structure in the Noble Quarter along with polished wood trim and gilded roofs. Indeed, weathervanes of gold adorn several spires as a true symbol of elitism in Ohk—and a constant worry for the watch, being such a tempting score for would-be thieves. Two gates give admittance to the Noble Quarter—the Gold Gate and the drawbridge-like Maghsgat Bridge, the latter a lowered massive section of wall suspended over the deep Khevriev Channel.

Ohk Station: At Ohk Station, Kommander Nadmienovich insists on a careful review of all goods arriving and departing by train. He has a veritable blanket of soldiers watching over the station and a standing bounty of 100 hooves to any citizen that helps apprehend would-be saboteurs, terrorists, or stowaways. This, of course, seems to have turned every

laborer, dockhand, and shrewd passenger-in-the-know into a makeshift watchman. It allows the kommander to breathe easier most days. Still it can create a nuisance especially when a deceptive laborer attempts to collect the coins through trickery which usually involves trying to dupe some naïve twits.

Porsk

In Power: Prince Neplakh Vanar

Population: 40,000 (human, mostly Khard and Skirov)

Military: Porsk maintains a moderate Winter Guard garrison.

Imports: Iron, tar

Exports: Fish, flax, fur, hay, hops, livestock

Porsk was likely the largest assembly of Skirov people in western Immoren at one time, but it was largely demolished by the horselords during the expansion of the Khardic Empire. Once conquered the settlement was rebuilt but then razed again during the Orgoth invasion. Generations later, Khadorans rebuilt Porsk and it stands as a witness to Khadoran tenacity. In truth Porsk is a shadow of its former glory. Today it is primarily run by kayazy under the stern gaze of her majesty's first cousin, Neplakh Vanar the "Iron Prince."

Porsk's local population grows hay, flax, and hops, raises livestock, hunts and traps for fur, fishes, and engages in a wide variety of crafts and commerce to pay the heavy volozkya upkeep taxes imposed due to the length of the Skirov railway. The city would have more influence over Khadoran politics if its merchants were not embroiled in their own petty conflicts over control of the Bitterock which creates an even greater demand for the railway's constant use. Though the city still maintains a stranglehold on the Bitterock River via the Porsk Canal—a series of locks through which all river traffic must pass—recently some of the kayazy have acquired water towers along the Korsk-Skirov line and focused their squabbles on rail trade. This has produced even more strife between Porsk and nearby Skirov—a profitable venture for Prince Vanar who stands only to gain if the two largest cities' in his volozk quarrel financially.

Porsk certainly has a rural feel. The city itself is a farming community with a large number of hunting and furrier guilds supplementing the local trade. Marketplace barter is common as is seasonal crop layering. The sprawling Vanar fortress is a former dron, or hill fort, that has overgrown its hill. Prince Neplakh stays there when not in Korsk or while tending to industrial endeavors in Skirov, and the fortress bookends the town with the titanic Prushkin Citadel. Both buildings tower above any other structure in the city, and their towers and enormous flags can be seen from the surrounding fields in every direction.

Noted Persons

Prince Neplakh Vanar (male Khard Ari11): Raised in the same style of household as his first cousin Queen Ayn XI, Neplakh has made every effort to become as powerful as his sovereign relative would one day be—though he was informed early he would not be king. He turned his eye to the family coffers determined to gain at least as much wealth as Ayn but without the weight of the crown. Using his family's powerful political influence, he managed to wrest the Skirovnya volozk away from its longstanding hereditary rulers, the family Denyana, and he quickly began blackmailing and bribing kayazy into granting him control of the railway industry in Skirov. The first true rail baron of Khador, he is called the Iron Prince for many reasons, least of which are his ambitious pride and malicious business methods. Some other persons in power secretly worry if he should ever feel the need to rule all of the Motherland. Doubtless, Queen Ayn keeps a careful eye on her wealthy and powerful cousin.

Locales of Porsk

Domes of Providence: Easily recognizable by its five silver domes, this church is located on the northern side of town. Carved effigies of Shevann crown each of the domes, and they are rumored to be worth a small fortune. A number of the ranking clergy have lately relocated to Korsk in order to renew Katrinksa Cathedral, leaving the Domes of Providence severely understaffed.

Prushkin Citadel: Porsk's citadel sits in the center of town surrounded by uneven towers and battlements with earthen ramps shoring up its walls. As history tells, Prushkin has always been part of Porsk one way or another, rebuilt and redrafted each time the city was razed. The latest renovation took place only fifteen

years ago when the southern tower and curtain wall collapsed into rubble after a violent earthquake—a happenstance which Porsk and nearby Skirov periodically endure. The city still uses the citadel as a storage facility for surplus goods and as extra housing for troops, but most soldiers quarter at Rivergate.

Rivergate Bridge: This bridge extends across the Bitterock River, and it is covered with a long narrow building housing the controls for the first lock leading into the city. Rivergate also serves as the main barracks for the city's garrison of Winter Guard. Built to house far fewer troops, the barracks provide only cramped quarters, but with soldiers constantly coming from and going to the front, Queen Ayn has no plans to renovate the facilities despite officers' requests. The lock controls here are actually a combination of gears and levers only a skilled technician should operate, as a novice could open the wrong gate and run a ship aground—or worse flood half the city. For this reason, only the seven chief mechanics who live in Porsk carry key-gears.

Temple of Salvation: A small temple to the Lawgiver, it once held services and housed a written copy of the *Canon of the True Law*. It has graying stone walls, a rounded apex with a weather-worn menofix, and room enough for perhaps fifty patrons. Now the small building stands practically empty save for straggling Menite worshippers making occasional prayers and offerings. No services currently exist however, for the temple's priests have answered the Hierarch's call. The authorities now seek them, for it seems they took valuable relics and artifacts along with them on their pilgrimage.

Port Vladovar

In Power: Posadnik Ysak Smyvalov, backed by Bolshik Marshall Piotr Ustinov

Population: 250,000 (human, mostly Khard), 2000 trollkin

Military: Port Vladovar is a major naval port housing the bulk of the Khadoran fleet. The city has a large permanent garrison of Winter Guard and a moderate contingent of warjacks. In times of need, reinforcements can be called in from nearby Borstov.

Imports: Textiles, vegetables

Exports: Fish, whale oil

Centuries ago, Ord occupied Vladovar and called it Radahvo, but negotiations with the current queen's namesake, Ayn Vanar V, resulted in Khador formallly annexing the port in 313 AR. Today Port Vladovar is the largest naval base in the Motherland, and only Ohk surpasses it in marine trade. The port is never slow, and naval sloops direct the heavy ship traffic to avoid messy collisions or clogged seaways.

The city itself is treated as a naval fortress. Three heavy artillery batteries protect Port Vladovar, stationed at a Khadoran fortress known as Borstov Landing. The batteries can quickly move to any position along Kulvorn Bay thanks to a modified set of railway lines specially built for this purpose. If the threat of these hull-splitting cannonades does not sway a seaborne threat, the dozens of armored warships always present in the bay should. By land the port is no more vulnerable. Winter Guard and their warjack allies are always prepared to meet any adversary, while a dozen heavy mortar emplacements on the city's walls can pound an enemy as they advance.

Besides the normal trade and military ships flowing in and out of the quays, a number of whaling vessels operate out of the port. Whale meat and oil is processed at the farthest end of the docks and makes for a very lucrative business for those who can stomach the work. Among the whalers is a kriel of trollkin who approach the hunting and harvesting of whales as an almost holy undertaking. They tattoo and brand themselves as marks of honor to signify their kills and follow a thuggish trollkin named Rathroar.

Vladovar has direct ties to Ord and sees a great deal of traffic from the infamous city of Five Fingers. Ordic crime families have several footholds in Vladovar, but none of them have any particular semblance of control as of yet. Khador has far too strong a military presence to harbor the kind of organizations plaguing Five Fingers, but cutthroats and pirates still frequent the seaside and other rundown sectors. "Only a fool travels alone in the Port at night."

Winds of War

The Khadoran navy is preparing to join the battle whether called against Ord or Cygnar. They have no target yet, but arming and wartime training has begun in Vladovar. Drills take place at all hours, and cannon practice rings across the bay at staggered intervals. Ashore the marines are edgy and spoiling for a fight, waiting for the day the bells

ring for them to set sail. Port Vladovar has a low buzz of anticipation where naval crew gather, and it has put a bit of a wedge between the marines and the Winter Guard who constantly cycle through to active battlefronts.

Noted Persons

Horluk Rathroar (male trollkin Exp2/Flc9): An elder of the Tidehunter kriel—a loosely knit kith of trollkin spanning much of western Immoren—Rathroar is huge and covered in crimson tattoos that tell of his powers and escapades as an oceanic huntsman. He has gathered a small fortune through his people's constant whaling, and he uses the money to purchase more vessels which will bring more of his brethren to his side, eventually forming a powerful fleet of savage trollkin warriors in the midst of Port Vladovar.

Posadnik Ysak Smyvalov (male Khard Ari12): Posadnik Smyvalov has a great deal on his shoulders each day. He has to juggle the political and economic machinations of his cabinet, the demands of the kayazy, and the needs of the navy—and it has begun to grate on him. While he fully understands the weight of his responsibilities, the added pressures of wartime may prove too much for him to bear. Recently he began delegating more and more of his duties and spends seemingly all of his time at the theater.

Bolshik Marshall Piotr Ustinov (male Khard Rgr2/Ftr12): The leading naval officer in Port Vladovar, Bolshik Marshall Ustinov is a rough-hewn seaman with salt-bleached hair and leathery skin from his years at sea. He is a stout patriot and longs for the day he can turn his fleet against the Motherland's foes. Although aware of the posadnik's growing apathy, he merely considers the man an annoyance. Though he spends more time on land than at sea, Ustinov is unquestionably a great military commander and swordsman.

Locales of Port Vladovar

Orlinoye Gnezdo Hill: This hill is known for its spectacular overlook of the city. With its numerous peninsulas and capes that form the highly fragmented coastline, and with the thoroughfares, streets, and lanes climbing the hills and overlooking these waters, Vladovar boasts a magnificent cityscape. The hill earned its name, which means "eagle's nest," when the first settlers climbed to the summit and found an eyrie with eaglets still inside.

Vladovar Colossal: In 200 AR, Port Vladovar witnessed one of the final battles of the Rebellion. Even as the Orgoth fled into the sea, the wizards of western Immoren and their titanic Colossal pursued them. As the longboats pulled away, their sorcerers and war witches fired eldritch energies into the hulking 'jack. Once it was stuck, it never moved again. To this day, the rusted, corroded, barnacle-encrusted wreck looms a couple hundred yards out from the docks of Port Vladovar still staring out across the sea.

Vladovar Docks: A series of wharfs, docks, and sheltered marinas sprawling for a league along the coastline, the collective Vladovar Docks form the city's backbone. Steam cranes load and unload crates of merchandise, hundreds of dockworkers scramble about, and laboring steamjacks stamp around, lifting this and dragging that. Solid granite pillars support the docks, extending several hundred feet out to sea yet staying rigid and unyielding against the constant erosion of the tides. The docks were built to withstand "a cannon's kiss," and the proof is roped off in a small section—a full size cannonball stuck two handspans into the wooden planks. The cannonball was fired from the prow of a pirate ship that went wide before the navy sank her. When the ball struck it did not crack the dock, vindicating the original architect's boasts.

Rorschik

In Power: Posadnik Khleb Spesitev

Population: 62,000 humans (mostly Umbrean and Khard), 3,500 gobbers

Military: Rorschik houses a moderate garrison of Winter Guard reinforced by more than a score of sharpshooting Widowmakers.

Imports: Coal, iron, luxury goods

Exports: Cotton, livestock, textiles, vegetables

The oldest known town on Lake Volningrad, Rorschik first appears in historical chronicles dating back to the tenth century BR. The Umbrean chieftain Vladykin founded Rorschik in 961 BR at "Bear Corner"—the site where he killed a rampaging speckled widow bear with a handaxe. When Umbrean

horselords allowed traders from Rynyr through their lands and contact established between Rynyr and the Khardic Empire, the importance of Rorschik as a commercial transit center grew rapidly. Trading diminished to a trickle during the Occupation Era, but during the reign of Ioann IV Rorschik once again flourished as a trading center on the route between Korsk and Laedry.

Rorschik has long served as part of Khador's breadbasket. With its enviable location on the shores of Lake Volningrad and its open, fertile plains, the folk of Rorschik and its outlands have exported food throughout much of the Motherland. Most of the crops have recently gone to the war effort, but even so the farmers live well.

The ranchers of this volozk drive herds to market in Rorschik, Volningrad, and Korsk, though the majority of agricultural trade crosses Lake Volningrad by boat. This pastoral setting attracts many spiritually minded folk; hence Rorschik has become a leading gathering point for adherents to the Old Faith. For countless generations, these people have followed the tenets of Menoth, and with the recent controversy between Khador and the Protectorate, many citizens feel torn. Since Queen Ayn broke off her support of the Protectorate, tensions have run high. Many native Umbreans, loyal foremost to the blood of their princely horselords, really only pay lip service to the Khadoran throne, and they are distraught over their faith's pull. Winter Guard stationed in Rorschik have come to view the city's inhabitants with as much suspicion as strangers. Rorschik has become an important cog in the Khadoran war effort and the military can ill afford to lose this major supply point which serves as a key to reinforcing and supplying the occupying forces in Llael.

Winds of War

Tensions are indeed high in Rorschik. Just recently, Greylord spies rooted out a handful of independent smuggling rings attempting to support the Protectorate. One of which was led by the honorable Viscount Dmitri Badescu (male Khard Ari5/Rog5). His operation was caught smuggling cortexes to the Protectorate, and though the viscount was never personally apprehended, his agents were summarily and publicly executed by firing squad in the town square. This display has not strengthened support for the queen and may actually fuel unrest.

Noted Persons

Kommander Fhursk Vanarov (male Khard Ari3/Ftr7): Appointed as a military replacement for the missing Viscount Badescu, Kommander Vanarov is a hard-nosed Winter Guard veteran who was recalled to Rorschik a few weeks before Khador's assault on Llael. A spiteful man with a position he truly dislikes, Vanarov believes his experience is better used on the battlefront. A staunch Morrowan and follower of Asc. Katrena, Vanarov has a prejudice against Menites, especially after the Badescu incident. Locals see the kommander as just another example of the throne trying to squash their traditions and beliefs, and they therefore hold a great deal of contempt for the man. He seems to return this disdain equally.

Magziev Katia Rajkovna (female Khard Rog5/Spy3/Wiz6): A loyal member of the Greylords Covenant, Magziev Rajkovna specializes in investigations of treason. Younger than many in her position and pleasing to the eye, she arrived in Rorschik several years ago when the Greylords began suspecting the Protectorate had established a network of informants and smugglers within the city. Rajkovna uncovered Badescu's role in the recent smuggling operations and has carefully monitored Posadnik Spesitev's activities since he and the viscount had long been allies.

Posadnik Khleb Spesitev (male Umbrean Ari4/Clr7): Posadnik Spesitev is a popular man with a suspicious lack of enemies for someone in his position. He is a strong-willed Menite and openly supports the Protectorate, though he refuses to abuse his position in order to do so. His influence over his people is reinforced by his dual role as a temple potentate, but the posadnik sees no conflict between the two positions he holds. He was distressed when his longstanding friend Viscount Badescu was revealed as a cortex smuggler, but he is glad that Badescu managed to elude capture. He is also thankful that his friend truly never asked him to be a part of the smuggling, for his oath of office would require him to bring the operation to light. Though he has recently been assigned a "wartime advisor" in Kommander Vanarov, Spesitev remains loyal to his office.

Sovereign Radu Valenkov (male Khard Clr13): Sovereign Valenkov tends to the day-to-day operations of the city's Menite temple. While the temple is technically the seat of Visgoth Beshukin, the visgoth

has been absent from Rorschik more often than not over the past decade tending the faithful, attending council in Korsk, and embarking on a number of extended trips outside the Motherland. Unlike so many of his peers who are illegally answering the call of the misguided Hierarch Voyle, Valenkov feels that the "fanatical madman" has forgotten Menoth's true role as the Protector of Man, which requires the strength and solidarity of Khador. With such negativity toward the Old Faith as of late, Valenkov has spent a great deal of time trying to smooth over the political problems with the throne. He sees a much larger problem than questioned nationalism on the horizon and hopes to keep from spilling any more blood because of Vanar pride.

Locales of Rorschik

Cathedral of the Grand Ascension: Several churches lie scattered throughout Rorschik and their many intricately carved spires and towers dominate the cityscape. Morrowan churches dedicated to each ascendant, decorated with extensive brickwork and varicolored tiles, galleries, porches, and magnificent portals dot the city. Situated near the heart of the city at the west end of Temple Square, this cathedral dwarfs them all. It is shaped like a giant radiance of Morrow with a twelve-foot statue of each ascendant on a tower at the ends of the points. A fifty-two-foot statue of Morrow holding *Dusk's Last Light* and the *Enkheiridion* occupies the main point. Morrow faces east and worshippers pass between his feet as they enter.

Lakeside District: Remote from the dust and smell of the stockyards and the bustle of the open air markets, this quiet district is popular with nobility and kayazy. Many nobles have lakeshore property, but the Lakeside District with its many fine shops, cafes, and restaurants is the place to see and be seen. Several large fountains serve as meeting places and landmarks for the unfamiliar, while two small parks provide space for intimate walks and quiet reflection. The district also includes several restaurants on steamboats permanently anchored down at the docks.

Rorschik Tower: This massive tower topped by a thin, gold menofix houses in its center a mechanika marvel, a gigantic clockwork face that animates a complex series of constructs at the strike of five. The tower was originally built during the reign of King Yeken Vladykin to recall the farmers from the field, but it now serves as a tourist attraction. The tower booms so loudly people say the sound carries all the way across the lake to Volningrad.

Stockyards: With cattle and other livestock constantly moving through the city, the stockyards are always busy. Unique to Rorschik are the gobber ranch hands and cattlemen frequently seen here. Over the centuries Umbrean and Khardic ranchers have trained some of the semi-nomadic plains gobbers to drive cattle and handle other livestock. The gobbers, used to stalking herd animals across the plains, quickly took to this profession, and Rorschik and its environs have an abundance of skilled gobber cattlemen.

Temple of the Lawgiver Resplendent: While Morrow's worship is evidenced by the many churches in Rorschik, Menoth's faith has but one massive stone temple. It is all that is necessary. The seat of Visgoth Fedko Beshukin (male Khard Ari3/Clr16), this massive stone temple is a veritable fortress capable of withstanding months of siege. The walls are twenty-feet thick and 200 yards to a side. Standing over the main entrance and facing west across Temple Square towers an enormous ninety-eight-foot-tall statue of Menoth bearing *Decretus* and a shield symbolizing his role as the "defender of man." Some suggest the statue of Menoth and the statue of Morrow are facing off across Temple Square like two warriors staring each other down before a duel over the souls of Rorschik.

Skirov

In Power: Posadnik Nikolei Mikolovich

Population: 68,000 humans (mostly Skirov and Khard), 10,000 Rhulfolk, 2,000+ prisoners

Military: Skirov maintains a moderate Winter Guard garrison as well as a small contingent of warjacks. Additional companies of Winter Guard and Widowmakers are stationed nearby in the Skirov Khardstadt, and Fort Brunzig reinforcements can arrive in times of need within a few days.

Imports: Criminal and political prisoners, gunpowder, livestock, vegetables

Exports: Copper ore, fish, gold, iron, machinery, silver ore, steel, sugar beets, textiles, wheat

The City of Chains, Skirov is an ancient settlement

named for the people who once roamed the region in wild barbarian tribes. Caught between the cold, grey Gravewater and the dark, brooding menace of the Thundercliffs, the city sits at the terminus of the Iron Highway. It is here the Skirov were beaten into submission by the Khards in 1,277 BR. They renounced the Devourer, converted to Menoth, and swore allegiance to the Khardic Empire. Early in its history, Skirov relied on the Bitterock River and the Orlovsk Highway for the majority of its contact with the rest of the empire. After major silver and gold veins were discovered in the mountains, its importance as a mining center quickly grew. Now with iron ore coming out of the mountains and steel pouring from its foundries, the city has grown so substantially that it can no longer function without the rail.

Skirov once served as a spiritual hub with entire families coming from the wilds to worship at one of the many temples. Today it still houses some of the most well preserved Menite temples in western Immoren, and though they remain somewhat busy they do not receive the type of unequaled attention they once did. The men and women of Skirov do more praying at the mines or foundries than they do at temple these days. The discovery of iron deposits has led to a powerful mining boom that is changing the city's chief focus to industry. In addition, factories and textile mills receive raw materials brought in by the railroad and turn out finished products all along the Iron Highway, the Bitterock River, and the Orlovsk.

Skirov has a large dwarven population. Immigrants from Rhul involved in mining and stone masonry were brought in by early aristocracy to aid in the city's growth. Many chose to stay in the town. In fact, the city's ponderous stone buildings strongly reflect dwarven influence. Though hard workers and expert miners, Stonedelve Mining is having trouble competing with the cheap slave labor provided by the prisoners of the nearby Skirov Khardstadt, one of the most infamous gulags in the Motherland. Stonedelve agents and crew chiefs consider each miner a valuable worker, and the bosses treat their workers with the respect they earn. Meanwhile, prisoners of the gulag are forced to labor under harsh conditions in the Thundercliff Peak mines regardless of casualties. These prisoners provide an endless source of cheap, disposable labor with which the dwarves cannot compete on a level economic basis.

Noted Persons

Posadnik Nikolei Mikolovich (male Skirov Ari3/Ftr3): Posadnik Mikolovich, an aging statesman and kayaz, has looked after Skirov for nearly thirty years. His tenure as posadnik has aided greatly in the city's growth as an economic power, as he has an extensive background in the rail industry. In his time he has seen many men sentenced to the Khardstadt and has seen many atrocities perpetrated at the behest of its cruel wardens. Though he has no say over the practices of the gulag, he has tried to influence the Motherland's policies through his role as a kayaz but finds most Khadorans side against him, uncaring of what happens to the criminals so long as they need not suffer their presence.

Kommander Alekseiko Skrabin (male Umbrean Ftr10/Rgr5): Kommander Skrabin is a hard, lean man with a face like cracked stone. He commands all Winter Guard troops stationed in Skirov, both in the city and the Khardstadt. Skirov produces many precious ores to fund the war effort, and Skrabin has been placed to ensure that nothing threatens the empire's resource flow. He has personally added dozens of soldiers to patrol the mine entrances and loading docks, ensuring the mines run at all times without fail. A devout Menite and a strict commander, Kommander Skrabin takes his responsibilities for protecting his community, and the resources it produces, very seriously.

Warden Jan Vyshkovich (male Skirov Clr5/War8): Warden Vyshkovich is in charge of the Khardstadt. He is a humorless man with a heart as cold as ice and a will that could bend wrought iron. A faithful Menite, he believes that prisoners can only be redeemed through fervent worship and hard work. He spends his days and nights walking the stone halls of the Khardstadt looking in on guards and inmates alike. He believes every man reaps what he sows, and every prisoner in his gulag deserves stern treatment. His Widowmakers have orders to wound rather than kill uprising inmates, for the sharpshooters may not decide when a convict's sentence is over. If prisoners are to remain incarcerated for ten years, then he will do all he can to ensure they do so to the letter of the law, even if it means removing an escapee's foot or a vocal prisoner's tongue to make it that much easier.

Locales of Skirov

Nagorka Manse: Once the estate of Viscount Yuri Nagorka, one of the founders of the Greylords Covenant, the mansion passed to his only family—the Greylords—upon his untimely death. Though it was left empty for several decades and fell into disrepair, some Greylord wizards eventually saw this as an opportunity to expand their holdings. Established as a northern outpost in 382 AR, Nagorka Manse expanded to become a center for learning and training under the guidance of Koldun Tatyana Petrovna. Over two hundred years later, the walled and fortified manse falls under the command of Obavnik Ivanya Kaminsk (female Khard Sor4/Wiz15) and serves as one of five regional strongholds for the order.

Skirov Khardstadt: Surrounded by walls topped with barbed wire, the Khardstadt is a large complex of stone buildings—the largest of all the Khardstadti—sequestered beyond the edge of town. Citizens are prohibited from interacting with the prisoners if they happen to cross paths on the way to or even inside the Thundercliff mines. Prisoners receive inadequate rations and sparse clothing, making it extremely difficult to endure the bitterly cold winters and the long working hours. A single day typically includes about twelve hours of work with the prisoners working the mines in rotating shifts. If prisoners survive the mines, they usually die of sickness, cold, or starvation within little more than a year. Escape from the Khardstadt is rarely attempted due to the imposing walls and constant patrols. Kovnik Vyshkovich also keeps a kennel of fierce hunting dogs and commands a special contingent of Widowmakers to discourage escape attempts. Under his watch only three prisoners have escaped successfully, and more than forty have died in the attempt. Of the three escapees, two were hunted down in the northern forests by Widowmakers and the last, assassin Acheroi Benavi (male Ryn Rog14), remains at large since his escape in 600 AR.

Skirov Station: The *Korska III* carries ore from the mines to the refineries in Korsk. Due to its precious cargo the station and its trains are the occasional target of bandit raids, but the shipments are always well guarded by Winter Guard troops inside the cars themselves and the station grounds. Thus far the train has never been successfully robbed between Skirov Station and Korsk, but there is no shortage of outlaws willing to try.

Technik Skirovetya: Occupying several dockside warehouses and a foundry near the rail station, this branch of the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly benefits greatly from the local mines. While copper and gold are not refined in great quantities in Skirov, the Technik has the equipment to refine small quantities for their own use, easily providing enough to meet the needs of their mechaniks. Likewise, the ready availability of refined iron and steel has made this facility extremely productive even by Khadoran standards. Laboring tirelessly, the mechaniks of Technik Skirovetya continue to meet the Motherland's increased demands for armaments, warjacks, and spare parts.

Temple of the Just: One of many Menite temples within Skirov, the Temple of the Just has been the seat of the Skirovnya visgoth for over two hundred years. Completed in 396 AR, the Temple's construction began twenty-three years earlier during the reign of King Vladykin at the behest of Count Ambroz Veyrheizt. Currently the see of Visgoth Lugo Gorenski (male Khard Clr15), the Temple was built from the fine white stone of Ohk shipped a few massive stones at a time up the length of the Bitterock. Visible from almost anywhere in the city, the glistening white stone walls and copper domes of the temple are reputedly built over the foundations of an older, heathen temple. Recently Countess Hildr Veyrheizt (female Skirov Ari8), the current matriarch of the Veyrheizt family, has agreed to fund a monastery on the temple grounds with the understanding that the monks will work to preserve and restore the relics and ruins of the Menite faith scattered throughout the city.

Mining in the Thundercliffs

Both Skirov miners and prisoners from Khardstadt mine the Thundercliffs, but several abandoned mines in the mountains occasionally house bogrin. These vicious goblins have plagued the miners for generations. Each time they are forced out of the area, they return a few years later. Fortunately, Fort Brunzig is merely four days ride south along the Orlovsk, and Winter Guard heavily patrol this road.

Copper—Rich copper deposits discovered at the foothills of the Thundercliffs and the construction of the first copper-smelting works led to the first permanent settlement in the area. Later, after Skirov was established on the shores of the Bitterock River, the older settlement vanished as people moved to Skirov; it was an obvious choice since successful mining requires steam and prodigious amounts of water. Access to the Bitterock River proved critical in those early years.

Similarly, the Malgur Forest provides the charcoal necessary for copper smelting. The copper mines are rather remote from Skirov making if toilsome and costly to transport the ore, but Skirov remains the ideal location since running water and timber in the mines' vicinity are scarce.

Silver—After discovering numerous silver ornaments in ancient barrows in the Thundercliff Peaks, explorers theorized that large deposits of silver might lie nearby. With silver scarce throughout Khador, the discovery of ore in the mountains guaranteed interference from the monarchy. It was not long before Skirov's mines were taken over by royal decree, and Skirov became the major silver mining center of Khador producing ninety percent of Khadoran silver—16.5 tons annually. Skirov's smelting works consists of thirteen furnaces and is run by the prisoners of the Khardstadt.

Gold—Several gold mines have also been established on the treacherous slopes of the Thundercliffs. The best known is the infamous Khaga Rusk, a mine historically plagued with mishaps. The 'Rusk was recently abandoned after the main shaft collapsed, though the miners are sure it was adequately reinforced. Currently prison laborers are attempting to re-open the mine but have made little progress. The collapse appears to have been extensive, and bogrin raiders continually harass the workers and their guards.

Skrovenberg

In Power: Posadnik Dmitri Meshik

Population: 70,000 (human, mostly Khard and some Kossite, few gobbers)

Military: Skrovenberg has a heavy garrison of Winter Guard soldiers, a small contingent of warjacks, and hundreds of marines in port at any given time.

Imports: Artwork and luxury items, manufactured goods, meats

Exports: Books, fish, tar

Skrovenberg, sometimes referred to simply as the "Ancient Port," has endured a great number of calamities. It was once a busy Khardic port that saw many ships in its time, including Orgoth longboats whose sorcerous sailors razed the city. Under Orgoth subjugation, it grew back into a sizeable town until the start of the Rebellion when a local liberation force set the city ablaze with oil. Again the city was ruined. Later, after the locals had rebuilt much of the town, the Scourge struck like a typhoon, razing the city yet again. While Skrovenberg was being rebuilt for at least the third time, the other port cities of Ohk and Vladovar surpassed it in use and importance.

However, the ancient port has remained useful in its own way. Much of Khardov's river trade begins in Skrovenberg, although many dealings have moved to the railways much to the locals' displeasure. The whole city is more or less surrounded by either marshes and/or coast, making it nigh impossible for a railroad to come within fifty miles.

To combat the fact that this generation of powerful nobles only cares for wealth and power, the city's kayazy have focused on supplementing Skrovenberg's face in any way they can. They revolutionized the city by turning it into a center for schools and knowledge. The kayazy have taken great lengths to beautify the city, but constantly fighting ocean storms and vermin from the swamps is an uphill battle. Housing is simple and nearly always adorned with oil lanterns. Larger mansions are decked with luxurious carpets and tapestries to impress visiting nobles. Businesses are small but profitable and generally include jewelers, clockmakers, and libraries among their numbers—all crafts nobles tend to desire.

Noted Persons

Kapitan Andrei Dereiv (male Khard War11): Kapitan Dereiv commands the Winter Guard garrison at Skrovenberg. He takes the law to draconian extremes and happily punishes criminals openly and ruthlessly, for he feels it stems the overall flow of crime. Dereiv is a humorless widower with one married daughter and no incentive to marry again. He invests all of his time ensuring Skrovenberg runs smoothly, forcibly removing vagrants to gobber-run shantytowns miles outside of town in the swamps "where the upper class need not see them." The kapitan's biggest challenge comes not from the citizens, but from the sea which often floods parts of the waterfront during high tide. He stops in periodically to view the recent construction of bulwarks along the more troublesome parts of the city's coast.

Posadnik Dmitri Meshik (male Umbrean Ari2/Ftr12): Posadnik Meshik was a kommander with a grand service record who retired after suffering a respiratory ailment that continues to this day. He endures painful shortness of breath if he does not take periodic treatment. Despite his role as a political head and his convalescence, Meshik is fond of drink and women, but the handsome and stately man does a respectable job of keeping his vices from leading to

public embarrassment. Meshik's policies towards the citizens are lenient and he leaves law enforcement up to the much sterner Dereiv, but he is much sterner with foreigners.

Koldun Fedor Rachlavsky (male Khard Ftr5/Wiz12): Koldun Rachlavsky is a bear of a man. His detractors claim such a comparison insults the bears—Rachlavsky has awful manners, a horrible temper, a penchant for alcoholic binges, and perhaps more hair than a bear. Rachlavsky leads the Greylord Prikaz, a secret chancellery that investigates and executes domestic threats to the Motherland. The man's real saving grace is his unyielding loyalty; legend has it that Rachlavsky personally guarded Lord Velibor's royal treasury and relinquished it without hesitation to Queen Ayn Vanar XI upon her claiming of the throne.

Master Jachemir Vilimovich (male Khard Wiz14): Blessed with a rich inheritance, Master Vilimovich is rumored to be among the most educated kayazy in all Khador. His students point to his achievements in academia as evidence of his greatness: Jachemir developed his own logarithms for astronomical computations, established the observatory in Skrovenberg, and founded the recently recognized Skrovenberg College of Mathematics where his lectures are always packed to capacity. Jachemir is also an accomplished wizard and an expert in fortress construction and artillery.

Locales of Skrovenberg

Hizov mok Ryva, "Morrow's Port in Any Storm": On the coastal shore where a small Menite temple once stood now looms a massive sanctuary. Unmistakably Morrowan, the building is decorated in several gold and silver radiances and bears a human-sized marble statue of the "Kovnika Katrene," a faceless feminine knight icon said to ward away enemies of the faithful. Posadnik Meshik had the former temple demolished and spent nearly three seasons' taxes on the Hizov mok Ryva to impress the queen. As of yet Queen Ayn has not come to see the structure or even commented upon it which serves as a growing source of embarrassment to the posadnik.

Nine Boards, The: The Nine Boards consist of nine red-and-white buildings standing side by side. Each building houses part of the Skrovenberg Kollegii, and it is here that the city's renowned schools of learning educate the masses. The schools are: Foreign Affairs, War, Admiralty, Revenues, Justice, Commerce, Mining, Estates, and Expenses. A tenth building is currently under construction to house the center for mathematics, which currently meets in Master Vilimovich's home. Critics whisper that the High Kommand's true opinion of education is indicated by the proximity of the school to the capital. To back up their claims, they point out that the Khadoran Institute of Engineering is located in Korsk.

Tverkutsk

In Power: Posadnik Anton Voyt

Population: 15,000 (almost all human, mostly Kossite)

Military: Tverkutsk has a garrison of several hundred Winter Guard. Kossite woodsmen can be pressed or hired into service in times of need. The princes who stay here bring their own personal guard as well.

Imports: Cereals, manufactured goods

Exports: Fur, timber

Tverkutsk is a very old settlement located high in the tundra forests, founded ages ago by tribes of Kos. The Orgoth virtually ignored Tverkutsk until well after their occupation. When the occupation ended, Tverkutsk began to swell as a far-flung logging station and remained a safe waypoint for northerners fighting against the heights of the relentless Khadoran winter.

The town's economy revolves around logging and hunting, and a steady supply of timber and furs flows down the Wolveswood. Princes Castiliov, Greyvan, Volgh, and Voyari come to Tverkutsk individually as a winter home getaway or to assemble here to meet and discuss volozkya matters.

The town's loggers have occasionally endured attacks from large wolves common to the area. After a particularly brutal incident in 560 AR that left seven loggers dead, rather than simply mourn them their kin strung their bows, loaded their rifles, and stalked into the woods to kill every wolf they could find. Early successes inspired others to join the hunt, and before long not a wolf was alive within leagues of the town. Wolf pelts remain quite fashionable in Tverkutsk to this

day. True, predator attacks from the forests have been a constant for centuries, but they have always been dealt with accordingly. Many believe the genocidal hunting of wolves in the 560s was the result of generations of living in fear of the northern forests.

Such rash activity has its price. The wolves were the primary food source for the local troll kriel, so by the late 560s the enormous beasts had become bold in their hunts for a meal. Logging operations continued to move outward, and loggers repeatedly ran into trolls, sometimes becoming prey. As the years drew on, the trolls grew more desperate—especially during winter months—and attacks grew in frequency and ferocity. When the visiting Great Prince Voyari suffered an attack near Haus Prinkov in 583 AR, a full company of trained Winter Guard arrived to garrison the small town. Today, the Chaktokol barracks sits at the northern edge of town adorned with dozens of troll skulls along the palisade walls. Several of the soldiers wear badge trophies from their kills. Locals and the Winter Guard rarely warm to each other for some reason, perhaps because they feel the soldiers take advantage of them or see them as intruders into their social circles. Each year more Kossites move out of the town's walls and into the woods, but most either return due to the trolls or vanish into the wild altogether—likely their bones are lost among the taiga.

Noted Persons

Posadnik Anton Voyt (male Kossite Ari3/Rgr11): Posadnik Voyt is a rugged man in his late thirties. Short for a Kossite but burlier than most, Anton resembles a woodsman more than a bureaucrat. He is always at the front of any conflict—in politics or in battle—and he will lend a hand when manual labor is needed in a hurry. He has two adolescent sons, Alexi and Vreyo, who look up to him with pride.

Dragho Vozc (male Umbrean MonHtr8/Rgr6): After serving his obligatory two years as a Winter Guard soldier during his teens, Dragho left the military to pursue his first love since childhood in the Kovosk Hills: big game hunting. He supposedly never misses with his rifle Jennya and wears the only bullet she has ever misfired on a chain around his neck. Dragho has taken up residence in Tverkutsk to take advantage of the troll bounty, and he excels at what he does. Many local Winter Guard soldiers seem to resent the man for his success.

Locales of Tverkutsk

Haus Prinkov, "House of Princes": A large fortified wooden estate inside the town's walls, Haus Prinkov is a well-insulated and lavishly decorated winter home for the northern princes. When harsh weather threatens their homes in their own volozkya, these noble families caravan to the Haus to pass the bleak months. The building can accommodate the royal families, courtesans, and guards for four princes comfortably, and room for a fifth can be arranged. During these winter vacations, the princes often sit, drink, and smoke around the large oaken relief-sculpted table depicting all of Khador while they plot and plan the next year's activities.

Uldenfrost

In Power: Posadnik Barak Afonos

Population: 7,000 (human, primarily Kossite)

Military: A small Winter Guard contingent garrisons Uldenfrost with local manhunters and trackers pressed into service during times of need.

Imports: Manufactured goods, vegetables

Exports: Fish, fur, ice, timber

Founded after the Rebellion by fur traders called *promyshlenniki*, this glorified trapping post is perfectly situated to exploit the abundant supply of fur-bearing mammals in the area. After conflicts with Nyss resulted in numerous deaths on both sides—as well as the theft of thousands of pelts—the trappers and traders decided to build a more fortified base of operations.

The buildings and walls of Uldenfrost are built of redwood from nearby Targoss Forest. Originally lashed together, the buildings are now built using joinery techniques of maritime carpentry. The wooden palisade includes two blockhouses, one on the north corner and one on the south, stocked with crossbows and hunting spears for the local populace in case of emergency.

The interior contains the Czavyana trade manager's two-story house, the posadnik's quarters, barracks, and various store and skinning houses. A large stonework well in the center of town provides the citizens with freshwater. Warmed by an underground sulphur spring, the water smells and tastes bad but never freezes. Uldenfrost also contains a counting house, brickyards, tanneries, barns, a foundry, a

smithy, a carpenter shop, and the bright red flag of the kingdom that serves as a beacon for wayward hunters. Uldenfrost is an inhospitable place; the frost claims many lives and for a long stretch during the winter the sun barely appears at all.

Noted Persons

Posadnik Barak Afonos (male Khard Exp5/Rgr9): After running away from his small village in central Khador at the age of fifteen, Afonos traveled extensively and became fascinated by the unknown. He tried his hand at several professions—farming, brewing, glazing—but none satisfied him. Eventually his travels drew the attention of an enterprising Czavyana merchant who convinced him to manage a fur trade venture in the far north. It was not long before Barak's forceful personality had him sitting in the ruling seat of the town council.

Valeria Karchaev (female Skirov Exp8): Originally drawn to the far north by her research, Valeria is certain that draconic remains lay buried beneath the ice near Uldenfrost. Since coming to the town she has grown attached to the place. Uldenfrost's resident medical and botanical expert, Doktor Karchaev keeps busy combating the brutalities of daily life in the frozen north. Burdened with an inquisitive mind in a wasteland of snow and ice, she constantly dissects the flora and fauna the promyshlenniki bring back to the colony. Valeria often accompanies manhunters on excursions into the frozen wastes around Uldenfrost. She has yet to discover any truth in her original



Oldenfrost

research in "dragonomy" but keeps a journal filled with dozens of factual leads.

Locales of Uldenfrost

Bolovric Hall: The summer lodge of the Great Prince of Vardenska, Bolovric Hall is made from sturdy lumber and has heavy iron doors dominating its face. It is adorned on the outside with a huge family crest of the Bolovric—an arrow through the disembodied paw of a bear. Inside it boasts expensive woolen tapestries of the family's fabled hunting exploits, some of which date back to the Khardic Empire. Legends say the first Bolovric, Ivan, bested a Nyss chieftain in an archery contest to win these lands from the winter elves. Ivan's hunting bow still hangs above the far end of the hall—a priceless treasure not strung for over five centuries.

Czavyana Trading Post: Primarily a league of free traders, the Czavyana Trading Company has begun to position itself as the primary supplier of furs to Khador and the south. This office is run by a shrewd yet unhappy manager, Ryon Baras (male Khard Exp4), who openly hates his position and most of the people associated with it but knows he cannot support his current lifestyle without his generous salary. The company brings in trappers and traders from elsewhere on seven-year contracts to work in Uldenfrost and recruits local woodsmen as well. At the end of their contracts employees are sent by first available transport to any location in Khador or allowed to remain in Uldenfrost as a free agent if they so choose.

Volningrad

In Power: Kommandant Karl Szvette, Count Marshal

Population: 145,000 (human, mostly Khard with some mixed Skirov, Kossite, and Umbrean)

Military: Volningrad houses a vast number of military personal supported by a large contingent of warjacks. In addition to the city's large garrison, thousands of recruits are stationed here for training.

Imports: Grain, livestock, raw materials for military and blacksmith goods, textiles

Exports: Iron and steel goods, military mechanika

Volningrad has grown steadily from its origins as a fishing village into a city dedicated to the training, growth, and upkeep of the Khadoran war effort. The sounds of cadence, marksmanship training, and the metal clang of melee training are heard throughout the city. Volningrad is a large expanse of barracks-style housing stacked one upon another with rows and rows of buildings filled with small apartments and humble quarters for the tens of thousands of revolving inhabitants. The streets are wide to accommodate regimental soldiers marching out their cadences, and the city contains a number of elite military schools that train career units for the royal army. A good number of alchemists and mechanics also work here to supply the schools with materials.

Unlike Korsk or Khardov, the city has no walls. The sheer number of soldiers within Volningrad means that walling them in during a military crisis would be counterproductive, and only a fool would attack such a city anyway. The buildings are often simple and worn, but the city itself is quite clean; after all, the kommandant has dozens of discipline cases every day to which he assigns such menial tasks as city upkeep.

Soldiers and citizens alike—there is little difference here—do a great deal of their non-military work in one of the large steel mills or iron forges near the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly warjack foundry. While cortexes are designed and created elsewhere and shipped in by boat or caravan from Korsk, the final touches are put together in Volningrad. The heavier platework and final assembly of Khador's mighty warjacks is undertaken by hundreds of skilled Assembly members, and there is never a lack of armored support mechanika. The expensive and dangerous Man-O-War steamsuits come from Volningrad as well.

Aside from the frontlines, no place in Khador permits better observation of the Motherland's glorious armies. Man-O-War recruits train in an enclosed courtyard at Gryutkov Square and drill weekly in the city streets. Widowmakers have a shooting range overlooking the lake and a staccato of rifle reports is heard day and night—a great deal of their training takes place at night to sharpen their skills. The relatively recent additions of Winter Guard mortar ranges have drawn small crowds of civilians to watch the spectacular pyrotechnic displays. The only real exception to this openness is the Brotherhood of the Iron Fang. The fraternal Fangs train apart from other troops in a secluded walled compound. Behind these walls, new recruits endure a brutal training

regimen. Most are unable to complete the training, but those who do rank among the most professional soldiers in all Khador.

Since the occupation of Llael, Volningrad has been awash in pride. Freshly trained troops ship out daily even as new recruits arrive by wagon and boat. The sense that Khador's future is tied to the fortunes of war surfaces no stronger anywhere in the Motherland as it does in Volningrad.

Winds of War

Thousands of Volningrad's troops were shipped to the front during the invasion of Llael with caravans of reinforcements following each day. Reports of casualties are read aloud each morning before training classes, and these men are regarded as heroes by the recruits. Kommandant Szvette gives weekly speeches that dictate where graduates are headed and why, always honoring instructors and officers who have been called to battle.

A copy of *Irusk on Conquest* is made available to every recruit, and the officers urge their soldiers to memorize whole passages. Maneuvers taking place in Llael are written into class schedules and training programs as textbook examples of how to subjugate the enemy and conquer them with minimal loss. Anti-Cygnaran propaganda is commonplace, and underground pamphlets exonerating and proposing war crimes against them have begun to spring up throughout the Motherland.

Noted Persons

Count Marshal Kommandant Karl Szvette (male Khard Ftr13): Kommandant Szvette comes from a long line of noble military men. A smart-looking man with a regal bearing, Svette is a strict taskmaster who expects nothing but the best from his officers. He repeatedly requests active duty from the High Kommand, but they have so far denied him. His repeated denial stems mainly from his knee damaged in a training mishap years ago, not because of his service in any other way. The High Kommand is quite satisfied with Szvette's duty. The kommandant wears an expensive iron brace that enables him to move about with very little trouble. He has a wife, daughter, and infant son residing in a large manor in Korsk. He sees them rarely, and being this far from the frontline and away from his beloved family does little for his usual stern demeanor.

Locales of Volningrad

Khadoran Military Academy: The single largest Winter Guard training organization is the Khadoran Military Academy headquartered in Volningrad but with outposts spanning the length and breadth of the Motherland. Training is an experience hard to equal. Before initiation, recruits spend their first year enduring grueling exercises in every environment, learning not just how to handle different kinds of weapons, but how to deal with varied terrain—rock, mud, ice, mountain, and forest. Those who excel or show exceptional promise go on to the Druzhina in Korsk for officer training.

Volningrad Armory: This is the vast Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly warjack and weapons production facility. The Armory is a hub of activity at all times. Everyday, warjacks march out from the heavy iron shutter-doors bound for the front. Rows of cortex-less warjack chassis await their precious internals and stand eerily cold and unmoving like statues in the yards. The production facility is so important to the war effort that a full regiment of Winter Guard is stationed at the Armory at all times, and teams of Widowmakers perch in the Armory's six watchtowers.

Places of Interest

Lord Khazarak's Tomb: A Khardic horselord of the Empire, Khazarak reputedly beat back tides of barbarians with his axe and his faith. Legends tell of a giant man who rode a powerful black steed. In his time he helped conquer the Skirov, drove trollkin from Khardic lands, and pushed deep into Tordor. During a campaign against the Tordorans, in fact, Khazarak eventually succumbed to wounds that would have felled a lesser man on the spot. As part of its wartime concessions, the Khardic Empire demanded Tordor erect a tomb in honor of Khazarak. They did so, erecting a massive tomb of gray marble where the horselord and his steed were laid to rest. Over the years Lord Khazarak's Tomb has fallen into disrepair, for neither the Tordorans nor the Orgoth had reason to maintain it. Now only infrequent Menite pilgrims visit the site to honor a great hero of their faith.

Old Korska: An enormous ruin of stone and metal from the days of the Orgoth invasion, the ancient capital is a maze of broken buildings and cracked streets home to swarms of bogrin. Beneath the city in the long dry sewers and burial catacombs, savage dregg rule the darkness. Surface raids by the dregg and

constant harassment by the opportunistic bogrin make Old Korska a very dangerous place. Even so, scholars and thrillseekers still come to explore and perhaps find proof of the legendary old witch of Khador.

Uld Vroggen: Once a large village, Uld Vroggen was shattered and rebuilt as the capital of the Orgoth Empire. Countless slaves were brought to Uld Vroggen and sacrificed to dark gods, and the very lands blackened from generations of evil seeping into the environs. With the Orgoth defeat, Uld Vroggen was devastated by the Scourge. Orgoth blades and magic slew every man, woman, and child in the city. So many corpses rotted in Uld Vroggen that the cloud of carrion flies above the city blackened the sun. The site remains a dangerous ruin. Inhabitants of New Vroggen claim it is haunted by fell creatures—many of these tales are spread by Greylord agents who have a vested interest in the ruins and their many Orgoth artifacts and scripture.

Khadoran Wilds

Blackroot: North of the forbidden Shadoweald is the Blackroot Wood, a highly harvested and traveled stretch of prolific conifer trees rooted deeply in black, fertile soil—hence the name. The woods have been generally domesticated for lumber teams to come and go as they please, and some farming communities have sent wagons to bring back heaps of the fertile soil for crop use. Occasional difficulties have mainly to do with uncovering nests of ill-tempered burrow-mawgs.

Kovosk Hills: Many old estates of the ancient horselords, several of them long forgotten, lie nestled in the nooks and crannies of these rocky hills. On their eastern edge, the largest of the inhabited estates is Tzepesci Manse overlooking the lands of old Umbrey as it has for centuries. The hills are also home to small lurking tribes of barbarians and thousands of bogrin. The hills themselves contain vast amounts of copper and iron ore, but the resistance of Great Prince Tzepesci and his people has kept most mining efforts out of the Kovosks.

Malgur Forest: As the main source of game and lumber to the city of Skirov, the Malgur Forest is traveled primarily by loggers and hunters from the city and its outskirts. Malgur has many undiscovered groves and hidden villages still devoted to the Devourer Wurm. The forest also shelters several wolf packs that are somtimes heard baying during the night from as far away as the walls of Skirov. In the past few years, Devourer cultists in the forest have begun waylaying groups of travelers—even attacking clergy of all faiths—which causes growing concern in the city.

Nyschatha Mountains: Cold and bitter, the lofty Nyschatha Mountains contain several Nyss strongholds, although sharp drop offs and deep chasms kill more explorers than winter elf arrows. A large number of winter trolls also lurk in the mountainside caverns and near freshwater springs, always ready to make meals out of anything foolish enough to venture near. Every year or so, emissaries travel from Tverkutsk to make contact with the Nyss, but none of them ever return.

Scarsfell Forest: Men harvested the Scarsfell for its thick, strong oak trees, many of them wider than a steamjack's arm span. The forest has provided lumber for several generations, and most of it remains unexplored due to the high number of predatory animals in its depths. Trolls, bears, great mountain cats, and even deadly spinerippers appear frequently. Every logging season two or three logging operations, along with their armed escorts, simply disappear in the Scarsfell. Some historians claim that the forest is a draconic burial point and that dragonblight is what makes the animals there so hostile.

Shadoweald: About ten miles north of Port Vladovar, the fringes of the woods called the Shadoweald begin. Deep in the woods exists an ancient Blackclad meeting circle where the order has dwelled for centuries. Trained argus wolves and mystically-influenced widow bears constantly harass the locals, but fatalities remain uncommon—the druids simply wish to spread fear, not death. Blackclads are not tolerated by local Menites and would have already been forcibly removed from the Shadoweald were it not for the presence of their powerful woldwardens.

Scharde Spires: The Schardes Spires are the ancestral home of the winter elves called Nyss and, like them, it is mostly unknown. Dangerous and deadly for the unprepared, the jagged snow-capped Schardes suffer avalanches and flash freezing storms regularly. Entire caravans have vanished overnight under a single storm's snowfall, and whole mountainside

encampments are sometimes found completely devoid of inhabitants. It seems only the Nyss and other winter creatures can carve a living out of the snow and rock of the Schardes.

Vescheneg Headlands: Said to be cursed by one of the last true giants before leaving this world, the Vescheneg Headlands have a harsh reputation by way of superstition more than anything else. Several unexplored caverns twist and turn through the headlands, the majority of which were last investigated by the Orgoth. Rumors say none of them returned. Smoke that occasionally trickles up from the cavern entrances likely comes from underground volcanic activity, but some folk claim that Orgoth still exist below the headlands in a deep, underground fortress.

Khadoran Fortifications

Borstov Landing: A towering fort overlooking Kulvorn Bay, Borstov Landing has stood since Port Vladovar was an Ordic port of call named Radahvo. Dozens of long bore cannons point toward the open water to protect against incoming vessels, and a moderate garrison of Winter Guard call Borstov home. It is run by the newly promoted Kommander Riste Harobrisk (male Khard Ftr10), who replaced Gerok Yviv (male Skirov Ftr13) after he was called away for duty in Llael. Borstov is now the primary watch point for Ordic or Cryxian naval attacks, and it keeps a stable of extremely fast stallions to send word elsewhere if a war fleet should ever appear on the horizon.

Fort Brunzig: Numerous Winter Guard and several Widowmaker teams stop and inspect each train passing under the heavy brick tunnel at Fort Brunzig looking for contraband, illegal passengers, or evidence of sabotage. The layover takes nearly two hours from every trip down the Skirov Line. Fort Brunzig is also home to a large team of mechanics constantly on call in case a train breaks down or suffers an accident.

Icewatch: Manned by a full company of Winter Guard soldiers, Icewatch overlooks a remote and bitterly cold coastline off the Khardic Sea. Built to aid in naval navigation into the Severed Reach to Ohk, the fortress has a huge lighthouse that burns ten gallons of whale oil every day and uses immense mirrors to reflect powerful beams of light over the waves. More than once in the past century—and more so in the past few decades—sentries have claimed dragon sightings, but such reports remain unsubstantiated.

Ravensgard: The massive fortification at Ravensgard is central to the Khadoran war effort. Not only does the vast camp around the fortress act as a staging ground for troops stopping on their way to the frontlines, but it is also key to keeping Cygnaran forces out of Llael. Construction of the earliest fortifications at Ravensgard began immediately following the Colossal War and completed in 268 AR. The original fortress was greatly expanded after the completion of the nearby Cygnaran fortress in 326 AR.

Ravensgard has always served an important role in Khadoran military operations against Cygnar and Llael, though never so much as in the present. The camp based at the fortress is home to tens of thousands of Winter Guard, Iron Fangs, Widowmakers, and Man-O-War shocktroopers. The few scant miles of trenches that separate Ravensgard from the Cygnaran fortress of Northguard is perhaps the deadliest ground in all of western Immoren where soldiers and warjacks clash in tightly packed earth-in-wood fortifications beneath a deadly rain of mortar, cannon, and sniper fire.

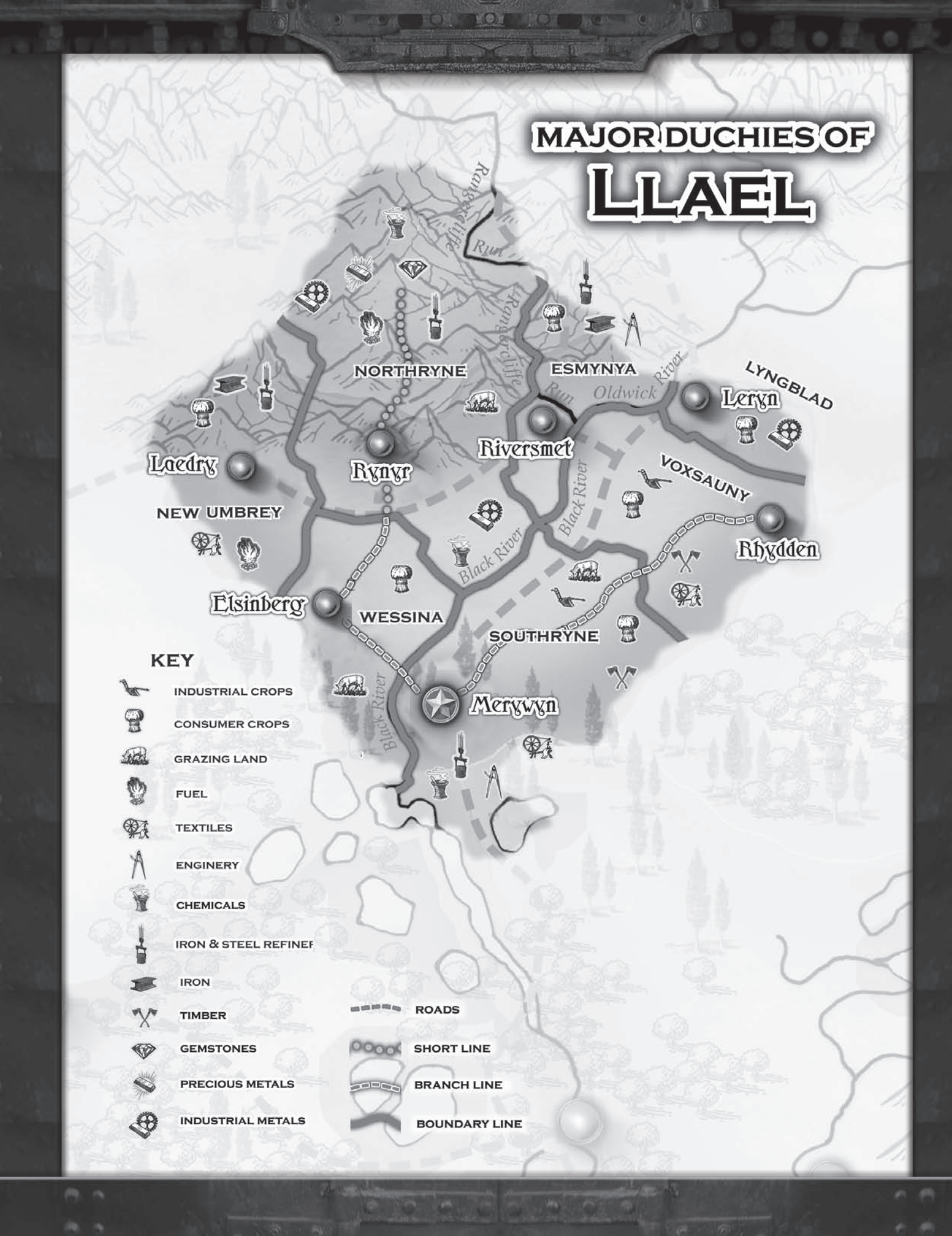
Rustok Castle: Overlooking the Iron Highway, Rustok is the only civilian-owned and operated fortification of its size in Khador. As one of the founding families of the original Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly, the Rustoks have a long history of invention and governmental supply. Though from the outside Rustok Castle appears like any other castle or keep, the constant stream of smoke from its grounds reveal it to be much more. Protected by hundreds of Assembly mercenaries, Sergovi Rustok (male Khard Ari4/Exp7) uses his personal familial fortunes to purchase resources from nearby Khardov, make them into military grade mechanika and firearms, and sell them to the Khadoran army for a slight profit. The Rustoks have been acclaimed by four different kings and queens, and statues in their honor grace the streets of some towns throughout the Motherland. Some wonder whether or not this is a gesture of patriotism or a quest for personal fame, but so long as Rustok goods maintain high quality and low price, no one harps on the issue all that much.



OCCUPIED LLAEL

What took decades for the Orgoth took but a few short months for Khador! We hone our duplicities in order to survive. It's in our blood, and now we have fallen because of it. We are a nation of fools and an embarrassment to our forebears. We have brought this on ourselves by trusting that fool to lead.

—Lord Gregore Delryv IV, Duke of Rhydden, regarding the occupation of Llael


MAJOR DUCHIES OF
LLAEL
NORTHRYNE
ESMYNYA
LYNGBLAD
Leryn
Riversmet
Rynyr
Laedry
VOXSAUNY
NEW UMBREY
Rhydden
Elsinberg
WESSINA
SOUTHRYNE
Merywyn
Oldwick River
Black River
KEY
INDUSTRIAL CROPS
CONSUMER CROPS
GRAZING LAND
FUEL
TEXTILES
ENGINERY
CHEMICALS
IRON & STEEL REFINEF
IRON
TIMBER
GEMSTONES
PRECIOUS METALS
INDUSTRIAL METALS
ROADS
SHORT LINE
BRANCH LINE
BOUNDARY LINE

The sovereignty of Llael ended harshly in the winter of 604 AR when, in a lightning attack, Khador invaded and caught its people and their Cygnaran allies off guard. A few months of fighting later, Llael was an occupied state. The nation itself is located in a region of considerable strategic importance. It used to exist as the sole trade route between Cygnar and Rhul, and this feature in and of itself put its people in harm's way frequently ever since the historic endorsement of the Corvis Treaties. Until recently, Llael has maintained its sovereignty through shrewd political maneuvering and expert diplomacy.

Large numbers of mercenary troops have traditionally supplemented Llael's small armies. As a longtime ally, Cygnar has stationed a token force of one thousand soldiers on Llael's western border. Such scant numbers proved inadequate to stop the Khadoran assault. The major western cities of Laedry and Elsinberg fell first; the brave defenders were crushed so quickly they barely managed to get word south. By the time Cygnar was able to join the fight properly, the tide already moved against them. They slowed the advance in the following months, but the capture of Llael's capital city of Merywyn sealed the occupation near spring's end in 605 AR. Khador virtually occupied the entire kingdom, yet the city of Rhydden and some outlying territories remain free.

A huge number of Khador's occupying forces garrison Merywyn. Not only is the city an ideal staging ground to launch attacks southward, but Merywyn's geographic location is also precariously close to the borders of Ios and the Bloodstone Marches. Citizens have speculated for generations, in hushed tones of course, of the terrible things lurking in the wastes of the Marches. Vinter Raelthorne's invasion of Corvis at the head of his mysterious skorne army as few years ago has lent weight and fuel to such speculation. These alien threats are no longer a topic of everyday concern for the folk of Llael, but no one can say for certain if—or when—such menaces might plague the region in the future.

The southern territories have also endured hostilities lately. Troops out of the Protectorate of Menoth have arrived in Llaelese lands to protect the steady trickle of Menite pilgrims fleeing the war-torn kingdom. Battlefields and their unprotected corpses have lured minions of Cryx as well. Thralls seem to have occupied hidden dens in the deep forests south of Merywyn. Indeed, a year of bloody destruction, supernatural terror, and hardship has wracked the people of Llael.

Aside from its aforementioned strategic importance Llael contains a high content of coal, and the northern mountains, especially around Rynyr, contain great quantities of red powder. Such resources enabled the kingdom to stay competitive with its larger neighbors for centuries. Since the nobility owned the lands, Llael's rich got richer using the coal and powder profits to lead lives of pomp and luxury while the nation's poor did all the work. Indeed, the disparity between the classes appeared more clearly in Llael than anywhere else in the kingdoms, yet thousands of workers from all over western Immoren, both resident and immigrant, arrived daily to work the stony mines. That is, until the occupation.

Still, much of the coal and powder industries remain intact even after Khador's occupation, and one can argue the lower classes have been disrupted far less than their "betters." Khador has diverted much of the produce of the kingdom for their exclusive use, but the mines and farms are busier than ever and most citizens simply try to live their lives as best they can. Some of them have taken up arms to combat the invaders, but such groups are brutally suppressed when discovered. Most citizens prefer to avoid trouble and look to the safety of their families, cooperating for the sake of survival even if they despise the occupiers and those nobles who capitulated to them. Indeed, many quietly whisper that Prime Minister Glabryn paved the way for invasion by selling out the kingdom and the majority of the Council of Nobles.

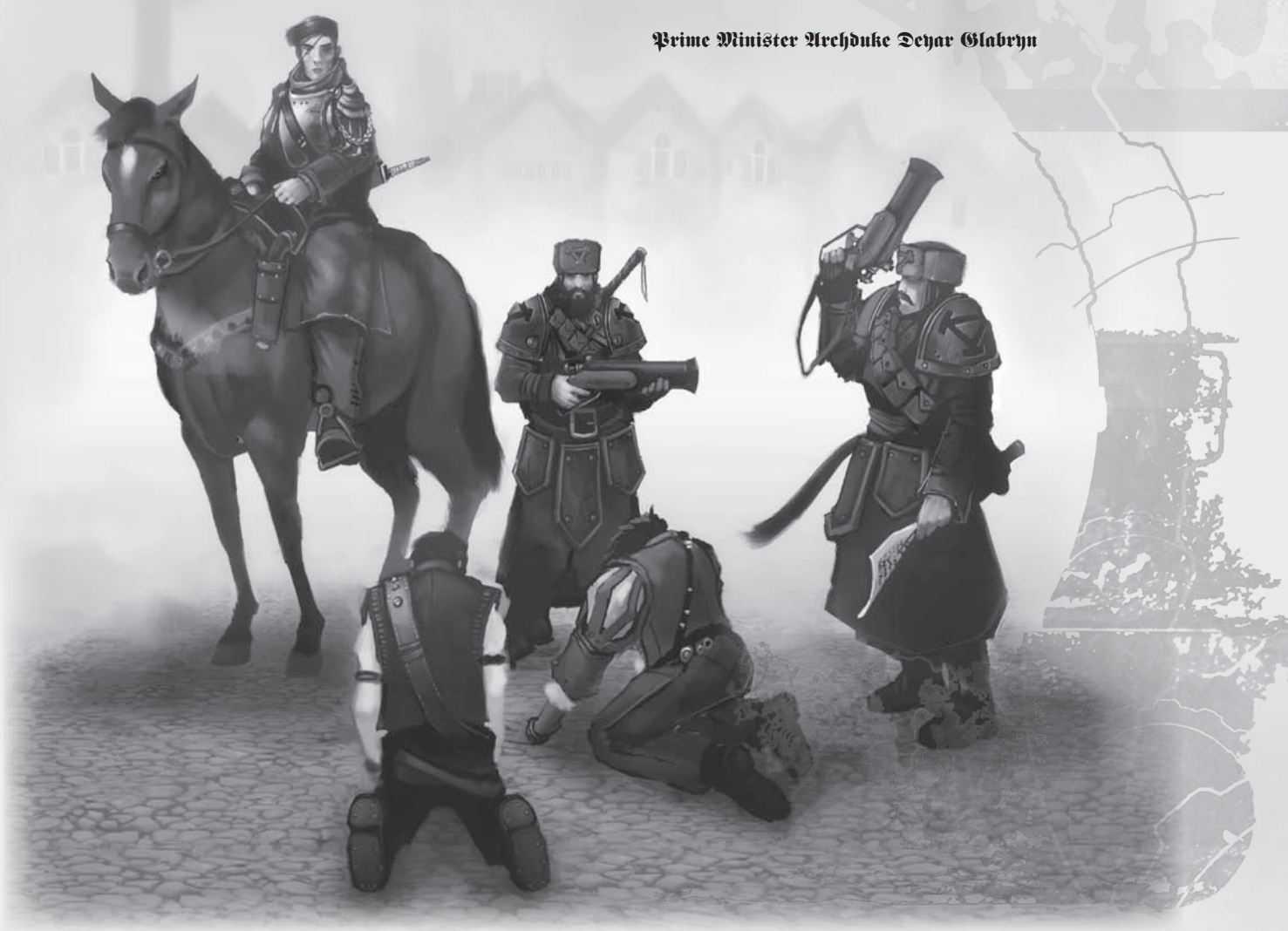
The total tally of deaths from the invasion remains unknown, and every day word circulates regarding those who have been lost. Stories of battles have become widespread. Tales throughout the kingdoms relate the burning of Riversmet and other wartime horrors. Piety among the masses has been renewed with many of the occupied citizenry praying often for salvation, miracles, divine intervention, or mercy. Khadoran soldiers in the streets are mostly avoided, yet icy stares and angry whispers follow their backs. Few common folk, however, have the courage to take action against them.

This contrasts sharply with the disposition of the region before the invasion when Llael was



widely considered a kingdom of excess. War, death, and famine have humbled even those among the highborn. A vocal minority, mostly lower class, praises the invaders and states they might bring a better future to Llael. They point to the influence of the Khadoran kayazy as an example of empowerment for the common man. However, those who had friends and family in Riversmet or among the ranks of the fallen elsewhere view Khadorans with a renewed hatred and loathing akin only to what Immoren's natives must have felt for the Orgoth once upon a time.

Aside from the coal and powder trades, Llael made much of its coin from levies on river trade. Both Cygnaran and Rhulic tradesmen paid good coin to Llaelese tax men in order to keep their goods flowing along the Black River. Now, Khador has halted all legitimate trade southward and refuses to pay tithes on Llaelese goods, considering them the spoils of war. This has made life difficult for thousands of merchants, many of whom have lately become impoverished. Some have turned to smuggling and have begun to operate throughout portions of unoccupied eastern



Prime Minister Archduke Deyar Glabryn

Llael. Many of the finest pistols and ammunition in western Immoren are being smuggled down the Black River thanks to the coordinated efforts of the soot-stained miner, the squinty-eyed alchemist, the iron-jawed smith, the heavy-pursed merchant, and of course, the blue-blooded nobleman. Rhulic merchants as well have done all they can to maintain trade with Cygnar, and they have attempted to shift trade routes away from the river ways. While this has greatly increased costs, the Stone Lords consider it imperative to maintain contact with Cygnar, and rumors persist that some of them are complicit in the underground smuggling rings.

Politically, Llael has not had a true king for over a decade, and some argue political infighting left them open to the western threat. Their prime minister, the Archduke Deyar Glabryn, was acting as lord regent until the line of succession could be sorted out by the Council of Nobles—a matter that lost a great deal of momentum after the first few years of constant disputes and "coincidental deaths." Displaying his usual knack for coming out on top, Prime Minister Glabryn survived the invasion, and as long as he obeys the Khadoran High Kommand without question, he will even retain his position. Widely viewed as a traitor by his people, the archduke is highly suspected of collaborating with the Motherland for perhaps years prior to the actual invasion. Nonetheless, Glabryn's reputation has always inspired fear, more so these days in fact, and few risk crossing him.

For centuries, Llael's legislative and bureaucratic body had been its Council of Nobles, a group of the most eminent lords of the kingdom famed for their complex schemes, alliances, and betrayals. At the time of the invasion, 121 members of the gentry sat on the council in the Immaculate Chamber; Khador executed 37 of them on the 12th of Rowan in 605 AR and placed their heads on the walls of Merywyn to discourage further insurrection. The disempowered council now numbers 68 nobles, and most of them have been allowed to keep their titles and some ancestral lands. For the most part, the surviving nobles recognize that their survival depends upon becoming useful to their Khadoran overseers. Several among them have had their estates seized by occupation forces, prompting a permanent move to the capital.

One might argue that the plotting has reached a fevered pitch these days as each noble tries to turn recent events to their advantage, yet their ability to hatch conspiracies has been curtailed somewhat by the close watch of the Motherland. Nonetheless, the Khadorans cannot watch everyone at once, and Ryn-folk have ever thrived in the matters of politics and deception. Apparently this is quite true, for even the common citizenry are well spoken and shrewd (some say conniving). However, the people of Llael have suffered an enormous blow to their pride. They have come to know suffering and death firsthand, and it has darkened their faces and spirits and humbled them as never before. Certainly those of strong spirit and determined demeanor still plan and scheme among them, but they are woefully outnumbered and in a poor position. They cannot expect rescue anytime soon from Cygnar either, for their long time ally has been forced to fall back to defend its own borders.

It may be that in these times the citizens of Llael are best served by their adaptability and clever tongues in order to find a way to endure their new state as an occupied Khadoran territory. They have suffered much in a year, and worse may lie ahead. Meanwhile their lands remain a battleground between two of the greatest powers in the known world.

Llael Facts

Ruler: Prime Minister Archduke Deyar Glabryn by appointment of Queen Ayn Vanar XI of Khador

Government type: Puppet state

Capital: Merywyn

Ethnic Groups & Approx. Population: Ryn (1,620,000), Umbrean (400,000), Midlunder (50,000), Khard (50,000), Caspian (40,000), Bogrin (30,000), Rhulfolk (15,000), Ogrun (12,000), Goblin (10,000), Thurian (9,500), Tordoran (9,000), Iosan (5500), Idrian (5,000), Morridane (2,000), Trollkin (2,000),

Languages: Llaelese (primary), Cygnaran, Khadoran (minority)

Climate: Temperate; cold, cloudy winters with frequent snow and fog; sunny summers with frequent showers and thunderstorms

Terrain: Varied; ancient mountains and hills to the north; rich fertile plains, limestone ranges and basins to the west; deciduous woodlands, hillocks, and highlands to the south; lowlands and coniferous woodlands to the east

Natural resources: Coal and sulfur, aluminum ore, low-grade iron ore, silica, clays, salt, timber, arable land

Prime Minister Deyar Glabryn, Archduke of Southryne

Archduke Deyar Glabryn (male Ryn Alc4/Ari10): King Rynnard di la Martyn died in 595 AR, leaving many illegitimate offspring. The old king was an exceptional lecher and never established a clear line of succession to the Llaelese throne. No sooner did he rest in his grave than the Council of Nobles fell upon the supposed heirs like vultures, each cabal hoping to use one of them to further their own schemes. Unfortunately, the heirs with the strongest claims fell to assassination or vanished mysteriously. Many believe two sons and a single daughter yet survive with di la Martyn blood in their veins, but they went into hiding years ago. One of the surviving sons supposedly moved to the city of Berck and serves as an officer in the Ordic navy.

During this storm of controversy, the Archduke Deyar Glabryn was named lord regent. He has stymied the royal succession for over a decade during which time he was repeatedly accused of being overly concerned with cementing his own power base. He even went so far as minting coins with his own image on them. Glabryn has always somehow sidestepped such charges by manipulating events to his own advantage.

Archduke Glabryn presents himself as an affable and reasonable man of enormous education and good breeding, but his ruthlessness is no secret. The oldest son of the influential Glabryns, Deyar survived a motherless childhood and assassination attempts ordered by two of his younger brothers who wished to gain power over the family estates. Both of the plotting siblings disappeared soon thereafter, and Deyar never saw them again. Years later as he was on the upward path in the Llaelese gentry, Deyar mimicked his brothers' schemes and as many as a dozen rivals died by his orders, one by his own hand.

Archduke Glabryn possesses exhaustive knowledge of court politics, Llaelese history, and etiquette and is a competent alchemist. The latter has been a field of longstanding interest for him as he finds it soothes his nerves. He is particularly versed in the lore of mixing poisons and their antidotes along with other deleterious concoctions. His peers know him as a crack shot with a pistol, and he keeps both gun and dagger on his person at all times.

Winds of War

The timing of the diplomatic mission by the archduke's wife and daughter, along with many other suspicious activities, lend credence to the suspicion that Glabryn had foreknowledge of the invasion and did nothing to prevent it. Indeed, the surviving members of the Council of Nobles believe Lord Glabryn worked to weaken the Llaelese army and undermine the western defenses. The truth of these suspicions remains unknown, but the compelling evidence includes the fact that the archduke had received periodic envoys from Korsk at least a year before the invasion theoretically to discuss trade arrangements. It is believed in some circles that Sovereign Coal Alliance and several of Glabryn's allies in the Order of the Golden Crucible were co-conspirators. While this has not helped Lord Glabryn's popularity, many of his pragmatic peers are more understanding. Clearly Llael could not have stood against Khador, and many more lives might have been lost, more buildings destroyed, and the entire kingdom's commerce could have been undone. Some councilors even believe the archduke acted wisely.

The archduke is married to the Lady Rebekah Welsny Glabryn (female Ryn Ari8). Despite a lack of affection for one another, they have raised three mature daughters all of whom were married to cement strategic alliances. Before the Khadoran invasion, Lady Glabryn and one of her now-widowed daughters went to the Cygnaran court to parley with King Leto and his Royal Assembly. This was explained as an effort to improve relations with their ally, for King Leto and Lord Glabryn have never gotten along well (King Leto disapproved of the archduke's regency and had been pressuring for a resolution to the royal succession). Lady Glabryn and her daughter Sabyna di Voxsauny (female Ryn Ari3) remain in Caspia out of fear for their safety but communicate with the archduke via secret courier. Of note, Sabyna's husband was Balen di Voxsauny, the Archduke of Voxsauny, who was executed in Merywyn after its capture. She is Deyar's favored daughter and one of the few people about whom he truly cares. She had just become pregnant at the time of the journey and has since given birth to Deyar's grandson, Balen II.

The archduke now engages in the most complex challenge of his life: persevering and regaining power in the wake of the Khadoran occupation. He has managed to save his own head from the pike and even retained his nominal control over Llael and its ministers. He knows he treads on unstable ground and has offered his services and those of his most trusted minions to Queen Ayn to perform any "dirty work" ill-suited to her ethics. Indeed, he alone pointed out which nobles of the council might pose a risk including the husband of his favored daughter. In effect the act targeted the nobles for execution, and Lady Sabyna in faraway Caspia has no idea of the role her father played in the death of her husband.

Rumor Has It

Lord Glabryn harbors no fondness for King Leto. Before the invasion he had deeply considered the notion that a restored Vinter Raelthorne might make his life simpler. He has no qualms about undermining Llael's ally so long as he gains power in the process. However, he is a man of many schemes, counter plans, and escape contingencies. Were Cygnar in a position to repulse the invaders, he would happily turn on the Khadorans, and he is equally prepared to flee to Ceryl or Ord if necessary to save his own neck. In fact, Lord Glabryn has made sure to retain most of his "ministry staff" which includes numerous skilled assassins, pistoleers, gun-mages, spies, alchemists, and others of useful skill.

Table 5–1: Llaelese Hierarchy

Title	By Definition	# in Kingdom
King/Queen	Ruling monarch of the kingdom	1 (vacant)
Prime Minister	Head of the ministers and royal advisor	1
Minister	Eleven governors of ministries and advisors to the monarchy	11
Archduke	The archdukes govern large provinces and answer directly to the king/queen	7
Duke	Landholder who owes allegiance to an archduke	Approx. 40
Earl	A vassal to a duke; a landholder	Approx. 300
Baron	Overseers and minor landowners (baronies) who answer to an earl	Hundreds

Table 5–2: Listing of the Monarchs of Llael (Since the Drafting of the Corvis Treaties)

Years of Rule	Sovereign	Extent of Rule	Cause of Death
203–214 AR	Lyle Kyrvin I the Wise, eldest of the Council of Ten, is crowned king.	11 yrs.	Old age
214–228 AR	Lyle Kyrvin II the Shrewd helps Harald of Bloodsbane gain the throne in Cygnar but does not live long enough to profit from it.	14 yrs.	Illness
230–233 AR	Lyle Kyrvin III inherits the throne, cannot gain the confidence of the nobles, and is assassinated within days of King Harald in Cygnar.	3 yrs.	Assassination
233–237 AR	Succession muddled, Council of Nobles gains power and passes a number of laws weakening the monarchy.	4 yrs.	NA

237–250 AR	Artys di la Martyn I the Enlightened, blood cousin of the Kyrvins, is king. Golden era noted for construction of universities, libraries, and cathedrals. Artys rides into battle at the start of the Colossal Wars and is slain.	13 yrs.	In Combat
250-278 AR	Artys di la Martyn II the Glorious, the paragon of Llaelese monarchs, fights against Khador alongside Cygnar and Ord and helps in their defeat of 257 AR. He constructs border forts and improves Llaelese military.	28 yrs.	Old age
278-287 AR	Artys di la Martyn III the Ashen King suffers from an incurable illness, dies young, and captures the romantic imagination of poets and women across the kingdom. He had no other notable accomplishments.	8 yrs.	Illness
287-288 AR	Camdyn "Kyrvin" the Pretender claims the throne but is discovered as an imposter and executed for treason.	<1 year	Executed
288-295 AR	Queen Bryna di la Martyn, wife of King Artys the Glorious and mother of the Ashen King, takes the throne as regent. She is widely adored.	7 yrs.	Abdicates. Dies a decade later
295-306 AR	Gadsyn Lymos is confirmed as king and backed by the Council on ancestral ties to the Kyrvin family. A time of bloody turmoil ensues including a resumption of border wars with Khador and the loss of Llaelese lands.	11 yrs.	Assassinated
306-315 AR	Malyk Lymos I, son of Gadsyn, inherits throne during a time of war but sees the end of the border wars in 313 AR. Cygnar and Llael become official allies. He is assassinated two years later.	9 yrs.	Assassinated
315-335 AR	Malyk Lymos II the Builder wins the hearts of the Umbreans by rebuilding Old Korska as the new city of Laedry.	20 yrs.	Assassinated
335-352 AR	Casner Lymos the Alchemist grants concessions to the Order of the Crucible and tax breaks to Leryn. He institutes Ministry of Standards.	17 yrs.	Accidental explosion
352-366 AR	Malyk Lymos III the Jovial is a debauched king noted for the corruption of his court and crushing taxes. He expands the royal palace in Merywyn.	14 yrs.	Chokes to death
366-384 AR	Malyk Lymos IV the Merchant King bolsters trade with Ios, Khador, and Rhul and creates formal tithes on all trade between kingdoms.	18 yrs.	Drowns
384-390 AR	Malyk Lymos V is a weak king and is assassinated. He leaves no heirs.	6 yrs.	Assassinated
390-394 AR	Gadsyn Lymos II, brother of Malyk IV and uncle of Malyk V, takes the throne. His assassination causes a violent feud within the Council of Nobles.	4 yrs.	Assassinated
394-396 AR	There is chaos in the Council of Nobles, and several regents are named and killed.	2 yrs.	NA

396-436 AR	Lyan di la Martyn I the Judge takes power by force, restoring the Di la Martyn dynasty to the throne. He brutally raises taxes and imposes conscription.	30 yrs.	Old age
436-447 AR	Lyan di la Martyn II the Merciful has an uneventful but peaceful reign. He lowers taxes and frees many state prisoners on amnesty.	11 yrs.	Illness
447-451 AR	Queen Wren di la Martyn takes throne as regent until her eldest son comes of age.	4 yrs.	Abdicated
451-498 AR	Artys di la Martyn IV the Ageless becomes a very popular monarch. He rules during the Coin War with Khador fought by mercenaries on both sides.	47 yrs.	Old age
498-507 AR	Lyan di la Martyn III the Intemperate has an unremarkable reign troubled by minor skirmishes with the Protectorate of Menoth in the northern Marches.	9 yrs.	In battle
507-520 AR	Artys di la Martyn V the Foolish assumes the throne and is easily manipulated by the Council of Nobles as a puppet king.	13 yrs.	Drowning
520-541 AR	Artys di la Martyn VI the Stubborn is noted mainly for disputes with his nobles and the creation and retraction of many laws. He is strangled in the Council after enraging one of his archdukes who is immediately cut down.	21 yrs.	Murdered
541-559 AR	Artys di la Martyn VII the Eloquent, something of an intellectual and scholar as well as a popular author, is remembered more for his writings than his leadership.	18 yrs.	Illness
559-595 AR	Rynnard di la Martyn the Fruitful, a popular and robust king famed for his bigamy and fertility, sires sixteen (known) offspring with various wives.	36 yrs.	Old age
595 AR	Bloody infighting rages in the Council of Nobles over the muddled succession and would continue for years to come. Many of di la Martyn's offspring are assassinated or used as pawns. Survivors go into hiding.	NA	NA
595-current	The Archduke of Southryne, Prime Minister Deyar Glabryn, takes over regency but assumes all the powers of a sovereign.	11+ yrs.	NA

About the Ministries of Llael

With the Khadoran occupation, the government of Llael is in a state of chaos and confusion. The Khadorans have not had time or inclination to worry about domestic problems or governance. The invasion force took swift and brutal control by executing the most prominent and uncooperative nobles, but they left the rest of the hierarchy more or less intact. Dozens of nobles lost their lives when Merywyn fell, including several archdukes. However, most of the lesser dukes, earls, and barons have been allowed to keep their titles and lands so long as they obey their overseers and do not lend aid to rebels or Cygnaran forces.

The most important of these lords were the kingdom's twelve ministers, traditionally appointed by the king. The eleven ministries supervise the

bureaucracy and are staffed with clerks, lesser nobles, and appointed experts, and the prime minister coordinates their efforts. In past decades the position of prime minister also served as the chief liaison between the king and the Council of Nobles.

The eleven ministries are as follows listed loosely in order of descending importance and prestige: Ministry of the Treasury, Ministry of Taxation, Ministry of Internal Security, Ministry of Trade and Commerce, Ministry of Defense of the Realm, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Ministry of Law and Records, Ministry of Roads, Rivers, and Sewage, Ministry of Architecture, Mining, and Quarries, Ministry of Standards and Measures, and Ministry of Arts and Letters.

Although some of the old ministers were executed and replaced, their offices continue much as before. Archduke Glabryn has remained in the prime minister's seat serving as chief liaison now to his Khadoran superiors of the High Kommand. The greatest change is that the Ministries of Internal Security and Defense of the Realm, now impotent and obsolete, have been relegated to local law enforcement and aid with the investigation of resistance groups.

Archduke Glabryn hopes to gain the title of Great Prince of the entire region when it becomes a Khadoran territory. It remains to be seen if he can arrange this lofty goal before he outlives his usefulness. Meanwhile he supervises the other ministers in seeing to Khador's needs and supplying them with food, coal, blasting powder, and other necessary industries.

All western nobles who retained their titles cooperate through coercion and intimidation. Khadoran agents and military garrisons remain in all cities and large towns to ensure their continual cooperation and to look for signs of resistance. East of the Black River, nobles have retained their titles and still believe themselves free although they are well aware, some of them even petrified, that an invasion could come at any time. In fact, some of the more frightened nobles have already sent word of their capitulation to Merywyn.

Major Duchies of Llael

Seven major duchies have governed Llael. Each of these is subdivided into numerous lesser duchies, the borders of which shifted based on political battles in the Council of Nobles. The Khadoran occupation has thrown these regions into an uncertain state, and it is likely they could soon change. Many Khadorans favor making Llael a new volozk. Others would prefer to leave the duchies in place but install a high-ranking noble to supervise the region. Some opportunist Khadoran nobles and kayazy have already journeyed east to help oversee certain towns and hope to make these posts permanent. Time will tell if Khador's borders formally expand or not.

Khador considers Llael a conquered state, but they have not actually occupied lands east of the Black River aside from Merywyn and its surroundings. A single major eastern duchy and parts of two others remain unoccupied due to stretched Khadoran supply lines more than anything else. Khadoran overseers remain confident, however, that they will subjugate these remaining lands when reinforcements and supplies permit.

Esmynya (Occupied)

The poorest duchy of Llael and generally considered the least prestigious, it includes the tragic ruins of Riversmet and several paltry mines near the river along with farming communities south to the Hardway Falls on the Black River. The invasion hit this region hard and it has not recovered. After the destruction of Riversmet, the Khadorans consider locals here entirely cowed and subjugated. Very few troops remain here aside from a few handpicked soldiers.

Resources: Consumer crops, industrial metals, grazing land

Industry: None

Ancestral Ruler: Lord Stagio Lymos, Archduke of Esmynya (killed at the battle of Riversmet)

Occupation Ruler: Kovnik Corinna Yurikevna

Lyngblad (Partially Occupied)

Lyngblad is a small but important duchy in northern Llael mostly consisting of Leryn, its nearby surroundings, and a number of farming and logging villages, mountain towns, and a stretch of farmland south and east of the city. Lyngblad is noted for its alchemical resources and houses the headquarters

of the Llaelese Order of the Golden Crucible. A Khadoran military reserve has been maintained in Leryn, but they have not bothered to secure the rest of the region.

Resources: Iron, industrial metals, consumer crops

Industry: Alchemy, metal refineries, enginery

Ancestral Ruler: Archduke Tymeck d'Lyn (executed at Merywyn)

Occupation Ruler: Koldun Volkh Lazar of the Greylords Covenant

New Umbrey (occupied)

New Umbrey is a mountain duchy including Laedry—some are already calling it New Korska—and the areas immediately surrounding the city including Redwall Fort, several lucrative coal mines, and the northern border with Khador. This region bears the scars of both ancient and recent battles; farmers unearth buried warjack wrecks and the bones of soldiers without much effort. Some already view New Umbrey as part of Khador, and pressure is mounting to fold the duchy into either the Korskovny or Umbresk volozkya. Historically this region belonged to Khador after the Corvis Treaties but was ceded to Llael as a concession at the end of the Border Wars in 313 AR. Regaining this territory was one of the main justifications for the invasion of Llael. Umbreans of the region are in a state of unrest, as most have developed a deeply ingrained hatred for Khador in the last few centuries.

Resources: Coal, consumer crops, iron

Industry: Iron refinery, textiles

Ancestral Ruler: Lord General Alreg Vladirov, Archduke of New Umbrey (missing in action and presumed dead)

Occupation Ruler: Viscount Barak Ushka, vassal of the Great Prince Tzepesci of Umbresk

Northryne, The (occupied)

Of the mountain duchies, the Northryne contains the richest coal and ore mines producing much needed ores processed and shipped through Rynyr. Given the duchy's wealth in resources, the High Kommand considers this area strategically important.

Resources: Coal, gemstones, industrial metals, precious metals, alchemical deposits

Industry: Metal refineries

Ancestral Ruler: Archduke Vydor Tadiri of the Northryne (executed at Merywyn)

Occupation Ruler: Lord Palyn d'Myr, reporting to Posadnik Igor Vojinovich

Southryne, The (mostly occupied)

It is said the Southryne contains the most fertile lands of all the duchies and also encompasses the capital city of Merywyn, Aliston Yard, and most of southern Llael up to, but not including, Greywind Tower. The bulk of Khador's forces in Llael occupy this duchy. A portion of the eastern lands remains unoccupied, but these farming communities represent no significant military threat.

Resources: Consumer crops, industrial crops, timber, grazing land

Industry: Enginery, metal refinery, textiles, alchemy

Ancestral Ruler: Prime Minister Deyar Glabryn, Archduke of the Southryne

Occupation Ruler: Kommandant Mikhail Ivdanovich, Count and Posadnik of Merywyn

Voxsauny (not occupied)

Voxsauny is a lucrative pastoral valley that includes a number of Llael's best vineyards, the town of Rhydden, Greywind Tower, and a length of Llael's southeastern border with Ios. Along with the wine trade, lumber economically supports this duchy. It is the only duchy not yet occupied by Khador and has become a gathering point for Llaelese refugees.

Resources: Consumer crops, timber, industrial crops

Industry: Vineyards, lumber mills, textiles

Ancestral Ruler: Archduke Balen di Voxsauny (executed at Merywyn), his infant son Balen II (currently in Caspia with his mother Sabyna)

Current Ruler: Lord Gregore Delryv IV, Duke of Rhydden

Wessina (Occupied)

Wessina includes Elsinberg and a number of farming villages near the fertile Black River, which marks its eastern boundary. This duchy once bordered Khador and saw its share of bloodshed during the invasion.

Resources: Consumer crops, grazing land

Industry: None

Ancestral Ruler: Archduke Wyle Cherydwyn (surrendered to Khador, retained titles)

Occupation Ruler: Kommander Negomir Tarovic, Posadnik of Elsinberg

Notable Cities

Elsinberg

In Power: Kommander Negomir Tarovic

Population: 74,000 (humans, mostly Ryn with a large Umbrean minority and a few hundred gobbers)

Military: A heavy contingent of Winter Guard supported by a small detachment of Widowmakers under Kommander Negomir Tarovic garrisons Elsinberg. Thousands of additional forces regularly move through the area on ongoing operations, for Elsinberg is an important supply point between Laedry and Merywyn. A small force of local militia remains for law enforcement under the watchful eye of the Khadorans.

Imports: Leather, manufactured goods, textiles

Exports: Scholarly texts, marble, sculpture, wool

Elsinberg, the City of Memory, is drenched in history. Each past century has deeply engraved its mark in the very fabric of the city. Marble statues and stone markers commemorate battles, glorify great heroes, and vilify old enemies. Every month, Elsinbergers hold at least one holiday or festival to commemorate a significant historical event, and once a year the city's population nearly doubles when visitors from all around come to see the most famous of these events: the March of the Dead.

Every autumn spectral soldiers from Elsinberg's past begin manifesting in the streets of the city. Several generations ago these shades simply appeared on a cold early morning, visible to some residents but invisible to others. Enough witnesses corroborated the sightings that magical authorities confirmed the appearance as a true phenomenon. They walked through the streets, formed into neat ranks and files, marched out toward Ravensgard, and vanished. The first manifestation of this spectacle caused panic and confusion among those who could see them, and it generated controversy in local churches. Given the apparitions harmed no one and their arrival was not linked to necromancy, people accepted the annual visit and eventually turned it into a major draw for visitors. With each passing year these phantasms appear earlier and earlier allowing the Elsinbergers to witness more of their pre-battle preparations: repairing armor in smithies, stowing gear in packs, sharpening swords, and sparring with each other all without making a single sound. In each appearance the spectral army gets closer to Ravensgard before fading away for another year. Recent years have seen the soldiers saying farewells to spectral families and loved ones and settling their affairs until a silent alarum sounds and calls them to war.

The peculiar march took on special significance last year after Elsinberg had been captured by stirring patriotic sentiment in the citizens and serving as a reminder of their own casualties. Most Khadorans had never seen such a thing, and it prompted superstitious fear. Turmoil erupted when the Khadorans were not prepared for the influx of visitors to the city. This worsened when several high ranking officers could not see the ghosts and were convinced their own soldiers were drunk or hallucinating. Khadoran priests of both Menite and Morrowan faiths tried to lay the phantasms to rest but with no more success than earlier attempts by the Merywyn Vicarate Council.

This year locals expect the phantoms to appear during the last four weeks of autumn and the first week of winter at which time Elsinberg's population will grow by 4,000 silent spectral soldiers, their ghostly families, and thousands of tourists coming to witness the apparitions. The ghosts seem oblivious to the living citizens around them. Some scholars have said that these specters are simply echoes from the past while others say they are cursed spirits doomed to repeat their last days. Whatever the case, they obviously move through an Elsinberg that "was" rather than "is."

Despite the Church of Morrow's stance that this manifestation is unnatural, the spirits have become important symbols—doubly so with the occupation. As the soldiers' preparations draw to a close and they form up, the living traditionally gather in the streets to wave banners and Llaelese flags—something upon which the current occupiers may frown. Living musicians lend their breath and horns to the dead silent trumpeters, and people cheer for the soldiers and root for their victory knowing well they will vanish before reaching their destination. Scholars agree this army belongs to the baron, General Ghan Gallowey, whose forces mysteriously disappeared in 183 AR while marching to reinforce Ravensgard against the Orgoth. They were never found, and Ravensgard fell that winter not to be rebuilt until after the Orgoth were years gone from the shores of Immoren.

Winds of War

Elsinberg was one of the first cities to fall in the initial Khadoran invasion and was assaulted almost simultaneously with Redwall Fortress to the north. The large attacking force was led by Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff and her aide Kovnik Negomir Tarovic. The Llaelese defenders here fought bravely until it became clear they were overmatched. The Elsinberg Royal Fusiliers were particularly valiant and suffered terrible losses before laying down their arms. Most of the battle was over in a few short days and was finished with relatively little damage to the town itself, although the barracks and several nearby buildings were destroyed. It is said that Archduke Cherydwyn surrendered as soon as soldiers stepped foot on his estate before the Fusiliers had even been fully engaged. Tarovic, having been promoted to kommander after the fall of Merywyn, returned to take command of Elsinberg six months later.

Noted Persons

Archduke Wyle Cherydwyn of Wessina, Earl of Elsinberg, (male Ryn Ari8): The archduke remains the nominal head of Elsinberg's local government. Always impeccably dressed in the latest fashion, Lord Cherydwyn is an arrogant dandy. He disdains any sort of exercise or physical activity and has a very doughy countenance as well as a reputation for delegating most of the actual work of governance to his vassals. Various barons and common ministers see to the day-to-day administration of the city, while Lady Ganelyn sees to law enforcement. Though the archduke's ornate sword is purely decorative, he is a surprisingly excellent shot with a pistol and always carries a marvelous Radliffe with him. He quickly surrendered during the initial invasion of Elsinberg and lives in fear of Kommander Tarovic. He obeys all commands of the occupiers without question and has done nothing to reassure his community.

Baroness Rashel Ganelyn (female Ryn Ari3/Ftr8): Whispers say an Umbrean lurks somewhere in this delicate, auburn-haired beauty's family tree because of the darkness of her hair and her height. Lady Ganelyn is easily six feet tall in her high military boots, and there is something about the arch of her brows and the turn of the corners of her mouth that make her look constantly sad. This habitual expression, coupled with her narrow build, has earned her the nickname "the Willow Baroness," a pun on the ravaged lands west of Elsinberg to which she is entitled. Very few folk inhabit the Willow Barrens however, so the baroness makes her home in town where she commands the city guard and militia—now considerably reduced. It is no secret Lady Ganelyn fought against the invaders of her city, and rumors say she avoided execution afterward only because her strong allure had captured the attention of Kommander Tarovic. She is perplexed by Tarovic. She must despise him as the killer of many of her comrades-at-arms, but under different circumstances she might admit he has a certain rough charm. He is certainly more civilized than most Khadoran officers, but she remains politely defiant and rebuffs his advances. Recently the baroness has helped Llaelese resistance fighters pass information to Cygnar and the free folk in Rhydden. If discovered, she would likely face execution despite the kommander's affection.

Kommander Negomir Tarovic, Posadnik of Elsinberg (male Khardic Ftr10/Rfl5): A well-seasoned older veteran of the Khadoran Army and a pious Morrowan, Kommander Tarovic is one of Khador's most capable officers. After aiding Kommander Kratikoff in capturing Elsinberg, he went on to take a key role in the siege of Merywyn. Tarovic has seen countless border skirmishes in his day and is a canny combatant. Though he did not ask for the title of posadnik, he felt honored when he received it for his efforts in the campaign. During the long months of the war, the memory of a tall woman fighting on the frontline with the doomed soldiers of Elsinberg taunted Tarovic. At one point in the fighting he found his rifle trained on the lady called the Willow

Baroness, but he was unable to pull the trigger. He has allowed Lady Ganelyn to retain her position within the city, for he believes he can make peace with the woman as well as a home for himself in Elsinberg despite the petulance of the locals. Soon enough they will come to recognize they are better off as Khadorans. Kommander Tarovic is certain of it.

Locales of Elsinberg

Elsinberg Library: This sturdy marble building not only contains one of the most comprehensive collections of written histories in the Iron Kingdoms, but the building itself is also a historical monument. Asc. Angellia herself founded the original library in 1033 BR six years before her death and ascension. The oldest part of the building is a simple stone vault in the heart of the current structure and now houses the library's most valuable tomes.

With each passing century, the library's collection grew and new rooms were added. During the Orgoth Occupation, monks took the entire collection out of the library and squirreled it away in hundreds of different hidden caches to preserve it. The library building itself housed the soldiers of their oppressors. After the liberation of Elsinberg, the books returned to the building which continued to grow as the collection did. The library is staffed and guarded by erudite monks and clerics who have chosen Angellia as their patroness. These monks were prepared to defend the library with their lives during the recent invasion, but the Khadorans never attacked the building.

The chief curator is Ion Badescu (male Umbrean Exp5/Mnk4) who is very protective of the library's collection and particular about whom he will allow to peruse it. He is more than willing to share his own knowledge over drinks at the local pub.

Reliquary and Monastery of Ascendant Angellia: Elsinberg's Morrowan monastery has weathered the centuries well. It did not suffer much during the occupation, as its minaret was useful to the Orgoth as a watchtower. After the liberation the monastery was repaired and re-sanctified. As with the Elsinberg Library, Kommander Tarovic made certain not to risk damage to this sacred site during the invasion, and he occasionally visits.

The most important part of the monastery is not made of stone but of bone. The marble sarcophagus in its shrine holds the mortal remains of Asc. Angellia, the Patroness of History and Knowledge. She lay undisturbed for generations until the coming of the Orgoth. At that time her bones and dust were placed in an ironbound reliquary and entrusted to an Umbrean paladin named Alexei Tzentesci who took a vow of celibacy and the title "Husband of Angellia." He carried the iron box on his back out into the wilderness where he protected the sacred remains for nearly thirty years in lonely isolation. The reliquary passed from one paladin to another in secret for 180 years until the ascendant could return to her proper resting place.

Today Asc. Angellia sleeps soundly in her sarcophagus encircled and guarded by her nine "husbands," all of whom lie interred in the floor of her shrine in honor of their dedication and sacrifice. Their names are inscribed in the marble for all to read. Several monks of the Order of Keeping always protect the grounds, and while numerous old churches and shrines exist in Elsinberg, most of these are humble and small so as not to detract from Angellia's Reliquary. The town's clergy are overseen by Prelate Mara Lynyse (female Ryn Clr8).

Tomb of the Orgoth: An elaborate spiked fence of black wrought iron surrounds this small courtyard. In the center lies a blackened patch of earth in the shape of a human silhouette where an Orgoth warwitch fell in 181 AR during the liberation of Elsinberg. The unnamed Orgoth was the last of its kind to set foot in the city. Nothing has grown here since and no one will build over the spot. In recent years during the March of the Dead, the specter of Ghan Gallowey and three of his men have been seen standing over the spot and staring intently at it. Liberation Day is celebrated every spring and revelers often pass by this spot to make rude gestures at the scorched silhouette and break their wine bottles against the fence.

Laedry

In Power: The Council of Lords, subservient to Viscount Barak Ushka, vassal of the Great Prince Vladimir Tzepesci of Umbresk.

Population: 130,000 (almost all human, some few ogrun, dwarves, very few trollkin)

Military: Laedry once housed one of the largest

barracks of the western Llaelese Army as well as the legendary Thunderhelm Irregulars mercenary company (see pg. 140). Now a substantial Winter Guard garrison under the command of Kommander Jozak Milianov occupies the city. Considerable numbers of troops and supplies pass through the city from Korsk en route to Merywyn or other occupied cities.

Imports: Foodstuffs, textiles, weapons, horses

Exports: Raw ore, coal, liquor

Laedry is no stranger to warfare and destruction. Twelve centuries ago it stood as the great Umbrean city of Korska, an eastern capital in the Khardic Empire. In 542 BR the Orgoth razed Korska completely when they conquered the region and subdued the eastern Ryn. Its surroundings later saw some of the most brutal wars of the Rebellion and suffered still more strife during border wars between Khador and Llael before being ceded to the east in 313 AR.

The new city of Laedry, founded by Llaelese hands, eventually restored some of the former glory of Old Korska—built in the Umbrean style to honor the people of this region. Many of its oldest buildings are relatively new by Immorese standards, and its proud citizens maintained them in pristine condition. The Umbrean buildings bear more resemblance to Khadoran architecture than Llaelese, but the influence of Ryn culture appears in many neighborhoods. Its people are also stern and less willing to mince words than their countrymen to the east, yet they are arguably more cultured and refined than their rustic Khadoran kin to the west.

The Khadoran army has had to be vigilant in Laedry, disarming most of the citizens and imposing strict laws. There is a palpable sense of unrest, and the Umbreans are barely held in check. While some of these families have heard the legend of Prince Tzepesci and support his cause, most are patriotic Llaelese and despise everything Khadoran. If an Umbrean leader were to rise up, they might support him as long as he did not bear the banner of Khador. They similarly do not love their current overseer, Viscount Barak Ushka, despite his Umbrean heritage.

The city suffered considerabe damaged during the initial bombardment and assault, and much local effort is being expended to rebuild it. Each broken wall and fallen stone is a reminder of the invasion that triggers righteous anger among the populace. A ring of the ancient tombs of fallen soldiers surrounds Laedry, and its maze of ironwork fences was considered the city's first line of defense as well as a macabre reminder to visitors about its troubled past. These fences proved useless against the long-range mortar fire brought to bear against the city by Kommandant Irusk's forces. Many more soldiers rest in fresh graves in the honor fields, and citizens leave daily offerings to them.

Winds of War

Kommandant Irusk personally led the initial attack on Laedry while Kommanders Kratikoff and Zoktavir moved on Elsinberg and Redwall Fortress. Prince Vladimir Tzepesci joined Irusk at the last moment with a large contingent of unstable Berserker warjacks. The two warcasters worked in tandem along with dozens of warjacks, a large number of handpicked Winter Guard troops, Widowmaker snipers, and other veteran Khadoran soldiers to make quick work of the local defenses. Perhaps the most decisive factor in the assault was Khador's new light artillery that decimated the garrison barracks and defensive cannon batteries before they even realized they were under attack. Although the mortars have exceptional range they are not entirely accurate, and they demolished many incidental city buildings and killed hundreds of civilians with scattered fire.

Along with the initial losses, Llaelese soldiers suffered further from the early disappearance of their great leader, the Archduke of New Umbrey Lord General Alreg Vladirov. Although no one has found his body, the famed tactician went missing early in the battle and is presumed dead. His renowned hatred of Khador and professed longing for the chance to face them make it inconceivable that he fled of his own will.

Noted Persons

Kommander Jozak Milianov, Posadnik (male Khardic Ftr10): Another of Kommandant Irusk's capable subordinates, Kommander Milianov gained renown for his valor during the assault on Redwall Fortress. Though he has the love of his men, he resents being placed in Laedry despite the honor of his new title as posadnik, for he greatly wishes to rejoin the war. He is kept here to ensure a soldier of unquestionable loyalty controls the garrison—Queen Ayn does not entirely trust the viscount. In truth, Jozak is also uncomfortable with Barak and all Umbreans. He thinks of the inhabitants of Laedry as ancestral traitors, and he is more than willing to crack down

on those who violate Khadoran law or harass his soldiers. Rumors say he keeps Doom Reavers and their accursed Orgoth blades locked in the basement of the courthouse commandeered as his headquarters in case of a general uprising.

Viscount Barak Ushka (male Umbrean Ftr7/Uhl7): One of the more enigmatic nobles of eastern Khador, Viscount Ushka is the loyal vassal of Prince Tzepesci of Umbresk. Barak took part in the invasion, but only on the fringe. A huge bear of a man, he comes from the proud Uhlan heavy cavalry tradition, and he rode at Vladimir Tzepesci's behest in several engagements. Before Prince Tzepesci's disappearance, he instructed his viscount to gain control of Laedry. He was thus not officially installed in the city, but rather he imposed himself on it and reported his claim back to the queen with humble deference. Lacking any similarly ranking nobles to claim precedence, she had no politically expedient way to remove him, so the Ushka household has taken over a large estate north of the city formerly owned by an executed duke. The viscount is served by his own elite personal guard including three subordinate Uhlan, a score of pikemen, and a dozen mounted scouts.

Rumor Has It…

Viscount Barak does not spend much time in Laedry; he is distracted by worry about the fate of his liege lord, Prince Vladimir Tzepesci. Barak frequently rides far afield on his enormous Karpathan destrier named Grom, sometimes wearing his full Uhlan armor. He is a terror to behold astride this steed. It is rumored that members of his household staff, including at least one wizard and several occult scholars from Rorschik, are investigating rumors of Cryxian raids to the south. They are particularly interested in reports of Khadoran engagements with Cryx during the war.

Locales of Laedry

Blessed Chapel of Markus: As the favored place of worship in Laedry, especially for the local military, chaplain Lugo Savugal's (male Umbrean Bcp3/Clr6) chapel had recently expanded to accommodate a large following. The three-year construction left the church with a larger nave with eight columns and a series of impressive buttresses. Now with most of Laedry's soldiers slain, it has transformed into a gathering place for the families of the fallen. Chaplain Savugal lost half of his left foot in previous border skirmishes and three fingers on his left hand when he fought against the Khadorans at the Battle of Laedry. He has become morose and prone to fits of rage and is no longer the dignified man he once was. He can barely tolerate the presence of Khadorans in his town and has taken to drinking himself numb. This more than anything has left the battle-chaplain in poor standing with the High Prelate Garris di Wynton (male Ryn Clr10) who oversees the city's Morrowans from the Cathedral of the First Ascended on the other side of the city.

Crucible of Laedry: The Order of the Golden Crucible has a large branch office and workshop in Laedry. A number of its more patriotic wizards died during the invasion or immediately thereafter, but it has resumed operations under the watchful eye of the Greylords. All local wizards and alchemists have registered with them and must carry credentials in the form of paperwork. Milianov has imposed strict laws against the casting of spells in the city outside of the Khadoran-approved workshops.

Lord's Hall: An expansive wing of Laedry's city hall building, the Lord's Hall serves as the meeting chamber for the local Council of Lords, a smaller and less prestigious mirror of the Council of Nobles. All city officials and minor local nobility meet here periodically to discuss disputes and to solve city problems. The building also houses the city courts and jails as well as ceremonial living quarters formerly belonging to Archduke Vladirov but now claimed by Kommander Milianov. A number of Khadoran military officers regularly appear in the Lord's Hall keeping an eye on Laedry's Council of Lords and bringing in loyalist suspects to Milianov for interrogation.

Outer Honor Fields: One of the most curious and somewhat macabre features of Laedry is the ring of burial grounds surrounding the city walls. The locals consider it disrespectful to refer to the Honor Fields as graveyards. Connected by a bewildering maze of narrow paths through spiked, iron fences, some of these tombs predate the reconstruction of the city. Numerous traps and wards help to discourage casual visitors. Of the recently deceased only those who served the Llaelese army with distinction and died in combat may lie here. Many new graves have been dug here in the last year for those who recently fell in Laedry's defense, and Kommander Milianov respects this custom.

Temple of Wrath: This imposing stone edifice is the largest building in the Menite section of southern Laedry where several thousand Menites reside. This particular brand of Menoth worship bears greater similarity to the Old Faith of Khador than to those living in the Protectorate. This temple has seen a rise in attendance particularly among numerous Khadoran soldiers who worship Menoth. In the months after the invasion, the town did suffer some exodus of their local Menites, for several hundred decided to flee to the Protectorate upon hearing of the miracle of the Harbinger. The majority of the city's Menites rejects the harsh message of the southern Hierarch, believing their interpretation of the faith truer to Menoth's will. This includes their leader, Sovereign Misha Rudovna (female Umbrean Clr9), who believes the Harbinger merely an elaborate hoax.

Leryn

In Power: The Order of the Golden Crucible overseen by Greylord Koldun Lord Volkh Lazar

Population: 115,000 (mostly Ryn with an Umbrean minority and several thousand dwarves)

Military: Leryn is presently occupied by a substantial garrison of Winter Guard reinforced by Greylord Ternions under the command of Koldun Lord Lazar. Although few of them were killed in action, most of the famed Crucible Guard were disbanded by the Khadoran occupiers. Those members of the Guard who did not accept graceful retirement or go underground fled south to Rhydden or Corvis.

Imports: Food, textiles, wood, steel

Exports: Chemicals, blasting powder, coal, pistols, quarried stone, copper

Leryn was described by King Artys di la Martyn I as "the best fortified city no one shall ever attack." This entrenched city at the base of Mount Borgio on the banks of the swift-flowing Oldwick River is most famous for the part it played in the Rebellion. It was one of the first cities to cast off the Orgoth and keep them out. It is exceptionally situated geographically to hold out in a siege, and its defenses were meticulously maintained as a matter of civic pride. Most Llaelese and Cygnarans expected the great city to hold out indefinitely against the Khadoran invasion and once again become a bolthole for survivors. Sadly for them events did not unfold as expected, and the city fell without a fight—an enormous blow to the morale of the Llaelese people.

Winds of War

When preparing to assault Leryn, Khador's High Kommand was well aware of the city's reputation and legendary defenses. This was a city that would not fall to the tactics used in Laedry, Elsinberg, or even Merywyn. While their heroics are now mostly forgotten, members of the Crucible fought bravely in the early months of the invasion by conducting a successful guerilla campaign against Khadoran supply lines. These factors prompted the High Kommand to decide that Leryn could not be allowed to become a bastion for any resistance or it would certainly undermine their entire war effort.

The Khadorans destroyed Riversmet expressly for the purpose of breaking the will of the Crucible Guard in Leryn, and they succeeded in that purpose . Even after this massacre some members of the Crucible argued that they should hold fast, but the decision was made for them on the 1st of Cinten in 605 AR when the gates were opened from within to 8,000 Khadoran soldiers. The remaining defiant leaders of the old order, including Aurumn Magnus Niels Wys, were summarily executed along with their families. Those who agreed to obey the Greylords Covenant were allowed to live and forced to sign an exclusive contract to supply blasting powder to the Khadoran military. Despite the surrender, there is an aura of restrained insubordination among the citizens—old pride dies hard—and rumors flourish of secretive meetings, stashed stockpiles of weapons and Crucible ammunition, and loyalist safe houses throughout the city.

Leryn has grown considerably since its founding. Three major stages of growth are each demarked by a heavy defensive wall. The small "Old Town" at the center is protected by an ancient wall preserved exactly as it stood during the Rebellion. All city government including the Order of the Golden Crucible, the most prestigious citizens, and the Khadoran army officers live here. "New Town" comprises the middle band and is surrounded by a wall completed in 510 AR. Although once vibrant and prosperous, New Town quickly fell into disrepair and is now commonly called "the Dregs." Over the years it has become a badly maintained slum circling the city and houses the city's lower classes, cheapest labor, and several unkempt graveyards. Two tunnels connect Old Town directly to the Outer Ward allowing safe traffic and commerce while bypassing the Dregs. A recently constructed exterior wall encompasses the Outer Ward, the largest sprawling third ring of the city. The Outer Ward

contains Leryn's newest buildings, its market squares, crafts districts, taverns, inns, and the homes of the middle class and their servants and laborers.

Many buildings in Leryn are preserved like living museums from a darker time, and its citizens reflect this attitude, some of living more for the past than the present. Virtually every inhabitant of the city can (and will) recite their ancestry back to a soldier or officer of the Rebellion. They take great pride in their martial traditions, parades, memorials, and morbid heirlooms. It should also be noted Leryn has a larger population of dwarves than any other city in Llael with a thriving community in the Outer Ward. A number of these dwarves have lately departed for Rhul since the city was captured, but most have remained as they have called this city their home for many years now.

An alchemist of the Golden Crucible goes about his work.



Noted Persons

Master Tyrwen Culpyn (male Ryn Alc8/Exp2): With the execution of its most capable and charismatic leaders, Tyrwen has become the de facto head of the

Order of the Golden Crucible in Llael. He has given himself the title of "master" although he never earned it and was not particularly respected before the invasion. Tyrwen is an obsequious elderly alchemist who always resented that his talents never received proper recognition from the old Aurim Magnus. He serves Koldun Lazar quite happily. In truth he has been in the pocket of the Greylords Covenant for several years. They pay him handsomely to betray his colleagues when called upon. While many believe Culpyn is a minion of Prime Minister Glabryn, the truth is he was not one of Glabryn's agents—his defection was completely independent.

Koldun Lord Volkh Lazar (male Khard Wiz18): The head of the most powerful ternion in Llael, Koldun Lord Lazar represents the full authority of the Greylords Covenant in Leryn. Utterly devoted to the Motherland, the humorless old wizard was the obvious choice for posadnik of Leryn. He primarily concerns himself with maintaining control over the Golden Crucible. He realizes the weight of his responsibilities and that holding Leryn and Thunderhead Fortress represents an enormous symbolic victory for Khador. Koldun Lazar holds a personal interest in the secrets of the Crucible and hopes to find treasured alchemical lore. Thus far he has been frustrated. He suspects many secrets were either hidden or taken away by refugees, and he is far from convinced the collaborators among the Crucible are as forthcoming as they should be.

Magziev Akina Kazanovo (female Khard Wiz14) and Magziev Kasia Zevschenzo (female Skirov Wiz13) serve as Lazar's aides. He has tasked Akina, a promising raven-haired wizardess of considerable power for her youth but prone to fits of temper, with rooting out hidden Crucible stashes in the maze-like corridors of Thunderhead and elsewhere in the city. Kasia provides a much needed counterbalance. An older, deep-thinking woman with white hair and cold blue eyes, she is less brilliant than Lazar in magical theory but more adept in politics and the manipulation of people.

Locales of Leryn

Temple of the Lawgiver: Leryn hosts a small but vocal Menite minority centered on a community of copper miners and quarry workers dwelling in the western Outer Ward. The structure is an impressive step pyramid done in the old Thousand Cities Era style of the region. The leading priest is the self-proclaimed Visgoth Zayiv Ryledor (male Umbrean Clr13/Pal3), a hulking man who runs his temple by his own interpretation of the True Law. He has no affiliation with the Protectorate of Menoth, the Old Faith, or even any other Menites of Llael. Indeed, relatively few of the faithful in Leryn have defected to the Protectorate although they remain intrigued by rumors of the Harbinger.

Thunderhead Fortress: Visible from anywhere in the city, the squat, ugly, and seemingly impregnable Thunderhead Fortress houses the headquarters of the Order of the Golden Crucible. This building was the original stronghold of the Army of Thunder and the birthplace of the firearm. A sizeable portion of the structure is a museum to the old Rebellion army, housing hundreds of priceless heirlooms from that time including many perfectly preserved rifles and muskets. Before the occupation visitors were always welcomed for a nominal fee, but this policy has been stopped by Khadoran soldiers who question and scrutinize all visitors. The rest of the fortress is given over to alchemical and arcane business and is always bustling with activity and industry. Greasy smoke pours continuously from its various chimneys, and more than one passing bird has dropped dead instantly from straying too close to the noxious fumes.

Younger apprentice alchemists are put through their paces at Thunderhead and are tasked with creating to the Crucible's trademark blasting powder. Veteran alchemists and wizards work on advanced projects including testing complex mixtures and enchantments. Arcane mechaniks comprise a significant minority here, and their labs and workshops are just as busy. None of this activity has stopped since the occupation. In fact, the Greylords advanced deadlines and made greater demands. Morale is low, for Crucible members dislike slaving away for the invaders of their homeland.

Traitor's Gate: Although most locals make use of the two tunnels between Old Town and the Outer Ward, a single gateway from the Dregs to Old Town exists called the Traitor's Gate. This gateway is a grisly monument, as the walls between the outer portcullis and the inner one are filled with skulls. Every skull in the wall is said to have once been atop Orgoth shoulders, and names are inscribed below them. Some

of the skulls appear fresher than others, and it seems the tradition has been carried forward. Many Llaelese loyalists use Traitor's Gate as a meeting place in the dead of night though they usually go elsewhere to talk.

Merywyn

In Power: Prime Minister Lord Deyar Glabryn, Count Jessup Hygrenne, and the Council of Nobles all subordinate to Kommandant Mikhail Ivdanovich

Population: 220,000 (human, some few elves, dwarves, gobbers, very few ogrun and trollkin)

Military: Merywyn is a major staging ground for the ongoing Khadoran war effort. Tens of thousands of Winter Guard troops reinforced by a large number of warjacks occupy the city, quartering anywhere they can find room, including buildings taken from their previous inhabitants. Officers and leaders occupy the old royal palace.

Imports: Luxuries, iron, foodstuffs, textiles, wood

Exports: Wine, coal, crafted goods, paper

Shining capital and bastion of Llaelese culture, Merywyn is a city of tall spires, soaring buttresses, and baroque architecture. As the heart of the Llaelese economy, Merywyn relied heavily on traffic along the Black River for its trade, scrupulously recording and tithing all merchant ships allowed past its chained watch stations. The kingdom's influential noble families spent much of the year in the city attending the Council of Nobles in the Immaculate Chamber. One famous estate has stood empty and abandoned for years, however. The royal palace of the former kings of Llael has become the headquarters and barracks of the Khadoran occupation army. Their soldiers spill out into the city bedecked in blood red uniforms, and the tread of their marching boots step in time.



Merywyn was designed to exalt the wealthy and conceal the poor. Its main concourses and riverfronts pass along sprawling gardens, ancient libraries, art galleries, music halls, and theaters. Meanwhile its crafts, industry, and the cramped homes of the lower classes lie hidden away in quarters behind tall walls overgrown with ivy.

Merywyn is more dangerous than its appearance suggests. Only those with guile and a sharp tongue could carve a niche among its smiling bureaucrats and scheming, self-serving nobles. Some among the Khadoran occupation army's personnel liken capturing this city to swallowing a piece of rancid meat, and they do not feel all that comfortable here in spite of the city's beauty, now marred by the hand of war. Indeed, Merywyn is a hotbed for the Llaelese resistance. Small underground cells operate independently carrying out frequent ambushes. Attacks and bombings target buildings used by occupation forces so common now that the occupiers recently instituted an after dark curfew.

Winds of War

The Siege of Merywyn was one of the longest and most protracted affairs of the Khadoran Invasion. The core of the Llaelese army retreated to Merywyn, reinforced by troops from northern Cygnar, and the capital held out for almost three months before succumbing on the 12th of Cinten, 605 AR. It was a bloody, brutal battle, and the inhabitants suffered greatly, cut off from food and outside supplies.

The city might have even held out against the Khadorans had Cygnar not withdrawn from the fight. This sparked hostility toward Cygnarans despite later word of attacks on Cygnar's own borders. The locals find it hard to understand that Cygnar withdrew to protect Northguard and Deepwood Tower, both nearly overrun by flanking Khadorans. They only recall watching the soldiers in blue and gold departing during Llael's hour of need.

They also direct considerable hostility at Prime Minister Glabryn, whose head was not among those gruesomely displayed on the city walls alongside the other executed nobles. They had to endure his speech of surrender in which he welcomed the return of the Khardic Empire and swore allegiance to Queen Ayn Vanar XI.

After the fall of Leryn, the local branch of the Golden Crucible also formally recognized the new leadership, and its wizards submitted to registration. The face of the city has changed after the long and bloody siege; buildings were damaged or destroyed, businesses have been ruined, and many lives and fortunes were lost. It will take years for Merywyn to recover.

Noted Persons

Prime Minister Deyar Glabryn, Archduke of Northryne (male Ryn Alc4/Ari10): The Prime Minister leaves city matters entirely to Earl Hygrenne. He travels with a detail of Winter Guard troopers and a handpicked retinue of gun mage bodyguards. Even with the occupation he has been allowed to keep his bodyguards as a reward for his cooperation and the knowledge that he would otherwise be quickly assassinated.

Earl Jessup Hygrenne (male Ryn Ari8): Obsequious toady to Archduke Glabryn, Jessup serves as the de facto mayor within the convoluted city bureaucracy. He spends a portion of his day listening to the demands of Kommandant Ivdanovich and trying to turn them into reality. The earl has an extensive staff occupying an entire mansion on the Supreme Concourse spilling out into several nearby buildings.

Kommandant Mikhail Ivdanovich, Count and Posadnik of Merywyn (male Khard Amk11/Ftr4): Although not nearly as famous as Kommandant Irusk, Mikhail was just as essential to the successful invasion of Llael. Mikhail coordinated supply lines and ensured the soldiers stayed well equipped, stocked with ammunition, and fed in the midst of a local famine. He also commanded the battle mechaniks who looked to the maintenance and fueling of the warjacks and Man-O-Wars. Although coming from humble birth, he made a name for himself at the Khadoran Institute of Engineering and later as an officer in the Khadoran Army. Irusk has more than once remarked, "With Ivdanovich at my side, I would march into the desert of the Bloodstone Marches in the heat of summer and not fear for water."

In recognition for his part in the siege of the capital, Mikhail recieved the noble title of count and made posadnik of Merywyn, a somewhat controversial appointment among the old blood in Korsk. Now he works to oversee the largest city in occupied territory and ensure the Khadoran army is prepared for the fights to come. Mikhail has suggested a major project to lay rail between Korsk and Laedry and has also undertaken the task of turning the various lesser machine shops of Merywyn into true armories for the servicing of his warjacks.

The Royal High Guard

Formerly based out of Merywyn, the Llaelese Royal High Guard formed in 274 AR after a long string of royal assassinations. Llaelese tradition required each monarch to choose one-hundred and one personal protectors from the varied schools—from trained swordsmen to wandering pistoleers, gun mage academies to alchemist dens—found throughout Llael. These select guardians formed the last line of defense for the royal family. No matter the field from which they hailed, members of the Royal High Guard were expected to be skilled in varied magical applications and the twin-edged saber—the order's symbol. Renowned as expert duelists, the High Royal Guard inspired great awe in their day.

After the death of the last Llaelese king in 595 AR, the Royal High Guard lost its purpose and was left to watch over the abandoned royal palace while others took to sword whoring with Llael's various mercenary companies. Lord Glabryn even employed several among his bodyguards, occasionally deploying them to remove rivals.

Since the Khadoran invasion, a number of former High Guards have banded together once more to serve their kingdom. Taking up residence in an old estate south of Rhydden, they are laying the groundwork for a renewed resistance to the Khadoran occupation. These loyalists communicate with exiled nobles and members of the Free Crucible in Corvis, and they intend to coordinate counterattacks with their aid. They now boast fewer than 30 men and women but make up for numbers with their skill and expertise. The patriots of the Royal High Guard follow the notorious trio of Fynch d'Lamsyn (male Ryn Gmg15), Akina Barakovna (female Umbrean Wiz11/Ftr3), and Bain di la Glaeys (male Ryn Ftr5/Ptr9).

Locales of Merywyn

Great Cathedral of Ascendant Rowan: Towering against the sky, decorated by hundreds of painstakingly detailed frescos and statues of the Ascendants, and supported by flying buttresses, this beautiful building is the greatest cathedral in Llael. Only the Archcourt Cathedral in the Sancteum surpasses it as a triumph of sacred architecture. The Merywyn Vicarate Council sees no irony in naming this lavish cathedral after the patron of the poor. To their credit, they hold a yearly festival in the name of Asc. Rowan to encourage donations of food and clothing for the city's less fortunate. The Vicars holding council in offices connected to the cathedral are responsible for the entire Church of Morrow in Llael. The Vicarate Council was the only group in the city brave enough to criticize the prime minister publicly. The cathedral received absolutely no damage during the long siege of Merywyn even though several fierce battles raged nearby. This is taken as a minor miracle and has reinvigorated prayers to Asc. Rowan.

Dozens of impressive churches are located throughout Merywyn including two lesser cathedrals famous in their own right. The Sacred Heart Cathedral and the Cathedral of the Shining Twin are popular sites of pilgrimage although both sustained some minor damage during the siege.

Guild of Masons and Builders: A lease mishap forced the Masons and Builders Guild to erect their hall in the Porbyle district, widely agreed the worst slum of Merywyn where even shadows carry knives. This combined with a recent barrage of laws giving each city district different regulations for allowed building styles and materials almost had the organization in open revolt before the Khadoran invasion. The situation got so bad the guild members refused to repair city government buildings or the estates of nobles responsible for this legislation. However, things have come full circle since the Siege of Merywyn. Tremendous damage to outlying buildings and the city wall encircling the capital have put the services of this guild in high demand, and they now receive respect and deference from citizens and nobles alike.

Merywyn Fraternal Lodge: Of all the events of the Siege of Merywyn, the most chilling was the Greylords Covenant assault on the Merywyn Fraternal Lodge. Though exact details of the attack remain scarce, it was among the most brutally effective Greylord operations in recent memory. The night before Khadoran troops arrived at the walls of Merywyn, a Greylord strike force somehow gained entrance to the lodge undetected and slew every one of its members. Though no sound escaped the lodge that night, the internal walls of the now crumbling structure bear the scars of a horrific battle. The contents of some rooms have been reduced to ash and whole floors are blasted and cracked. Despite the extent of damages to the building, not a single body was recovered the next day. By order of the Greylords Covenant the lodge now stands empty as a reminder to the enemies of the Motherland.

Windfall: Gobber acceptance in Llael has been difficult and slow, but the capital has been quicker to give them a chance with its need for cheap, skilled labor. A couple miles south of Merywyn down the Black River sits the impressive village of Windfall, counted

as part of the capital for taxation. Several thousand industrious gobbers live here in a terraced village with fine houses, waterwheels, and cranked elevator platforms. Fearing annihilation during the siege, their mayor surrendered to the Khadorans before Merywyn even fell. Although watched by a company of Winter Guard soldiers who patrol the region, the invaders have otherwise left the gobbers in peace. Many of these gobbers work in the capital and make the long hike twice each day.

Rhydden

In Power: Duke Gregore Delryv IV

Population: 70,000 (human, a few hundred gobbers, ogrun and dwarves, a few dozen exiled Iosan elves). This population has doubled in the last year. Half come from refugees from the war-torn west including thousands from Riversmet.

Military: Before the invasion, Rhydden had only a small garrison of less than a hundred soldiers assigned to protect the logging industry from saboteurs. Since becoming a place of refuge, several thousand soldiers of mixed units are stationed here, most still in a state of disorganized chaos. This includes some Cygnaran soldiers although most were recalled south. Lord Delryv's household guard numbers 50 armed liegemen and has attracted officers among the regrouping military.

Imports: Iron, textiles

Exports: Fine wine, rare woods, furniture, wheat, fruit

Since the invasion Rhydden has dramatically transformed into the last major free city in Llael. In a few short months it has changed from a pastoral town to a refugee shelter and the last hope of Llaelese loyalists. Although the city remains free, it exists under a cloud of impending doom, for its inhabitants know they live on borrowed time and lack the soldiers, weapons, and fortifications to defend themselves against Khador's might. Their primary hope is to remain unnoticed while the occupation army focuses on the Cygnaran border.

Well away from the regular trade routes, Rhydden has a reputation as a secluded and peaceful town noted for its vineyards and logging. Even before the flood of refugees, things were not quite as idyllic here as believed; residents have had to struggle to make a decent living on the fringes of Llael. Situated on the border of Ios, the town has historically had a difficult relationship with its elven neighbors to the east. All contact with Ios has been wary at best, for loggers in Rhydden have a history of violating the border to poach trees marked as off-limits. The sudden activity in the region has put the elven border guard on high alert and ready to attack anyone who wanders too close.

The soil here is not quite as fertile as it looks. Each crop of grapes was hard won from the earth and at the price of much sweat and toil. Nonetheless the wines of Rhydden are esteemed as far away as Ceryl and Ohk, fetching high prices by those with refined tastes. Many of these fields have been changed recently to food production. The refugees and their need for housing have stretched all local resources thin. Duke Gregore Delryv has raised taxes and has been rallying locals into working on defenses, most notably the construction of massive stone block battlements and gun emplacements. While some have embraced these efforts, others are in denial that war will come to this peaceful valley.

Noted Persons

Lord Gregore Delryv IV, Duke of Rhydden (male Ryn Ari3/Ftr4/Ptr1): An unlikely hero and leader if ever there was one, Lord Delryv has impressed even members of his family with how he has risen to meet recent challenges. The Delryv family has long held power in Rhydden and managed the most lucrative vineyards in the region. Lord Delryv is but twenty-four years old, and he recently inherited the estates from his father. He is one of the few living (distant) relatives of King di la Martyn and is thus one of the possible claimants to the Llaelese throne. For this reason his family kept a very low profile during the years of Glabryn's "rule." Were it not for the invasion, Gregore probably would have lived a sedate life as a pampered vintner lord noted only for his rash temper and tendency to provoke duels of honor. However, since the execution of his liege, the Archduke Balen di Voxsauny, he has come into his own as a protector of the refugees and a patriot of Llael. He opened Voxsauny to those seeking shelter from the occupiers and put the entire populace to work constructing defenses and housing for the displaced. Gregore has been training with grizzled veterans of the local soldiery.

Locales of Rhydden

East Forest Lumber: Although most famous for its wines, Rhydden is also important for its lumber. East Forest, the most successful of the three major logging companies and also the most troubled, employs many hard working, honest people, most of them from old families that have worked the forest for generations. Unfortunately maintaining their quotas has been increasingly difficult particularly with the need for refugee housing. Filling orders has occasionally required loggers to venture east and south into forbidden territory. Recently a group ventured beyond the borders of Ios and returned half a dozen men short. Now a state of tension, anger, and fear pervades Rhydden's community.

Protected by Ios?

Tensions with the border patrols of Ios have never been higher, and the locals of Rhydden fear and detest the elves; lately, they have even been viewing the handful of elven exiles living among them warily. Most residents do not realize that the proximity of the Iosan border has protected them from the deprivations of Cryxian raiders and Protectorate opportunists for centuries; even Khador hesitates to provoke the elves.

Diviners and scouts from the Gate of Mists watch the conflicts of men closely. Aside from the legitimate defenders of Ios, the Retribution of Scyrah has a major outpost near Rhydden and has carefully watched the events unfold. The elves are especially guarded against warjacks moving into their region, and if Khador or any other kingdom sends its forces too close to the area Rhydden occupies, very likely they will encounter armed elves ready for a fight. The elves care not for protecting the local humans, but they will stand against intruders to warn all humans to stay away from their homeland.

Rhydden Chapel of Ascendant Gordenn: The portly but hard-working Prelate Giusef Escovar (male Ryn Clr7) oversees this modest church. His pastoral chapel is located outside the town proper in a former farmstead converted for religious services. He and his subordinates keep busy helping ailing refugees, clearing land, and tending crops to help feed the overburdened town.

Riversmet

In Power: Kovnik Corinna Yurikevna

Population: Formerly 58,000 (mostly humans, several hundred dwarves, a few ogrun), now a few hundred scattered among nearby villages.

Military: A moderate regional occupation force of Winter Guard resides at a captured estate ten miles south of the burned ruins of Riversmet.

Imports: None

Exports: None

The razing of Riversmet, sometimes referred to as the "Massacre at Three Rivers Town," is arguably the worst depravity of the Khadoran invasion. Certainly the story has fired the imaginations of Khador's enemies. The tale is told frequently by traveling merchants, war-bards, and soldiers. Each telling is different, and many of the details are exaggerated, but the fundamental facts remain true: where once Riversmet stood a thriving city of 60,000, now lies a blasted ruin of charred remains. A few of the city's survivors have returned to sift through the rubble, but most of them left Riversmet behind and either moved to nearby villages or fled to Rhydden, Corvis, or points beyond.

Riversmet's destruction was more complicated than the stories convey. The town was actually the location of numerous difficult battles in the early months of the invasion. Both sides considered it crucial ground because of its location at the convergence of the Oldwick River and Rangercliffe Run, where these two rivers joined together to form the mighty Black River. The river and the roads crossing its bridges were a major trade hub for supplies from both Rhul and Leryn and made it a location Khador could not ignore. The first battle at Riversmet happened in the early weeks of the war on the 16th of Glaceus in 605 AR and inflicted relatively few civilian casualties. The Khadorans sought to control the bridges and lay the groundwork for further military efforts in Llael's interior. Later hostilities were more entrenched and destructive and turned the town into a battleground.

For these reasons far fewer civilians actually lived in the city than the tales commonly relate. Indeed, by the time of the full-scale invasion, large sections of Riversmet had already burnt to ruins and most of the inhabitants had already pulled up roots and fled. This does not excuse the burning of the entire city to the ground or the associated slaughter of thousands of men, women, and children.

The Khadorans had a cold, rational reason for this act of obliteration: to break the morale and heart of the

Order of the Golden Crucible at Leryn. The majority of Khador's kommandants argue that they actually saved the lives of tens of thousands on both sides of the war by finding a way to defeat Leryn without firing a single shot. They make a strong argument, for very few cities had a stronger defensive position or could better withstand an extended siege. Many Khadoran soldiers are not proud of what happened at Riversmet, particularly pious leaders like Kommander Tarovic of Elsinberg, but even they admit the tactical genius that delivered Leryn into their hands. However, such slaugher shocked many Khadorans and sparked a debate mong Morrowan clergy over whether the city's destruction saved more lives than it cost.

Before the War…

The city of Riversmet, shortened from "Rivers Meet," has ancient roots. This parcel of land has been settled for as long as anyone can remember. Most of the buildings were built on stilts or deeply entrenched stone foundations because of the flooding common in the rainy season. Along with some excellent farmland, the city thrived on river trade, making boats, and charging tithes on every vessel passing through. Supplies, lodging, and diversion to the boatmen heading in either direction were also available in Riversmet, the Three Rivers Town.

Dwarves settled this region in the ancient past, and the evidence lies in buried stonework of dwarven make uncovered only a few years ago in the mountains just north. Rhul has shown an interest in these ruins and had started to unearth their secrets through several dwarven families living in Riversmet including several scholars. Dozens of these dwarves were killed in the hostilities—a very sore topic in Rhul and among all dwarves abroad. Among those believed slain were the renowned Assessor Bregeth Sigmur, a respected scholar and priestess of the Great Fathers, along with her sister Beldeth. As members of Stone House Sigmur, one of the ruling clans of Rhul, their death is far from a small matter to the Stone Lords.

It is almost ironic that the Archduke of the Northryne, Lord Stagio Lymos, was killed in the first Battle of Riversmet, for he was rarely found here. A scheming man who enjoyed the conspiracies of the Council of Nobles, he spent most of the year in Merywyn and was only in Riversmet by chance. His death has become romanticized in ballads far beyond his actual reputation, and he is described riding forth against the Khadorans. It is quite an unlikely depiction.

Noted Persons

Lord Mylo di Northryne "The Ragman" (male Ryn Nec13): Himself an affable man dressed in rags, Northryne and the group of similarly tattered men and women with him put up a convincing front as former refugees who have set up a camp near the ruined town claiming to be looking for the bodies of kinfolk. Lord Northryne is actually a powerful Thamarite necromancer and worshipper of Sc. Delesle. He has been drawn to Riversmet by the palpable odor of death surrounding the ruins of the city. He is assisted by Prelector Evalayne Lorynse (female Ryn Clr9) and a band of well armed, if shabbily dressed, bandits. Lord Northryne eagerly investigates the remains of thralls uncovered among the ruins and has taken to studying them to learn necrotech skills for his sept. Because he has been seen fighting opportunistic bands of Cryxian raiders, the local survivors and salvage groups believe he is a good man—a reputation he uses to his advantage.

Kovnik Corinna Yurkovna (female Kossite Rgr6/Rfl2): Rarely does someone of the rank of kovnik oversee an entire duchy, but such is Corinna's assignment. This is mostly a testament to its complete subjugation, for Riversmet was the only major city in the area. The kovnik is a hard-bitten border scout assigned to watch the river and report any sign of troop movements or other suspicious activities. She has reported that Rhulic vessels have been seen coming down from the mountains and offloading south of her position, all met by traders who have taken supplies southeast toward Rhydden. Her orders say to record all such traffic but not to engage anyone directly. Nevertheless the kovnik and her troops have tangled with Cryxian raiders drawn to the corpses at Riversmet on several occasions, and Corinna feels they will likely be a menace until the area is cleared and the bodies are given proper burials.

Rynyr

In Power: Posadnik Igor Vojinovich

Population: 19,000 (human, very few of other races)

Military: Rynyr contains a substantial Winter Guard presence under the command of Kovnik Ninete Pytorevna.

Imports: Textiles, rope, livestock, timber

Exports: Red powder, ore

Quite possibly the most inhospitable excuse for civilization in the Iron Kingdoms, Rynyr is a bustling mining town nestled toward the base of the Thundercliff

Peaks near the remains of a volcanic caldera. The city is built essentially on top of a highly volcanic area, and the locals here mine the red powder that is a major component in the making of blasting powder. Red powder is a pungent substance, and everything and everyone in Rynyr is coated in a thin layer of the stuff. Exposure to the powder can cause an itchy rash while prolonged exposure can cause burns on the skin and lung irritation. Inhabitants of Rynyr keep themselves completely clothed in water-soaked leathers and goggles, and few venture outside without the benefit of a breather or at least a damp cloth over their faces.

The town itself largely stands off the ground because of the intense heat emanating from the volcanic rock. Soaring catwalks and gantries connect large clusters of buildings, and a web of cables covers the entire area transporting buckets of ore to and fro. The buildings are made entirely of stone and metal—wood presents too great a fire risk—and every door and window must remain sealed to prevent the powder from gaining entry into habitable spaces. It is an awful place to live, but those who can tolerate it and work hard can make a good living. Consequently, it is a haven for non-humans and those running from the law, for employers hire indiscriminately and few outlaws are worth following to Rynyr. The occupation of Rynyr barely caused a ripple among the locals who put up no resistance and have continued to work just as before.

Noted Persons

Lord Palyn d'Myr (male Ryn Exp4/Rog2): Lord d'Myr owns many of the mines about Rynyr either overtly or through his consortium of partners. He is a longtime resident of Rynyr, and nearly everyone in town either respects or fears the "Powder Tyrant" as they sometimes call him. Lord d'Myr arranged a number of lucrative deals with Posadnik Vojinovich which will undoubtably make both men wealthy beyond their wildest dreams. Since the occupation d'Myr has only strengthened his stranglehold on Rynyr with the posadnik's aid, and he feels no shame in being labeled a collaborator.

Posadnik Igor Vojinovich (male Khard Exp9): Posadnik Vojinovich is a kayazy opportunist who went east to make his fortune after the invasion was underway. He helped oversee similar powder mining in the Tverkatka volozk of central Khador. With the support of the Khadoran army he manages this town and has increased productivity considerably. As a reward for his efforts, he received the title of posadnik from the High Kommand and intends to move his family to Rynyr as soon as he can. Vojinovich is concerned exclusively with business and has left governance of the city to Lord d'Myr. The two are quickly growing rich from profits skimmed from the sale and exportation of powder.

Locales of Rynyr

Chapel of Morrow: Rynyr contains only one center of worship in the form of a small chapel of Morrow located near the center of town. Virtually indistinguishable from the rest of the stony, red powder-covered buildings but for the large Morrowan sunburst adorning its doors. Inside, the chapel is decorated like any other found throughout the kingdoms and offers a quiet respite to worshippers from the dust and noise. Prelate Tynwald Mesmyth (male Ryn Clr5) presides here and his duties generally involve helping the healing of any injured miners and presiding over all weddings and funerals in Rynyr.

Dwarven Grotto: Aside from the mines and unique appearance of the entire town of Rynyr, visitors often notice the dwarven grotto first. This large stone building seems carved from one enormous piece of rock and houses a large group of dwarven and ogrun miners that have lived in Rynyr practically since its founding. The dwarves, in fact, aided the humans of the region with their earliest excavations into the powder mines. The grotto is much larger than what one sees at first glance. The building above ground is but half of the entire complex; an equal amount of the grotto descends hundreds of feet below ground.

Places of Interest

Aliston Yard

Aliston Yard was once a much larger fortress built by a Rynnish prince generations before the Orgoth invaded Rynyr. The fortress stands on high ground with keep walls 25 feet thick at the base and rising to over 100 feet in height. During some of the more severe flood seasons, of which the Black River Valley in Llael has many, the high ground becomes hundreds of small islands in a sea of floodwater, and Aliston Yard

Rynyr



sits on the only substantial dry patch of land in that part of the valley for a thousand yards or more.

The fortress fell into disuse when its owners lost much of their wealth and actually sat empty until Orgoth invaders came upon the keep and used it as a base of operations for well over a century. Destroyed during the Scourge, it has remained a scorched and crumbling ruin ever since.

Recently, Aliston Yard was the site of a pitched battle between Khadoran and Cygnaran forces struggling to secure high ground in the area during the flood season. Cryxian and Menite forces later came into the vicinity for the same reason and all four forces clashed in a violent effort to control this portion of the Black River Valley.

Greywind Tower

Greywind declined over the centuries into little more than a watchtower until Archduke Deyar Glabryn withdrew even that small amount of soldiers a couple of years ago. The Rynnish stronghold was originally built circa 1,000 BR as a vantage point against the Iosans. The Khadorans ignored the tower, believing it abandoned. In truth, it serves as a hideaway for Llaelese resistance fighters and has become a staging ground for guerilla operations targeting Khadoran supply lines in the region. Lord General Duggan of Fellig knows of this stronghold's new purpose and does what he can to help without drawing attention to himself.

The soldiers here have been secretly reinforcing the defenses and have expanded a series of underground chambers below the tower to serve as extensive barracks. Among the Llaelese soldiers serve several Cygnarans left behind when their units pulled back to their own borders. They also have a handful of warjacks with limited fuel and have been debating the possibility of liberating Leryn to the north. Whether or not they could acquire cooperation from loyalists on the inside remains the major question holding back their attack. Nearby Rhulic communities have also assisted the soldiers with supplies in exchange for trade escorts through the dangerous Glimmerwood to Corvis.

Greywind Tower's leader is General Dexeter Lyrra (male Ryn Ftr11), an older man in questionable health due to wounds he suffered some months earlier during the invasion. The men increasingly look to Colonel Stoyan Jarov (male Umbrean Rgr4/Wrc1/Wiz6), a tireless journeyman warcaster. Lyrra and Jarov have managed to make occasional contact with their counterparts at Rhydden and several remaining members of the Royal High Guard near that town (see Royal High Guard, pg. 257).

Redwall Fortress

This once impressive fortress served as the primary military fortification on Llael's western border. It is now a tumbled ruin of burned structures and fallen stone. Most of the bodies here eventually received proper burial, but the surrounding lands lie strewn with the detritus of an enormous battle. Before the war the majority of Cygnarans in Llael garrisoned Redwall Fortress along with a sizeable segment of the Llaelese army. The torn and mud-covered banners and uniforms of both armies can still be found here as a sad reminder of the week-long siege that eventually toppled the fortress.

Redwall was one of the first locations attacked by Khador in order to prevent its assets from shifting to aid Elsinberg or Laedry. Kommander Orsus Zoktavir, more widely known as "the Butcher of Khardov," led the attack. It was a difficult battle and the wrecks of dozens of warjacks from both sides litter the field. Though the Khadorans salvaged all intact cortexes and other useful gear, the grounds have attracted numerous junkers seeking spare parts. A band of Ordic opportunists led by Padri Rosado (male Thurian Bod7/Rog3) has set up near here looking for useful scraps to sell on the black market.

The Protectorate of Menoth

They refute Menoth's will. They claim another law. How dare they? How dare they take up arms against their creator and shed the blood of the righteous? How dare they live and breathe? Strike them down, children of Menoth! Lay them low and send them to screaming to God!

—Hierarch Garrick Voyle incites his followers to attack the walls of Caspia, Vendarl 6th, Octesh 605 AR


PROVINCES OF THE
PROTECTORATE
OF
MENOTH
SULONMARCH
Imer
Imer Highway
Sal
Gelis River
Erud Hills
GEDORRA
The Guardians
The Burning Road
VARHDAN
Sithney River
Harber River
Ancient Icthier
ICTHOSA
KEY
CONSUMER CROPS
FUEL
TEXTILES
ENGINERY
WILDLIFE HARVESTING
CHEMICALS
IRON & STEEL REFINERIES
SHIPBUILDING
IRON
GEMSTONES
INDUSTRIAL METALS
ROADS
BOUNDARY LINE

On parchment the Protectorate is a semi-autonomous province of Cygnar. In actuality it is the newest of the Iron Kingdoms and a dire enemy of its parent nation. The Protectorate of Menoth formed over a century ago during a messy civil war that divided Cygnar along religious lines. Peace was restored when the Crown agreed to allow the Menites to govern their own lands as they wished—conditionally. The Cygnaran Crown ceded a large tract of inhospitable territory along the shores bordering the Bloodstone Marches, and in the last century the Protectorate has developed a unique culture centered on a strict, caste-based theocracy.

Although they claim to be conventional in their worship, the Sul-Menites—the name those of the Protectorate use to distinguish themselves—are in fact a radical evolution of the Menite faith. The Protectorate is noted for extremely strict laws controlling virtually every aspect of the lives of its citizens. Within the walled cities and fortress-cathedrals of the Protectorate, Menoth's will is the Law meant to govern all mankind, revered above all else and followed without question or hesitation.

Throughout the years the Protectorate has been heavily taxed by the Crown to support Cygnaran protection, but each collection has served only to stoke the fires of enmity. In retaliation, the theocracy completely devalued Cygnaran coinage by refusing its use. Just a few short years after its establishment, Cygnaran coins were not accepted anywhere in the Protectorate and, even today, are considered the currency of fools and blasphemers. Visiting merchants and travelers must change their coins at exorbitant exchange rates for Protectorate currency (see Chapter Two for more) or risk engaging in illegal and extremely dangerous under-the-table transactions in foreign currency. Since the time of devaluation, the theocracy paid its exorbitant taxes in uncut diamonds harvested from its plentiful mines—surprisingly plentiful to the Cygnarans who ceded the land.

Despite the accord in 484 AR, Sul-Menites view the Cygnaran Crown and adherents of the Morrowan faith as enemies of Menoth especially since the rise of Hierarch Garrick Voyle who has plainly stated that the Civil War never really ended—there has simply been a prolonged ceasefire. Whatever their view might be, Protectorate governors are required never to create a standing military that could threaten insurrection again. Publicly the visgoths agreed, but they continued to train troops in secret. When Cygnaran dignitaries soon raised the question about what appeared to be soldiers in Protectorate society, their existence was justified under the pretext of protecting their holy men from "the savage natives."

In truth the scrutators set about subjugating the native tribes soon after they moved into the region. In those decades, tens of thousands of Idrians succumbed to Menite rule, largely driven by Hierarch Gevard Luctine (499–521 AR), either through acceptance of Menoth as their god or through genocide. Though many came voluntarily and with true conviction, many more converted as a gesture otherwise meaningless to them because it was beneficial to their continued survival. Still others went to their deaths in the thousands, condemned to burn for refusing conversion. Sad stories abound about families condemned to burn alive where mothers threw their children into the fire before jumping in themselves.

Of note, "Idrian" is a blanket term applied to an agglomeration of different peoples in the western Bloodstone Marches, each with a different culture. Over a century later the descendants of these converted natives still suffer some prejudice from the Sulese, but many Idrians have been integrated into nearly every aspect of Protectorate society.

A Division Among Menites

Almost from its foundation, a schism has existed between the Protectorate's Sul-Menites and Menites of the Old Faith. Although visgoths in Khador have never altogether accepted the concept of "absolute authority" regarding the Protectorate's hierarchs, they sent aid to their brethren whenever possible. Unofficially backed by the Khadoran regime, this aid occasionally took the form of smuggled weapons and tools of war including warjack cortexes.

Khador's motivations were not entirely charitable or religiously motivated; they funneled weapons southward with the intent of spurring uprisings along Cygnar's eastern border. Sure enough this created hundreds of private stockpiles in the Protectorate. Since the Sul-Menites always yearned to be free from reliance upon foreign powers, for years they secretly labored to produce their own weapons. They went so far as to abduct wizards and arcane mechaniks and force them to create cortexes for warjacks made of smuggled parts. Under the pretext of refining heating oil, they produced a number of volatile explosives. The most plentiful of these is known throughout the kingdoms as Menoth's Fury. Indeed, thousands upon thousands of dutiful citizens attended covert

training grounds where they prepped for a war in which each of them would be a soldier of Menoth.

In recent times, Hierarch Garrick Voyle realized his nation could not rely on charity alone, so he ordered the development of a purely Menite warjack. To build his war machines, Voyle established secret factories in the desert north of Tower Judgement. The first Reckoners were completed the very month that a sudden wave of crackdowns on cortex smuggling took place in Khador. In answer to the recent defection of numerous Menites from the Motherland responding to Hierarch Voyle's call for a worldwide pilgrimage, Queen Ayn Vanar XI dispatched operatives from the Greylords Covenant with explicit orders to root out all smugglers with extreme prejudice.

Relations between the two powers further soured when Queen Ayn sent Kommander Orsus Zoktavir, the Butcher of Khardov, to make an example of a group of pilgrims. Zoktavir decapitated each and every traitor—man, woman, and child—and placed their heads on a barge bound for the Protectorate down the Black River. Since that day open hostility has erupted between the Protectorate and Khador, and Voyle has expanded his holy war and counted his erstwhile unofficial ally as an enemy of Menoth, forcing some adherents to the Old Faith in Khador to prioritize nationalism over religion.

Hierarch Garrick Voyle



Geographically speaking, while the Protectorate may not have vast forests to harvest or deep iron veins to mine, they have discovered that they have three resources in great abundance. The harsh wilderness of the Protectorate is blessed with rich diamond veins, and these diamonds are used to trade with those willing to support the Menites. Likewise, the lands have proven rich in oil for Menoth's Fury; this substance, little known before these lands were settled, has become increasingly useful in the defense of the nation. Finally they have their devout faith in Menoth, perhaps their deepest resource of all.

Despite attempts by Cygnar to maintain friendly relations, the Protectorate will not be satisfied until the entire kingdom—and all of humanity—is ultimately subservient to the will of Menoth. Sul-Menites have a particular hatred for the Sancteum in Caspia, and would like nothing more than to see it reduced to ash and rubble. This burning hatred has been fanned by the current ruler of the Protectorate, Hierarch Garrick Voyle, a man of dangerous intensity and extreme capability. Hierarch Voyle has worked ceaselessly to build the Protectorate's armed forces, in direct violation of the treaties signed generations ago by Visgoth Ozeall. And now, with the guidance of the Harbinger, Hierarch Voyle is ready to lead the chosen people into battle and, once and for all, grind the Sancteum of Morrow to dust under Menoth's heel.

Who is the Harbinger?

The Protectorate is engaged in a crusade to claim all of western Immoren for Menoth. Preceding Hierarch Voyle's declaration of war, Menoth sent him a sign in the form of the Harbinger, a prophet of great power said to speak directly to their god. Very little is known about this enigmatic prophet. Prisoners of war have refused to give even cursory information while under intensive interrogation. What is known is that Hierarch Voyle consults the Harbinger on all spiritual matters, and many believe this manifestation is the spark required to start the Protectorate's holy war.

Following in the footsteps of Sulon, Voyle cited the Harbinger as the incentive for a great pilgrimage in which he called all Menites to Imer to witness the Harbinger's glory. Tens of thousands of pilgrims flooded the Protectorate, greatly bolstering the would-be kingdom's population and giving the theocracy the numbers it needed to wage its holy war.

Winds of War

The Protectorate attacked the walls of Caspia on Vendarl 6th, Octesh 605 AR. Though the Sul-Menite army was beaten back and suffered harsh punitive strikes from Caspia's cannons, they had their war. Since that time zealots and Knights Exemplar have amassed along the borders in great numbers, and hostile skirmishes are on the rise.

On Donard 1st, Khardoven 605 AR, Protectorate forces crossed the border and destroyed the once impressive Marchbridge that crossed the gap known as the Marchbank Ravine in the Upper Wyrmwall Mountains. This greatly complicated rail travel between Fharin and Steelwater Flats and slowed the deployment of Cygnaran forces for months. Since that time large-scale battles have been far and few between, but both sides know it is only a matter of time before their armies clash again.

Protectorate of Menoth Facts

Ruler: Hierarch Garrick Voyle

Government type: Theocracy

Capital: Imer

Ethnic Groups & Approx. Population: Sulese (510,000), Idrian (380,000), Midlunder (100,000), Khard (25,000), Ryn (20,000), Thurian (10,000), Morridane (5,000), Umbrean (5,000), Bogrin (5,000), Kossite (2,000), Goblins (2,000), Ogrun (500)

Languages: Sulese (Cygnaran dialect)

Climate: Mostly arid or semiarid; hot, humid along coast and harsh desert in east

Terrain: Narrow coastal plain backed by mesa, buttes, and rugged mountains; small, discontinuous plains along coastline; high deserts north and south

Natural resources: fish, salt, sulfur, marble, limestone, minor deposits of coal, gold, lead, nickel, tin, and copper, an abundance of diamonds and oil

Hierarch Garrick Voyle

Hierarch Garrick Voyle (male Sulese Clr10/Mnk15/Scr10): Awash with the Creator's glory, Garrick Voyle is among the most powerful individuals in the Iron Kingdoms if not history itself. Throughout the Protectorate, Voyle's word means life or death, prosperity or ruin. Like the priest-kings of old, he is both the undisputed head of the Temple and sovereign master of his domain. Although he revels in his absolute authority, he has no interest in his own glory or self-promotion. Though some may call him evil, Voyle simply despises what he deems heretical behavior and is absolutely devoted to Menoth's will. It is difficult to count the number of people killed by either his hand or his word since his rise to power. Voyle is the embodiment of what a scrutator is expected to be: a relentless protector of the Temple willing to take every measure to increase Menoth's influence, and he looks with especially great displeasure at the fraternization between Menites and non-Menites.

In addition to the Hierarch's potent spiritual powers, he is a master of the ancient martial fighting style used by Menite monks throughout the centuries. Among his many accomplishments was the foundation of the Order of the Fist, an order of monks devoted to serving the priesthood of the Protectorate. To this day

the monks of the Fist revere his teachings and remain fiercely loyal to him.

Garrick Voyle remains young and vigorous due to his extensive training as a monk—and perhaps as a holy benefit of his station. He is in perfect physical condition and maintains his martial skills at their peak. He suffered a series of assassination attempts when he first attained the rank of Hierarch, but his ability to dispatch the assassins unaided has left his enemies convinced that he is invulnerable. Indeed, he shows no concern for his succession and fully intends to outlive his current subordinates. He still has enemies among the Temple, but they have all but given up hope of deposing him. He has a reputation for sniffing out plots and conspiracies, aided by the exemplars and monks who serve him.

Though the Hierarch is presently preoccupied with his crusade against Cygnar, he anticipates the day when all of western Immoren will be reclaimed by the faithful. Cygnar is seen as the Protectorate's great nemesis, but the Hierarch intends to repay Khador for its betrayals. He knows Queen Ayn used his theocracy to distract Cygnaran military intelligence. Additionally, Voyle was gravely insulted by the ruthlessness with which the Khadorans stopped the practice of cortex smuggling.

It will all come in good time. The Harbinger has appeared at the moment he was preparing to lead the faithful against the Cygnaran infidels, and with the guidance and divine insight of Menoth's prophet, the Hierarch's troops will not fail. When they are finished with Cygnar, they will carry on the crusade until they have purged the heresy of the Twins from all of western Immoren forever.

Temple Ranks

Power in the Protectorate of Menoth is inextricably linked to ranks within the Temple, and each station brings with it a certain measure of authority over the populace.

Hierarch is a special title of absolute power only bestowed with the unanimous—though not necessarily willing—support of the visgoths.

The visgoths are the ranking leaders of the Temple entrusted with overseeing large segments of the populace and day-to-day rule. It is their duty to fulfill the designs of the Hierarch; they ensure all of his projects proceed as planned and that his people are productive and loyal. They are the equivalent of governors or high nobility in other kingdoms. All visgoths are members of the Synod, a governing council directly serving the Hierarch and sharing his ideals. The Synod finds the tolerant mixing of religions in other kingdoms abhorrent especially since Morrowans are in control of most of the rest of western Immoren. In times when a single priest does not have absolute control, the theocracy is overseen by the entire Synod. Historically, some visgoths have attained supremacy without becoming Hierarch. The most notable was Visgoth Leventine (549–568 AR).

Sovereigns report to the visgoths. They are the highest rank of priests with whom most citizens will ever directly interact. The majority of sovereigns reside in the capital of Imer, but a number of them inhabit Sul and other significant outlying communities. Sovereigns are expected to supervise lesser priests and citizens within their jurisdiction and to execute the orders and directives of the visgoths.

Grand Scrutator Severius

Throughout the history of the Protectorate, the title Grand Scrutator has traditionally been bestowed upon the highest-ranking scrutator visgoth of the Synod. However, this title is largely honorific in the case of the current Grand Scrutator. Though officially the highest ranking scrutator beneath the Hierarch and handpicked for his position by Garrick Voyle himself, Grand Scrutator Severius has declined a seat on the Synod. Instead, the warcaster has chosen to answer the Creator's call on the battlefield.

Following Protectorate politics requires understanding the influence and power of the scrutators. These ominous priests hold a regular clerical rank, but they wield greater power and command more respect than mere clerics of the Temple. For example, while all visgoths are theoretically equal, Hierarch Voyle holds scrutator visgoths in higher esteem. Nonetheless, a priest of higher rank can expect obedience from a priest scrutator of lower rank (i.e., a non-scrutator visgoth has authority over scrutator sovereigns). In actual practice, they are reluctant to give orders to scrutators lest they contradict secret instructions from the Hierarch.

Table 6–1: Leaders of the Protectorate of Menoth

Years of Rule	Sovereign	Extent of Rule	Cause of Death
475–484 AR	Hierarch Sulon unites tens of thousands of Cygnaran Menites and gathers them in Caspia; it sparks the Cygnaran Civil War (482–484 AR), which ends with Sulon's death.	9 yrs.	In combat
484–498 AR	Visgoth Ozeall participates in developing a treaty with Cygnar creating the Protectorate of Menoth. He refuses the title of Hierarch in honor of Sulon.	14 yrs.	Old age
499–521 AR	Hierarch Gevard Luctine conducts several bloody campaigns against savage Idrians. He converts thousands to Menoth after an immense earthquake in 504. He is later slain while waging war on outlying tribes.	22 yrs.	In combat
522–526 AR	Visgoths Dorvol Pholt and Lurvon Meshnir vie for control of the Temple—neither achieves supremacy.	4 yrs.	Unknown
526–531 AR	Visgoths of Sul meet after the mysterious deaths of Pholt and Meshnir to establish a shared governing body, the Synod.	5 yrs.	NA*
531–532 AR	Vice Scrutator Moriv Ozeall executes a coup and claims blood-right as great-grandson of Visgoth Ozeall. He loses support of the paladins and exemplars and is burned as a heretic.	<1 yr.	Executed
532–535 AR	Synod of visgoths reformed, but internecine feuding soon erupts.	3 yrs.	NA*
535–549 AR	Hierarch Caltor Turgis unites the Temple and broadens the Protectorate borders to the east and south, founding Icthier and constructing Tower Judgement. Menoth's Fury added to the Temple arsenal during his reign.	14 yrs.	Old age
549–559 AR	Triumverate of Visgoths—Leventine, Nestor, and Wort—vow to continue Turgis' legacy.	10 yrs.	Wort – Illness
559–562 AR	Visgoths Leventine and Nestor maintain control but are forced to make concessions to the other visgoths.	3 yrs.	Nestor – Assassinated
562–568 AR	Synod convened after the assassination of Visgoth Nestor. Leventine remains a powerful figure among the Temple scrutators until dying of old age in 570.	6 yrs.	NA*
568–580 AR	Hierarch Kilgor Ravonal sparks the doctrine of complete Menite emancipation from Cygnar. He expands the Knights Exemplar and the Temple Flameguard, and endorses Garrick Voyle's Fist of Menoth monks. Ravonal is killed in an ambush blamed on Cygnaran agents.	12 yrs.	Assassinated
580–588 AR	Synod of the visgoths convenes, but the Temple is fractured by power bids and infighting.	8 yrs.	NA*
588–Current	Hierarch Garrick Voyle seizes power, crushing any who oppose him. He moves the capital to Imer, creates the Vassals of Menoth, and modernizes the Protectorate military. He vows to fulfill Ravonal's vision of a truly independent Menite kingdom.	18+ yrs.	NA



Table 6–2: Protectorate Precedence

Title	By Definition	Number
Hierarch	Absolute leader of the Protectorate, a visgoth with the unanimous support of the Synod.	1
Visgoths	High priests of the Temple, requires endorsement by the Hierarch or other visgoths.	9
Sovereigns	Priestly subordinates to the visgoths, requires promotion by a visgoth.	Varies
Scrutators	Any priests who are full members of the scrutator caste.	~400
Reclaimers	Those who have followed the divine calling to become a reclaimer and been welcomed into this exclusive brotherhood.	Varies
Priests	Ordained priests subordinate to the sovereigns.	Varies

The Protectorate's Military

Even though Cygnaran law governing the Protectorate forbids the assembly of a standing army, the treaty contains a clause allowing a capable defense force—the Menites have done so a hundredfold. In the decades following its inception, various leaders have slowly amassed a secret army under the guise of this defense force more or less under the watchful eye of their neighbors. Every Sul-Menite is expected to be ready for the call to arms, and it is their holy duty to prepare. The laws of Menoth far outweigh those of any mortal king.

In the beginning, the Hierarchs and the Synod were training their people in hidden facilities. Under cover of night, in unmapped caverns, and behind hidden walls, Sul-Menites learned how to fight. Weapons and ammunition were stockpiled and tucked away in caches known only to high-ranking clergy. By the time Hierarch Voyle called for a holy war in 605 AR, the tone and feel of the Protectorate's "military" had taken on a new face: that of the warrior in motion. It became a surge of the devout, a holy tide of soldiers streaming in from all directions. The crusade has given the Protectorate a renewed vigor of faith. They have even recalled those of the Old Faith in Khador seeing that an united war effort is stronger than a fractious, segmented one. Hidden warjack depots send new and improved chassis into the world, deploying troops that were not supposed to exist in the thousands to soon-to-be battlefields. The skies have darkened with the soot and smoke from the massing forces, and the flames of their holy war burn bright enough to be seen for miles.

All Protectorate forces answer to the Hierarch including all of the ranks of the top-level singular positions: the Grand Scrutator, the Grand Exemplar, the High Reclaimer, and the Priestess of the Flame. All scrutator ranks outrank equivalent ranking members of the other orders. A bottom rank scrutator still outranks a reclaimer, warder, abbot, and preceptor, for example.

Each leader of the military orders has total authority over the membership of his particular order. This includes the Grand High Allegiant of the Order of the Fist, the Priest (or Priestess) of the Flame, the Grand Exemplar, the High Reclaimer, and the Lord Commander of the Order of the Wall. Rarely do these leaders interfere in the day-to-day affairs of the Protectorate except when it pertains to wartime necessity or defense.

The general populace must obey any ordained priest in addition to any other servant of the

Temple. Priests generally defer to scrutators, but both have greater authority than the exemplars or monks who in turn wield more clout than paladins or the Temple Flameguard. However, even the lowest-ranking Flameguard can demand obedience from a Protectorate citizen. It should also be noted that members of a military group do not obey the commanders or superiors of a different group except at the special behest of a ranking priest or scrutator. For example, an exemplar cannot normally give orders to a paladin or a monk, regardless of rank.

Table 6–3: Military Ranks of the Protectorate of Menoth

Scrutator Ranks	Exemplar Ranks	Reclaimer Ranks	Temple Flameguard Ranks	Order of the Fist Ranks	Military Ranks
Grand Scrutator					
High Scrutator	Grand Exemplar				
Vice Scrutator	High Exemplar	High Reclaimer	Priest/Priestess of the Flame	Holy High Allegiant	
Senior Scrutator	Seneschal	Reclaimer	Commander	High Allegiant	War Counselor
Scrutator	Warder			Senior Allegiant	Preceptor
	Knight Exemplar		Captain	Allegiant	Arms Master
			Flameguard	Initiate	
					Man-at-Arms

Provinces of the Protectorate of Menoth

Gedorra

The large central province includes the capital of Imer and stretches south to Acrennia, including a lengthy stretch of coastline and the northern Erud Hills. Although mostly arid, there is some difficult farmland along the Gelis River south of Imer and several small fishing villages along the coast. The region's most abundant resources lie in the crowded mines east of Imer, one of the Protectorate's best sources of iron and other useful metals. Gedorra is ruled by the Six Visgoths of Imer: Var Bodalin, Delcon Vesher, Mishva Nestore, Lars Elimon, Ark Razek, and Morgimer Jasrun.

Icthosa

Icthosa is the southernmost region of the Protectorate. It includes the Harber River, Ancient Icthier, and a long stretch of coast. Considerable mineral deposits are found in this region particularly along the ancient riverbeds, and Icthosa also holds the Protectorate's supply of diamonds. Imer's hand is felt less here, and many outsiders dwell in this region along with more traditional nomadic Idrians who are believed mostly to feign worship of Menoth to avoid persecution. Visgoth Brone Scarrel rules Icthosa.

Sulonmarch

The province of Sulonmarch begins at Sul and stretches north to Tower Judgement, reaches east two-thirds of the distance to Imer, and includes a section of coastline halfway through the Guardians. The western



portion includes some fertile farmland although there is a marked change in climate 50 miles east of the Black River. A number of small farming villages dot the plains between Sul and Imer, and several mining communities occupy the northern hills. Sulonmarch is jointly ruled by Visgoth Juviah Rhoven of Sul and Visgoth Enjorran Sollers of Tower Judgement.

Varhdan

The barren region southeast of Acrennia, Varhdan includes the Monastery of the Order of the Fist, the Sithney River, and a long stretch of the Burning Road. Small, scattered villages are found in this difficult region mostly along the riverbanks and the shore. Varhdan tests the faithful under the crucible of the unforgiving sun, and these communities are regularly policed by fervent young monks eager to prove their worth. The Grand High Allegiant Haveron Mortmain rules Varhdan.

Notable Cities

Ancient Icthier

In Power: Scrutator Sovereign Jarok Shaw, reporting to Visgoth Brone Scarrel

Population: 50,000 (Mostly Sulese with an Idrian minority); the population has dramatically increased in the past year due to an Immoren-wide pilgrimage, easily doubling and perhaps tripling in number.

Military: Ancient Icthier is garrisoned by a large contingent of Temple Flameguard supported by Knights Exemplar and Idrian scouts. The city is patrolled by Fists of Menoth who enforce Temple Law. In times of need most of the population can be called to defend the city.

Imports: Manufactured goods, textiles, wheat

Exports: Alabaster, clay, iron, limestone, marble

In the far removed southeast at the mouth of the Harber River stands Ancient Icthier, holiest of Menite cities. Icthier is the Protectorate's seat of learning and priests are expected to come here to study the *Canon of the True Law*. The city consists of chalky, pockmarked buildings and ruins intermingled with modern architecture most built by Sulese hands within the last century. Visitors are always fascinated by the red hue of the buildings. The crumbling columns, lintels, and ancient circular temple are all constructed from baked bricks made from red clay, and for this reason it is sometimes called the Red City. In stark contrast are the domes, buttresses, and spires of carved alabaster and polished limestone adorning the newer additions to the metropolis which come from the booming mining operations along the Harber River.

It was here that humanity established its first civilization and Menoth the Creator first revealed himself to men. The ruins at Icthier predate human habitation by untold millennia. Early men discovered the *Canon of the True Law*, oldest and most sacred of Menite texts, engraved upon the walls of these ruins. Icthier is reputedly the birthplace of the Menite faith starting with the priest called Cinot. Having deciphered the *Canon,* Cinot felt compelled to deliver its truth to all men. He explained the gift of agriculture and laid down the Law to any who would listen. Following Cinot's teachings, early Menites transformed the barren desert around Icthier into an oasis. In fact, many of the ancient irrigation ditches and aqueducts that moved water from the Harber River into the city are still in use today.

Icthier's proximity to the desert serves as both a blessing and a curse. It would be unlikely that an invading army could traverse such a natural defense to attack the city. Unfortunately for the locals, desert dust storms frequently blow in from the east during the dry season. Locals typically wear scarves over their faces while those who have the means adopt dark goggles to protect their eyes. Nearly everything in the city is coated with grit, which has contributed to the degeneration of its most ancient buildings. Two warning towers at the city's edge ring bells when rolling dust clouds are spotted on the horizon. When the bells sound, Icthier's inhabitants know to seek safety indoors away from the huge clouds that will soon billow through the streets creating wind tunnels, dust devils, and other hazards.

Although Icthier served as the cradle of human civilization, most Menites left to seek more fertile lands during the Exodus. Ancient Icthier was an important site for pilgrims throughout history, yet only scattered Menite settlements remained until the foundation of the Protectorate. At that time, savages had largely overrun Icthier. Today it is packed with Menite

pilgrims, and its streets and residences are terribly overcrowded. Despite the proximity of the Harber River, shortage of food and water is one of several problems facing Icthier's leaders at the moment in addition to widespread poverty, sweeping illnesses, and flaring tempers. Of note, the ancient city is forbidden to non-Menites; indeed, known heathens stepping foot within the city have recently been accosted by fanatic mobs and literally torn limb from limb.

Noted Persons

Scrutator Sovereign Jarok Shaw (male Sulese Clr10/Scr6): Scrutator Sovereign Shaw is the ruling priest of Icthier. Not only is he an iron-fisted servant of the Lawgiver, but he is also the most senior historian in Icthier and a renowned expert on the *Canon of the True Law*. Though a mere sovereign, Shaw has even the visgoths deferring to his encyclopedic knowledge. On more than one occasion he has been called before the Synod for his expert opinion on some matter of theocratic law. Shaw leaves Icthier's maintenance and recent overpopulation troubles to his subordinates, preferring to spend his time in silent contemplation secluded within the High Temple of the Canon.

Locales of Icthier

High Temple of the Canon: The High Temple of the Canon is the oldest and among the most grand of all Menite temples. It was at the ruins at the center that men laid the foundation for their first civilization and came to know the word of the Lawgiver. The busy Temple is a haven for Menite pilgrims and scholars. It serves as the site of constant Menite devotional services, and a vast number of priests give fiery sermons throughout the Temple's many great halls.

The core of the Temple, accessible only to the most senior scrutators and visgoths, is the sacred Temple Wall of Cinot. It is upon these ruins, ancient beyond human reckoning, that the *Canon of the True Law* was first inscribed, and it is here that Scrutator Sovereign Shaw spends the majority of his time in silent contemplation. Shaw is also the caretaker of Cinot's many notes inscribed upon stone slabs by the very hand of Menoth's first priest.

Menofix Titan: As one approaches the great city of Icthier by land or sea, one feature commands his eye, for within the central courtyard of the Plaza of Justice stands a massive likeness of the Lawgiver nearly 200 feet tall. Towering above all supplicants in a stance of true righteousness, the Menofix Titan is both awe inspiring and terrifying with his holy symbol affixed upon his chest. The left hand of the weathered statue holds a tablet said to contain the true words of the Lawgiver while the right hand points an accusing finger at all who dare approach without humility. Time and the elements have worn the surface of this imposing likeness leaving the bronze monolith pitted and scarred, yet the very same sands that blow incessantly in Icthier serve to keep it polished and bright on the windward side.

Many believe a secret complex called the Labyrinth of Souls lies beneath the statue and say the entrance lies somewhere at the feet of the Menofix. It is whispered among the faithful that Menoth cast down those unworthy of Him and damned their souls forever to wander the unending halls. Many adventurous souls pay for any morsel of information about the secret labyrinthine complex, for it is also said the maze predates the founding of the Red City and holds vast stores of ancient wealth.

Plaza of Justice: Located in the center of Icthier is an open area used for public announcements from the scrutator and the dispensing of justice. Autos-da-fe—religious trials for heretics and apostates—are carried out here. Anyone who dares speak against the Temple is typically wracked in the plaza beneath the Menofix Titan and left to suffer "the scrutiny of Menoth"—exposure to a dust storm without protection. If the unfortunate soul survives this ordeal and recants his prior errors in judgment, he is deemed cleansed. If he does not recant, he is executed by fire or beheading. In recent years there has been an upsurge in the number of religious trials, and many result in executions.

Imer

In Power: Hierarch Garrick Voyle and the Visgoths of Imer

Population: 150,000 (Mostly Sulese with an Idrian minority); the population has increased in the past year by 20,000+ due to an Immoren-wide pilgrimage

Military: Imer is garrisoned by a vast number of Temple Flameguard, exemplars, paladins, and Fists of Menoth supported by a huge contingent of warjacks.

Imports: Grain, foodstuffs, textiles, raw materials

Exports: Diamonds, marble, granite, clay, iron, salt, weapons (Protectorate only), steamjacks (Protectorate only)

No city has changed so much in such a short period as Imer, capital of the Protectorate. A few decades ago this city was nothing but an overcrowded warren of hovels and reddish brown clay houses. Now it is a walled city filled with great buildings of white and light brown stone and bustling industries. The city is Garrick Voyle's vision manifested with its entirety laid out to his exacting specifications. The Temple complex dominates the center and is the heart of the theocracy. Most of these buildings are designed to be both practical and reverent. Religious ceremonies take place in the same locations where high officers also conduct their daily business. The only traces of old Imer are in the outlying slums where the original hovels persist.

Even the Hierarch's detractors admit that he was no fool to move the capital to Imer. It was a strategically sound move not only because of Sul's proximity to Caspia, but also because Imer is closer to some of the Protectorate's most precious resources. The hills to the east of the city are the theocracy's primary source of iron along with several other important mines and quarries.

Within the city, lingering tensions exist between its two peoples. The poorer castes are largely composed of the Idrian majority who live in worse conditions than most Sulese. It is difficult for the Idrians to rise above their caste although some have done so by joining the priesthood, the Fist of Menoth, or the Temple Flameguard. The majority of the ruling priesthood are Sulese, however, as are most of the exemplars. The laborers, farmers, craftspeople, and those who clean the streets and work construction are mainly Idrian. Nonetheless, the visgoths feel it is imperative to integrate the Idrians into their society, and those who are loyal can advance as far as piety, ambition, and capability allow. With the recent increase in hostilities with Cygnar, entire regiments of ambitious Idrians are being formed and dispatched north to Tower Judgement. From there they are sent into the Bloodstone Marches to prepare for strikes against Cygnaran villages and river traffic between Eastwall and Fort Falk.

Winds of War

Since Voyle's call for pilgrims and his declaration of a holy war, Imer has become a blur of activity. A low haze of forge smoke, burning incense, and warjack exhaust clings to the buildings and streets from the churning of holy forces. Exemplars march through the streets in search of anyone not laboring for the cause and deliver absconders to the scrutators and their flensing chambers or wracks. Teeming masses listen to street-corner litanies, and entire sections of city streets have been demolished to unearth stockpiles of hidden weaponry and munitions. The air is thick with anxious preparation, and prayers echo through every street and alley punctuated by the staccato rhythm of the newly utilized courtyard war foundries and the tolling of dozens of bells ringing from the towers of the Sovereign Temple.

Noted Persons

Hierarch Garrick Voyle (see pg. 268)**:** Garrick Voyle leaves city management to the Six Visgoths who dwell in the capital. He is treated akin to a walking god, an avatar of Menoth made flesh. Although he has no actual need of protectors, Voyle is always accompanied by a ceremonial personal guard led by Aakho Balraza (male Idrian Ftr10) whose main task is to serve as an intermediary between Voyle and the masses of the adoring faithful.

Duharos Sek Nathari, Cleanser Commander and Keeper of the Cleansing Flame (male Idrian Ftr9/Clr7): One of the royal tribes of the Idrian people, the Sek Nathari were among some of the first native converts to the Menite faith. Duharos was born just weeks before his heathen parents were wracked for their beliefs. Rather than leaving the child for dead, some scrutators decided to raise the child in order to utilize a familiar face with a persuasive voice to bring more natives into the Lawgiver's graces. From early on, Duharos served Menoth as best his infidel blood allowed. He prayed and studied hard in the Temple, and there he eventually found his true calling and donned the golden mask of a Cleanser. So efficient was Duharos in enacting the scrutators' demands that in a short time, the Priestess of Flame promoted him to the role of Keeper of the Cleansing Flame. Duharos became the highest ranking Flameguard Cleanser in Sul charged with keeping records of the cleansed. Now somewhat worn in his later years, the Keeper still walks alongside his fellow Cleansers to dispense fiery judgment whenever called.

Locales of Imer

Flameguard Temple: Like a beacon to the heavens, the Flameguard Temple sits near the center of Imer surrounded by a sextet of looming towers. The towers are topped by blazing censers that roar with golden flames and billow dark smoke high into the sky. Each is manned by over a hundred seasoned Flameguard and scores of initiates, for located within is a huge training facility for those answering the call. The majority of these would-be Flameguard train to fight with spear and shield although some—those who show the fortitude to do Menoth's work no matter the target—graduate into the ranks of the feared Cleanser units.

The building itself is a veritable fortress with several warjacks inside awaiting the warcasting caress of their controller Feora, Priestess of the Flame. The Priestess oversees the facility when she can, only delegating to others when forced to enact Menoth's will beyond the temple walls. Should Imer ever be threatened by outside forces, it would take an army of thousands to break the Flameguard Temple.

Winds of War

Hierarch Voyle has recently expanded the mandate of the Temple Flameguard to act as a standing army during the struggles to come. Despite growing concerns of a number of high ranking scrutators, the Hierarch has the utmost faith in the abilities of the Temple's Priestess of the Flame and believes her ruthlessness and martial abilities serve the Lawgiver well.

House of Truth: The home of the Vassals of Menoth is a walled complex ornate in the style of Sul and decorated with stained glass, glazed tiles, and bronze fixtures. It is said that great feasts are served nightly within, and every luxury is provided, yet the house is also a cage for Hierarch Voyle's wizards. The House of Truth contains extensive libraries and laboratories equipped with all manner of alchemical devices. The wizardly vassals are held to strict deadlines and punished for failure. Each has a personal handler who accompanies him everywhere, and the vassals are rarely permitted to travel outside the complex and never alone. In truth, the wizards are little more than slaves.

Reclaimant's Altar, The: A tall and bleak spire of soot-blackened granite, the Reclaimant's Altar is the birthplace of every Reclaimer's holy path and the gravesite of their last words. Any faithful heeding the call to join the fearsome Reclaimers makes a pilgrimage to the Reclaimant's Altar where he takes the powerful and binding Oath of the Last Breath and dons the dark robes of the Reclaimant Order. It is a solemn, sterile place filled with dormitories and sealed rooms. No one is allowed within its gates without the High Reclaimer's consent, save for those bearing the Hierarch's blessings.

It is unknown how many Reclaimers call the Altar home or how many have gone abroad to claim souls for the Lawgiver. Rumors surround the Altar about secret warriors living within its tomblike silence or of dark warjacks hidden away in the sublevels blessed by the High Reclaimer to be ready for the End Times. While mystery surrounds the Reclaimant Order and its grim fortress, one thing remains true: those who find themselves within the dark shadow of the black spire recite prayer after prayer for forgiveness, lest the gates open and they be reclaimed.

Sovereign Temple of the One Faith: The largest Menite temple in recorded history, the Sovereign Temple is part of a vast complex of buildings referred to as the Holy See. Connected directly to the palace of the Hierarch, the temple is simple in design yet massive in scale and constructed from enormous blocks of red stone. Atop its entrance staircase is a large plaza lined with weighty marble columns inscribed with passages from the *Canon of the True Law*. Inside, a giant abstract man-shaped statue of Menoth wears a mask of iron and towers behind an elevated iron altar. Both statue and altar are open to the sky, but the rest is cast in smoky darkness lit only by infrequent torches and braziers. The central temple is reserved for special offerings and other high ceremonies. Several dozen handpicked Exemplars, priests, and elite Flameguard protect the grounds night and day, and none but clergy may approach the altar even on days of tithing.

Tower of the Scrutators: Attached to the Hierarch's palace is a windowless, granite tower decorated only with multiple iron menofixes. This is the only locale within Imer forbidden to the rank and file of the

clergy. The tower is the base and living quarters for all scrutators who dwell in Imer. Emerging under cover of darkness, most are only seen returning to the tower with hooded and chained prisoners in tow. Other than the scrutators, only their personal Exemplar guardians—strictly forbidden to speak of anything they witness there—are allowed within the tower's ominous walls. The basement contains a private prison where special interrogations are conducted, and the topmost chamber is a divinatory chamber containing several relics used by scrutators to spy on enemies and subjects alike.

Sul

In Power: Visgoth Juviah Rhoven

Population: 300,000 (Mostly Sulese with an Idrian minority), a few gobbers and ogrun; the population has increased in the past year by 50,000+ due to an Immoren-wide pilgrimage

Military: A vast number of Protectorate troops supported by a large contingent of warjacks garrison Sul in times of need, and weapons are stockpiled in hidden caches for half of the civilian population to arm.

Imports: Various foods, wood, iron, coal

Exports: Fish, salt, diamonds, exotic handcrafted and native goods

Until the Cygnaran Civil War threw the city into bloody chaos, Sul was simply the easternmost district of Caspia. This impoverished area known as the "Menite Ghetto" housed the majority of Caspia's



Menite population. When war erupted, it served as Hierarch Sulon's fortress and the staging grounds for all major assaults against the rest of Caspia. As the troubles continued, the bridges over the Black River were burned and collapsed, the gates on either side were reinforced, and eventually eastern Caspia was ceded to the newly recognized Protectorate as part of the peace settlement. Since that time, Sul's walls have been painted a shining white and capped with gold crenellations. Vigilant ranks of crimson-robed Temple Flameguard stand at attention atop the walls, their shields and spears at the ready, while Cygnaran soldiers face them from across the water prepared to match sword for spear and rifle for shield.

Sul served as the capital of the Protectorate until Hierarch Voyle moved his government to Imer. Even so, the city has enormous significance for its history, temples, and monuments to fallen martyrs. Of note is the Tomb of Hierarch Sulon, an impressive monument standing before the visgoth's palace.

Until recently, a trickle of trade and token taxation continued to pass through Sul to Caspia, and the drawbridges on either side of the Black River were lowered at assigned times to allow passage for authorized traffic. Sul has a small port nowhere near as impressive as in Caspia used primarily by fishing vessels. In recent months, this port has seen a significant influx of Khadoran soldiers—Menite deserters—traveling down the river to take up arms for the Shaper of Man and leaving their Motherland behind.

Foreigners admit that the city is impressive and intimidating with its massive arches and spires, and it shows no sign of its history as a Caspian slum. The streets are kept scrupulously clean, the buildings are in constant repair, and everything is repainted frequently. However, at night it is eerily quiet, for no one dares disobey the dusk curfew lest patrolling Knights Exemplar incarcerate him for questioning.

Noted Persons

High Exemplar Scarle Villius, "the Unsleeping" (male Sulese Exe14): High Exemplar Villius is the commander of the Knights Exemplar in Sul and also captain of the West Wall. He answers only to the Grand Exemplar Sovereign Baine Hurst (male Sulese Exe19) and is responsible for Sul's defenses and held directly responsible for any incursions or lapses in vigilance. He is termed "the Unsleeping" and said to be tireless in his duty, for it seems he never eats or sleeps. Villius claims the importance of his duty supersedes the weaknesses of the flesh.

Visgoth Juviah Rhoven (male Sulese Clr8/Scr10): One of the Hierarch's most trusted visgoths, Juviah has absolute command of Sul and the local clergy. Juviah's primary task is to keep the city prepared for war at all times. Ever vigilant against Caspia and any possible agents of Cygnar, he has no difficulty maintaining his skills as a torturer and executioner. The visgoth is willing to interrogate anyone whose loyalty he deems questionable, and his minions scour the city constantly for suspicious or treasonous activity particularly among foreign visitors.

Locales of Sul

Great Temple of the Creator: This massive complex was the heart of the capital before it was moved to Imer. It is still one of the most impressive places of worship in western Immoren. The exterior of the building is a large pyramid of stone in the old style, however its creative architects used modern techniques to arch and buttress the high ceilings providing a cathedral-like atmosphere inside. The great stone altar in the center chamber is used for the most important services including ritual sacrifices usually of traitors to the faith. The Great Temple also includes a sacred crypt dedicated to Menite kings of old, some of whose assumed remains have been recovered from across the kingdoms and interred here.

Sulon's Remembrance: Rumored to be built upon the site where Hierarch Sulon fell in battle, the Remembrance is a full square mile of barracks-style housing that teems with Menite warriors and battle priests near the center of Sul. Three and four-story ladders lead to thousands of simple curtained doorways lining the buildings with landings sporadically giving pause to those who must climb them. In times of duty the Remembrance empties of zealous soldiers and fanatics grabbing their simple weapons and secret munitions to heed the Hierarch's

call. Since the inception of the Protectorate's holy war, Sulon's Remembrance has not been so quiet and still as it is now since never before have so many of its inhabitants been needed all at once.

Places of Interest

Acrennia: These weather-beaten ruins overlooking the sea do not do justice to the great city once located here. Believed once to have been a Menite city second only to Icthier in its magnificence, the people of Acrennia devolved over time into a debauched and corrupted state, and legend has it that the Acrennians made war against Icthier. Decades of battles resulted in a stalemate, but suddenly and mysteriously it is said the Acrennians vanished overnight as if the city had been swept clean of its inhabitants. Now Acrennia lies mostly buried beneath the sands. Menites fear and have no use for it, so small numbers of Idrians have taken up residence in the region more or less to hide from their persecutors.

Factorium, The: The Factorium is a secret Menite factory camp in the shadow of Tower Judgement. The sprawling metal works is part temple and part war foundry housing dozens of iron and bronze forges, mechaniks' stalls, and smelting furnaces. The Factorium employs hundreds of faithful Menites and Idrian slaves and is watched by scrutator overseers eager to see their new weapons used. The largest mechanikal manufacturing facility ever constructed by the Protectorate, the Factorium is the assembly plant for the terrifying Reckoner warjack, a creation inspired by the holy words of the *Canon of the True Law*. The Factorium is the Protectorate's first such facility, but it is only a matter of time before additional factory-armories are built elsewhere to fuel the war effort.

Kregor Rock: If Menoth's Fury is the Blood of the Lawgiver, then Kregor Rock is the heart that pumps it. At this secret alchemical refinery in the mountains north of Tower Judgement, the majority of the Protectorate's precious resource is refined, altered, and prepared for use in any number of technologies from the propellant in every Skyhammer rocket to the burning payload of simple firebombs. It is a tenuous and dangerous process involving hundreds of gallons of deadly chemicals and explosive mixtures, and only the best alchemists and mechaniks man it. To help reduce risk each workroom is built with thick stone walls and heavy bronze doors and shutters capable of holding back a small inferno. A single mistake could lead to a disastrous chain reaction of explosions that could devastate the facility and cripple the Menite war effort. It is understood by every Kregor Rock worker that they will be locked into their workrooms as a safety precaution and that they would invariably burn to death for the good of the whole should an accident take place. It is better to die painfully in the service of the Creator than hinder Voyle's holy war.

Due to its necessity, Kregor Rock is never without a large complement of troops nearby. These forces were put to the test on Gorim 5th, Goloven 605 AR when Khadoran forces attempted to sabotage the facility. Though the Khadorans caused significant damage, the Menites managed to contain the destruction.

Monastery of the Order of the Fist: The Monastery of the Order of the Fist is the headquarters and primary training ground of the Protectorate's feared religious law enforcers. At the monastery under the watchful eye of Grand High Allegiant Haveron Grayden (male Sulese Mnk19), initiates are tested to ensure that they have the necessary physical and mental strength and the devotion to the Lawgiver for training within the order. Any monk who fails to meet Grayden's rigid standards is expelled from the order—or worse—while those who show signs of exceptional aptitude are immediately transferred to the monastery to receive special instruction under his tutelage. These monks typically rise through the ranks quickly often becoming heads of monasteries elsewhere.

An immense tower with massive wrought-iron gates and imposing stone battlements, the monastery broods menacingly over the banks of the Sithney River. At all times cadres of monks patrol the grounds and surrounding territory while others train in its open courtyards. Despite its imposing bulk, the majority of the monastery remains unseen, buried beneath the rocky hills and the massive girth of the tower. The lower reaches of the monastery include at least six subterranean levels arranged in a circular pattern. These levels include barracks for the more than 200 monks who live in the monastery, classrooms, training areas, and a vast temple at the center. The temple is maintained by Potentate Hakel Kehtmakha

(male Idrian Clr8/Mnk3) who continues his grueling physical training regimen even though he has joined the clergy. No one outside the Order of the Fist and high-ranking visiting priests has ever seen the underground complex.

Tower Judgement: Tower Judgement is a massive fortress that serves as both barracks and a prison. Oppressive in its sheer magnitude, the tower was built from immense stones quarried from the surrounding mountains. In this most unpleasant of places, the rulers of the Protectorate incarcerate, torture, and execute any who dare defy Menite orthodoxy in either the political or religious spheres. While the exact number of prisoners held in the dungeons that sprawl beneath the tower will never be known, it certainly extends into the hundreds. Tower Judgement is also home to a small army of Menite troops sworn to defend the Protectorate's northern border.

Winds of War

Since the onset of the crusade, the garrison at Tower Judgement has expanded greatly. Additional troops have arrived to protect the nearby warjack factories, and pilgrims have flooded into the Protectorate for the past year. After a large group of Menite refugees was attacked by Cryxian reavers in Octesh of 605 AR, the tower has increased its desert patrols. Greater manpower has also helped with the influx of war prisoners in the Tower's dungeons. Inmates are packed tightly into overcrowded cells making the already deplorable conditions in the dungeons even worse, and dozens expire daily from illness and starvation.

Grand Scrutator Severius makes regular visits to Tower Judgement. He not only comes to inspect progress at the factories but to interrogate prisoners personally for information vital to the war effort. His reputation is such that prisoners often begin talking the moment he enters the room, and just the Grand Scrutator's presence alone seems to bolster the morale of troops stationed at the tower.



Vassals of Menoth labor at the Factorium under the vigilant eyes of Sul-Menite clergy

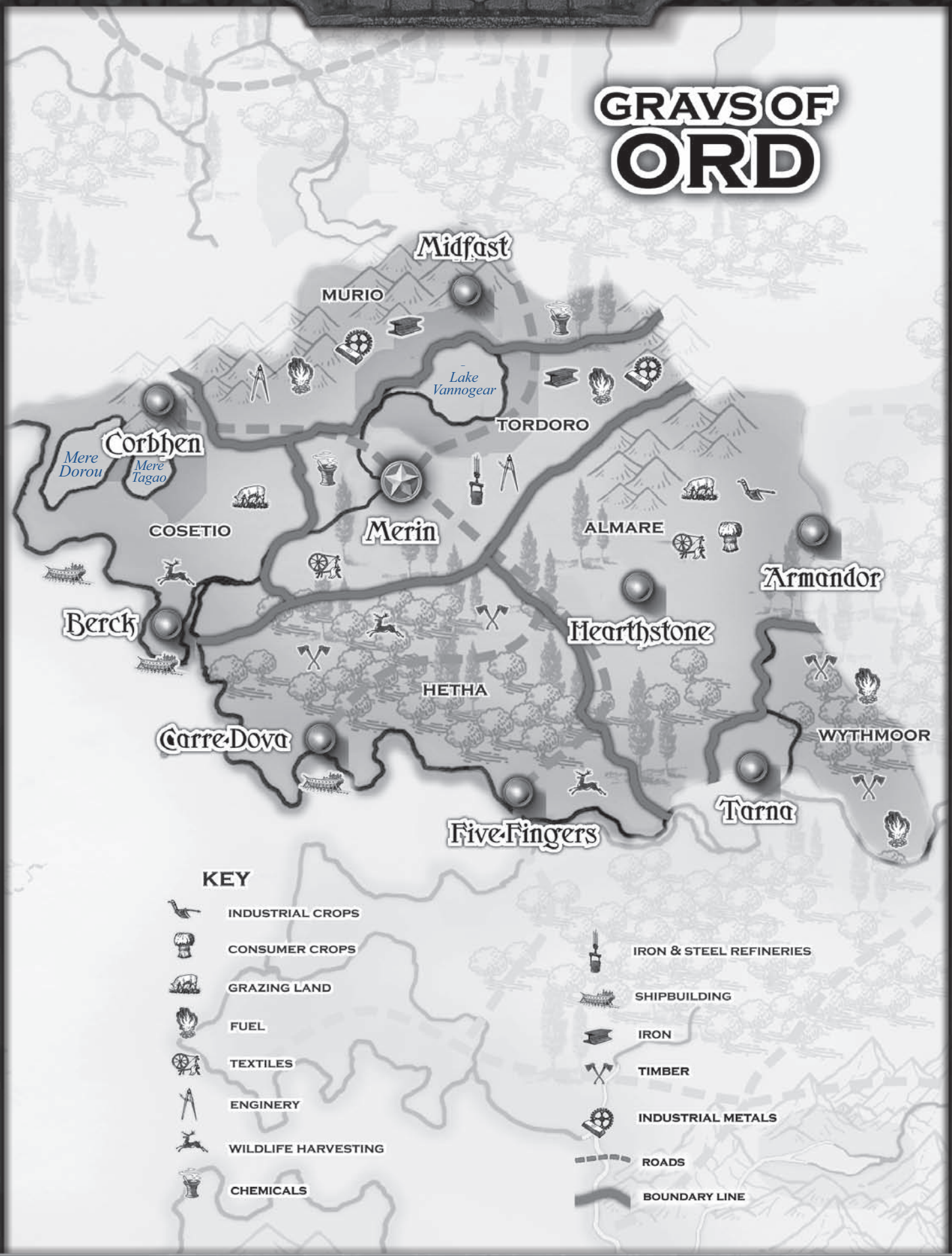


Ord



Hear me men and women of Ord, you who are sons and daughters of Tordor and Thuria. Unlike other kingdoms, we are proud of our culture, not of our wars. We do not strive for peace by beating our neighbors down, but mistake us not for cowards! We know danger. We dare to brave it this day, and brave it like heroes!

—Words of the Asc. Markus Graza, speaking to his warriors during the Siege of Midfast in 305 AR


GRAVS OF ORD
Midfast
MURIO
Lake Vannogear
TORDORO
Corbhen
Mere Dorou
Mere Tagao
COSETIO
Merin
ALMARE
Armandor
Berck
Hearthstone
HETHA
Carre-Dova
WYTHMOOR
Tarna
Five-Fingers
KEY
INDUSTRIAL CROPS
CONSUMER CROPS
GRAZING LAND
FUEL
TEXTILES
ENGINERY
WILDLIFE HARVESTING
CHEMICALS
IRON & STEEL REFINERIES
SHIPBUILDING
IRON
TIMBER
INDUSTRIAL METALS
ROADS
BOUNDARY LINE

The kingdom of Ord has a long shoreline and is home to the finest sailors and dock men in western Immoren. Ordic fishermen and sailors are proud of their seafaring traditions and exert a great deal of influence and control over seaborne trade routes all over coastal Meredius. True, some Ordic ports are pirate havens and thieves' dens, but the goods that their merchantmen procure from all over the Iron Kingdoms often make such disreputable cities well worth the trip.

Ord itself is a melancholic land of haunting beauty renowned for its expansive coastland and lonely hillsides sprouting from misty moors and river flats. Aside from peat harvested from hundreds of bogs, Ord has little in the way of natural resources. The riverbanks near Merin have abundant coal deposits, but they are only sufficient to meet the needs of the capital. Inland residents tend toward farming, raising livestock, or trade in peat or wool. A number of farms and cattle ranches are owned by scores of influential castellans and moorgraves, but the bulk of Ord's produce is used locally with only occasional surplus for exportation.

Like the craggy hills and boggy moors, the people of Ord are rugged, weathered, and difficult to tame. They are mostly a common people who enjoy a wide variety of sports and gambling diversions from their calloused everyday lives of dock work, shipbuilding, or tilling frugal fields. Many an Ordsman tries to make a few coins to stave off hunger for himself and his family by working everyday with nary a break. Those wealthy enough to get out of the peat and mire live in large estates and veritable mansions high above the filth of lowland Ord, while some who cannot endure a legal workaday livelihood often turn to less respectable professions. Despite the best efforts of Ord's kings, bandits traditionally plague this nation's highlands and lowlands in significant numbers.

A land of contradictions, Ord is the strongest naval power in western Immoren though its army is small and antiquated in comparison to its neighbors. Nevertheless, they have managed to repel numerous Khadoran invasions throughout their history. The border between the two nations is separated by jagged hills easily fortified with dozens of holds and fastnesses.

Politically the king dominates the will of Ord. Lacking military strength, King Baird Cathor II relies upon shrewd political maneuvering and manipulation to ensure his kingdom's survival. He is perhaps the best-informed monarch in all the kingdoms, not only possessing a keen mind but an expansive network of spies. Since the outbreak of war, he has carefully maintained his country's neutrality even as he attempts to play other nations off one another. True, Ord has suffered repeated attacks from Khador over the years and Baird's sympathies often rest with Cygnar, but he is simply too pragmatic not to press the advantage whenever he sees an opportunity to exploit for the good of his kingdom.

Such opportunities of late have perhaps bestowed Ord with the chance to rise and become a significant power again. As the only kingdom not yet engaged in war, Ord is in a beneficial position. Opportunities large and small present themselves each day, and the gamblers of Ord always seem quite willing to take risks. Talented refugees fleeing from Llael arrive daily in Ordic communities in search of new homes. Cygnar seeks to solidify an alliance with the kingdom now that Llael has fallen, and the Ordic throne recognizes its worth to Cygnar now more than ever. Meanwhile the Protectorate of Menoth is a remote threat but a threat nonetheless, and Khador has proven reluctant to test Ordic borders. Indeed Ord is Khador's only source of outside commerce; it is a market the kayazy wish to keep open. Like the tides from which the kingdom derives much of its livelihood, Ord's outlook seems to ebb and flow from day to day, and its leaders and king cast their nets into the choppy seas of politics and intrigue to see what bounties they might draw forth from the deep.

Ord Facts

Ruler: King Baird Cathor II

Government type: Monarchy

Capital: Merin

Ethnic Groups & Approx. Population: Tordoran (2,100,000), Thurian (700,000), Midlunder (100,000), Caspian (50,000), Goblin (40,000), Rhulfolk (23,000), Bogrin (20,000), Scharde (18,000), Ryn (16,000), Khard (12,000), Trollkin (12,000), Morridane (4,000), Umbrean (4,000), Kossite (3,000), Skirov (3,000), Iosan (500)

Languages: Ordic (primary), Cygnaran, Khadoran, Five Cant (Cygnaran dialect), Scharde Tongue (Cygnaran dialect)



Climate: Maritime temperate; cool and rainy in the north, warmer and drier in the south though the summers are typically cool, moist, and consistently humid; overcast about half the time

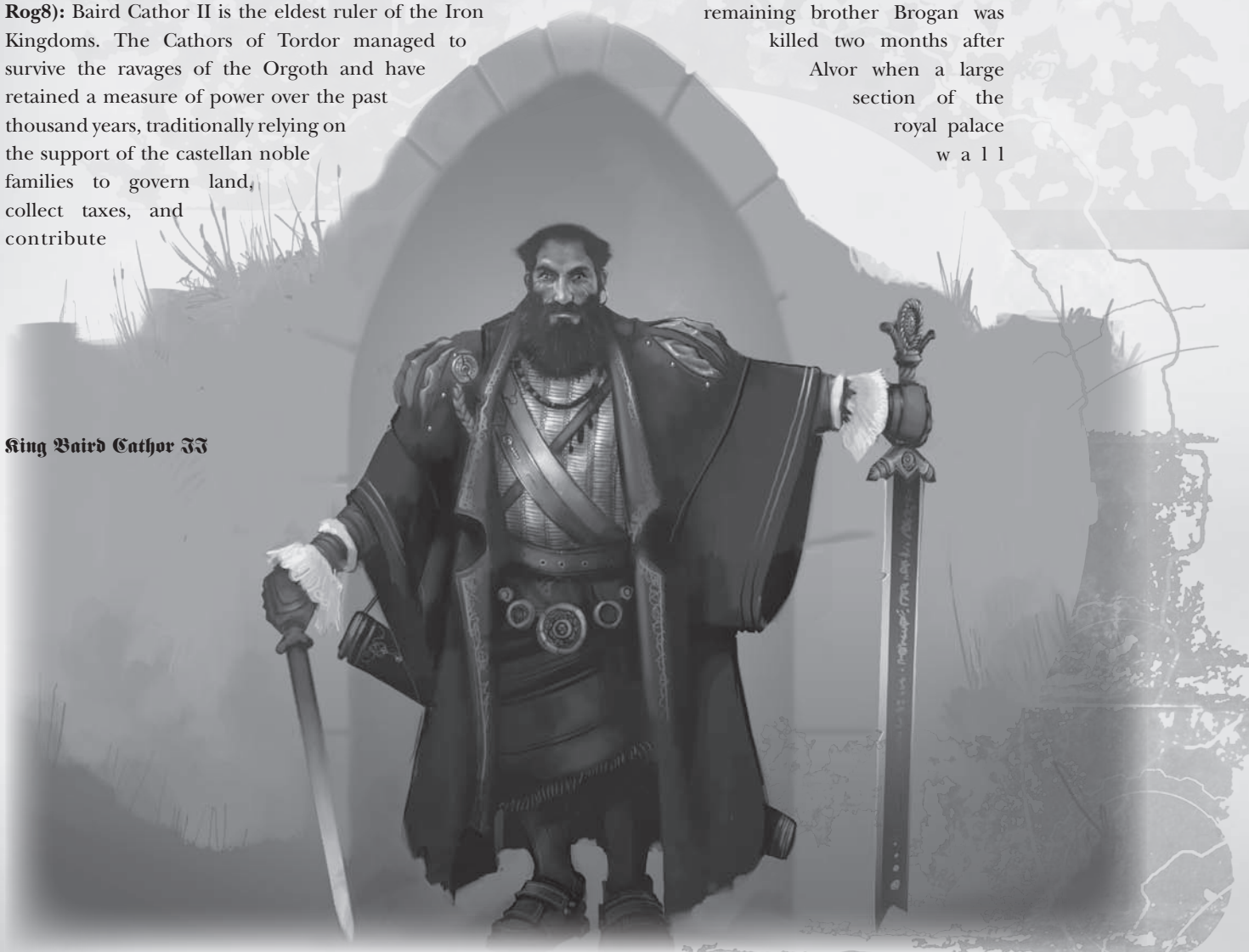
Terrain: Rugged hills north of the Rohannor River, rolling plains, lowlands, and much marshland in the south and central; thick woodlands and peat bogs above the Dragon's Tongue River; sea cliffs on west coast

Natural resources: Fish, deepwater ports, forests (mainly cork), amber, peat deposits, lignite, limestone, marble, some copper, coal, arable land

King Baird Cathor II, "The Bandit King"

King Baird Cathor II (male Tordoran Ari5/Ftr5/Rog8): Baird Cathor II is the eldest ruler of the Iron Kingdoms. The Cathors of Tordor managed to survive the ravages of the Orgoth and have retained a measure of power over the past thousand years, traditionally relying on the support of the castellan noble families to govern land, collect taxes, and contribute armed levies. Though the inherent power of the monarchs has waxed and waned throughout Ordic history, King Baird Cathor II is viewed as a likeable lout but a strong king despite himself.

King Baird II has sat on the throne of Ord for over three decades. As the third son of a robust father, he never expected to be king and showed no aspirations toward leadership. In this regard he bears some superficial resemblance to Cygnar's King Leto. However, where Leto turned to religion, Baird spent most of his youth in debauchery indulging heavily in gambling, drinking, and women. Likely he would have happily spent the rest of his life in such pursuits. However, his oldest brother King Alvor V was lost at sea during a storm just three months after assuming the throne and was never found. Baird's remaining brother Brogan was killed two months after Alvor when a large section of the royal palace wall



King Baird Cathor II

collapsed on him. Both deaths were determined accidental despite suspicion of foul play by certain members of Ord's administration. With no small amount of trepidation, Baird was crowned king in 574 AR.

Called by many of his people as simply "the Baird," this boisterous and lively sovereign has inspired loyalty and genuine affection from most of his subjects. He has a knack for picking capable subordinates into whose hands he gladly places the day-to-day running of his kingdom. Some say King Baird earned the nickname "The Bandit King"—never used in his presence—from the number of disreputable associates he keeps. More likely he earned the moniker from his habits of taxation against the richest of Ord's gentry. Indeed, his popularity with the commoners comes from his system of taxation, which puts little strain on the impoverished masses but greatly levies the castellans making up the bulk of his court. These landowners are expected to carry the weight of the kingdom's finances causing considerable friction at court and abroad. Indeed, Baird has few stalwart friends among the castellans, but the widespread support of his common subjects keeps them generally in check.

Without a doubt, however, his most dangerous enemy among the castellans is Izabella Mateu (see Castellan Izabella Mateu, pg. 294, and Mateu Merchant House, pg. 84) whose influential family has plagued the Cathor line for centuries. House Mateu has methodically cultivated the favor of a number of powerful houses over the years and continually schemes against the Cathor kings. In fact, the Mateus once controlled the throne of Ord for a time (381 to circa 421 AR) and have been jealous rivals ever since. Though King Baird would relish any opportunity to lay the family low, the careful machinations of House Mateu and its network of allies has kept them relatively safe, their seditiousness not provable outright.

At present King Baird is preoccupied with the war that engulfs his neighboring kingdoms. Though he is on cordial terms with King Leto, Baird is unwilling to violate his kingdom's neutrality. He has never trusted Queen Ayn of Khador and was not surprised to see his suspicions confirmed by her assault on Llael, but he mainly wishes to avoid any conflict until he has decided upon a course of action beneficial to his kingdom. One of his primary moves since the occupation of Llael has been his attempt to convince the leading ousted elements of the Order of the Golden Crucible to relocate to Merin. Negotiations have not progressed as swiftly as he'd like, but Baird has made some very convincing offers and has good reason for high hopes.

Rumor Has It…

For as long as there have been kings in Ord, they have made use of spies to gather information for the purposes of national defense. King Baird II is no exception. For purposes abroad, he has been known to utilize the services of a number of agencies including criminal elements such as pirates and smugglers, Ordic spies, and the Unseen Hand.

Though rumors persist that the Baird conspires with agents of the Scharde Islands, such accusations are patently untrue. The king is far too careful and intelligent to allow Cryx willingly to spread its cancer into his kingdom. In fact, King Baird has taken steps to eliminate the Cryxian influence that has slithered its way into Ord by dispatching several dozen trusted agents such as Bastian Lattimore (see pg. 300) throughout the kingdom to watch over his interests. Baird exclusively relies upon this reserve of counterintelligence agents, or "special investigators," for internal matters such as dealing with spies and assassins at court. Most importantly in the king's view, his agents handle the threat of Cryx that seems to be growing worse than it has been in the many generations since the days of Vasparez Mateu (381–394 AR).

The king's mind is ever on his people. Baird is a widower but feels his lineage is secure with four grown and mature children. He is a loving, if forgetful, father and lavishes gifts upon his children and grandchildren for whom he cares with genuine affection. Rumors of several illegitimate offspring sired with mistresses in Merin, Berck, Midfast, and Five Fingers run rampant, of course, in keeping with the Baird's rakish ways, which have not stopped but only slowed over time.

Baird's first son and successor is Prince Baird Cathor III (male Tordoran Ftr11/Ptr3), General of the Ordic army, Lord Castellan of Tordoro, and a disciplined and law abiding military man. Baird II has some worry that his forty-year-old heir, virtually his father's opposite in every way, has seen too little of life, especially beyond Ord's borders, to govern as a true son of the Cathor line.

King Baird II's second son is Prince Brogan Cathor II (male Tordoran Amk9/Ftr2), Engineer-

Captain of the Ordic Royal Navy and castellan of Westcliffe Manor. Brogan is a quiet and introspective son devoted to modernizing Ord's antiquated armed forces. Prince Brogan has traveled to many port cities including Ceryl, yet he is most eager to visit the Strategic Academy and Cygnaran Armory in Caspia. He is married and has a son and daughter at his estate in Berck, but his frequent travels abroad have strained his marriage.

In addition to his sons King Baird has a pair of daughters. Princess Carlutia Vascar (female Tordoran Ari2/Ftr6) is as stubborn and irreverent as her father. It was only through careful manipulation that he managed to marry her to Captain Ostal Vascar (see Midfast, pg. 307). Having given her an admonition to stay away from home, he simply let nature run its course. Carlutia has mellowed over the years particularly after the birth of her two sons.

Baird II married his second daughter Princess Sandrea Torcail (female Tordoran Ari6) to Rogan Torcail, the prominent moorgrave of Almare. Despite incensing the northern castellans by giving his youngest daughter's hand to a Thurian, Baird made this shrewd political move to endear him to his subjects in the south who love the princess greatly. She is considered more ladylike than her older sister, and the role of wife and mother suits Sandrea well. She is one of the more influential nobles among the upper circles of Armandor and has two young daughters and an infant son. Sandrea adores her family, the people of Armandor, and her father most of all, and like a good daughter she always does her best to keep him informed of any significant news.

Some Castellan's jest that Baird III's son Alvor Cathor (male Tordoran Ari1/Ftr1/Rog5) is Ord's truest heir. He is the very image of his grandfather in his youth with all the willful impertinence, love of excess, and attraction to the irresistible lure of Five Fingers. Alvor idolizes his grandfather but has not spent much time with him. Recently Alvor has been seen in the company of Eliana Mateu (see pg. 294), daughter of the infamous Castellan Izabella Mateu. Though this pairing scandalizes his father, Alvor revels in the attention.

Table 7–1: Listing of the Monarchs of Ord (Since the Drafting of the Corvis Treaties)

Years of Rule	Sovereign	Extent of Rule	Cause of Death
203–243 AR	Merin Cathor I the Valiant is crowned king and rebuilds the razed city of Tordor which is then renamed in his honor and becomes the capital.	40 yrs.	Old age
243-257 AR	Merin Cathor II, the Bright King, fights in the Colossal Wars against Khador alongside Cygnar and Llael. He dies weeks after from wounds suffered in the final battle.	14 yrs.	In battle
257-279 AR	Merin Cathor III the Pious rules through a calm period of reconstruction. He declares the Church of Morrow the state religion of Ord in 271 AR after the scandal associated with the ascension of Scion Bolis in Five Fingers.	22 yrs.	Illness
279-296 AR	Queen Tadea Cathor crowned. The eldest daughter of Merin III, she is a popular monarch despite dissatisfaction of castellans and her younger brother.	17 yrs.	Assassination

296-301 AR	Tadea's younger brother, Alvor Cathor I the Usurper, seizes power with support of the castellans. His involvement in the plot to assassinate his sister is rumored. Khador invades Ord and starts the border wars. Alvor killed in battle, perhaps by friendly fire.	5 yrs.	In battle
301-305 AR	Castellans take regency under Lord Castellan Agnolo Caetan. Ord loses more territory to Khador in border wars. Despite cease fire in 304, a huge alliance of northern barbarian tribes are manipulated into laying siege to Midfast in 305 AR.	4 yrs.	N/A
305-346 AR	Alvor Cathor II the Battle Prince is inspired by the ascension of Markus and takes the throne at 14, still underage. He joins sporadic battles along the northern border for eight years until the truce of 313 AR. Radahvo (Port Vladovar) and surroundings are ceded to Khador to end the war.	41 yrs.	Old age
346-356 AR	Alvor Cathor III the Admiral, an eccentric sovereign claiming to see visions, leads an expedition to cross Meredius and disappears.	10 yrs.	Lost at sea
356-381 AR	Queen Rosa Cathor, Alvor III's wife, takes the throne and proves capable despite her detractors.	25 yrs.	Old age
381-394 AR	Vasparez Mateu the Cruel takes the throne by force with the support of many castellans. He sends the Cathors into hiding and becomes a tyrant.	13 yrs.	Assassination
394-421 AR	Duret Mateu the Impotent is a weak willed king. He is a figurehead while others of the Mateu house actually rule Ord.	27 yrs.	Illness
421-425 AR	Widespread armed conflict rages as claimants to the throne fight the so-called "War of the Castellans."	4 yrs.	N/A
425-449 AR	Baird Cathor the Headsman reclaims throne for the Cathors and executes many members of the Mateu house. He is a heroic and admired warrior but later conceded to be a poor king.	24 yrs.	Poor health due to obesity
450-485 AR	Stagiar Cathor reigns during the Second Expansion War of 464-468 against Khador, which cripples the treasury. He raises taxes to compensate.	35 yrs.	Old age
485-513 AR	Stagiar Cathor II the Solitary King is afflicted by recurrent paranoia. He imprisons his advisors and refuses to help in Cygnar's Thornwood war.	28 yrs.	Old age
513-531 AR	Merin Cathor IV heads an uneventful reign until assassinated by his brother.	18 yrs.	Assassinated
531-536 AR	Fardini Cathor the Menite King attempts to place the Menite faith as the state religion. He is later implicated in the assassination of his brother.	4 yrs.	Executed

536-574 AR	Alvor Cathor IV the Stout is a diligent king and shrewd politician, popular with the castellans but considered neglectful of the masses.	38 yrs.	Old age
574 AR	Alvor Cathor V is killed in a fluke storm at sea.	3 months	Lost at sea
574 AR	Brogan Cathor is slain in the collapse of a section of the royal palace.	2 months	Accident
574-Current	Baird Cathor II the Bandit King is noted for his tiered system of taxation. He declares neutrality during Cygnar-Khador war over the invasion of Llael.	32+ yrs.	N/A

Ordic Hierarchy

As in Cygnar, priests of the Church of Morrow are sometimes welcomed as advisors. They are listed in Table 7–2 to indicate the respect owed them, not their actual secular authority. The seven members of the Vicarate Council in Merin are the leaders of the Ordic Church reporting to the Exordeum in Caspia. Singular vicars, high prelates, and prelates are subordinate to Merin's council.

Table 7–2: Ordic Hierarchy

Title	By Definition	# in Kingdom
King/Queen	Ruling monarch(s) of the kingdom	1
Prince/Princess	Mature offspring of the monarch by legitimate marriage	4 (varies)
Lord Castellan	The most powerful castellans who govern an entire grav	3
Castellan	Landed gentry of a recognized family of High Tordoran blood	~220
Moorgrave	Landed gentry of Thurian blood who govern a grav	3
Vicar	Ranking priest of the Church of Morrow overseeing clergy in a large region	10
General or admiral	Leaders of the Ordic army or navy who may have other titles	14
Thane	Landed gentry of lesser families of recognized standing, minor landowners (baronies)	~300
High Prelate/Prelate	Ranking priest of Morrow overseeing clergy in a town or city	Dozens

The nobles of Ord have a less rigid hierarchy than Llael or Cygnar. A case in point, the castellans hold the most honored of noble titles, yet they wield hugely varied individual clout. The ages old title of lord castellan is reserved for those who govern the three northern *gravs* (pronounced "graves"), but all castellans are loosely equivalent to dukes in other kingdoms such as Cygnar and Llael. Some of them have parceled their lands into smaller baronial divisions and relegated authority of them to sworn vassals and banner men called *thanes*. Actual power among the castellans varies according to wealth, political influence, and the forces and number of thanes at their command. Internal feuds are not unknown, and frequent bloody conflicts between rival castellans as well as between castellans and moorgraves have arisen throughout history.

"Moorgrave" is a title of high standing reserved for those of Thurian descent who rule the southern regions of Ord. It is the highest title for gentry of Thurian descent. The three southern moorgraves of Hetha, Almare, and Wythmoor are similar in actual power and influence to the three northern lord castellans of Tordoro, Murio, and Cosetio. However, they are still viewed as a lesser caste within noble circles. Such distinctions have blurred over time but remain important among those who call themselves High Tordorans. Indeed, it is a rare thing for those of High Tordoran blood to marry among the Thurian families and vice versa.

Ord's Military

Ord's power lies in a superior navy; it is one of the few areas where Ord excels militarily. More than once has an Ordic fleet pounded a Cryxian pirate vessel to splinters or reduced an enemy coastal town to ash and rubble. Cygnar is a benefactor of Ord's naval forces who are paid a substantial sum to patrol northern Cygnaran trade routes as well as their own. Conflicts with the southern Mercarian League have cooled naval relations between the two kingdoms, and hostilities between "unauthorized" privateers have been an escalating problem. Recently King Leto has attempted to smooth over these difficulties and enlist Ord's aid in his war against Khador. The Cygnaran navy is interested in launching operations against the southern shores of Khador, but it would require the use of Ordic ports. Ideally such attacks would include the Ordic Royal Navy fighting alongside Cygnaran vessels. So far King Baird has skirted around these requests.

The Ordic army is well trained, disciplined, and courageous but also poorly equipped by modern standards. Ord not only lacks the economic and technological resources of its neighbors but also their manufacturing capabilities. Ord's most glaring military weakness is the lack of modern warjacks and the sufficient warcasters to command them despite efforts by the throne to improve this situation. Most Ordic warjacks are of older vintage, bought after Cygnar decommissioned them. New warjacks are being built but at a slow and uneven rate due to the vagaries of the Ordic treasury. The Fraternal Order in Ord makes most of its money on labor 'jack cortexes rather than military grade models.

Ord is blessed with precarious hills that form a natural barrier between the kingdom and Khador, and border fortifications are well equipped with powerful cannon particularly in Midfast, Boarsgate, Scarswall, and Corbhen. However due to their lack of warjacks, Ordic troops are traditionally unable to mount a viable offensive and thus engage in battle defensively. This is not to say the Ordic army is weak; many times in its past the Ordic military has repulsed Khador's advances. Ord's army may be antiquated, but it has a storied and formidable history. In addition to its proud naval tradition hearkening back to the days of the Tordoran Armada, Ordic land forces pride themselves on their cavalry. Akin to the mounted nomadic tribes of the Khardic steppe called horselords—and some say *because* of them—some southern Ordsmen long ago took to riding small steeds—about 13 to 14 hands—bred for speed and stamina. Though they are few in number today, the horse soldiers of Ord have proven effective in swift strike tactics, and their numbers are actually once again on the rise. Many rangers among them have recently taken to firing rifles from horseback and are unexpectedly accurate even while coursing at a full gallop.

Gravs of Ord

Ord is comprised of dozens of small territorial divides, all of which once belonged to the uppermost

castellan families of High Tordoran heritage. Following the border assignations of the Corvis Treaties, the monarchs of Ord apportioned the south to chieftains of Thurian blood who called themselves moorgraves. The name has stuck throughout the centuries and the monarchs of Ord adopted the term grav (pronounced "grave") for their own provincial divides. The north still belongs exclusively to the most powerful castellan families who are beholden to the Ordic throne, and the south belongs to the moorgraves who claim various allegiances to one another as well as to the Ordic king.

Almare

A heartland region of Ord, Almare (al-mar-ray) includes Hearthstone, Armandor, and the major farmlands and pastures east of Merin. Although the inhabitants are considered provincial and frequently out of touch with the latest news and schemes, they are valued for their stalwart loyalty and obedience to the throne. Some internal conflict in Almare exists between its landed castellans and the Thurian gentry. Moorgrave Rogan Torcail rules Almare.

Cosetio

The northwestern grav called Cosetio includes Berck and the shoreline south almost to the Shearwater Narrows, Corbhen, and the Windwater Lakes. Cosetio is noted primarily for its fishing fleets and the bulk of the Ordic Royal Navy based out of Berck. Despite lacking farmland, Cosetio is the second most prestigious grav in the kingdom and home to many proud castellans. Lord Castellan Heiro Mascal rules Cosetio.

Hetha

Hetha includes most of the Olgunholt Forest, the cities of Five Fingers and Carre Dova, and numerous smaller towns. It is bounded on the north by the Warrens and on the east by the Western Tradeway. This grav has always been resistant to taxation although it is rumored Five Fingers has arrangements with the Ordic throne and produces some profit based on illegal smuggling. The Moorgrave Conor Lochlan rules Hetha.

Murio

The rugged northern grav called Murio is centered on Midfast and includes Scarswall and Boarsgate forts along with most of the northern hills and highlands of Ord. Although lacking natural resources, it is a crucial strategic region well supported by the army. Some minor operations mine its hills although no major claims have been found in decades. Murio is ruled by Lord Castellan Ostal Vascar, General of the Shield Division and commander of Midfast.

Tordoro

Tordoro grav includes the capital city of Merin and Lake Vannogear. It is one of the most fertile regions of Ord, noted for its productive farmlands, copious woods, and numerous grazing pastures. The most influential castellans own land in this region where they keep their extensive cattle herds. Tordoro is the original province of the Cathors, and the grav is governed by Prince Baird Cathor III, Lord Castellan.

Wythmoor

Southeastern Wythmoor is a swampy grav that includes various small lowland communities, the town of Tarna, the Wythmoor for which it is named, and the Dogwood (a term for the Olgunholt east of the Western Tradeway). Aside for logging mostly for cork, this area has meager resources. Most of its economy comes via river trade through Tarna. Some of the bogfolk of this region seem confused about whether they live in Cygnar or Ord—they honestly do not much care. The Moorgrave Gralan Turlough rules Wythmoor.

Notable Cities

Armandor

In Power: Moorgrave Rogan Torcail

Population: 38,000 humans (Thurians outnumber Tordorans 8 to 1), 2,000 Morridane, 2,000 trollkin, 1,000 gobbers

Military: Armandor maintains a city watch of nearly six hundred soldiers. Since the start of the war, King Baird II has dispatched a modest garrison to Armandor, and the moorgrave and local castellan families maintain private household guards.

Imports: Manufactured goods, textiles, wheat

Exports: Amber, cork, dairy, flax, livestock, peat, wool

Armandor is the largest city on the Arman Moors from which it takes its name. These moors are covered with heather, peat, and marshes, possessing a beauty that many Armandorans feel has no equal in Ord or elsewhere. The city is connected to Hearthstone along a rough cart-trail and a similarly crude path winding north to Fellig that brings news from the war front.

The city is situated on a gently sloping hill at the edge of the looming Thornwood Forest to the east while the moors spread out to the west and north. Atop the hill at its highest elevation are the town's largest estates held by the moorgrave, a number of Thurian gentry, and a few Tordoran castellans. Directly below is the central town square, an open market surrounded by city buildings including the courts, jails, the town's largest church, and other offices. The rest of the town spills out below the square and around the base of the hill into reclaimed marshland with unreliable soil. Many of the better outlying buildings are built on deeply sunken wooden posts to prevent settling. The winding paved streets on the hill are clean and well maintained, but the outer town is noted for its muddy uneven paths requiring wagons to proceed with caution. The outer town boasts its own market for the sale of produce and the auctioning of cattle. Residents here are often recognized by their mud-spattered boots and trousers.

Armandor's local plant life is hardy enough to support the herds of Braenna cattle (large and furry longhorns related to the Raevhan buffalo) that form an integral part of Armandor's economy. Horses are also bred here including Almare steeds, much favored by the fabled horse soldiers of the region and renowned for their hardiness, swiftness, and lively temperaments. The remainder of the city's business is divided between amber mining and cork and peat collection from the moors.

Armandorans are primarily Thurian with a mix of lower and middle class Tordorans—three castellan families have large estates here—and a few Morridane immigrants from Fellig. Most of Armandor's civic positions are held by Thurians related directly or indirectly to the moorgrave. The heavily armed households of the town's three castellans, Alvoro Lasca (male Tordoran Ari2/Ftr6), Francisco Castra (male Tordoran Ari2/Wiz6), and Nicolo Vasari (male Tordoran Ari2/Ftr7), are noted for sometimes being difficult with town officials. They get along with them less well than the local trollkin and gobber populations who breed comparatively little strife with humans in part because they have largely adopted human ways (the exception being religion). In addition the trollkin have never failed to defend Armandor against outside threats, unquestioningly providing force of arms whenever called upon.

Noted Persons

Moorgrave Rogan Torcail (male Thurian Ari2/Ftr7): The wealthiest house of Armandor belongs to the Torcails, rich landowners and rulers of the grav of Almare. Rogan's family has possessed most of their holdings for generations causing some consternation among their rivals who mutter darkly of their once having collaborated with the Orgoth. In any event, Moorgrave Torcail is a noted soldier with refined tastes. He takes little interest in the day-to-day management of his family's lands, which he leaves to his wife and daughter of Ord's king, the Princess Sandrea Torcail. Instead he focuses on keeping the wheels of commerce turning in Armandor. He is quite open-minded and regularly has audiences with a wide variety of individuals, but he is also quite conservative and rarely acts quickly or without the consultation of dozens of experts (including his wife).

Locales of Armandor

Church of the Ascendant Rowan: This large wooden church is one of the best-maintained buildings in the town's central square. The wide two-story building, painted white with golden trim, gleams brightly in the sunlight. The same team of master carpenters that crafted the moorgrave's estate built the church. The interior is simple and rustic with comfortable wooden pews, subdued wall hangings, and simple statues of both Morrow and Asc. Rowan flanking the pulpit. High Prelate Aideen Aghamore (female Thurian Clr8) is the chief cleric of this bustling temple and supervises all clergy in the town. A handful of trollkin are among her flock although the vast majority of them are devout Dhunians.

Riordan Ranch: One of the largest ranches in the vicinity of Armandor (outside the Torcail holdings) is the Riordan Ranch owned by the prominent Riordan family. Its current matriarch is Lady Teagan Riordan (female Thurian Exp6), a steely old woman whose

canny business practices have led to an expansion of her clan's holdings over the last two decades. The ranch itself is an impressive affair with mechanikal irrigation providing water and similar devices keeping the Almare steeds and Braenna cattle well fed. There is a constant need for hired hands here, especially those with knowledge of machinery.

Berck

In Power: Lord Castellan Heiro Mascal and the Bercktown Committee

Population: 420,000 humans (Tordorans outnumber Thurians 5 to 1), 3,000 gobbers, 500 dwarves, 300 trollkin, ~100 ogrun, several hundred Morridane and Khards

Military: Hundreds of naval ships moor in Berck, the headquarters of the Ordic Armada. In addition to the thousands of sailors who call the port city home, Berck is defended by a huge garrison of marines supported by a small contingent of warjacks. Berck also employs five hundred city guards.

Imports: Iron, livestock, hooaga, vegetables, wool

Exports: Fish, hemp, sailcloth, textiles, trade items, whale oil, wine

The name Berck derives from the old Tordor word "baire," meaning an oak grove surrounded by water. The original grove that inspired the city's name is located on a small hill of the forested Berck Island in the mouth of the Rohannor River nestled beneath the cliffs of a steep gorge. Called the Golden Port, Berck was the historic home of the fabled Tordoran Armada, and many of the city's first families trace their lineage back to the Dirgenmast captains (see pg. 106). The seaward approach is well protected by the spectacular narrow gorge of the Rohannor River over 300 feet high. Today its port houses the Ordic Royal Navy and includes the famous ironhull, the *Sprightly*. The port is swarming with navy ships and merchantmen and is a crowded harbor, so new quays and dry dock facilities are currently under construction. However, the prohibitive high harbor charges imposed to recoup the cost is actually turning some trade away to Carre Dova and Five Fingers.

The city itself was built at the terminus of a long stretch of cliffs towering over the beach to the north and west in a bowl formed by the Rohannor River delta. Past its crowded piers and docks, the city sprawls landward into this fertile area, and its roads twist up onto the nearby cliffs. Berck's four main streets radiate from a central diamond to four gateways—Markus Gate, Ferryquay Gate, Shipquay Gate, and Butcher's Gate—all of which carefully patrolled and scrutinized by the watch for suspicious activities. It should be noted that Berck has a very large weaving industry and is known these days as a major cloth exporter. Indeed, Berck Red broad cloth is famed as far as Rhydden and Mercir.

Berck's harbor is extremely well guarded since it is Ord's major shipping, fishing, and trading city. From the Golden Port goods can be easily transported into the heart of Ord and parts beyond via the Rohannor. Every arrival and departure is monitored by the Board of Imports and Exports with help from the city watch and the Bercktown Committee.

Berck is also the ancestral home of several influential castellans, the most powerful of which is the Mateu family. This noble merchant family maintains a stranglehold on local politics. Outwardly Berck has no tolerance for crime, so the Mateus have managed carefully to maintain a lawful façade for generations even while indulging in all sorts of illegitimate dealings and removing any and all obstacles or rivals in their way.

A number of old and expansive Tordoran estates have been constructed upon shelves in the high cliffs—the Mateus included—where they command a magnificent view of the harbor and the Sea of a Thousand Souls. Many of the high estates and lower buildings of Berck have roof tiles of glazed clay causing the entire city to gleam and sparkle when viewed from afar.

Noted Persons

Lord Castellan Heiro Mascal (male Tordoran Ari6/War5): Heiro is a tall, gaunt man with a hawk-like nose and an indomitable gaze. Not only is he the Chairman of the Bercktown Committee, but he is also the lord castellan of Cosetio, making him one of the highest placed nobles in the Hall of Castellans. His family has ancient roots in Berck that trace directly back to the Dirgenmast captains and has long controlled the grav. He is popular with the citizens and with many

of the older castellans who respect his traditional values and allegiance to an older, simpler way of life. The Mascal family has a long-standing alliance with the Mateus through generations of intermarriage. The lord castellan himself has married directly into the Mateu family, having taken Izabella's niece Stiata Mateu (female Tordoran Ari4/Sor4) as his wife. This arrangement has served both families well since a number of long term Mascal enemies disappeared and Izabella gained what she considers a useful tool in the Hall of Castellans.

Castellan Izabella Mateu, Matron of House Mateu (female Tordoran Ari5/Rog4/Sor8): Izabella Mateu is the matriarch of the notorious House Mateu. Deceitful and cunning beyond her age, Izabella is a gaunt woman of over 70 years. Having survived countless assassination attempts has done little but reinforce her cruel disposition, and she seems to grow more cold and calculating with every year—if such a thing were possible. Though at the center of an intricate web of plots and conspiracies, Izabella has managed to keep the Mateu name clear of scandal through careful manipulation, veiled threats, and covert displays of force. It is well known among commoners and nobles alike that to oppose the will of the Mateu family is akin to signing one's own death warrant.

Izabella cares for nothing except the growth and prosperity of her family. Though her efforts have expanded the Mateus' influence in nearly every industry in Ord, she is not satisfied. Long ago the Mateus claimed the throne of Ord and the Cathors have been hated rivals ever since. Izabella's ultimate goal is the overthrow of King Baird II and the destruction of his entire line.

House Mateu takes great lengths to hide the sorcerous blood that runs through the veins of its daughters. Izabella has ensured her family understands their responsibilities, and it is only in the direst situations that the Mateu women use their arcane gifts—never in public.

Eliana Mateu (female Tordoran Ari3/Sor5): Eliana Mateu is Izabella's youngest daughter, a dark-haired and voluptuous beauty who is exceptionally shrewd at manipulating her suitors for her own ends. Her politicking has paid off; Alvor Cathor, King Baird II's grandson, has taken a fawning interest in Eliana and rumors abound that he is deeply in love with the woman and is contemplating marrying her. The Ordic nobility views the couple tensely, and many of them harbor hopes of avoiding a union that would bring even more power to the Mateu family.

Locales of Berck

Dirgenmast Shipwrights: This successful shipbuilding company has no real connection to the ancient Dirgenmast captains. Although noted for sometimes meager wages and difficult working conditions, it is one of the largest employers in Berck. Surviving the training to become a Dirgenmast shipwright is said to be more difficult than becoming an officer in the Ordic Royal Navy. However, the company employs a large number of respected professionals, and they create the largest ships of Ord, primarily clippers and barks, such as the famed five-masted *Tordoran Star*, the largest clipper ship in the navy.

Many Dirgenmast ships are slated for the navy, but they also work for trading companies such as the Mercarian League and House Mateu. Along with building new ships, the shipwrights repair and service older vessels—although only those made by them. Most of the oldest but best maintained ships in Ordic ports are Dirgenmasts. Their director is Thane Rufio Zaspar (male Tordoran Exp10), a master shipwright whose grandfather received a noble title decades ago as a reward for his service to the throne. Rufio is an arrogant but personable man noted for a loud booming voice, a love of fine wine, and his habit of describing his ships as if they were seductive women.

Mateu Estate: The seat of Mateu power and influence perches like a hawk on the cliffs above the city. The vast compound is located within a series of concentric walled courtyards around the towering, multi-turreted manor house. The estate is alive with a small army of servants who go about their daily chores in silence, often in fear of the more unpredictable family members. A large staff of armed guards patrols the grounds. The estate has a dark reputation and is avoided by the general population unless specifically summoned by a member of the family.

Mor Cathedral: This Morrowan cathedral is lauded as built upon the holy ground where Asc. Doleth made

his last trip into the ocean before his ascension. Being two thousand years ago the claim is certainly more legendary than factual. Nonetheless, this is one of the oldest and most famous cathedrals in Ord and a popular site of pilgrimage. The vicar is Selanda Randazi (female Tordoran Clr13), leader of her faith's clergy in Berck and the outlying regions.

Trident, The: The Trident is a major naval academy known as the Trident School. The Trident is closely affiliated with the Ordic Naval Engineers. Here the best naval commanders of Ord train in the art of warfare. The school has recently received allegations of losing many of its most promising students to Cygnar as a result of the intense selection process necessary for admission. As such The Trident School is undergoing some revisions at the urging of the castellans and Prince Brogan.

Temple of the Ocean's Wall: This Menite temple stands northwest of town atop the cliffs but set a little back. Its name is derived from an Ordic legend of Menoth creating the Rohannor gorge as a barrier against the wild ocean. The temple is enormous with the silhouette of a fortress composed of a long central hall and two outlying wings. It is a masterpiece of the stonemason's art with walls of massive granite block and floors of smooth marble. Congregations gather in the amphitheater outside, set against the backdrop of the cliffs and the ocean beyond. The ranking priest is Sovereign Biagio Benzo (male Tordoran Clr10/Pal3), an older stately man of large frame with a long white beard. He is a vocal critic of the lord castellan and also antagonistic toward Vicar Randazi whom he considers a weak-willed compromiser. Nonetheless, he has earned respect in the city by encouraging his congregation to assist with local watch patrols and lending aid to construction projects.

Winds of War

Berck's approximately five thousand Menites have recently been whispering about the Harbinger in the Protectorate. A substantial number of them plan to make the trek to witness this miracle. They consider Berck and Ord filled with too much vice and wickedness and too many heathens. Most have never been to the Protectorate and are ignorant about how harsh life is there.

Carre Dova

In Power: Moorgrave Conor Lochlan

Population: 72,000 humans (Thurians outnumber Tordorans 7 to 1), 1,500 gobbers, 800 trollkin

Military: Carre Dova has a garrison of nearly a thousand marines and maintains a watch of over three hundred city guards. The Ordic Royal Navy maintains a flotilla that varies in strength, but it is most often composed of roughly two to three dozen sloops and two or three fast schooners.

Imports: Cereals, hemp, metals

Exports: Horses, leather, ships

Carre Dova is a city of contrasts. Many of its buildings have black stone foundations with the leering demonic faces of Orgoth architecture topped by recent construction of smooth, whitewashed brick or age-silvered, cedar-paneled walls. The city is protected from the sea by an enormous, beautifully carved stone seawall over two thousand years old, but its trade with other modern ports is dependent on its many rough timber docks less than 30 years old. Carre Dova is home to one of the fastest fleets in the navy, but today the city is more famous for the speed of its horses. Carredovans claim to be the best horsemen in a nation of sailors—a boast contested hotly by the horse soldiers of Almare.

Carre Dova is located on the shore of the Bay of Stone behind a series of sand bars accumulated against the harbor's great seawall; in more ancient times it was a thriving port town bustling with trade and a great center of learning. Since the invention of the steam engine revolutionized maritime travel, trade has diminished in Carre Dova. Larger deeper-drafting ships cannot navigate Carre Dova's harbor without running aground, and steamships not relying on the fickle wind can simply travel between Five Fingers and Berck or Ceryl without landing at Carre Dova for supplies. Larger ships must now land at crude new docks attached to the outside of the seawall and carry their cargo to the city's markets by wagon down the road built on top of the wall. The difficulty in reaching her port—and the city's religious heritage and institutes of learning—led the poets of past centuries to call Carre Dova "the Cloistered Maiden".

The quintessential Carredovan vessels are the sleek sloops skimming Meredius like a seabird and the slim two-masted schooners with curving prows slicing the waves like knives. These beautiful vessels are seemingly becoming outdated in the modern Iron Kingdoms where the ability to carry more cargo, crew, armor, and weaponry is prized more highly than speed. Certain classes of sailors such as pirates and privateers still prefer speed, and corsairs of all nations prize Carredovan schooners. Such pirates often frequent the port of Carre Dova, but the strong presence of fast naval ships and the much smaller volume of trade make Carre Dova a very tame and sedate black market port especially compared to the likes of Five Fingers.

Winds of War

The Ordic Royal Navy in Carre Dova has been secretly placed on high alert since the outbreak of the war. Though steps have been taken to play down the readiness of the fleet, the navy is on the lookout for Cryxian vessels en route to Five Fingers. King Baird II had ordered all suspicious vessels entering the Bay of Stone stopped and searched. Any vessel that refuses or flees is to be destroyed summarily.

Noted Persons

Moorgrave Conor Lochlan (male Thurian Ari5/Ftr4): The moorgrave of Hetha inherited a large estate on the peninsula just east of Carre Dova from which his family has long governed the region. He has a troubled relationship with Lupo Silva, castellan of Carre Dova (male Tordoran Ari4/Wiz7) who, while technically subordinate to him, has a habit of pretending the moorgrave does not exist. Lochlan is a grim and taciturn man who dresses very plainly in blacks and grays. The recent demise of his brother greatly affected him and cemented his conviction that his ancestral lands have grown corrupt and evil. Lochlan is utterly scandalized by the state of Five Fingers which he blames on the Cathors. He has recently been meeting with Malatesta Mateu (female Tordoran Ari3/Sor7), a local land baroness who is as concerned with the state of Hetha as he. Despite the reputation of her family, the moorgrave finds her an engaging ally, and the lonely widower has considered courting her affections.

Locales of Carre Dova

Carredovan Fields: Years of harvesting trees for the shipbuilding industry has placed modern Carre Dova in the midst of open plains with only thin copses of trees scattered for miles around. Wood is now hauled from the Olgunholt, and the plains are home to herds of Cardovar horses prized throughout the west for their speed and spirit. Cardovar horses love to run and do so without complaint for as long as their riders spur them onward. Many tell tales of messengers carrying urgent news and riding their Cardovars swiftly and for so long that—when they reached their destinations and stopped urging their mount onward—the steeds' hearts gave out.

Meredesco: The great seawall that shielded Carre Dova's harbor has stood for over two thousand years. Menite priests laid down the first of its white stones before the Ascension of Morrow and the wall was completed by some of the first Morrowan priests to venerate Asc. Doleth. The harbor has become shallower and shallower with each passing year as more sediment collects inside the wall's periphery. Crude docks hewn from massive timbers felled in the Olgunholt were added to the outside of the wall to allow larger ships to land. The upper surface of Meredesco is paved with brick, and the inner structure is riddled with passages and hidden rooms. Rebels used these rooms as meeting places during the Occupation, and the inner walls bear markings from that time. One room even has a battle plan for the final ousting of the Orgoth scratched into the rock. The outer surfaces of Meredesco bear prayers and protective invocations to Menoth, Morrow, and Asc. Doleth carved by the priests who built the wall.

Corbhen

In Power: Castellan Olyado Caetan

Population: 42,000 humans (Tordorans outnumber Thurians 10 to 1), 400+ trollkin, ~100 gobbers

Military: King Baird II has not increased the size of the small garrison at Corbhen despite the outbreak of war. The north hills are difficult to cross making the city easily defensible. Baird believes it unlikely Khador would attempt an overland invasion through Corbhen while the Motherland's forces are split between occupying Llael and fighting a war with Cygnar.

Imports: Manufactured goods, textiles, wheat

Exports: Barley, cork, peat, uiske

It is no wonder that Corbhen is said to be among the loneliest places in western Immoren. The ancient stone towers and walls of the City of Mist, as it is called, are shrouded in the nigh perpetual vapors that roll off Mere Tagao to the west and down from the northern hills. Upon seeing the stone walls rising above the fog, more than one visitor has remarked on Corbhen's similarity to a ship adrift on a still sea. Despite a reconstruction effort spanning generations, Corbhen still bears many scars from the Orgoth occupation. The outskirts are pocked with crumbling ruins, some razed to their foundations—evidence after six centuries that Corbhen was one of the first and last cities to suffer destruction at the hands of the foreign invaders.

Corbhen was again occupied 464–468 AR when Khador invaded western Ord and captured the city for several years. Even though the City of Mist has a sizable population, it is strangely devoid of life. Corbhen never recovered its population after the Orgoth, and since those dark days, many families relocated elsewhere. Something harrowing seems to fester in the heart of Corbhen; it pulls at the souls of its inhabitants. Visitors have noted a distant, haunted look in the eyes of longtime residents as well as a hollow timbre to their voices. This strange continence is often dismissed as a natural reaction to years spent amongst the mists.

The two largest and most ancient structures, Castle Deiridh to the southwest and the Swords of Faith Cathedral on the northeast, serve as anchors for the city. The central area is called Amidships, and it is dominated by the decayed coliseum built in crueler days. The coliseum is not used today. It merely looms over the thoroughfare that connects the two inhabited districts, for most of the buildings in Amidships are dilapidated and empty.

Noted Persons

Castellan Olyado Caetan (male Tordoran Ari5/Ftr5): Always seen with his hand on the pommel of his sword, Castellan Caetan is a man driven by inner demons. A few years ago his beloved wife Isbet drowned herself and her unborn child in the peat bogs. Since that time, Caetan has secluded himself within his family estate where he drinks heavily and rarely ventures into town. Those close to him fear for his sanity and claim that in his more somber moments the castellan swears he hears Isbet calling to him from the bogs.

Murph and Connor Gallowglas (both male Thurians Pal7): Handsome twins, these Knights of the Prophet were reared literally in the shadow of the Swords of Faith Cathedral and were called to serve Morrow at a young age. Their father was a cleric-turned-monster-hunter who defended pilgrims from the depredations of beasts. He settled in Corbhen to raise a family and managed to instill in them a deep reverence for Morrow before he disappeared in the misty fens when the boys were seven. They have since become hunters of evil in their own right and are often assisted in their endeavors by their generous but boorish friend, the singularly-named Derocco (male Tordoran Rgr5). Murph carries a great axe and Connor carries a great sword; each are marked with the Radiance of Morrow, and both men are festooned with a brace of pistols.

Vicar Quin Kellair (male Thurian Clr10): As Castellan Caetan withdraws further, Vicar Kellair has taken on more responsibilities and now literally governs Corbhen in the castellan's name. Kellair's family has served the Caetan line for generations and the vicar is distraught by his friend's decline. Still, the local Tordorans are grateful for the vicar's administrations.

Locales of Corbhen

Castle Deiridh: The ancient crumbling walls of the castle have seen better centuries. Castle Deiridh originally consisted of a large central keep with three outlying towers connected to it by thick walls. The central keep and the tower overlooking Mere Tagao and its connecting buttressed wall and walkway are still intact. The other two towers, the walls between them, and the keep that guarded a courtyard were razed by the Orgoth centuries ago. Today the central keep is used as the barracks for the city's contingent of soldiers and active militia members. Morale among the soldiers is low, especially among those who were not born in Corbhen. The veterans claim there is no escape from the mists, "Once you come to know them, they will haunt you to your dying day."

Peat Bogs: The North Berck Moors extend from the Rohannor River all the way to Corbhen. The northern edge of the moors is extremely marshy and the area south of Corbhen is covered with bogs and swampy forests of stunted trees. These bogs are a rich source of peat, which is cut into slabs and turned

over to dry. The dried peat is used as fuel and, while it does not burn as efficiently as coal, there is a ready local supply.

Mere Tagao: Located southwest of Corbhen, this freshwater lake is fed by hot springs and is relatively warm all year. In the winters ice only forms along the shoreline. At all times a warm moist breeze blows over it toward Corbhen, and the cool air flowing down from the northern hills causes thick fog to collect south of the mountains on all but the warmest summer days. The warm shores of Mere Tagao also provide fertile ground for thick forests of cork oak, the bark of which is a primary source of cork.

Mere Tagao provides Corbhen with a bounty of fresh fish. When hauls become light, Corbhenite fishermen can reach the larger of the Windwater Lakes, Mere Dorou to the west, by a short road between them. Fishermen from Corbhen must rent a boat from a village on Mere Dorou if they want to fish there, but normally they simply buy fish from villagers and take it back to Corbhen for resale.

Swords of Faith Cathedral: Corbhen's Morrowan cathedral, like her castle, has suffered over the centuries. Historians believe this was originally a basilica devoted to Asc. Katrena later expanded to a cathedral that included a sizable shrine to Asc. Solovin. In 355 AR a popular chantry chapel was added in the name of Asc. Markus and completed the so-called "martial trinity" of ascendants. The central vaulted tower has been slowly repaired over the last four centuries and its defaced statuary and icons have been replaced. On a day when the fog is light, one can look down from the top of the tower and see the foundation lines of former walls in the open squares and courts surrounding the center tower. Some of the more scholarly junior priests have begun excavating these foundations in an attempt to discern the extent of the original cathedral's walls. Thus far they have uncovered a set of cellars and a garderobe along with a variety of minor archaeological artifacts. This project has garnered the interest of the Vicarate Council in Merin. The Council has paid for excavations to continue with the hope of finding lost relics of Solovin, which some old texts hint could have been in this region.

Voda Bethado Distillery: Corbhen's swampy surroundings do not make for good farmland, but narrow terraces of arable land can be found north of the city in the foothills of the mountains. Corbhen's few farmers use these terraces to grow barley, which they roast, mash with water, and distill into a heady drink called *uiske*. The largest and most reputable distiller of uiske in Corbhen is the Voda Bethado Distillery. Voda Bethado uiske is distributed throughout western Ord and Cygnar, as well as southern Khador, and is considered a distinctive and very potent liquor.

Five Fingers

In power: Officially, Lord Governor Eilish Doyle under the authority of Moorgrave Lochlan, but the so-called Four High Captains are the true power in Five Fingers.

Population: 160,000 humans (mostly Thurian, with a minority of Tordorans and other human cultures), 6,000 gobbers, 2,000 trollkin, 2,000 bogrin

Military: The members of the small garrison at Five Fingers are supposed to search all suspicious vessels coming into port, but bribery is part and parcel with the position. The watch is likewise corrupt and overworked. The city is additionally "protected" by vicious mercenaries employed by the High Captains as well as ruthless gangs controlling various neighborhoods. In recent months naval patrols of the Shearwater Narrows have been tracking boats sailing in and out of the Bay of Stone.

Imports: Timber, ore, grain, livestock

Exports: Drugs, fish, ale, liquor, cloth, rope, smuggled Cryxian goods

Five Fingers is nearly as notorious as the black cities of Cryx, hence its appellation as the Port of Deceit. It is commonly known as a smuggler's haven and pirates' den. In Five Fingers one can purchase nearly anything imaginable from illegal goods to the most privileged information. Those wandering its streets can expect to rub elbows with an eclectic collection of folk: pirates, smugglers, thieves, and even the occasional castellan in search of either business or pleasure.

Five Fingers is so named because it is built on a river delta formed by five tributaries (the "Fingers") of the Dragon's Tongue that dump into the sea. The

city is dominated by towering mechanikal drawbridges over the Fingers that often have their spans raised high into the sky to allow ships to pass beneath. Five Fingers sprung up without planning over several bursts of growth, and its streets and alleyways meander without purpose, dead-end into cul-de-sacs, or narrow until the road vanishes between leaning buildings. Few basements or subterranean tunnels exist here due to the uncertain ground of the riverbeds, but inhabitants have built upwards. Most buildings have at least a second story sometimes built with no regard to the first (or principles of architecture). Walkways, gangways, and bridges connect the buildings; many upper level walkways and rope bridges are made from old salvage from ships rigging. The most reliable routes lie along the straighter roadways on the banks of the Fingers themselves, which are wider and more heavily traveled thoroughfares.

Despite its reputation for danger and villainy, Five Fingers draws a surprising amount of tourist traffic. The town is brightly lit at night with never closing taverns, a cacophony of music pouring from cozy dives, and houses of ill repute. Its gambling halls are relatively well protected and offer a dazzling array of games and other diversions. Most citizens are not thieves, despite rumors to the contrary, and practice a wide assortment of honest trades, craft, and labor. Alas, even the honest folk in Five Fingers walk quietly trying not to draw attention and quite aware of the unwritten rules such as which streets to avoid at night, who to bribe, and the best spot on their person to hide a weapon.

Five Fingers is officially ruled by Lord Governor Eilish Doyle who was appointed by Moorgrave Lochlan, though the true power in the city is the Four High Captains, the crime bosses who maintain a stranglehold on the underworld. Since he appointed Eilish to his post, Lochlan has lost all faith in the man and rarely speaks to him, preferring rather to ignore Five Fingers completely. The truth is a lot of money changes hands in Five Fingers, and both Lord Governor Doyle and the High Captains have a stake in maintaining the status quo. Working together they are able to solve most problems threatening the peace, and between the governor's control over the city's legal processes and the High Captains' authority outside the law, very little escapes their grasp.

Five Fingers



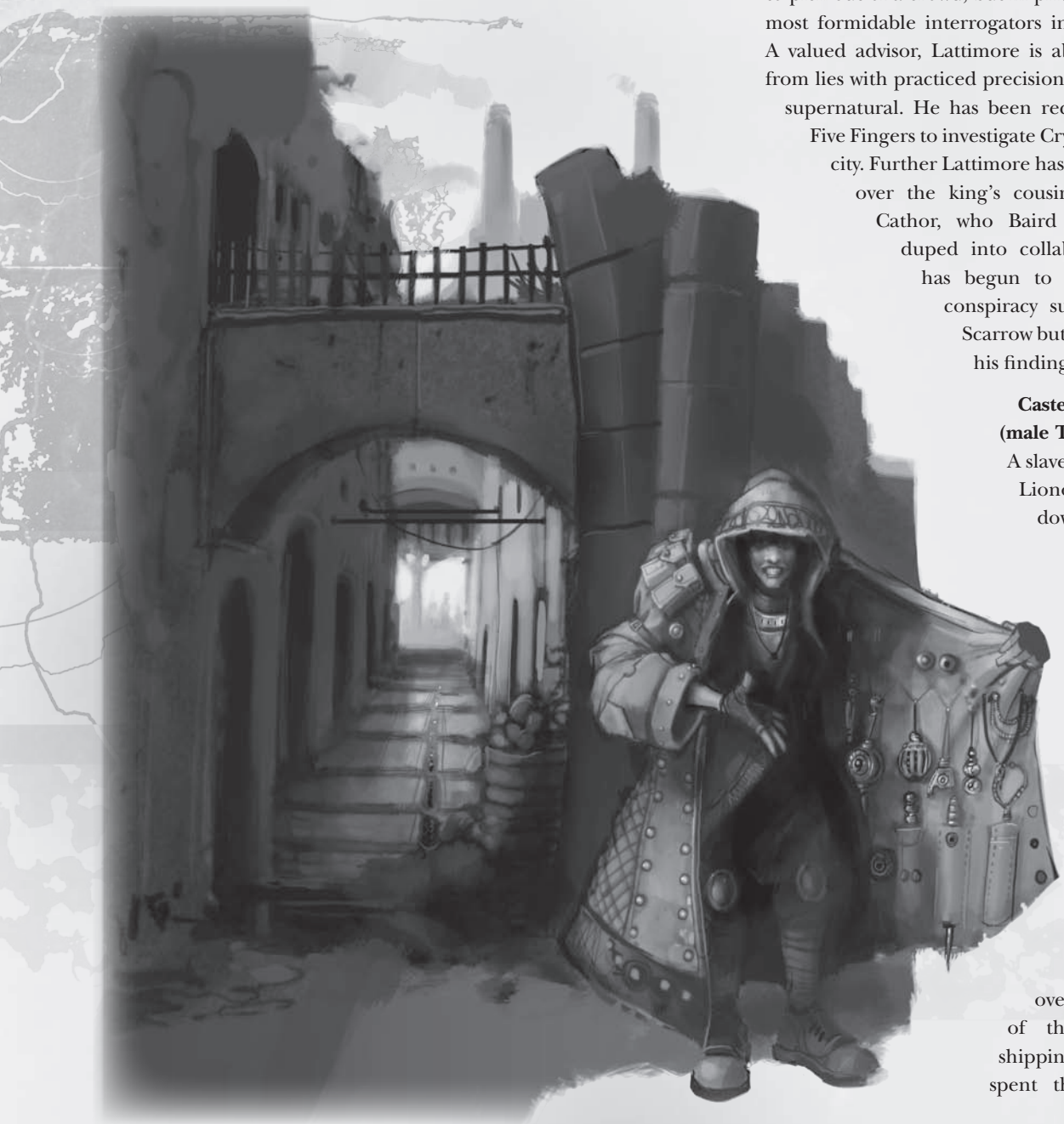
Rumor Has It…

It is something of an open secret throughout Five Fingers that the crime bosses operating throughout the city pay a handsome tithe directly into the Bandit King's coffers. The Cathors have traditionally turned a blind eye to the activities of the pirates who operate out of the Fingers, provided coins continue filling the royal coffers.

Noted Persons

Asenath Scarrow (female Scharde Rog6/Wiz6): Asenath Scarrow is a mysterious seductress secretly serving the interests of Cryx. In addition to gathering intelligence, Asenath is a master manipulator adept at blending into her surroundings. She operates in the highest levels of Five Fingers' society, such as they are, preying on the lesser nobles who flock to the city. Her specialty is attracting young gentlemen who would do anything to gain her favor and then using them for all they have to offer.

Bastian Lattimore (male Thurian Ftr4/Rog9): Keen-eyed and observant does not begin to describe Bastian Lattimore. Among King Baird's most trusted "special investigators," his piercing eyes miss nothing. Quiet and unassuming, Lattimore is nearly impossible to pick out of a crowd, but in private he is among the most formidable interrogators in western Immoren. A valued advisor, Lattimore is able to discern truth from lies with practiced precision that borders on the supernatural. He has been recently dispatched to Five Fingers to investigate Cryxian activities in the city. Further Lattimore has been asked to watch over the king's cousin, Castellan Lionor Cathor, who Baird believes has been duped into collaboration. Lattimore has begun to piece together the conspiracy surrounding Asenath Scarrow but has not yet reported his findings to King Baird.



Castellan Lionor Cathor (male Tordoran Ari4/Ftr3): A slave to his own excesses, Lionor Cathor is a man down on his luck. A distant cousin of King Baird's, Lionor was sent to Five Fingers by his father who wanted him kept away from Merin's high society. The scandalous Lionor was dispatched to Five Fingers to oversee a number of the king's personal shipping concerns, but he spent the majority of his

time drinking and gambling. His excesses spiraled out of control, and the castellan lost nearly all of his assets even opening exorbitant credit lines with all four of the city's High Captains.

A desperate Lionor believed he had found his salvation in the form of Asenath Scarrow, a raven-haired woman who introduced him to some associates willing to pay handsomely for his influence and ability to aid their smuggling operation. Though Lionor kept silent and asked no questions until his debts were paid, the castellan suspected his benefactors were more than they seemed. He eventually confronted Asenath wishing to end their arrangement since his debts were paid, but the woman coldly informed him that death was the best he could hope for to get out of their "little pact." Lionor knew that he had allowed agents of Cryx into the mainland. Now wracked by guilt and growing more paranoid each day, the castellan knows it is but a matter of time before he is either discovered and hanged or murdered by his own dark Cryxian associates.

The Four High Captains: High Captain is a term of respect earned by a powerful crime lord who claims the title and is capable of holding on to it. Not always four in number, those holding these positions have dominated the underworld of Five Fingers for generations. No matter how big or small the operation, everyone pays a tithe to the Captains. They form a de facto city council setting policy for the criminals operating in the Fingers. The current High Captains are Banek Hurley, Belchior Degrata, Jannish Riordan, and Velter Waernuk,

Banek Hurley (male Thurian Ftr10/Rog7) is the most powerful of the High Captains and an old friend of King Baird II. High Captain Hurley is a former pirate captain notorious for leading his crew to mutiny during his stint in the Ordic Royal Navy. Most people believe him long dead, a rumor exploited by the Baird when he quietly and unceremoniously pardoned the man ten years ago. Hurley is secretly charged with collecting and delivering the king's tithe from the other High Captains. He is a loud and likable man who enjoys telling stories, but in his heart he is a ruthless scoundrel who has seen more than his fair share of bloodshed. Hurley employs an extensive network of informants who have infiltrated all aspects of the Five Fingers including the gangs of the other High Captains. In addition to maintaining an iron grip over the gangs of his quarter, Hurley keeps several mercenaries on retainer to provide extra security and muscle.

Durgan Kilbride (male Thurian Ftr13) is a bristling, bearded fire-haired mountain of a man. The most recent addition to the High Captains, Kilbride rose to power only a few years ago and is said to have the blood of many innocents on his hands. The son of wealthy Thurians, Kilbride longed for a life at sea as a child. After a decade in the service of the navy, he ventured to Five Fingers where he became a sea captain and a privateer. Kilbride earned a name for himself targeting Cygnaran shipping vessels, particularly those owned by the Mercarian League. These activities made him something of a hero at home but gained him an enormous price on his head. Eventually Kilbride was forced to retire when he ran out of safe ports in which to hide. The man is seldom seen in public without his bodyguard and sometime assassin Kaelin Dirge (female Thurian Ftr6/Rog6), a small, wiry woman with dull eyes and a threatening disposition.

Jannish Riordan (male Thurian Ftr12) is a former mercenary captain who has traveled across much of western Immoren before settling at Five Fingers. High Captain Riordan has managed to cultivate a reputation as a mild mannered man of good breeding, and his territories are among the quietest in the city. Riordan often meets in private with Lord Governor Doyle, and the two have become friends. Secretly Riordan is a member of the Shroud Thamarite sept (IKCG, pp. 220–221). He maintains a low profile to keep from drawing attention to the cell that meets beneath one of his gambling halls. It is widely known throughout Five Fingers that anyone who crosses High Captain Riordan simply disappears in the night without a trace.

A black-hearted old man, High Captain Velter Waernuk (male Sharde Ftr6/Rog9) is a thoroughly dangerous and disreputable cutthroat known for the bloody exploits of his youth. A former pirate captain, Waernuk is rumored to have built his own fleet of vessels still operating along the Broken Coast. Officially he has retired to Five Fingers to seek rest in his old age. The hell raiser among the High Captains, Waernuk is the first to turn to violence to solve his problems. Rumors also persist that the High Captain maintains ties to the Scharde Islands.

Lord Governor Eilish Doyle (male Thurian Ari4): Lord Governor Doyle is a quiet, nervous man who seems largely overwhelmed by the events going on around him. The son of an unremarkable family of lesser Thurian nobility, he was horrified when Moorgrave Lochlan appointed him to his position, reacting as though the man had signed his death warrant. Since coming to Five Fingers, Doyle has been largely ignored by the moorgrave. Despite his demeanor, the lord mayor is a capable pragmatist. He has gone so far as to enter into a number of arrangements with the High Captains who he views as partners in the governance of Five Fingers. Though Doyle is the official power in the city, if push comes to shove he will bend to their will. The lord governor is a man of peculiar tastes, and the High Captains have no shortage of blackmail material to ensure his loyalty.

Locales of Five Fingers

Cathedral of Morrow: This ancient church located in High Captain Waernuk's quarter suffers from years of neglect and disrepair. Examination of its vine-choked architecture reveals once-fine sculptures and soaring architecture, but the cathedral's days of countless worshippers have long passed. Only a fraction of its former congregation visits these days supplemented by those who seek Morrow's favor out of desperation. All are tended by Prelate Lincoln Daltrey (male Midlunder Clr7), a lonesome adherent, and his handful of somber priests. Daltrey believes there is a place for Morrow everywhere but is far less certain with each year he spends in Five Fingers. This post has always been a difficult one to keep filled, for few Church officials have the staying power to last here for long.

Chapel of the Dark Twin: A labyrinth of narrow tunnels leads to this shadowy chapel. The passageways are confusing enough that most Thamarites who attend truly have no idea where it lies in relation to the landmarks above. Though the worship of Thamar is underground, her clerics are known sometimes to wear signs of their faith openly in the streets of Five Fingers shielded by either the tolerance or ignorance—or *knowledge*—of the local citizenry. It is not known how many Thamarites are actually in Five Fingers, but the number of misdeeds and murders taking place every year on Doloven 14th, the holiday of the Dark Ascension, are higher in the Port of Deceit than in any other city in all of western Immoren.

Crandle's Pistolry: This small gun shop run by old Evigan Crandle (male Thurian Exp 10) is known as one of the more accommodating gunwerks in Five Fingers for weapon customization, despite the fact that Ev is getting up in the years and is not the gunsmith he once was. Even in his younger days, Ev never had the patience to do the best he could for his customers. The folk of Five Fingers typically demand speed and convenience, and Ev always provides both (guns bought from Crandle's should use the rules for shoddy firearms, IKCG pp. 184–185).

Emerald District: This district located in Captain Hurley's quarter is home to the best gambling dens in Five Fingers. In addition to the many sporting parlors, the Emerald District is also a large market area dominated by shops of all sorts, legal and illegal alike. It is also home to several noted taverns including the Drowned Man run by Chase Porthan (male Thurian Ftr2/Exp4) and the Polished Silver, an upscale brothel managed by proprietress Ashleigh Blu (female Thurian Exp2/Rog5).

The Laden Galleon: This great gambling hall is also sometimes called "The Ship of Luck" and "Baird's Court" by locals when making plans, such as "tell my wife I've got an appointment at Baird's Court." The Laden Galleon, actually a permanently dry-docked galleon of enormous size once part of the Ordic Royal Navy, is now the most popular gambling house in Five Fingers and a favored place of King Baird's. All manner of dice, cards, fortune's wheels, and other devices can be found in its hold and decks, and its game runners are skilled and keen-eyed. It also offers rooms for rent, excellent food, and a wide assortment of liquor, hooaga, and illegal alchemical concoctions.

Hearthstone

In Power: Thane Lord Ross Kaddock

Population: 18,000 humans (a fairly equal mix of Thurians and Tordorans and a Morridane minority), 200+ gobbers, ~100 trollkin

Military: Hearthstone has a tiny garrison and employs about a hundred watch guards. Recent troubles in the region have prompted requests for more soldiers from the moorgrave in Armandor.

The locals have organized an armed militia several hundred strong, although they have need of weapons and training.

Imports: Coal, iron, manufactured goods, textiles

Exports: Hooaga, livestock, wool

Hearthstone is a remote, often overlooked community of steep, muddy farm tracks and earth-sheltered homes surrounded by lowlands covered in heather, sheep leaf, and wildflowers. The herdsmen of Ord's heartland raise mostly sheep and cattle while the farmers—human and gobber alike—deal mainly in hooaga.

Though Hearthstone seems sedate and bucolic to the outside world, its inhabitants allege that restless undead wander the lowlands after dark. Everyone in Hearthstone eventually hears the tales. While visitors might pass them off as merely superstition, keenly observant guests note the manner in which locals head inside, even vacating taverns for home, and bolt their doors every sunset. In recent months the troubles seem to be mounting. Entire families in the outlands have either gone missing without a trace or their homes have been torched, and sightings of strange shambling creatures wandering the countryside after dark are on the rise. Despite Thane Lord Kaddock's attempts to solicit aid from Moorgrave Torcail, the thane has not received martial aid of any kind, much less an investigator, and he is growing quite desperate.

Noted Persons

Thane Lord Ross Kaddock (male Thurian Ari4/Exp4/Ftr3): Ross Kaddock takes great pride in his charge. Of merchant stock, he understands the importance of agricultural commerce to the town's well being. He takes care to see to the needs of farmers and herders, occasionally intervening personally in troublesome cases. This has made the thane lord extremely popular with the vast majority and allowed him to accumulate power such as aquiring the fallow grazing lands surrounding the city. Those aware of this fact suspect he has greater plans still although few can agree on just what those might be.

Nan Mac Dain (female Thurian Pal10): Nan Mac Dain is a paladin dedicated to Asc. Katrena and has taken it upon herself to act as the city's protector. Before the recent troubles, Mac Dain was considered paranoid for her claim that "evil lurks in the fields and moors." Though the town folk are certainly glad to have her in this time of need, the truth of the matter is that Mac Dain is somewhat unhinged—but no less zealous. She has helped train some of the local militia although they are in sad shape, and she is more of a crusader than an instructor.

Rumor Has It…

In recent months the locals of Hearthstone have been made even more uneasy by a number of disturbances in the region including the burning and pillaging of outlying farms and rampant grave desecration and robbery believed to be the work of necromancers. This could be the doings of the Cult of the Despoilers, a particularly insidious group with a following in Ord, or it could be something else entirely. Wild speculation implicates Thamarites or Cryxians, but few clues have been found to solve the mystery. Similar reports have been heard coming from the grav of Wythmoor to the southeast and even across the border in northern Cygnar.

Locales of Hearthstone

Blathmac Manor: Decades ago the Blathmac family was the most powerful in Hearthstone. Their line held the title of moorgrave for hundreds of years before the entire family suffered a terrible tragedy. No one knows precisely what happened to the Blathmacs except that, one by one, they all died under mysterious circumstances. Once the last Blathmac was dead, the thanes of Almare vied for rule of the grav while the city of Hearthstone passed to the Kaddocks, distantly related to the Blathmacs. The family manor remains on the outskirts of the town, dilapidated and reputedly haunted. Stories of extensive catacombs beneath it are told by the locals, and according to some reports the Blathmacs consorted with Infernals. Periodically, talks of demolishing the ruined manor surface, but for various reasons it has never come to pass.

Grange, The: The Grange is a large structure formerly used as a granary in the early days of Hearthstone. Since then it has been purchased by the town and turned into a public building. Town meetings are held within its wall as well as other important civic functions. Hearthstoners are an outspoken lot and the moorgrave regularly hears suits and complaints in the Grange. Recently it has become a gathering place for the militia and their sad assortment of farm-implements-turned-weapons. Local soldiers of

the Ordic army have been known to watch and offer sarcastic critiques, which has not endeared them to the locals. Truth be told, soldiers posted at Hearthstone are generally unwanted elsewhere and are not the best examples of service.

Merin

In Power: King Baird II, Prince Baird III, and the Castellans of Ord

Population: 265,000 humans (mostly Tordoran), 5,000 dwarves, 3,500 gobbers, 500+ trollkin, 300+ ogrun

Military: Merin has a large, well-equipped garrison (by Ordic standards) supported by a small contingent of warjacks. The Royal Palace supports two hundred elite royal guards to protect the king and his court. The overworked Merin watch numbers around six hundred guards.

Imports: Many

Exports: Coal, grain, textiles, wine, livestock

Though the capital of Ord, Merin is often overshadowed by the more famous cities, particularly Midfast and Berck, and a rivalry is evident between the residents of Berck and Merin—it is said that many citizens of Berck believe their city should be the seat of political power. Merin thrives nonetheless, situated in the epicenter of the kingdom's most fertile farmland along the Rohannor River, which also has ample coal deposits. Located geographically at the center of all of the major towns and cities, Merin profits as the trade hub of Ord and experiences considerable river trade from Lake Vannogear to Berck.

Having been the natural choice for a major Orgoth stronghold, the city formerly named Tordor suffered greatly during the Orgoth Rebellion. During the Scourge, most of Tordor was razed to the ground. It was salvaged and rebuilt after the Corvis Treaties with assistance from thousands of Rhulfolk who enjoyed the challenge of essentially building an entire city from scratch. Indeed, the most important among them was Master Builder Dogen Orm who helped plan the city's layout. A statue of this dwarf stands proudly in the Town Square next to one of King Merin Cathor I, and a tradition of Ordic stonemasonry and architecture persists in the city called the Dogen School.

For these reasons Merin is a well-plotted city if not overly pragmatic. It is very easy to find one's way as the streets are laid out in a series of grids, shifting at the river intersection. The government buildings around the town square are of solid construction and have survived the last four hundred years with no sign of wear. The Riverfront district is famed for its diverse shops, restaurants, playhouses, and the Tordoran Amphitheater. The local watch is well staffed and led by a persistent man, Captain Luptar Gorazo (male Tordoran Ftr10), called "The Judge" by his men and considered a terror on crime. Although the markets of Merin remain a hotbed for thieves, the watch has done an admirable job, and punishments for offenses are brutal.

The city has grown considerably since its founding; hence, the fringe neighborhoods are more convoluted and sprawling. The Downriver district, a cramped region of twisty streets and small houses seemingly designed to confuse humans, is home to the majority of the city's gobbers. The city's numerous resident Rhulfolk are found in a northern neighborhood termed New Brunder.

Noted Persons

King Baird Cathor II (pg. 285): The rumors that King Baird gets restless after staying in Merin very long are true. Five Fingers is his favorite refuge, but Baird visits all the cities of Ord and enjoys touring his realm in secret. He believes in getting firsthand information whenever possible. He even makes unannounced outings to many smaller towns and villages, a habit that has made him very popular with the common folk. Aside from the war, King Baird's primary political concern is the power and influence of House Mateu in Berck. He pretends ignorance of their machinations but is well aware of how many castellans heed Izabella.

Castellan Lorcan Dromore, High Magus (male Tordoran Ari2/Wiz14): High Magus Dromore is the leader of the local branch of the Fraternal Order of Wizardry. There is no "court wizard" in Ord, but the high magus is frequently summoned by King Baird II or his heir to answer questions on arcane matters. The mage is sometimes consulted as well by Vaspar Mateu—he considers this good business rather than a breach in loyalties. These are just lucrative distractions from his

true obsession, the old Orgoth stronghold that once stood in Merin. Assisted by members of his family who have a large manor in the city and are loyal to him as castellan, Lord Dromore has been conducting several discreet digs beneath the city attempting to unearth Orgoth artifacts or documents.

Cassina Mirena Graza (female Tordoran Gmg8/Ptr4): A delicate woman of exceptional grace and beauty, Cassina Graza is among the most skilled assassins in the employ of House Mateu. Kept on retainer by Castellan Vaspar Mateu, Graza regularly accompanies him to Merin social events where she acts as his bodyguard. Graza has gone to great lengths to keep her profession a secret, and few outside the Mateu family know her trade.

Castellan Vaspar Mateu (male Tordoran Ari3/Ftr7/Ptr3): Vaspar is the eldest living son of Matron Izabella Mateu and supervises Mateu interests in the capital since Izabella rarely visits Merin. In addition to representing the family in the Hall of Castellans, Vaspar also holds council with Mateu allies in the region. He believes the king is an uncouth simple-minded fool and does not understand his mother's caution regarding him. When he ventures out in public, the castellan is always escorted by a large contingent of armed guards. Among other holdings, Vaspar owns an upscale tavern and brothel on the Riverfront called the Lion's Den, which he frequents.

Castellan Stagier Salvestro (male Tordoran Ari3/Ftr8/Rog5): Scion of a powerful Tordoran family allied closely to the Cathors, Salvestro is among King Baird's most trusted agents. The castellan is a man who is not afraid to get his hands dirty, and he bears the scars to prove it. In his time he has uncovered conspiracies, foiled assassination attempts, and removed obstacles from Baird's court. The Mateus suspect Salvestro has been personally responsible for the murder of at least three members of their family, including Izabella Mateu's (pg. 294) own brother Angello.

Locales of Merin

Grand Cathedral of the Harvest: Home to the Merin Vicarate Council overseeing all clergy in the kingdom of Ord, this marble cathedral devoted to Asc. Gordenn was also designed during the original city reconstruction and is deceptively plain on the outside. The interior is a surprisingly beautiful arched chamber decorated with gold and silver fixtures and is well lit by a ceiling filled with clever glass apertures. The seven vicars of the council are relatively democratic but defer to the wisdom of Vicar Pasario Casini (male Tordoran Clr16), the eldest. Pasario's mind is still sharp, but his health is failing, and he has been grooming the High Prelate of Merin to replace him. High Prelate Danola Mara (female Tordoran Clr10) conducts all major services in the cathedral and supervises the other lesser city clergy. As well, a small but active branch of the Order of Illumination occupies an estate next to the cathedral, and they have received recent reports of possible necromancy in the southeast near Tarna. It will not be long before agents are sent to investigate.

Hall of Castellans: The center for the traditional government in Ord is the capital's Hall of the Castellans, a large circular chamber with a domed ceiling supported rows of thick fluted columns. Other than the ceiling the hall is open to the air; it has no enclosing walls between the columns making it subject to the vagaries of the weather. The ceiling is decorated with a detailed tiled mosaic showing various battles against the Orgoth in the region. The central open floor is surrounded by several concentric rings of stone benches and can support hundreds of participants although it is rarely filled to capacity. There is no assigned seating, but the castellans traditionally sit closest to the center while lesser nobles and non-participants sit in the outer rings or remain standing. An ornately decorated wooden stable is attached to the hall. It is largely ceremonial but is maintained by groomsmen who can see to the needs of any nobleman's steed.

Every year at the end of summer, a High Gathering takes place where all the castellans, moorgraves, and thanes come to discuss topics of importance to the realm. The gathering lasts for four days and is noted more for bickering and arguments than great legislation. The rest of the year the hall is used by local castellans and lesser nobles for the business of the capital or by visiting castellans proposing new laws.

An ancient tradition whereby only a castellan or someone introduced by a castellan can speak in the hall is still in effect. This is a matter of annoyance to the moorgraves in particular, but the point of procedure has held fast over the centuries. One castellan will be named Speaker of the Hall at the onset of business to

Midfast



Ord

introduce others and ensure some modicum of order. This role is deferred to the king, if present, or to one of the princes and then to the lord castellans. Otherwise it is imparted to the eldest castellan in attendance.

Tomb of Kings: The burial hall of the kings of Ord is an impressive place. Baird's two brothers were the most recent sepultures. Before that came Baird's father and all of the Cathors before him back to Merin I. A man of mood swings, Baird II often sneaks away, a jug of uiske in one hand and a lantern in the other, to the dark halls whenever he feels especially troubled or morose—though he rarely goes beyond where his father and brothers lie. Alvor V's body was lost at sea of course, so his sepulcher is merely ceremonial and presumably lies empty. Would-be thieves are rumored to have attempted various forays into the Tomb of Kings, for it is said the sovereigns' remains were all buried with their individual priceless and/or favored possessions. Whether this is true or not is a matter of conjecture. It should also be noted that none of the Mateu sovereigns lay within these tombs.

Midfast

In Power: Lord Castellan Ostal Vascar

Population: 120,000 humans (mostly Tordorans and Thurians)

Military: Midfast is home to an impressive armory and the largest garrison in the kingdom supported by a moderate contingent of warjacks.

Imports: Grain, foodstuffs, weapons, armor, alchemical components, ale, wine, meat, textiles

Exports: Iron, tin, lead, copper, chemicals, quarried stone

Midfast, the renowned Shield of Ord, is considered essential to the sanctity of Ord's northern border. Over the centuries the city has withstood the brunt of repeated Khadoran sieges, each time forcing back the armies of the Motherland and keeping Ord free of invasion. The city occupies one of the few large canyon passes through a treacherous range of craggy hills, and a huge wall atop the hills extending both west and east for many miles enhances this natural barrier. The eastern wall terminates at the fortress of Boarsgate and the western wall at its sister fortress Scarswall. The west side of the city is built against high cliffs, and massive walls surround it. The Orlovsk Highway passes directly by the city, but great fortifications including huge batteries of cannon and an eastern ravelin ensure that none may pass unless Midfast wishes it. The walls of Midfast show a great deal of wear, for they have taken a pounding for many generations.

Although Ord's army dominates the city, Midfast also serves as the main pipeline for any trade between Khador and the southern kingdoms. Some traveling Khadoran merchants periodically pass through seeking other markets for their wares. All travelers from the Motherland are scrutinized closely while in the city, and the locals treat them with minimal courtesy. Indeed, since the onset of Llael's invasion, relations between Ordic and Khadoran merchants have become even more strained. Still, this has offered new opportunities for those who can put aside their prejudices, and a growing number of northern merchants are willing to accept Khadoran coin and goods.

The folk of Midfast are robust and believe in living a full life. They are grim and serious while manning the walls but are given to excessive drinking on their own time. They are also fond of other diversions like gambling, dancing, and competitive sports in the local arena. Perhaps because of the heavy military presence, less serious crime affects Midfast as in most other cities of its size—aside from the trouble gotten into by soldiers between shifts after a few too many ales.

Noted Persons

Master Alchemist Creena Torcail (female Thurian Alc6/Wiz5): Creena is one of the best-paid civilians working for the Ordic army and specializes in customized cannon and firearm ammunition. A member of the local Order of the Golden Crucible, she spends most of her time at Midfast Munitions (see entry pg. 85) or atop the walls with the soldiers testing her latest ammunition. She is quite young for a woman of such skill and attractive despite her unkempt appearance—often covered in soot, ashes, and clothes spattered with a variety of chemicals from her work. Several of the enlisted men are smitten with her but cannot seem to distract her from her work. She is the niece of Rogan Torcail, moorgrave of Almare (see pg. 291), but has never paid any mind to her politically minded family. Her lineage in itself is enough to

attract suitors of dubious repute seeking connection to the Torcails.

Lord Castellan Ostal Vascar, General of the Shield Division and Commander of Midfast (male Tordoran Ari3/Ftr13): Usually referred to simply as "the General," Vascar is a veteran campaigner and a military man through and through. He has earned enormous respect among the men and is a natural born leader. His aptitude for drawing loyal men to him has made him enemies among other jealous castellans, particularly older men with more land but less rank. The General is forty-three-years old and is considered by some as too youthful for such an important station—Commander of Midfast is the most prestigious post in the army next to the king's own military advisor. Before his promotion Vascar spent time with a special battalion assigned to protect coastal villages from Cryxian raiders, and he saw his share of bloodshed and horrors on those patrols. Not only does Vascar have Prince Baird III as a friend and the king's older daughter Carlutia (see pg. 287) as a wife, but he also has the king's unwavering trust.

Locales of Midfast

Cathedral of the Valiant Martyrs: Located directly adjacent to his tomb, this cathedral is dedicated to the memory of Asc. Markus, patron of Midfast and hero of Ord. The large church is built in the old style once common in Ord with low ceilings, stained glass using very dark colors, and subdued lighting. The cathedral is decorated with frescos showing many battles in the name of Morrow. The structure actually predates its namesake's ascension, and Markus himself spent time here during the famous siege. A masterful mural behind the altar depicts the last stand of Markus against the barbarian chiefs. It is said that after praying before the mural, no pious soldier will feel the urge to flee from his next battle no matter how bleak the outcome appears. The cathedral is watched over by Vicar Pascal Acorsi (male Tordoran Clr12), an embittered old priest who believes the young soldiers of the town today lack both respect and common sense. He delegates to his subordinates whenever possible and hates to be disturbed by "foolish nonsense."

Midfast Weapons Foundry: The capital paid handsomely to grant an exclusive lease to the Order of the Golden Crucible, and their headquarters is the Midfast Weapons Foundry. No other wizard order is allowed to set up a branch in Midfast although individuals from other orders have made the city their home. This shop is run independently but works closely with the army to create weapons and ammunition. The arrangement has been mutually beneficial to both Ord and the Crucible, and were the city to be attacked they would assist in its defense as mercenaries.

The foundry is run by two brothers: Ian (male Thurian Wiz10) and Hagan Cronan (male Thurian Wiz11). The local Order also recognizes Master Creena Torcail who is of equivalent rank and standing but rarely cares to exert her influence. The two brothers have a fierce but friendly rivalry and are extremely competitive with one another, each running different projects and teams working on weapons and spell research. Sometimes this competition has produced fantastic results—at other times accidents, explosions, and injuries. Currently an even score of lower ranking Crucible members are in Midfast including wizards, alchemists, arcane mechaniks, and apprentices. An additional two score members among the support staff are employed by the armory and include smiths, metallurgists, lab assistants, mechaniks, and a small squad of Crucible Guard.

Winds of War

News of last year's capture of Leryn and Thunderhead Fortress hit Midfast hard, and local Crucible members are still trying to absorb the ramifications. Like other branches outside Llael, they consider themselves part of the Free Order now and do not obey directives from the captured headquarters. King Baird II is eager to capitalize on the situation and has proposed a relocation of the headquarters to Midfast, making offers directly to the Cronan brothers and Creena Torcail. They have delayed answering for now, but certainly the suggestion is tempting and could result in an influx of royal treasury funds, the construction of new buildings, and the hiring of many new skilled workers. The group here has some periodic contact with members abroad, mostly coordinated through Ceryl, and knows that several other potential leaders of the Free Order are making plans. If they hope to put forward their own claim they will need to act soon and work to gather support. Any such move has just as much potential to fracture and divide the outlying Order of the Crucible. Creena Torcail has no interest in such things although she does care about the health of her order and would work to preserve it. The Cronan brothers are seriously considering the notion.

Monastery and Tomb of Ascendant Markus: This is one of the few major monasteries inside a city as most are secreted away in remote mountain strongholds. These monks of the Order of Keeping consider it their sacred charge to guard the tomb of Markus along with his remaining relics; the ascendant's armor, horn, and greatsword are kept somewhere within its walls. All of the resident monks have taken Markus as their patron, and they are a singularly zealous group. The brothers are not as impartial or aloof as most of their peers and feel the safety of Midfast is a sacred responsibility. As their patron gave up his life in the defense of the city, these monks gladly help the Ordic Army with manning the gates. Abbess Verona Rendasi (female Tordoran Mnk14) is leader of the monastery. She is a stern taskmaster who drills the monks through grueling exercises to keep them in fighting trim. A widow with two sons who are also monks of the order, she is older than she looks.

Tarna

In Power: Moorgrave Gralan Turlough

Population: 22,000 humans (Thurians with a minority of Morridane and Tordorans and recent Llaelese refugees), 1,600 gobbers

Military: A small city guard garrisons Tarna.

Imports: Coal, iron, wheat

Exports: Hooaga, textiles, manufactured goods, wool

This ancient city has existed for nearly a thousand years fishing the waters of the Dragon's Tongue. The early village had the dubious distinction of being the birthplace of the first human sorcerer—a girl named Madruva Dagra. After Dagra used her innate powers to slay three Orgoth soldiers, a legion of occupiers—more likely a few dozen—hunted down and slaughtered her entire family, nearly burning Tarna to the ground in the process. The town remained a charred ruin throughout most of the Rebellion and was rebuilt only after the Orgoth were driven from the land.

Some years after those dark days, Tarna became a center of textile manufacture for most of Ord. The invention of the steam engine further revolutionized Tarna. Its mills became even more productive and encouraged others to come set up shop, so Tarna became known as "Mill Town," a nickname that stuck even though the town succumbed to a recession and declined over time. The Tarna mills have since ceased to be the most important in Ord, but their reputation for quality remains. The heavy machinery needed to drive Tarna's industry has attracted a number of engineers needed to service them. Among those engineers are many gobbers who have become an important minority in the city. They brought with them their fondness for hooaga, which now grows in the fields surrounding Tarna. The city exports hooaga down and leaves in significant quantities and is home to many cigar saloons.

Winds of War

As has been the case elsewhere in Wythmoor, Almare, and northern Cygnar, strange, shambling and occasionally mechanikaly-enhanced monstrosities have been sighted recently in the vicinity of Tarna's outlying farms and fields. Citizens have reported the widespread desecration of graves and the disappearance of corpses across the grav. Locals here receive some river traffic and news from Point Bourne and know these attacks have become a widespread problem in the last year, possibly some kind of fallout from the war in the northeast. Certainly residents of Tarna have become even more superstitious and fearful of both the Thornwood to the east and the dense Gnarls across the river to the south. The moorgrave has reported these problems to the king but has not wanted to give the impression that it is out of his control. He has been putting pressure on the high prelate to solve the problem and is reluctant to ask for more soldiers from the capital.

Noted Persons

Moorgrave Gralan Turlough (male Thurian Ari7/Rog2): The ruler of Wythmoor grav, Gralan Turlough's seat of power is in the town of Tarna. His family has controlled much land along the Dragon's Tongue for generations, but Turlough takes little interest in its governance. He prefers to spend his time hosting lavish parties and galloping all over the countryside with his coterie of sycophants. He is mildly disdainful of the merchants of Tarna, but his daughter Caitlin (female Thurian Amk1/Exp1) shows little of her father's temperament and is reputed to have a keen interest in mechanikal engineering. Tarnans are eager for the day when she assumes the title, but Gralan is a hearty man in his mid-forties, so they may have a while to wait.

Locales of Tarna

Regency Saloon: Run by Gramnistalleralarid "Gram" (male gobber Alc3/Brd3/Rog3) and his family of gobbers, the Regency Saloon is Tarna's largest emporium of hooaga cigars, pipes, and other accoutrements. Along with being a storyteller and amateur historian, Gram prides himself on his knowledge of the fundamentals of alchemy—another fine gobber tradition. His shop has a diverse clientele from tradesmen to thanes and serves as a meeting place for business and other endeavors. Some have claimed without the Regency Tarna would be a much less productive place.

Tarna Church of Ascendant Shevann: High Prelate Morgan Hugh (male Thurian Clr7) is the chief priest of this much-frequented church. Its beautiful architecture and interiors are the result of decades of extravagant benefices by the local merchants and moorgraves. The high prelate is a devoted cleric, if a bit enamored with the finer things in life. He is given to excess particularly with regard to drink and cigars. Like his counterpart in Hearthstone with whom he's had some correspondence, he is a bit at a loss to deal with some of the recent problems and the likely threat of necromancy. He has written to both the Merin Vicarate Council and the Sancteum in Caspia asking if he can receive support in the form of either a Knight of the Prophet or an investigator from the Order of Illumination.

Places of Interest

Boarsgate: This rough-hewn fastness of stone and timber is located in the only wide tract of low ground within the chain of rugged hills that define most of Ord's northern border. It was mainly turf and timber before the construction of Markuswall, but stones from the wall have been used in recent years to fortify Boarsgate. Relatively close to Midfast, it is expected to hold its own if attacked and send advance warning to the city of approaching forces. Historically the soldiers of Midfast have refused to be drawn out of their position by assaults on Boarsgate, and it has fallen more than once to Khador only to be taken back with much loss of life. As a result soldiers have nicknamed it "Bloodgate." They all realize they face insurmountable odds if ever seriously challenged, so they train for every contingency, fortifying and manning the fastness with quite a few seasoned scouts, expert riflemen, horse soldiers, and hundreds of hill fighters.

Currently the garrisons spend much time widening Boarsgate's moat and filling it with bungy sticks, shoring up the battlements and strengthening the gatehouse, and restoring the Markuswall to funnel potential enemy forces—likely Khadoran forces—their way. Additionally, Ordic scouts and horse soldiers embark on frequent patrols throughout their sector of the rocky northern hills, for it is a hazardous region inhabited by creatures such as wild bogrin, farrow, assorted trolls, and perhaps encroaching thralls or Winter Guard scouts.

The Boarsgate Massacre

Less than a half-hour's ride across the hills from Boarsgate, the village Deshevek was the site of the infamous Boarsgate Massacre committed by the notorious Khadoran warcaster Orsus Zoktavir, "the Butcher of Khardov," in 587 AR. A small village on the southern outskirts of the Gallowswood, Deshevek frequently traded with Ord and was isolated from the Motherland. When the village attempted to secede and join Ord, Zoktavir took it upon himself to execute the traitors wholesale. When his troops attempted to stop him, the warcaster turned on them as well. The Butcher cut down over a hundred villagers and all fifty of his own soldiers. Visions of the aftermath still haunt the dreams of the Winter Guard troops who arrived soon thereafter. They dubbed it the Boarsgate Massacre upon discovering a village full of dismembered corpses and the huddled forms of a handful of weeping women and children who had managed to hide and spare themselves the Butcher's wrath.

Gordenn's Tomb: Ascendant Gordenn's tomb and monastery are located a few miles east of Merin. It is primarily a site of pilgrimage for farmers, and befitting his nature, Gordenn's tomb is modest compared to others. It is a simple but solid domed building commanding a view of some of Ord's most fertile farmland from atop a steep hill with natural stone steps embedded in it for easier access. Much of the hill is lightly wooded making this a rather peaceful climb, and the monastery up top is relatively modest. It is staffed by a dozen diligent monks and a similar number of ancillary staff who oversee the small "Santo Gordenn" vineyards along the eastern slopes, which produce fine wine exported mainly to support charitable projects. For whatever reason, the monks

and their workers here are somewhat more irreverent and good humored than what is usually expected of men of the cloth.

Markuswall: Constructed over the span of eight years following the Siege of Midfast in 305 AR, this stone and turf fortification once ran the entire range of northern hills of Ord from the Windwater Lakes near Corbhen in the west to Zerkova's Hill near Fellig in the east. The wall was once over eight feet thick and twelve feet tall for its entire length with a glacis and a deep ditch filled with row upon row of pointed stakes. In addition to the fastnesses of Scarswall and Boarsgate, the wall had a score of other round towers, or fortlets, placed along its width. Named after the ascendant who defended Midfast, Markuswall was never adequately garrisoned from the onset, and by the late 400s it had been mostly abandoned and fell into disuse. Today the majority of the stone has been reused to construct local stone fences, bridges, and buildings, and the fortlets are either farming silos or neglected ruins.

Scarswall: The fastness of Scarswall keeps guard on the western half of the northern hill chain along Ord's northern border just as "Bloodsgate" is vigilant in the northeast. Scarswall is in better repair than Boarsgate, with sturdy walls and a high keep tower situated along perhaps the best section of the Markuswall in existence. Though the hills near Corbhen are difficult to traverse, especially undetected, the Motherland's troops have invaded the region before although it has been decades since their last attempt and they have never managed to conquer Scarswall. The soldiers of Scarswall are more vigilant than ever before, particularly with news of the war in Llael. Those versed in Ordic history know Khador does not fear fighting a war on two fronts despite their long-term lack of success. Recently several telescopes have been installed at Scarswall as an experiment by the Ordic Naval Engineers in the hopes of helping watch over lakes Vannogear and Moskrad as well as the long stretch of plains to the north.

Warrens, The: The deep and overgrown forest known as the Olgunholt is located a full day's walk south of Merin, and within its fringes lie the ruins of a nameless Orgoth settlement now merely called the Warrens. Once the site of endless crowded slave pens of Immorese laborers, it was built in a narrow gorge as part of a stone quarry where buildings were hollowed out and constructed in tight quarters as the quarry was excavated. Though the city was abandoned and largely destroyed during the Scourge, a bewildering maze of alleyways remains. Today the Warrens are populated by desperate gangs of bandits that regularly fight bloody battles for dominance over the ruins. The Warrens are a popular hideout for wanted men and have attracted some of Ord's most dangerous and notorious criminals despite its proximity to the capital.

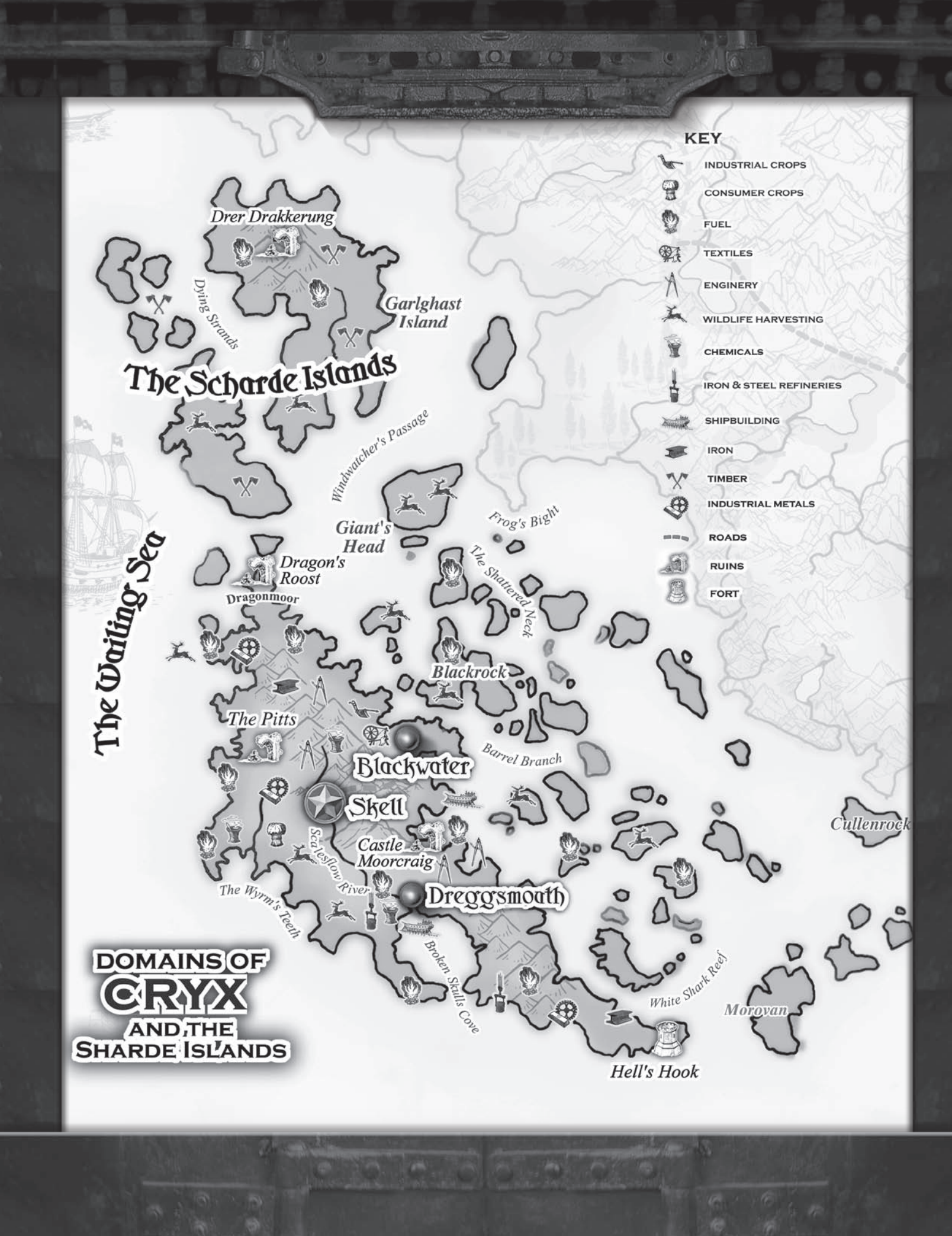
Warrenfolk speak a dialect of Ordic called "hoveltongue." In many respects, they are proud of their unique town and have developed their own culture and laws. They consider themselves entirely independent of the Ordic throne, and they have been left to their own governance. This place is noted for producing fierce knife-fighters, rogues, and stealthy assassins as well as the occasional gifted sorcerer or craftsman. Some of its youth depart every year to make a life elsewhere, but most tend never to leave. It is believed numerous cultists of Thamar lurk in its byways and underground cellars.

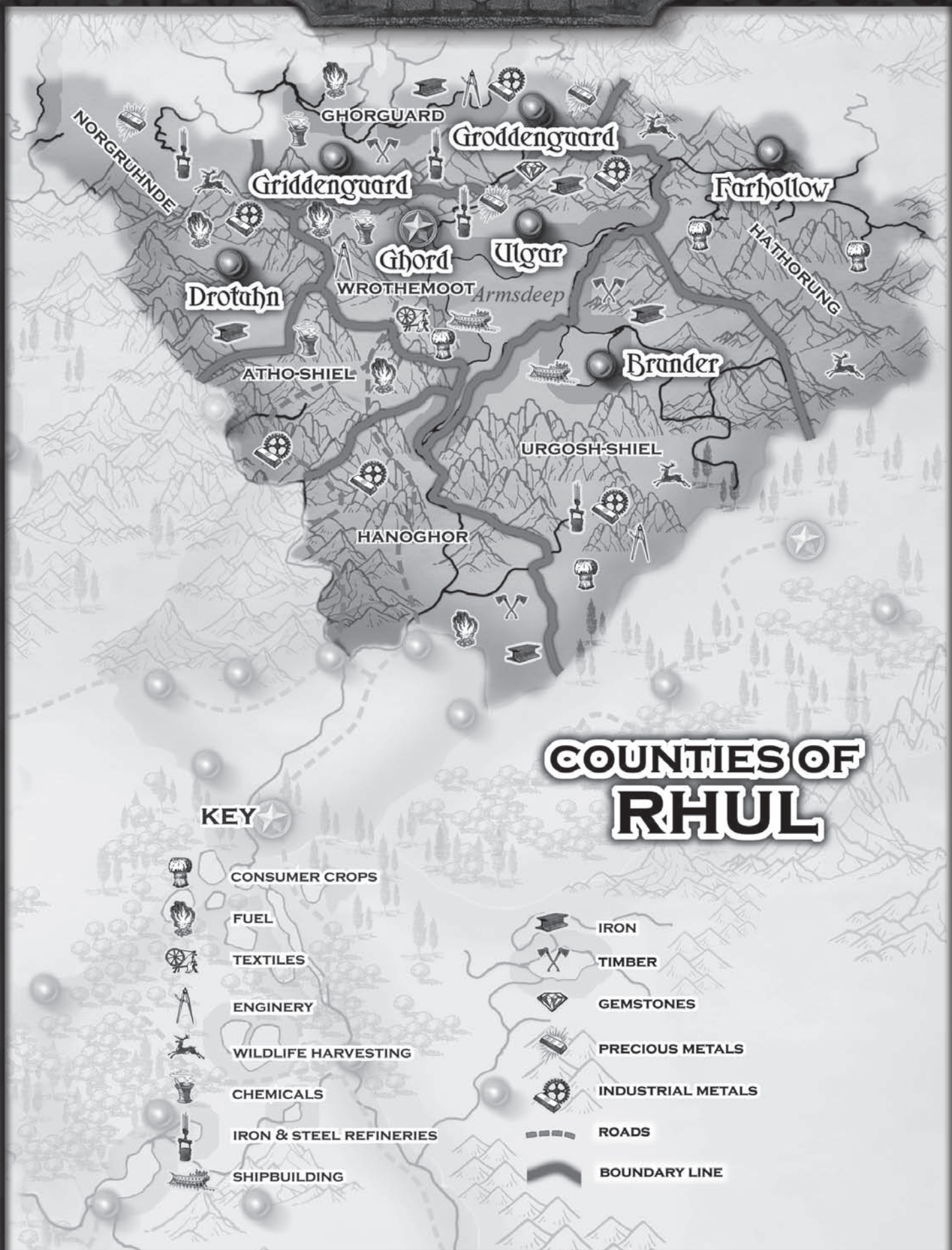


Ios, Rhul & More

Bend thy knees, worm children! Bow thy wretched heads! Thou art mine brood or mine feast! Only service is thine and service alone, for thou art mine in life or death. Choose insolence and death's release will ever deny you. In its stead, thou shalt suffer torment eternal! Now kneel, and we shalt form an undying nation to shake the foundations of this world. On your knees!

—The Black Dragon Lord Toruk to His soon-to-be lich lords


KEY
INDUSTRIAL CROPS
CONSUMER CROPS
FUEL
TEXTILES
ENGINERY
WILDLIFE HARVESTING
CHEMICALS
IRON & STEEL REFINERIES
SHIPBUILDING
IRON
TIMBER
INDUSTRIAL METALS
ROADS
RUINS
FORT
Drer Drakkerung
Dying Strands
Garlghast Island
The Scharde Islands
Windwatcher's Passage
Giant's Head
Frog's Bight
Dragon's Roost
Dragonmoor
The Wailing Sea
The Shattered Neck
Blackrock
The Pitts
Barrel Branch
Blackwater
Skell
Cullenrock
Castle Moorcraig
Sea lesflow River
The Wyrm's Teeth
Dreggsmouth
Broken Skulls Cove
White Shark Reef
Morovan
Hell's Hook
DOMAINS OF CRYX AND THE SHARDE ISLANDS


GHORGUARD
NORGRUHNDE
Groddenguard
Griddenguard
Farhollow
HATHORUNG
Ghord
Ulgar
Drotuhn
WROTHEMOOT
Armsdeep
ATHO-SHIEL
Brander
URGOSH-SHIEL
HANOGHOR
COUNTIES OF
RHUL
KEY
CONSUMER CROPS
FUEL
TEXTILES
ENGINERY
WILDLIFE HARVESTING
CHEMICALS
IRON & STEEL REFINERIES
SHIPBUILDING
IRON
TIMBER
GEMSTONES
PRECIOUS METALS
INDUSTRIAL METALS
ROADS
BOUNDARY LINE


KEY
INDUSTRIAL CROPS
CONSUMER CROPS
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CHEMICALS
IRON & STEEL REFINERIES
IRON
TIMBER
GEMSTONES
PRECIOUS METALS
INDUSTRIAL METALS
ROADS
BOUNDARY LINE
NYRROTHYL
LACYRTHYL
Shyrr
LYLISTHYL
SCYRATHYL
Lynshynal
LURYNTHYL
Irvss
OSSYRTHYL
AYISTHYL
NYSSOTHYL
ITHYLS OF IOS

Cryx

The wild places of the Scharde Islands are home to terrible beasts of fiendish cunning and nefarious wit. They are driven by more than instinctual hunger, for the beasts of this land are capable of great malice and unforgiving cruelty. In the western seas, sheltered by rings of razor-sharp reefs, a long and foreboding coast of jagged peaks jut from dark waters like the fangs of a monstrous creature hungry for the flesh of the sky above. Towering sea stacks in this place are lit at night by balefires of unnatural green and purple and chill the souls of foreign sailors unfortunate enough to find themselves plying these waters. The shore, much of it steep cliffs, is overhung by dense undergrowth and thorns. Atop them tenebrous rainforests are shrouded by a cloying mist—the hot, heavy, and blood-scented breath of the great predator that is Cryx.

On the main island in the shadow of its jungles and mountains, foul creatures inhabit putrid cities and villages of collapsed and crumbled architecture, communing and festering like ticks on the hide of a mangy wolf. Though Cryx is the host to Lord Toruk's undying legions, its black cities house desperate, disposed mortals attempting to eke out their lives within the borders of what mainlanders call the "Nightmare Empire." In these wretched places, the weak survive at the mercy of the strong, and the strong



know no mercy. Children plunge daggers into the backs of their fathers, brothers sell the bruised flesh of their sisters, and starving infants feed on the blood of their withered, dry mothers.

Cryx is awash in a sickly blight darkening all aspects of life on the island. Physical alterations are rare outside of Skell—where the blight is simply too overwhelming—yet all living things on the island are tainted. Nothing is untouched, and very few outsiders who journey to Cryx, however briefly, can honestly say they left unchanged. Even the familiar races are often blighted and twisted into corrupt forms of their mainlander kin. In addition to the many necromantic monstrosities haunting Cryx and the Scharde Islands, it is home to satyxis, trollkin, ogrun, and goblins all of whom have a stake in—and are subject to the predations of—the Nightmare Empire. Although humans account for the majority, Toruk's kingdom is clearly not a place ruled by men.

Lord Toruk the Dragonfather rules, and He is an absolute tyrant. Ancient chronicles place this massive black dragon's arrival to the Broken Coast sometime around 1,000 BR, but even older prehistoric evidence indicates He has plagued western Immoren for more than four millennia. Indeed, Toruk is without a doubt the oldest living creature in the known world, which makes His self-proclaimed status as a deity extremely convincing (see MN1 for more about dragons).

Toruk's legions of worshipers and slaves have spread famine, plague, destruction, and death in His name across western Immoren for ages. Before the Scharde Invasions of 584 AR, the Dragonfather and His servants were little more than bogeymen in many places used to frighten children, but now they have stepped up their incursions and become all too real and far more terrifying than any ghoulish story. These days the infamous *blackships* prowl the shores from the Broken Coast to the Khardic Sea. The fell vessels sail into unsuspecting ports and unleash hordes of murderous thralls, Satyxis reavers, and all manner of grisly horrors. They burn villages to the waterline and return to their ships bearing both the living and the dead.

Indeed, these days it is no great secret that Toruk has designs upon western Immoren. With Khador's invasion of Llael, Cryxian forces have begun taking advantage of the distractions of war by increasing their operations on the mainland. The nightmare legions have infiltrated parcels of land all along the Dragon's Tongue and Black Rivers. They have recently destroyed thousands of silos and food stores—even entire farming villages—serving the dual purpose of starving and weakening the enemy and adding to their own supply of freshly dead reinforcements. As well, the hostilities between the living kingdoms have provided many fertile battlefields from which Toruk's legions are bolstered through the gathering of the unclaimed fallen.

Cryx Facts

Ruler: Lord Toruk, Dragonfather and God-King of Cryx, and His lieutenants, the Lich Lords

Government type: Absolute Theocracy

Capital: Skell

Ethnic Groups & Approx. Population: Scharde (273,000), Bogrin (165,000), Trollkin (125,000), Black Ogurn (60,000), Ogrun (25,000), Gobber (20,000), Thurian (13,000), Caspian (10,000), Satyxis (12,000), Midlunder (10,000), Tordoran (5,000), Morridane (3,000), Khard (2,500), Ryn (500)

Languages: Scharde Tongue (Cygnaran dialect) (primary), Five Cant (Cygnaran dialect), Thrallspeak (undead only), Molgur (including Og and Trul dialects), Tkra (among high ranking servants of Toruk), Satyxi

Climate: Tropical; hot and humid, extensive rainfall and powerful storms through most of the year with a dry season usually lasting from Solesh through Katesh.

Terrain: Tall jagged mountains with dense jungle and swamps in the lowlands; coastline is primarily cliffs pockmarked with sea caves and arches and edged with towering sea stacks and razor-sharp reefs.

Natural resources: Necrotite, timber, stone, sulfur, coal, salt, rare and dangerous tropical flora, limited deposits of iron, copper, and tin.

What is Necrotite?

Those few resources necessary to fuel the dark industries of Cryx include a vast and steady supply of corpses, gold to buy the loyalty of weak-willed men, and the charnel mineral called necrotite. Necrotite is created at sites of bloodshed and slaughter where the earth itself is stained by agony and death. Over significant periods of time it form a lusterless, extremely dark mineral not unlike coal at first glance but with a definite difference that is more palpable in the air than actually seen. The vile mineral burns with a sickly green light, unleashing necrotic energy harnessed by skilled necrotechs as a fuel for their horrific creations. At present, furtive Cryxian mining crews seek out battlefields, slave pits,

MASS GRAVES, AND OTHER SITES OF VIOLENCE ON THE MAINLAND IN ORDER TO SUPPLEMENT THEIR SUPPLY OF NECROTITE.

Toruk and the Lich Lords

Toruk is the unquestioned lord and living god that rules all of Cryx, but it was not always so. Thousands of years before the Iron Kingdoms Era, Toruk split His incredible power into several pieces to create the dragons of Immoren—His children. In His efforts to make servants worthy of His attention, Toruk instilled the brood with a powerful and terrible ambition akin to His own. In the centuries of their nurturing, they also grew in hunger—a hunger making them dangerous and unruly. In time the broodlings attempted to steal their father's power.

Toruk's children betrayed Him, and a great war erupted in the skies between father and spawn. In a magnificent rage the Dragonfather slew His children and devoured their *athancs*, the heart stones that gave them life, and in doing so reclaimed that which He had given them. Some of the treasonous brood escaped His wrath unnoticed, and learning from the deaths of their siblings, they banded together. In His weakened state, Toruk could not withstand His children, and He departed in haste to bide His time. After the Dragonfather's departure, the innate natures of His brood took over. The dragons forgot their oaths to one another, and they engaged in cannibalistic duels, each desiring the athanc of the other.

Meanwhile Toruk eventually settled in the Scharde Islands and began to lay the foundation for what would become His Nightmare Empire. When He arrived, Toruk discovered the islands were ruled by a dozen pirate kings. The Dragonlord offered a choice to the rulers of the Scharde Islands—bow or be broken. The pirate kings instantly bowed before His majesty and surrendered their crowns. For their fealty Toruk bestowed upon them great power, transforming them into His Lich Lords and granting them unending servitude in undeath. From within the dark halls of His city-citadel of Skell, the Dragonfather has ruled through their dark ministries.

Each Lich Lord is charged with carrying out Toruk's will and, in turn, they are served by an army of dedicated servants and thralls. The Lich Lords seldom work in concert, and each bears his own responsibilities. Some govern territories while others serve as generals commanding a portion of His vast fleet. Always twelve in number, more than half of the original Lich Lords remain in the Dragonfather's service, for when one of them falls, another is elevated to take his place. In this way Toruk ensures He is always served by the most cunning and ruthless of His powerful undead servants.

Cryx's Military

The forces of Cryx exist solely to devour any and all things at the behest of the Dragonfather. Their martial strengths are speed, surprise, and force in numbers. Enemies of the undying know they must never be lax in their vigilance, for seemingly out of nowhere raiders can arrive without warning, carried across the sea aboard their infamous blackships.

Spreading like a cancer, Toruk's agents constantly gather the dead of the battlefield. The Cryxian military is varied and powerful. More than once an apparently defeated Cryxian army has suddenly risen to snatch victory from its would-be vanquishers. These forces are made of blood-starved Satyxis reavers, degenerate mercenaries, and shambling thralls.

From the metal-rending fists of a mechanithrall to the filth-belching cannon of the bloat thrall, necrotechs have placed their stamp on everything that walks, crawls, or slithers out of their dank, macabre workshops. Supporting Toruk's legions are the necrotechs' black-iron masterpieces: shadow-forged bonejacks and helljacks. They are ultimate products of malignant intention and some of the most harrowing creations in the Cryxian arsenal.

While scouring western Immoren for its dead, Cryxian agents have specifically sought the bodies of arcane mechanics, innovaters, and strategic thinkers and stripped them of their secrets—questioning the dead is often easier than interrogating the living. What these forensic necromancers uncovered has bolstered their 'jacks even more. They ascertained the make up of the *arc node* allowing warcasters to channel their potent magics through their warjacks. Effectively extending the range and battle potency of warcasters to devastating levels, this pilfered technology has augmented Cryx's 'jacks to even greater levels of malevolent destruction.

Stolen technology is indeed a Cryxian tradition. When the Orgoth were cast out of Drer Drakkerung by Toruk's hordes, Cryxian warwitches and blackships soon began appearing in the Nightmare Empire based perfectly on the sorcerous designs of the erstwhile invaders. Of all the blackships, few are more infamous than the funereal galleon called the *Atramentous*, bathed in Toruk's flames and manned by the ghastly undead Revenants.

The *Atramentous*

The Scharde Invasions (584–588 AR) are notated as such largely because of the presence of so many blackships and their reaver crews pillaging the shores of the mainland during these years. The vessels were feared beyond reason, but among them the *Atramentous* was singularly notorious; the sea boiled in its wake and it was responsible for the destruction of many a seaside village.

Cryxian aggression seemed to calm for some time after the Scharde Invasions with only an occasional sighting or happenstance throughout the 590s and early 600s. In recent years more accounts of the dreaded *Atramentous* and other blackships invading communities up and down the coastline—especially in Cygnar—have been reported every few weeks by flustered, wild-eyed survivors.

Notable Cities

Blackwater

In Power: Lord Craethan Morvaen

Population: 140,000 human (primarily Scharde), 27,000 bogrin, 20,000 trollkin, 8000 Black Ogrun, 2,500 ogrun, 1500 Satyxis, and 500 gobbers. Tens of thousands more live in the vast ghetto surrounding the city.

Military: Blackwater has no official garrison or city watch. Security is provided to those who can afford it by the numerous mercenary companies that operate throughout Blackwater. Powerful gangs regularly patrol their own territories.

Imports: Foodstuffs, plundered goods

Exports: Black market goods, illicit alchemicals and intoxicants, manufactured goods

The eastern shore of Cryx is cloven by an ominous fjord with steep cliffs plunging nearly a thousand feet to the black, lightless water. The bogrin and trollkin who dwell here say this is where the Devourer Wurm clamped his jaws to hold Dhunia down as he sired them. The city of Blackwater nestles on a narrow crescent of shoreline under the looming black walls of the fjord and oozes like a fungal growth of brick and rotted wood over the water where half of the city's buildings float on pontoons or perch on stilts. Less than an hour each day does the light of the sun permeate the fallen, moss-covered trees over the fjord to touch the city in the shadows, and rarely is the sky clear of clouds. It is truly a dark place in both appearance and deed.

Before Toruk's arrival, Blackwater was a port town ruled by the legendary Pirate Kings of old, and this teeming morass of wickedness and depravity has ever been a source of perverse pride for Cryx. Many vessels move through the city, flooding it with the plundered wealth of western Immoren. Over the past centuries Blackwater's population has swollen tenfold, and the city has far exceeded its natural boundaries. To accommodate this overspill great slums have risen on the outskirts of the city where the inhabitants live in squalor and succumb to disease or the predations of their ill-intentioned neighbors.

Blackwater is a town full of dangers both overt and hidden. Danger stalks its streets and large sections of the city are controlled by ruthless gangs of cutthroats that regularly prey on anyone wandering into their domain. Gangs, clans, and individuals with the strength to control their territory or business concerns dominate life in Blackwater. Pirate captains pay coin to saloon owners for unwitting, often unconscious, bodies to press into service while necrotechs prowl the ghetto in search of "candidates" for their experiments.

In addition to plundered goods, Blackwater's flesh trade attracts all manner of carrion vessels travelling there to sell putrid wares to the city's necrotechs. These slaughter ships gather their dismal cargo in raids on coastal towns throughout the mainland, and although a slave trade exists in concert with the meat markets, most of the flesh exchanged in Blackwater is dead. Beneath the city, manic necrosurgeons ply their trade assembling fresh abominations in bloody, chop-shop laboratories.

The city is run by Craethan Morvaen, a powerful pirate king who claimed the city in a bloody uprising eight years ago. While not an official representative of

Cryx, Morvaen is still expected to pay a monthly tithe to the kingdom's coffers. Such taxes are among the oldest traditions in Blackwater and everybody pays. Blackwater's legal code is otherwise very simple: there are few (if any) laws. The only justly outlawed act is arson, and its punishments are unspeakable. Lacking a police force, security is provided by thoroughly disreputable mercenary companies headquartered throughout the city. Often the first thing a ship's captain does upon arriving in port is hire mercenaries to watch over his vessel. Though few have qualms about stealing from their employers, questionable security is better than none at all in the city called the "Final Port."

Noted Persons

"Black Confessor" (male blighted trollkin Clr8/Flc7): This scaly, spine-encrusted priest of Toruk has rambled through the streets of Blackwater for at least twenty years. He spends his days and nights singing dark hymns to "the Glorious Father, Master of us all" and pulverizing heretics and infidels with his wicked locharn. Bits of dried gore—spattered remains of his victims—hang from the metal spikes attached to his black leather cassock, adding to the foul smell of his own rotting flesh. He is quite mad and most locals give him a wide berth, but occasionally members of local criminal syndicates will attempt to sic him on their rivals by telling him of their supposed blasphemies. He makes a cheap, if dangerously unreliable, assassin.

Haruspex Elsevin Hemeshka (female Satyxis Sor17): This exotic youthful woman has lived in a small house set against the stone cliff face of the fjord for as long as anyone living in Blackwater can remember. She is reputed to be a powerful diviner and can answer many questions—for a steep price. If a customer is willing to supply her with a sizable quantity of coin and a living victim, she will divine information from the victim's entrails. When stripped to the waist and up to her elbows in living intestines, she seems able to see distant points on Caen or foresee possible futures beyond the ability of other diviners.

Dougal Kildaire (male Thurian Ftr3/Rog7): Dougal Kildaire is a survivor of the first order. A smuggler, fence, and con artist, he ran afoul of Five Finger's High Captains and only barely escaped the notorious port. One step ahead of his pursuers, he jumped ship bound for Blackwater. Since his arrival Kildaire has made a name for himself as an organizer and advisor within Blackwater's smuggler community. Though he never leaves Cryx, the man has in-depth knowledge of ports across western Immoren and has contacts throughout the mainland. Presently Kildaire is attempting to build a fleet of smuggling vessels to start his own operation. He is always interested in information from the mainland and enjoys exchanging information with well-informed visitors.

Lord Craethan Morvaen (male Scharde Ftr12/Rog7): A self-styled pirate king, Lord Morvaen is the most powerful man in Blackwater and seldom seen outside the company of the crone witch Gaddis Naill (female Scharde Rog4/Wiz11). Morvaen assumed control of the city eight years ago after eliminating his rivals in a series of assassinations. Since that time, he has ruthlessly clung to power through intimidation and brute force. He taxes all business operations throughout the city and all vessels entering the port—except the blackships, which are far too powerful to be threatened. Failure to pay Morvaen's agents is generally considered suicide, for he is forced to deal with the agents of the Dragonfather who come to collect their due. He tolerates no excuses so is more than able to meet their demands. Lord Morvaen employs several mercenary companies. The best known among them is the trollkin company called the Gore Talons captained by Jussika Bloodtongue (female trollkin Ftr8/Rog8). Morvaen deploys them with impunity as his personal strike force to wipe out up-and-coming rivals or those in need of reprisal.

Locales of Blackwater

Catacombs: Carved into the side of the fjord opposite the city, these twisted caverns and vaults are home to dozens of necrotechs and necrosurgeons. The Catacombs are filled with bits and pieces of thousands of living and dead beings and foul mechanikal components required to assemble the necrotic masterpieces. It is a rancid place catering to the sinister and unfeeling, and thrall servitors shuffle and dart to and fro at all times. Eerie lamplight flickering throughout the caverns gives the place a strangely disorienting quality. The demented beings laboring in the Catacombs venture out only rarely to purchase fresh specimens from the Meat Market.

Docks: Blackwater's lifeblood and infamy are tied to the vast network of docks spreading out across the dark water like giant bony fingers waiting to sieve the collected wealth of the mainland from the fleet of ships making landfall here everyday. The docks can accommodate ships of any size ever built regardless of their draft—the bottom of the fjord measures over one hundred fathoms deep. The docks closer to shore are supported by elephantine piers of dark wood, but farther from shore the docks float on iron pontoons. Dockmaster Jorlis Helcraft (male Scharde Ftr8/Rog6) commands an army of tallymen, enforcers charged with collecting Lord Morvaen's tax from vessels entering port. Anyone caught cheating ends up nailed through the throat to a post on the dock and left to rot.

Ghetto: The slums of Blackwater are filled with unknown thousands of dispossessed and desperate poor from all over the island. Living conditions are abhorrent and its populace is plagued with starvation, rampant crime, lethal epidemics, and the predations of unspeakable horrors. Life is so cheap it has no value at all within the ghetto, and the dead provide a steady supply for the Meat Market.

Lamprey's Kiss: Just off the salt-encrusted docks is the infamous Lamprey's Kiss. Owned and managed by the captain of the sunken warship *Windperil*, Kofi Hatrod (male Thurian Ftr10), this tavern serves cold stew and warm drinks in dirty glasses and on filthy plates. It is a dark place slapped together from the planks and hulls of sunken ships (some actually sunk by the *Windperil* herself) and looks like a dark and seedy version of any typical dockside tavern. Bar brawls between ship crewmen and city patrons are common and often ignored, but a good and bloody murder is never without reward. A proven kill earns any patron a free meal and a night in the arms of Hatrod's several "ladies."

Meat Market: The most horrific aspect of the Final Port's notorious market district where assassins and mercenaries sell their services is the idle acceptance by its inhabitants of the gruesome Meat Market. Continually cloaked in a vast swarm of corpse flies, this is the center of a thriving flesh trade where slaves and cadavers alike are sold to the highest bidder. Necrotechs, slavers, and other perverse inhabitants gather within the bloodstained tents and canopies to peruse the macabre Meat Market wares.

Smolders: Located in the floating section of the city, this is Blackwater's center of alchemical industry. The dark water here is so thick with alchemical sludge and necrotic effluent that it is actually possible to walk on the thick crust that forms during the dry season. The air is heavy and caustic with the fumes of a thousand alchemical processes, and because the wind rarely blows through the deep fjord, the choking haze hangs motionless in the air. Even the most hard-bitten fiends wear goggles and a wet scarf or filter mask around their mouths while passing through the Smolders—that is if they need to see and/or breathe.

Temple of the Dragonfather: A masterpiece of Cryxian engineering, this darkly beautiful structure's construction was clearly a painstaking labor of love undertaken by fanatics of the first order. The exterior of its main spire, known locally as Toruk's Tower, is covered with myriad draconic carvings as well as haunting images of the tortured dead. The temple is the tallest structure in Blackwater and boasts a mammoth bell that rings in the dead of night to summon the faithful to worshipful services in Toruk's honor. Though most of the inhabitants of Blackwater fearfully shun these services, they are still attended by large throngs coming to pray for the Dragonfather's dark blessing. The temple is overseen by Tsserik Blathe (male Scharde Clr15) and his dark initiates.

Dreggsmouth

In Power: Lord Captain Derevnia Vrace

Population: 40,000 human (primarily Scharde), 8,000 trollkin, 5,000 bogrin, 5,000 black ogrun, 1,500 ogrun

Military: Dreggsmouth has a moderate garrison of mercenary troops.

Imports: Textiles, timber, wheat

Exports: Coal, manufactured goods, necrotite

If Skell is Cryx's devious brain and Blackwater its open, sore-covered arms, then the port city of Dreggsmouth is its pestilential heart. Perpetually covered by an ashen pall of suffocating toxic clouds reeking of burnt oil and unburied flesh, it is a place of dark industry: thralls swarm the docks laboring around the clock under the guidance of their overseers to build the dreaded blackships, smoke pours into the

sky vented from monstrous necrotite processing plants, and necrofactoriums beneath the streets ooze with necrotech creations. Living or dead, all of the inhabitants are dedicated to the dark industries dominating the region.

Aside from the pulsing hammer of construction and the grinding of heavy machines, Dreggsmouth is deathly quiet. Voices rarely lift above a whisper, thralls hiss and chitter sibilantly, and laughter is unknown lest it be a hideous necrosurgeon's cackle. Omnipresent smog taints the skies, and other than the depressing dockside dives and taverns, few places cater to vice. The poison clouds above coupled with the monotony and dull rhythm of industry tend to wear on those dwelling in town until they seem only marginally more alive than thralls themselves.

Though the Dragonfather's vast fleet is decentralized throughout innumerable hidden bays and ports pocking the Scharde Islands, Dreggsmouth is home to the largest concentration of these vessels in the kingdom, for the majority of the notorious blackships are built there. Skilled craftsmen versed in the ancient Orgoth secrets of their construction oversee the vast work crews performing the task of assembly. Thralls do the heavy lifting, and mortal laborers perform the more complex tasks.

Dreggsmouth is also where much of the necrotite powering the realm's soul furnaces is mined and processed. The Scalesflow River empties into the cove having passed through Skell and in the process carriying vast quantities of raw necrotite southward and depositing it in the cove bottom. The necrotite is dredged up from the silt, and several hundred dredging rigs—towering five stories in the fetid air—cover the surface of the cove. Giant gears some twenty feet in diameter constantly—and maddeningly—squeal and grind as the crankshafts turn, their dredging systems scooping the foul necrotic muck up to the grim light of day.

A labyrinth of natural sea caves beneath the foundations of Dreggsmouth has long been the site of a vast necrofactorium operated by an army of necrotechs and their thrall servitors. Within, a multitude of inhuman perversities are born; armies of thralls and Cryxian 'jacks emerge each year from the extensive networks of tunnels. Seldom, if ever, do the living inhabitants of Dreggsmouth venture into the depths below the city. Most of the city's population is unaware of the activities going on beneath them.

Dreggsmouth itself is protected by thick rock walls reinforced with rusty iron straps and patrolled by well-armed mercenaries, and the waters of the cove are patrolled by the dreaded Cryxian blackships. The City of Broken Skulls, as it is sometimes called, does not forbid visitors, but outsiders seldom visit Dreggsmouth without specific interests. Anyone who dares visit for whatever reason is advised to mind his own business and avoid asking too many questions.

Noted Persons

Vurrak Charnelforge the Meatsmith (male black ogrun Bbn6/Exp5): Raised in a clan of proficient stronghammer smiths adept at the forging of blood steel (see black ogrun entry, MN1), Vurrak went to Dreggsmouth to apply his trade and has done so for nearly two decades. His name is renowned among the dockmasters, and some Cryxian admirals keep a supply of "meatsmithed" gear below decks for special occasions. Every piece of work he does is mixed with a full ounce of flesh, scale, or bone taken from the purchaser to "attune each weapon to its wielder." Whether or not this actually serves a purpose other than Vurrak's sadistic urges is unknown, but his work is too good to question. The black ogrun's constant service under the blighted isles has imbued his dark skin with a slightly scale-like appearance, but his most prominent feature is a row of armored plates riveted into the flesh and sinew the entire length of his right arm.

Master Shipwright Kress Soratt (male Scharde Exp12/Ftr8): Soratt is a rail thin, sickly man who is one of the few living mortals to master the arcane lore required to build blackships. A consummate perfectionist, the shipwright works tirelessly to oversee the construction of these vessels. His health is failing, so Soratt speaks in barely audible whispers that cause him to pause regularly to cough up blood. Though his body is likely to expire soon, Soratt doubts he will be allowed peace, for his work is simply too important to allow death to keep him from it.

Lord Captain Derevnia Vrace (female Scharde Ftr15): Though slowed by age and the rigors of war, Captain Vrace possesses reserves of strength that have made her a legend among the pirates of Cryx. After losing her right eye and much of her face

during a fiery sea battle off the Cygnaran coast near New Larkholm, Vrace retired to take command over Dreggsmouth. Representing the interests of the Lich Lords, she holds a tremendous amount of authority, and in Dreggsmouth her word is law. All of the city's mercenaries must answer to Derevnia whom they call "The Iron Lady." Most inhabitants are terrified of her dark moods especially since she has had entire crews of men flogged to death for the most minor of infractions.

Locales of Dreggsmouth

Caves of the Father: A portion of the sea caves beneath Dreggsmouth is dedicated to the worship of Toruk. These holy chambers spill forth light from foul balefires day and night. Monstrous steps carved into the rock lead from a row of docks to gaping cavern mouths. Inside the caverns are larger than most mainlander cathedrals or temples dedicated to the lesser and more distant gods of Urcaen. The walls of the main chamber have colossal images carved in relief depicting Lord Toruk, His eternal triumphs over death and mortality, the rewards awaiting those who serve Him well, and the punishments for those who betray Him.

Dragon's Docks: Dreggsmouth is a city of cyclopean architecture, and the Dragon's Docks are no different. The fleet of blackships assembled in the port dominates the docks. Though most of these vessels have only recently been completed and await their crews, a number of them are used to patrol the cove. The docks also serve as the city's first line of defense. Numerous towers and battlements dot the piers though few are regularly manned. The docks are well illuminated by lanterns and torches giving it an eerie ambience at night though the fog from the cove and the smoke from the rigs tends to obscure these sources of light.

Rigs, The: The monstrous facility known simply as "the Rigs" is a nightmare of steel, steam, and soot. Built on a reinforced pier jutting into Broken Skulls Cove, the building siphons large quantities of water for use in the boilers powering the machinery that process the necrotite brought to it. Within its smoky confines, humans and thralls slave away to ensure that Cryx's soul furnaces have their required fuel. Mechanikal actuators, driving steam pistons, and grinding gears clash in a tremendous industrial profusion adding to the ordered chaos of the place. Keeping the assembly lines moving is the primary goal of the overseers employed at the rigs, and they will sacrifice anything, including their workers, to see that production is not disrupted.

Skell

In Power: Lord Toruk and the Lich Lords

Population: 30,000 human (mostly Scharde), 3,000 black ogrun, 3,000 trollkin, other races in the hundreds

Military: Unknown, though certainly formidable

Imports: None

Exports: None

The capital of the Nightmare Empire is a maze of titanic stone buildings towering above strangely empty streets. The whole of Skell, in fact, may rightly be considered a black temple devoted to the undying power of the Dragonfather. It is home to Toruk's black clergy, all of whom gather to chant His praises day and night in countless dark temples and shrines. All those who dwell there are directly tied in some way to the service and worship of the Dragonfather; the Lich Lords govern Cryx, warwitches learn their fell craft, and death stalks the dimly lit streets.

The taint of dragonblight is so strong it corrupts the very air giving Skell its well-deserved nickname of the Blighted City. Though devoid of the refuse of human life, the place is covered with a thin coating of ash and soot at all times. The swift breezes blowing in from the Pitted Plains pick up the soft dust and often impart the city with the constant look of a grim snowfall, imparting it with another nickname: the City of Ashes.

Outsiders are unwelcome in Skell, and few would venture there on their own volition; even those paying a sanctioned visit, however brief, are tainted for the rest of their lives. The inhabitants of Skell seldom remain outdoors for long, for the sickly ash makes breathing difficult. In fact, Skell has no standing garrison, and it is not patrolled. The mere presence of the Lich Lords and the many thousands of Toruk's unholy agents, not to mention Toruk Himself, seems enough security for the Blighted City.


Skell

Noted Persons

Darragh Wrathe (male Scharde Ftr10/Sor10): Darragh Wrathe was a cruel but roguishly handsome pirate, but the blight of his lord has not been kind. His looks have abandoned him and his cruelty increased, yet he is capable of speaking civilly when it suits him. Although he is a sorcerer, he believes his magical power flows from a mystical connection to Lord Toruk much like a cleric's. This may be true, for as Wrathe's power increased, he began suffering a wasting affliction akin to Toruk's priests. He eventually had parts of his body removed by necrotechs and replaced with mechanikal substitutes. His lungs and heart have both been removed and replaced with foul pumps, and his intestines and stomach now house a small furnace and boiler to power the pumps. His chest is covered by what looks like a brass breastplate complete with a gorget that goes all the way up to the bridge of his nose to hide his missing jaw, and he speaks in a quavering buzz through a vent in the throat. After he came to Skell to have his lungs and heart replaced, he resigned from the fleet and entered the service of Lich Lord Terminus. Relentless and untiring, he now spends his days carrying out the will of his master wherever he is required.

Master Necrotech Mortenebra ("female" Iron Lich Amk15/Clr4): Having long purged the details of her mortal life from her memory, Mortenebra has fanatically dedicated her unlife to arcane research. Operating on the outskirts of Skell, the iron lich oversees a vast number of necrotechs and thralls that aid her in all manner of vile experimentations. Mortenebra has a tendency to chant prayers continually to the Dragonfather in her hollow scraping metal lich voice as she works. She is obsessed with seeking artifacts from the mainland, and her agents regularly encounter members of the Greylords Covenant at the remote sites of Orgoth ruins. Mortenebra occasionally purchases relics from smugglers who arrive on the island. Rarely leaving the confines of her laboratory, she entrusts these arrangements to her exceptionally intelligent skarlock thrall Deryliss.

Locales of Skell

Black Temple: As the greatest house of worship devoted to the Dragonfather, this monstrous, sepulchral, many-domed complex is a marvel of dark design. Dominating the skyline of Skell, the Black Temple overlooks the city from a vast rocky hillside. Visitors have been known to fall to their knees weeping upon their first view of its shadow-lit interior. Obviously designed to accommodate the Dragonfather's vast bulk, the dimensions of the temple instill the viewer with a powerful sense of insignificance in the face of such soul crushing majesty. The place is layered with a fantastic array of sharp and twisted decorative details lining the soaring walls as far as the eye can see. The building always appears empty as no number of supplicants could ever hope to fill its void. It is a horribly blighted place, and anyone spending any amount of time in one of its unholy services can be sure to walk away physically or spiritually changed in some way.

Toruk's Citadel: This black spire of blighted metal and bone towers far into the sky. The circling clouds of snowy ash and soot that hide the ediface from view gently cover the city below like a constant snowy winter. Two enormous ebony doors stand fifty feet tall at the spire's entrance, never guarded or locked. There are truly few foolish enough to enter, let alone uninvited. The Dragonlord's blight is like a heavy fog in the ether around his palace, and only the strongest of wills can bring a man's eyes to linger on the towering spike for very long. The only souls allowed freely into the citadel are the Lich Lords themselves and their most trusted servants. Toruk's own clergy rarely enter, choosing to allow the living god His privacy. If He needs them, He will call.

Places of Interest

Castle Moorcraig: When Lord Toruk claimed the Scharde Islands for His own circa 1,000 BR, one of the pirate kings ruling on the main island refused to bow. The remains of his once huge fortress are the blasted and blackened rubble of Castle Moorcraig. Hundreds perished when the Dragonfather made an example of Moorcraig with His fiery litany. Toruk relished the massacre which took mere minutes. The devastation wrought that day yet scars the land and serves as a continual warning never to raise the Dragon Lord's ire. Rumor has it, however, that dark things lurk beneath the surface of the ruins, for the castle had extensive catacombs and dungeons descending into sea caverns containing Moorcraig's hoard and a ship

or two. Many centuries have passed since the pirate king's demise. Though many have speculated over the generations, none can say for certain if anything yet lies undiscovered beneath the rubble.

Dragonmoor: The bogs of Dragonmoor were once the domain of Darkmoor and lorded over by the pirate king called Threnodax who, like Moorcraig (see Castle Moorcraig above), fell to Toruk when he refused to bend the knee. Today humans, bogrin, and trollkin sparsely inhabit the moors. Though some meager villages exist along the coast, the area has terrible farmland and is too boggy for lasting construction. Most of these inhabitants are put to work fishing, mining the hills, or left to breed like cattle. The mist-wreathed bogs are notorious for sheltering all manner of monstrous life and form the favored hunting ground of black trolls in the region.

Dragon's Roost: Towering over the Dragonmoor, this great black fortress is charged with the defense of Cryx's northern shore. Though most of the island is sheltered from attack by the jagged Scharde Islands, Dragon's Roost was constructed at the most likely point of attack from the mainland directly through the Windwatcher's Passage. Garrisoned by an army of thralls and helljacks, the docks of the Roost are also home to a small fleet of blackships. Many of the major raids on the mainland are launched from the Dragon's Roost, and most of Cryx's finest fighting vessels consider it their home port.

Hell's Hook: Hell's Hook is the tall, slender watchtower on the Hell's Hook Peninsula overlooking Cryx's barren southern coast. The lonely tower is maintained by the exiled witch Agathia (female Scharde Ftr7/Sor10) and her retinue of thrall servitors. Agathia was sealed in the tower after her apparent betrayal of Lich Lord Daeamortus. Though no lock bars her escape, Agathia has remained in the tower for nearly two decades and views her punishment as a great mercy. Those seeking her wise counsel occasionally visit. The peninsula itself encompasses all of the hills and coastline east of Dreggsmouth. Several large ogrun communities inhabit the hills, kept busy mining and smithing weapons and armor.

Pits, The: All but consumed by the dense rainforest covering the region, the moss-slicked ruins known as the Pits were abandoned long before Toruk arrived on Cryx. Though the place and the calamity that destroyed it have been lost to time, the crumbling walls and refuse remaining imply it was once a fortress of huge size. The Pits were named after the vast deposits of massive bones littering the forest floor, making the region a popular destination for necrotechs seeking charnel materials for their horrific experiments. This vile and warped place is thoroughly blighted and avoided by virtually all living inhabitants of the Nightmare Empire.

The Scharde Islands & the Broken Coast

Considered part of the Nightmare Empire of Cryx, the Schardes are a cluster of large islands off the coast of Cryx ranging from Gharlghast in the north through the myriad of smaller islands to tropical and swampy Morovan in the south. Cryxian influence weakens the further one travels from the Island of Cryx, and many of the larger islands are populated by savage humans, trollkin, ogrun, and bogrins free of Toruk's dominion. Many of these settlements date back to the days when the Molgur fled the Menite priest-kings of old. Some of the islands were settled by Orgoth before they were eventually destroyed by Toruk's legions. Still, Orgoth ruins and abandoned outposts dot the Scharde Islands to this day.

Off Cryx's eastern coast are countless tiny islands. These bleak, black rocks punch skyward from the waves in stark, curtain-like cliffs. The treeless stumps are storm-wracked and wind-torn, blasted by freezing winds throughout the winter and sluiced by constant deluges in the summer. When the sun does shine, it is bright and baking; there is no moderation here, no respite. These islands provide Cryx with some of its most formidable defenses. Coves and beaches are few and far between, and the waters between these islands are riddled with reefs that make navigation extremely treacherous. They are also a breeding ground for hull grinders thronging in the thousands at certain times of year.

Within these coves a twisted network of tunnels exists where enclaves of bogrin, ogrun, and trollkin live in a manner their mainland kin would consider

wild and degenerate. Gorax and trolls are also relatively common here. Hidden among the islands are hundreds of tiny ports and lagoons that conceal the bulk of the Cryxian fleet, for from here Cryx will one day launch its inevitable invasion of the mainland.

Many of the islands dominated by Cryx have fallen under the control of prolific necrotechs that thrive in the seclusion. Whole populations have been transformed into thralls to provide undying labor as their masters toil over horrific experiments, and many of Cryx's most powerful machines of war are the product of these demented labors.

The Schardes, with hundreds of miles of jagged coastline and the surrounding waters, have witnessed thousands of ships wrecked on their shores over the last few millennia. Over a thousand appear on Ordic admiralty charts alone, yet many more with their wooden hulls vulnerable to the power of seas, storms, and time, have not left a trace. Many ships became stranded on these isles for only a short time, able to escape on the next high tide, or were towed away, but the exact number of ships damaged or sunk and sailors' lives lost in these waters will never be known.

Blackrock

The largest island of the Inner Schardes, Blackrock is very firmly under Cryxian dominion. This is a swampy and dank island largely free of Toruk's blight aside from some peculiarities among the insect life and certain carnivorous breeds of vine. Blackrock is settled by a number of bogrin and trollkin tribes occupying numerous villages particularly along the shore. These tribes have annual contests of strength and speed, and the winners are sent to serve in Toruk's armies or to try to gain posts on privateer or smuggling ships out of Blackwater.

Cullenrock

This large island southwest of Mercir is one of the few along the Broken Coast that has not been claimed by Cryx. It is a craggy and inhospitable island largely devoid of flora or fauna noted primarily for its two major lighthouses, one on the eastern extreme and the other on the west. The waters around this island are heavily patrolled by the Cygnaran Navy from both Mercir and Highgate, and the lighthouses are essential points of reference. Smaller ships prefer to take the inner route around Sandbottom Point, but larger vessels must navigate around the outside of the island due to the shallow waters of the channel. Each lighthouse is manned by a small staff of isolated and eccentric operators who have had to evade Cryxian raiders on several occasions.



Bogrin

Drer Drakkerung

The blasted ruins of the once mighty city of Drer Drakkerung bear testimony to the final and largely untold chapter of the Orgoth. The first Orgoth vessels landed on Garlghast Island, and from there they staged their invasion of western Immoren. They built the great city of Drer Drakkerung, and for six centuries they ruled from Garlghast. After the Scourge when they had been forced from the mainland, the heart of their remaining forces returned to this mighty refuge.

While historians on the mainland account for a single battle between the Orgoth and the forces of the Dragonfather, what they do not realize is that the ultimate defeat came at the hands of Cryx. After the Orgoth fled the mainland, Cryx launched its own great siege on the island, quickly beating the routed enemy back to the walls of Drer Drakkerung. Attacking without warning, Toruk's fleet hit their ports first, capturing most of their blackships while still docked.

The Orgoth had been forced back to the gates of their city, but they were not undone. The final siege lasted for months, and both sides exchanged fell magic that tore the earth and burned the sky. Even after all hope of escape was lost, they fought on. The siege came to its conclusion when the beleaguered Orgoth warwitches unleashed a devastating counteroffensive just as Cryxian forces suddenly breached the walls of their inner sanctum. Their final suicidal act was to take as much of the enemy with them as they could, and forces on both sides were consumed in a conflagration that blasted the city of Drer Drakkerung apart. At least three lich lords and tens of thousands of thralls and mercenaries were annihilated instantly.

It required centuries for Cryx to rebuild its forces after that prolonged onslaught, but the losses were insignificant compared to what was gained: Cryx had inherited Orgoth secrets. The Dragonfather's legions had captured what remained of the enemy fleet, and soon enough skilled shipwrights learned the lore of the terrible Orgoth blackships. They had also taken numerous prisoners, including warwitches who had wreaked much havoc on the world. Given a choice of service or death, some of the warwitches chose allegiance to a new master. They chose Lord Toruk.

Of Drer Drakkerung, only a windswept wasteland of skeletal ruins stands amidst the rubble. Though some structures yet remain, the ruins are uninhabited by living occupants. Beneath the broken streets a vast labyrinth of tunnels and vaults are filled with ghastly specters. Indeed the largest hoard of unclaimed Orgoth artifacts and lore perhaps in the world are in the depths of Drer Drakkerung. Undoubtedly the once mighty city protects many great secrets still as it has done for hundreds of years.

The Dying Strands

Off the west coast of Garlghast is a vast area of shifting sandbanks and harsh reefs in an otherwise relatively safe channel of water called the Dying Strands. Some vessels with skilled navigators chose this route to avoid Ordic and Cygnaran marine patrols operating eastward of the Schardes. This region got its name from a legendary battle that took place here near the start of the Orgoth invasion. Having experienced the first sallies of the empire, the bulk of the fabled Tordoran Armada set sail to repel the invaders. The vessels waited in this channel hoping to surprise the Orgoth fleet—which they did, but to little avail. They were smashed to pieces. It is said that so much timber and debris was in the water afterward that it was actually possible to walk westward from Garlghast to the Shattered Islands. The story is clearly embellished, but of the hundreds of vessels setting out to surprise the invaders, very few limped back to port, and most returned to shore as driftwood and corpses.

Garlghast Island

The largest of the Scharde Islands is called Garlghast, a dangerous and vile place haunted by the shadows from centuries ago. It is a little known fact on the mainland that long before the Orgoth invaded there, they landed at Garlghast. After enslaving the local humans and trollkin, the invaders set about the construction of a dark and sprawling city modeled after those of the homeland. They called it Drer Drakkerung (see above), and its meaning in their tongue is unknown. It was from this seat of power they prepared their vast fleet for the conquest of western Immoren, and it was to Garlghast Island they returned centuries later as their empire crumbled. Finally it was there that the armies of the Black Dragon laid siege to the remnants of the Orgoth empire and blasted it to oblivion.

After the destruction of Drer Drakkerung, Garlghast remained uninhabited for many years. Over time pirate captains established fleapit communities on the fringes of the island in its many hidden coves, making a living from smuggled cargoes and plunder. Most of those have been abandoned over the years, but some yet remain. Mostly the place is inhabited by wandering dead and a few hundred humans, trollkin, and bogrin. These living inhabitants are nominal citizens of Cryx though most of them do not know or acknowledge it.

The only industry on Garlghast is the mining of necrotite conducted by freelancers and agents of the Dragonfather, for the island is saturated with the energies of the fallen. Over the centuries thick veins of powerful necrotite have turned up all over the island. These veins are rent open and strip mined for every trace of the charnel mineral, and loads of it are shipped back to Cryx for refining.

Elsewhere the smaller islands around Garlghast are bleak, exposed, salt-licked rocks, or blanketed by foreboding marshes. These islands are pocked by small Cryxian outposts and hidden ports, and getting to them is a treacherous journey. Strong tidal currents drive many ships onto the rocks of the largest southernmost island.

Giant's Head

Giant's Head is named after the immense stony mountain that dominating the island's center. On clear days the mountain can be seen from as far as the mainland coast, and it serves as a familiar landmark for sailors. Not a part of Cryx, Giant's Head is sparsely populated by a couple hundred tough-as-nails Cygnaran settlers who refuse to leave the island despite the occasional pirate threat. In truth the waters around Giant's Head have been contested by Cygnar and Cryx for centuries, and the waters just off the Head have been the place of many vicious naval battles.

Morovan

This island east of Hell's Hook is relatively lush and well forested and is far enough from Cryx to suffer no apparent signs of dragonblight. Cygnar maintains an isolated watch keep on the northern end of the island called Crownfort. It has been thrice besieged by Cryxian forces in the past decade but has always managed to hold out. Lord Captain Drake Roodring (male Caspian Ftr10) is the current officer in charge and a hard-bitten one at that. He has scars aplenty, a taste for hooaga juice, and a perpetual scowl. The island is considered one of the outer islands of the Nightmare Empire in spite of Cygnar's trifling presence, but the island is not governed by either nation. Two small outposts are located in secret coves on the island's south end as supply points for Cryxian ships, and these serve as the only Cryxian presence on Morovan. Additionally several hundred savages, most of whom worship a shark-like representation of the Devourer, occupy caves along the eastern shore. These primitives hide from Cygnaran patrols but have recently come into conflict with Cryxian sailors.

Satyx

Lost among the countless Scharde Islands, the location of the dark jungle isle of Satyx is known only to the ancient race of beautiful yet terrible warrior women who call it home. The Satyxis were said to be spawned when the Dragonfather slew His child Shazkz, called the White Dragon, in the skies above the island. The blood and blight that descended upon the land twisted and warped the inhabitants of the isle in both mind and body. The men wasted away over mere weeks while the women became something changed (see entry, MN1). Since those days the Satyxis have become infamous as high seas killers in the service of the Dragonfather. Among the most prominent leaders of the Satyxis is the notorious reaver witch and pirate queen Skarre Ravenmane though in truth she is seldom ever seen in Satyx. She is far too busy scourging the seas or carrying out dark deeds for Toruk and His Lich Lords.

Windwatcher's Passage

Many disasters have befallen Cygnar's coasts over the millennia, and most have been borne on onshore winds. Be they pirates, Orgoth vessels, or the dread shape of the Dragonfather, the long, uninterrupted run of clear water known as Windwatcher's Passage has provided both an open channel for the invaders and early warning for the defenders. Both water and wind run fast here, channeled between the islands rising on each side. Cygnarans have always expected trouble from this route, which is why they built the massive towers of Westwatch and set coastal defenses all along

this stretch of shore. To this day Cygnaran watch keeps are inhabited by stalwart lookouts from Giant's Head to Morovan. They are equipped with field glasses in order to watch the waves and sky and stand ever ready to light massive warning beacons whenever trouble comes calling.

Ios

Has our day passed? Is our time beyond us? Certainly the humans have proven this. Lyoss is lost. Our gods… They are gone, save one, who lies ill even now. Each year we see more Iosans born without souls. Without souls! So what are we to do? I ask you, do we permit our great people to fade into history? Do we? Or do we rattle the sword and shield, draw the bow, and make such a clamor as to be remembered for all time!

—The Consul Caelcyr Nyarr, speaking before the assembly of the Consulate Court, 605 AR

Men are not the only forgers of great nations by any means. Also among the empire-makers of Immoren are the elves who came from the east long ago from the Empire of Lyoss, which in their hubris they destroyed. It appears all empires must eventually fall, but the Iosans, descendants of the Lyossans, ended theirs prematurely annihilating hundreds of thousands of inhabitants in the process and sending the remaining few thousand into the west on a trek for a new homeland. Their empire was laid waste after the cataclysm that befell the Bridge of Worlds, an assembly built over hundreds of years in order to bring them and their gods closer. It ended up stranding their gods among them, closing them off from the great Veld and its energies, and in time inducing their disappearance (see callout "Fading Shadows: Ios Languishes," pg. 44, and the IKCG pp. 50–52, 245–253 for more).

With the collapse of Lyoss, the elves were devastated as a people. Great accomplishments that had taken millennia were lost; the magic and science of modern Ios is but a fraction of the glory of their former empire. Ever since settling in western Immoren, they have refused anything but the barest contact with their neighbors. Outsiders think this stems from an inherent flaw, some predilection for arrogance making them detached as a species and placing thems in a position to view the rest of the world as beneath their attention. In truth their self-imposed isolation comes from a deep source of misery. Ios is ill. Its people struggle with a terrible cancer, for it is a nation slowly dying from the inside.

This sickness as a species has led them to mistrust anything unfamiliar, and it grows ever worse. In fact, prior to the 500s AR, some exiles and diplomats could be found outside of their homeland. Though always aloof and reluctant to part with their secrets, they made some effort to conduct commerce, politics, and mild relations with the other kingdoms—if but a trickle. Today the defense of their borders has become ruthless in the extreme. They no longer deign to entreat the other kingdoms whatsoever. The borders of Ios are closed; visitors are unwelcome and unwanted.

The landscape of Ios is breathtaking. Its dense, unspoiled forests contain thick stretches of pines and spruces but are dominated by high, white- and gray-barked aspens. Its fields and high plateaus of thick grasses and wildflowers, such as hawkweed and cinquefoil, are roamed by herds of elk, bison, deer, boar, and smaller game as well as predators such as coyotes, lynxes, and burrow mawgs (see entry MN1). One of the most notable features of Ios is its birdlife, and lording over the various warblers, owls, and goshawks is the regal-looking Iosan eagle of the southern peaks. The extensive highlands of the plateaus include subalpine grasslands and wet meadows scattered among its rich forests while the entire south is separated from the Bloodstone Marches by the sheer Iosan Peaks. The most famous is Mount Shyleth Breen likely because it is the most noticeable Iosan landmark to outsiders.

The combination of plateaus, wet meadows, countless streams, and snow-packed peaks lend to Ios one of its signature traits: Iosan mist. Much of the time wide tracts of land are wreathed in a drifting brume of pale gray that obscures sight and distorts sound. It is said the mist is sentient, that it has a life of its own and

deceivingly whispers in ill-defined voices. Some elves say it is the mist that takes the souls of those born without them and that the whispers are their anguished spirits casting vengeful aspersions at the living.

Beyond the forests, mountains, and mist, monolithic cities of stone and glass are filled with wonders beyond the comprehension of men, inspiring much awe in former visitors—merchants, scholars, ambassadors, and the like. If these men of yesteryear had aspirations of living in harmony with Iosans, perhaps sharing in their knowledge and lore, it all seems very far beyond reach these days. Travelers who stray too near the kingdom invariably discover fortresses called *aeryths* manned by merciless archers and swordsmen. These warriors line their ramparts and patrol their borders in search of those who venture too deep into their sacred domain, for the footsteps of non-elves despoil the very earth and weaken their lost gods with every tainted stride.

Iosans once enjoyed the enlightening company of gods among them, so Ios is a realm possessing enormous knowledge of the arcane. Their buildings are made of tremendous stones shaped and laid with expert precision to create imposing structures. Many of the most impressive are pyramidal structures called *falythi* made of massive terraced stone blocks. Incredible engineering has gone into these fantastic structures. Some buildings feature giant doors made from a single slab of stone hundreds of tons in weight yet balanced so perfectly that a child can push it open with a single finger. Their architecture seems to defy gravity, and it is a mystery whether or not this is an illusion or actual magic at work as portions of the stonework are covered with engravings and reliefs of ancient origin and significance. Some special buildings, such as fanes, display luminous runes embedded in the rock that pulse as if alive. Colored glass is also widely used, and at night their cities come to life with hundreds of multi-hued street lanterns.

At the center of society hundreds of noble houses called *hallyntyr*, meaning "high house," are responsible for the various aspects of Iosan culture. Though the majority of elves come from what is considered common stock or low



Iosan Temple

houses called *fyllyntyr*, the ways of the high houses dominate everyday life. Representatives of the fifteen most powerful hallyntyr constitute the Consulate Court, which ruled Ios for many centuries (see "The Consulate Court" below).

The aforementioned sickness that plagues Ios is due to the departure of their deities. They refer to the doomed pantheon as the Divine Court, but more often than not they simply call them the Vanished. Their gods, eight in number, have not been seen or heard in generations save for one: Scyrah, who gets closer to death each day. Since her return in 34 BR, nothing more has been heard from the rest of the Vanished. Without their gods, no source provides for the manifestation of elven souls.

The Vanished Gods of Ios

Below are the names of the gods of the Divine Court and their associated titles. Though she is not among the Vanished, Scyrah is listed. The Iosans count Nyssor among the Vanished though he is actually encased in ice in the far north (see Nyss entry).

Ayisla: Nis-Asyr of Night; Suzerain of the Fallen; Watcher of the Gates

Lacyr: Sovereign of the Divine Court; Narcissar of Ages; Potentate of the Living

Lurynsar: Issyr of summer; Lord of the East Forest; Armsmaster of Lyoss

Lyliss: Nis-Scyir of autumn; Mistress of Poisons; Court Assassin

Nyrro: Arsyr of Day; Seneschal of Lyoss; Lorekeeper

Nyssor: Scyir of winter; Grand Crafter; Frozen Sage

Ossyris: Incissar of Hours; Sovereign of Conflict; General of Lyoss

Scyrah: Nis-Issyr of spring; Divine Healer

More and more elves are born soulless as demonstrated by former narcissar of House Vyre, the High Consul Ghyrrshyld of the Consulate Court, when he slew an elven child before its members in 579 AR and began a crusade responsible for the demise of over 2,000 infants. This led to the War of the Houses (581–584 AR), a bitter civil conflict that spiralled Ios into chaos when Ghyrrshyld's forces warred against an alliance of the high houses. After three years of brutal bloodshed, the High Consul's armies fell to the alliance, Ghyrrshyld disappeared without a trace and the Iosans felt ashamed and fell further into despair. They feared the other kingdoms would seek an advantage over them in this time of chaos, so they shut their borders completely. Ironically, however, the very practice that began this conflict, the slaying of soulless newborns, has become an unspoken ritual in Ios. These eerily emotionless babes are taken from their families and euthanized in a secret ceremony by fane priests.

Rumor Has It…

Though virtually all newborns lacking a soul are executed soon after birth, rumor has it that some soulless newborns are secretly taken under the wing of agents of the Retribution of Scyrah, an outlaw organization blaming human practitioners of magic for the slow demise of their goddess. This organization trains the utterly fearless children to become assassins and mage hunters. If this operation were to be uncovered, it is likely the Consulate Court would take action against the Retribution to put a stop to these practices, as difficult as that might be.

Ios is comprised of a people divided. Despite the fact their gods have been missing for over 1,500 years, they have reached no consensus on how best to resolve their problems mainly because they have long lived in a state of denial. Not only does the threat of annihilation weigh heavily on them, but each high house also has its own agenda. Most Iosans seem resigned to their fate, solemnly accepting that their time has come to fade into the chronicles of history. Others, however, believe the Vanished may yet be found, but the optimism of these Seekers (see IKCG pp. 250-251) has done little to convince the majority. Mostly view them as deluded fools.

Another active organization is called the Retribution of Scyrah (see IKCG pg. 250). It is a criminal organization according to the edicts of the Consulate, but members of the Retribution have infiltrated much of Iosan society. Its adherents are convinced of a relationship between Scyrah's decline and the proliferation of wizards among humans, and they advocate the killing of human practitioners of the arcane arts for their misuse of the magical energy their goddess needs to survive. Thus far, the Consulate Court has been unable to reach a consensus on how to proceed. They are torn between the cost of inaction and the potential threat

to national security. The ideals of the Retribution are a topic of debate among the consuls. Caelcyr of House Nyarr in particular endorses their actions much to the dismay of the Consulate Court. One thing is certain. As long as Ios continues violently to defend its borders against those who even venture near, much less cross over, it matters little whether they are for or against this radical sect's policies. As they aim their barbed arrows at the kingdoms of men, they are doing the Retribution of Scyrah's work for them.

Ios Facts

Ruler: Consulate Court

Government type: Oligarchy

Capital: Shyrr

Ethnic Groups & Approx. Population: Iosan (950,000)

Languages: Shyrr

Climate: Temperate but varies with altitude; cold, cloudy winters with frequent snow and fog; sunny summers with frequent showers and thunderstorms.

Terrain: Heavily wooded rolling hills; rugged mountains (Iosan Peaks in the south) with a central plateau of rolling hills, plains, and small streams.

Natural resources: Arable land, coal, iron ore, timber, salt, stone

The Consulate Court

A constitution was drafted by the gods of the elves upon the founding of Ios. They appointed a diverse national body to safeguard the people as well as lesser ministry councils of eight members for each of the eight ithyls named for the gods themselves. The Consulate Court became the second highest agency in the land after the Divine Court. Its responsibilities are to arbitrate matters of justice and ensure domestic harmony as well as provide for the common defense and promote the general welfare of the people of Ios. The court holds office at the Consulariat in Shyrr once every three weeks and has done so since the days their gods walked among them. To this day eight empty seats of onyx marble are fixed in a semicircle on a dais above the common room where the Consulate members congregate—these are more of a reminder nowadays than actual seats on reserve.

The Consulate was and is overseen by the hallyntyrs, or high houses, of influence and advised by several religious, arcane, and trade representatives. Of the hundred or so noble houses within modern Ios, fifteen of them are collectively greater in power than all of the others combined. The narcissi of these houses are all members of the Consulate Court. Though each of these hallyntyrs dominates an aspect of Iosan culture, they all have broad concerns. Some of them overlap the interests of another house which admittedly sometimes provokes tense rivalries. For instance, House Shyeel specializes in arcanika and has maintained a steadfast alliance with the Dawnguard of House Nyarr for centuries. This alliance has created tension between Shyeel and the other military houses who are not supported nearly as well as Nyarr by Shyeel's myrmidons.

The Five Great Military Houses

Ios has five hallyntyr that control the entirety of its military forces. They are Ellowuyr, Issyen, Nyarr, Rhyslyrr, and Silowuyr. Some may argue that House Shyeel is considered the "sixth" military house due to its command of arcanika and myrmidons while others typically lump Shyeel in with Nyarr due to their tradition of support for one another.

The most powerful fifteen high houses of the Consulate Court are:

Aiesyn: Made up of great builders, this hallyntyr goes back to the construction of the very first falythi in Ios, the Forbidden Temple. Not only is Aiesyn responsible for the care and maintenance of the magnificent pyramids throughout the realm, but together with Syllrynal and Rhysslyrr they also devised the winding, mysterious passages of the Knot. Aside from civil architecture, Aiesyn oversees Ios' various stone and salt quaries and devises Ios' many great engines of war in times of conflict.

Ellowuyr: As leaders of one of the more powerful hallyntyr, the heads of House Ellowuyr take up two of the seats on the Ministry of Lurynithyl. Ellowuyr is one of the five great military houses and is renowned for its expert swordsmen and the founding of Aeryth Ellowuyr. These elves are very aggressive and noted for their fanatical loyalty to their homeland—and for their even greater loyalty to themselves. Ellowuyr troops swear solemn oaths of allegiance only to each



Eiryss and Narn, mage hunters of the Retribution of Seyrah,
bring a captured wizard before the fane of the goddess.

other even to the point that they are not permitted a mate or to marry while in service—typically 40 years. This hallyntyr, taking on the title of the Order of the Crimson Banner, spearheaded the campaign to defeat High Consul Ghyrrshyld during the War of the Houses.

Eyvreyn: As the official keepers of Ios' history and lore, House Eyvreyn has the most scribes and scholars and is closely allied with House Vyre. This house is also one of the leaders in natural law and numbers several great debaters and ministers of law among its ranks. Eyvreyn maintains half a dozen libraries throughout the realm, all of them inscribed with the seal of Nyrro, and not one is more impressive than that inside the Assembly Hall of the Consulariat. Aptly named the Consulariat Athenaeum, it is a vast storehouse of learning and dialogue. In the center of the Athenaeum is an impressive, twelve-foot-tall marble statue of Nyrro holding a massive tome to his chest and peering toward fallen Lyoss.

Issyen: Another of the five great military houses, House Issyen is most noted for its stalwart safeguard of the Gate of Storms. Its troops use long thrusting spears with jagged iron heads and ride fleet, battle-trained steeds. They wear visored, crested helms that hide their faces and plate armor made from bands of blackened iron edged with gold. The soldiers of House Issyen patrol the frontiers throughout the north of Ios and westward as far as just a few leagues shy of the Llaelese city of Rhydden, and they have no mercy for any non-elves they might meet.

Lys: This house specializes in medicine, treatment of illness and disease, and the tissues of the living and the dead. The members of House Lys are the physickers and keepers of the dead. They work with the fane priests as well and devote a great deal of time and resources to preparations for the next world where Iosans are expected to re-join the Divine Court. Whenever an Iosan dies, members of Lys retrieve and prepare the body, wrap it in linens, and then pack it in salt.

Nyarr: House Nyarr is one of the five great military houses, and this hallyntyr's Dawnguard are the renowned defenders of Ios. They are headquartered in the north at the massive fortress named for the ranks of their legendary forces, the Aeryth Dawnguard. House Nyarr also works closely with House Shyeel to the point where the two forces, Dawnguard and myrmidons, are practically inseparable. Rarely is a myrmidon seen without an escort of grim Dawnguard in their red surcoats and burnished helms bearing their signature two-handed swords.

Ryvrese: A major trade house, House Ryvrese teaches all manner of skilled craft. Carpenters, masons, millwrights, glaziers, and metalsmiths are some of the more popular trades taught by the masters of Ryvrese. Their standard displays three unified rings standing for construction, industry, and service and hangs from the flagstaffs of their trade houses in all the major cities of Ios. Ryvrese members often go on to serve other houses.

Rhyslyrr: House Rhyslyrr is one of the five great military houses and is renowned for its archers who are said to be trained to hit a target on a moons-lit night at great distances. This hallyntyr is charged with the keeping of the Gate of Mists, largely considered the primary entrance to Ios, and the great Mistbough forest beyond. They wear long black tunics with dark violet facing over black leather armor. Their coat of arms displays the leaf and three arrows of the god Lurynsar. Many Rhyslyrr are also renowned hunters since hunting doubles as a means of keeping fit and alert during long stretches of limited activity.

Shyeel: House Shyeel has ever been given deference as the leading masters of arcanika in Ios, but even above that they are lauded as the primary creators of myrmidons, the Iosan answer to steamjacks in the outside world. In the city of Lynshynal, this hallyntyr oversees the production and maintenance of these mighty Iosan weapons. At the same time their scores of arcanists and apprentices busy themselves in their research and study, tasked by the Consulate Court to see to the defense of the Iosan people against the burgeoning forces of foreign powers. Shyeel and the Court are of the same mind: Ios must always be prepared.

Silowuyr: One of the five great military houses, House Silowuyr is charged with the defense of the capital city of Shyrr, a task they do not take lightly. They call themselves the Sureyssa, which roughly translates to "the Blooded Ones," and they view themselves as the last line of defense for both Ios and the goddess Scyrah. They are very ritualistic, even more so than House Ellowuyr, and every soldier must take an oath

while in service to the house never to surrender the city and to give their lives in its defense to the last.

Syllrynal: This house specializes in horticulture. They are the cultivators of the most remarkable orchards and gardens in all of western Immoren. The hallyntyr is headquartered in the renowned Sylgarden of Iryss, an impressive conservatory in the middle of a square mile of the most striking landscaping in Ios. They often collaborate with House Vyre and provide them with special herb strains for alchemical concoctions. In fact, Syllrynal is one of the wealthier hallyntyr, for its plants and herbs are always in demand for tinctures, seasonings, essences, and medicinal ingredients.

Uithuyr: This house is chiefly responsible for the training and guidance of young fane priests. House Uithuyr rose to prominence after the Rivening, for the majority of its priests were adherents of Scyrah who were not affected like the priests of the rest of the Vanished. This house coordinates with several other houses of learning, especially House Eyvreyn.

Vyre: The members of House Vyre are the renowned masters of the supernatural sciences of magic, Iosan astrology, theosophy, and alchemy. They have falythi in the three major cities of Ios where wizards reside and are either tutored or tutor other wizards and alchemists. Of interest, a wing of the hallyntyr called the Nymyn deals primarily with the fanes and fane priests and collaborates on matters of the divine. Many Vyre-trained Nymyn fill out the ranks of the Seeker sects and are deeply interested in doing whatever they can to track down the Vanished.

The War of the Houses

House Vyre is somewhat estranged from most of the other powerful houses, for its former narcissar, the High Consul Ghyrrshyld, instigated the War of the Houses when Vyre and several minor houses warred for three years against the Houses of Ellowuyr, Nyarr, Silowuyr, and Shyeel. It was during this war that House Vyre not only held most of the Consulate Court hostage but also introduced its own line of myrmidons to the battlefield. Once Consul Ghyrrshyld was defeated in the final battle at Iryss, he disappeared, House Vyre relented that same day, and the war abruptly ended.

Wyshnalyrr: As masters of natural philosophy, mathematics, and astronomy, House Wyshnallyr is consulted often regarding construction efforts as well as by all houses indulging in high sciences. This hallyntyr is considered to contain the foremost experts in matters regarding the nature of physics, space, and time. Some of them are directly related to the devisers of the Bridge of Worlds though they are more embarrassed by this fact than honored. It is a delicate subject best avoided.

Yrryel: This house's specialty is trade, commerce, and economical concerns. Agents of Yrryel are the reckoners and record keepers for the Consulate Court's coffers. They also control most, but not all, of the banking and money lending concerns in Ios. Yrryel is perhaps noted second for its cartographers—and secretly for its spies. Indeed, only the higher ranks within the house understand that Yrryel agents are the primary information gatherers of the world outside of Ios, with several dozen operatives abroad posing as disenfranchised settlers and migrants. Unfortunately for this house, its power is waning somewhat since the borders have closed. To compensate, potentates of the house have been attempting to dominate the political arena to make up for the changes in their society.

It should be noted that although the hallyntyr of Ios all began long ago during the days of Lyoss as actual blood-related families, this is no longer the case. Indeed, familial descendants of these great houses are still typically found within the ranks usually among the leaders of the houses, but this is not always true. The five military houses in particular have very few actual descendants of the hallyntyr's name. For example, the original Nyarr line was completely wiped out during the elven exodus from Lyoss. The name was upheld by survivors of the Dawnguard who managed to survive their battles against countless nomads and Skorne enemies in the Bloodstone Marches later to establish a new order. Its leaders took on the Nyarr family name in honorable deference to that great line of Lyossan champions.

Ithyls of Ios

In Iosan, "ithyl" means "heart." When elves first settled Ios, the gods of the Divine Court subdivided the land into provinces called ithyls whereupon they erected their primary fanes. These divisions of geography have been maintained by the Iosans, and each ithyl has its own ministry consisting of eight ministers who primarily

concern themselves with civic responsibilities and act as local contacts for the Consulate Court.

Ayisthyl

As the largest ithyl, Ayisthyl takes up the entire western tip of Ios starting with the ruined city of Issyrah, formerly devoted to the goddess Ayisla. This region takes up the entire border with Llael as well as a section of the southern border along the Glimmerwood. Few permanent settlers inhabit this region, but it is well patrolled by houses Issyen and Rhyslyrr. Matters of national defense are coordinated from the fortress called the Gate of Mists.

Lacyrthyl

The most densely populated region in Ios includes the capital of Shyrr, the lands surrounding the busy capital, and the forested region to the north. Before the return of Scyrah this region was devoted to Lacyr, Sovereign of the Divine Court and Narcissar of Ages, and statues and symbols of that great god are still found throughout Lacyrthyl.

Lurynthyl

South of abandoned Eversael, this large and rich ithyl includes the Archenbough Forest, the city of Lynshynal, the fortified Aeryth Ellowuyr, and the Iosan Peaks. It is believed the old city of Lurynsar and its fane fell to ruins and was buried near Ellowuyr although no one has attempted to excavate this ancient sacred ground. Some Iosans in Lurynthyl still keep small figurines of the Lord of the East Forest and former Armsmaster of Lyoss alongside their shrines to Scyrah. The only mining of significance in Ios takes place in the Iosan Peaks south of Lynshynal.

Lylisthyl

This small region is most noted for the Gate of Storms, a border fortress charged with watching the northern border with Rhul located in a traditional military corridor between the Silvertip Peaks and the hills and forests of Archenbough. In better times all trade with Rhul passed through this gate, but it was sealed when Ios severed all external communication. The ruined city of Shaelvas is hidden somewhere in this region possibly entirely overgrown or buried, perhaps near the Moon Arch. This region is noted for its dense undergrowth and heavy fogs that makes travel difficult away from the road.

Nyrrothyl

This ithyl lies east of Shyrr and includes Eversael, all that remains of a city once devoted to the god Nyrro. Wayfarers give these ruins a wide berth, for it is reputed to be occupied by eldritch. Some smaller communities dot the western portion of this region, but explorers, cartographers, and scholars of any sort have never truly confirmed its uttermost eastern border.

Nyssothyl

Also largely uninhabited, this region includes all of the southern Mistbough Forest along the southern border of the kingdom. The fabled city of Darsael, reputedly devoted to Nyssor, was said to be somewhere in this region although some scholars dispute that there ever was such a city. Few records can be found with that name even from the earliest days after the settling of Ios. It is believed the Retribution of Scyrah maintains a fortified stronghold somewhere on Mount Shyleth Breen.

Ossyrthyl

One of the most densely forested regions of Ios, Ossyrthyl includes the northern Mistbough Forest and the sacred Forbidden Temple. Most scholars agree this old place of worship was one of the few structures to survive from the old city of Shaeross where Ossyris kept his fane.

Scyrathyl

Scyrathyl was Scyrah's old domain in ancient days. This region includes the city of Iryss and the forested hills to the north along Rhul's border reaching almost to the Gate of Storms. It is bounded on the south by the Knot and the wooded glades south of Iryss and includes a short stretch of cleared territory around the city forming some of the kingdom's most arable land. Much of it is home to extensive orchards maintained by House Syllrynal.

Notable Cities

Iryss

Governing Body: The Ministry of Scyrathyl

Population: 205,000 Iosans

Military: All five military hallyntyr have significant garrisons in Iryss.

Imports: Metal goods, timber, stone, weapons, and armor

Exports: Cereals, fine cloth, glass, herbs, livestock, salt

Originally Scyrah's home and the site of her Great Fane, Iryss is the second largest city in Ios and home to a vast majority of military personnel. The outer portions have become less populated by commoners since the days of the War of the Houses. Now the fringes of Iryss are sprawling, enormous fortifications and barracks where all five of the military hallyntyr are represented to some capacity.

The battles taking place around and within Iryss less than 30 years ago deeply affected the city's appearance. Architecture still shows scorch marks from the various fires, and only the Great Fane of Scyrah and the Sylgarden seems to have escaped damage. Aiesyn builders restored the major buildings, especially those rendered little more than mountains of rubble, but many of the lesser buildings are practically untouched. Still, Iryss is noted for its many green spaces and leafy parks due mostly to the efforts of House Syllrynal.

Within the heart of the city, the many trade houses are in constant production in the district referred to as the Marketplace. House Ryvrese manages the trade houses and is one of the most influential hallyntyr in all of Ios because of it while House Syllrynal maintains the city's renowned fruit orchards, herb gardens, and other crops. Thylryn Vyr, an impressive 220-foot tall octagonal tower of crimson and gray stone blocks, is a place of arcane learning maintained by House Vyre.

What visitors—if there were any—might never learn is that a ghostly city complete with roads and buildings lies beneath the heart of Iryss, its crystalline walls glittering and gleaming in the flickering light. It is a world of no night or day, but of salt. This massive salt mine a thousand feet beneath the surface encompasses more than 900 acres and nearly 30 miles of tunnels and roadways. Millions of years ago, if not hundreds of millions, all of Ios was a great sea. Countless millennia later Iosan workers labor in the salt deposits left behind as a testament to those ancient waters. The mines grew over the centuries, for salt has ever been in great demand in western Immoren. During the War of the Houses, thousands of Iosans fled to the City Below, as it is called, and erected habitations and other structures during the years they resided there. Now salt miners still work small sectors, but only seedier or more intrepid Iosans frequent the abandoned regions of this ethereal place. It is rumored to be the home of a number of the leaders of the Retribution of Scyrah who meet secretly in its bowels and gain access from an undisclosed lift system located within the Great Fane of Scyrah.

Noted Persons

Alyrra Ryvrese (female Iosan Ari5/Wiz14): As matriarch of one of the most powerful hallyntyr in Ios, Alyrra is a woman used to having things her way. A careful manipulator, she has mastered the fine art of playing both smaller and larger houses against each other to the benefit of her own house. Alyrra is keenly political and has a number of enemies. Knowing this, she is seldom seen in public without a large contingent of house guards. It is rumored that she has aided the Retribution of Scyrah in securing training grounds near the border of Llael. Ironically, her younger brother Tylien (male Iosan Ari3/Ftr11) sits upon the Ministry of Scyrathyl and is a firm campaigner against Retribution practices.

Byress Pwylvyrr (male Iosan Exp4/Rog4/Wiz7): Uncommonly haggard and disheveled for an Iosan, Byress is a former apprentice to the arcanists of House Vyre. Now he sits day and night near the marketplace wall wrapped in a blanket and absently sipping some steaming concoction. He seems even more forlorn than is typical for the elves, and those who attempt to engage him in conversation will receive cryptic mutterings about how doom is upon Ios, for the signs are everywhere. His rantings rarely seem to make much sense. In truth Byress is a lookout for the Retribution of Scyrah and is perfectly sane. Those who respond appropriately to his mutterings will suddenly find a clear-eyed agent who will give them instructions about Retribution activities, via innuendo of course, unless a safer place to converse is available. Byress also knows of the secret access to the City Below in the Great Fane.

Master Diviner Vyrillis Yryas (male Iosan Div20): The rapidly aging founder of the Seekers sect is still active and dwells near Iryss. The sanctuary and headquarters of his research is actually several miles south of the city though he maintains some buildings

in Iryss and sometimes ventures there under the guise of an elderly merchant of rare books. Vyrillis is still attempting to piece together clues and prophecies he hopes will lead to a cure for Scyrah and restore the Vanished. His sect is outlawed by the Fane of Scyrah but has many sympathizers particularly in Iryss. The diviner is respected in many circles as one of the most brilliant wizards of the age, but because he has encouraged the theft of sacred tomes from the Fane of Scyrah and broken the recent ban on trade or contact with outsiders, he is marked for death. In the last few years Vyrillis has become convinced that the Nyss may have some pieces of the puzzle, but his agents have made no progress in contacting their faraway northern kin.

Locales of Iryss

Great Fane of Scyrah: When the eight gods lived among the elves in Ios and rebuilt their culture, this palace and garden was Scyrah's dwelling. When she returned alone in 34 BR, she went to Shyrr to take her place as regent. However, her fane has been maintained over the centuries, preserved as one of the most sacred places in Ios. Those who serve there maintain the grounds as if Scyrah still dwelled within. The building itself is quite similar to the Great Fane of Lacyr although slightly smaller and with decorative motifs of Scyrah rather than Lacyr. This fane serves an important purpose as a place of learning for those who may one day serve the goddess at the fane in Shyrr. They are taught the required rituals and duties without fear of offending the auricants or the goddess herself. Their taskmistress is Nis-telmyr Veliyse Lovyrr (female Iosan Clr15), one of the eldest clerics of the Fane. Some say she has lost her wits and believes Scyrah is present in the fane although this is most likely a deliberate affectation to ensure no one neglects their duties.

Marketplace: The Marketplace of Iryss takes up nine square blocks. It is encompassed by a buff-colored stone wall adorned with carvings of mythical patterns telling a story of Iosan life; the west-facing wall is famous for its depiction of the elven exodus across the Ashen Plains. Inside, trade houses display their goods and every ware imaginable can be found. Those of an intrepid nature frequent the block maintained by House Vyre, for all manner of alchemical and mystical items can be had or commissioned.

Sylgarden: At the center of the Sylgarden district is the 50-foot-tall Syllrynal estate with its stone and iron wall and white and blue-veined marble buildings and glass domes. The landscape around the estate flows with perhaps the most impressive gardens in western Immoren along with a stream diverted to ripple over terraces adorned with blocks of stone and multi-hued pebbles. Flowering trees, fruit trees, and plants of every variety grow and dangle everywhere, and the air is heavy with the scent of lavender and jasmine. The Syllrynal are versed in more than beauty however, and the largest of the various dome-shaped greenhouses discreetly bears the secret seal of the goddess Lyliss, which must be activated to gain entry. Within is a staggering variety of poisonous, noxious, and otherwise potent foliage. Here one will find rare and toxic—usually lethal—strains of bloodvine, black iris, blackleaf, hemlock, malice root, oleander, poppy, stranglevine, thorny ivies of every variety, and dangerous mushrooms, berries, and tubers.

Lynshynal

Governing Body: The Ministry of Lurynthyl

Population: 125,000 Iosans

Military: House Ellowuyr maintains a vast garrison of swordsmen in the city. House Shyeel also has a significant number of warriors here in addition to perhaps the largest contingent of myrmidons in Ios.

Imports: Textiles, glass, livestock

Exports: Fur, iron, metal goods, stone, timber

Lynshynal is a high-walled city with five principal gateways. Located deep in the wilderness of Ios and wrapped in the privacy of the Archenbough Forest, Lynshynal has become the home of some of the finest arcanists and weaponsmiths in all of Ios. The city is the stronghold of house Shyeel and a leading producer of myrmidons. Indeed, the Consulate Court takes great care to keep Lynshynal protected and hidden from prying outsider eyes.

The city itself is shrouded under the tree canopy of the Archenbough but glows constantly with the burning forges of smith trade houses. The streets are aligned straight and parallel to each other with cross streets cutting at right angles. It is through these wide streets that wheeled horse-drawn carriages move

about carrying well-adorned elves seated on them. Closely aligned houses made of buff-colored bricks run straight and purposeful along the streets, and through the middle of the streets run stone-dressed drains covered with stone slabs. The drains keep the streets clean from polluted water and other refuse, for all of Lynshynal's homes have plumbing and hot water. The white marble bathhouses are especially frequented sites.

Three large falythi look out over Lynshynal from atop the hillside above. The central and largest is the home of House Shyeel. The other two are the domains of House Ellowuyr charged with the protection of the city and House Vyre, home to some of the most powerful spell wielders in Ios and a myriad of laboratories and conservatories. House Shyeel and Vyre work often together on large projects, but relations are cool between Shyeel and Ellowuyr. The latter is leery of Shyeel's close connection with House Nyarr.

The arcanists of Lynshynal are responsible for the greatest number of military advances created under the tutelage of Shyeel and Vyre. Most myrmidons walk their first steps within the arcanist dens of Lynshynal, and the city's high walls are constantly patrolled by dozens of the fearsome constructs—a sight truly awesome to behold. House Ryvrese also has a large presence in the city, specifically in the area of metallurgy, and provides myrmidon parts to House Shyeel.

Noted Persons

Irshyl Lylvess (female Iosan Rog6/Rgr3): Irshyl is a self-proclaimed treasure hunter who has achieved a measure of notoriety of late—she has a taste for exotic wines and a glib tongue. Nonetheless, her reputation for bravery—or lunacy—is not without merit; she has frequently ventured into the most shunned regions of Ios and beyond in search of "lucrative relics." She has no intellectual interest in these things but enjoys the rewards she attains for them and the thrill of danger, of course. Always in the company of seemingly expendable comrades, Irshyl has recently been scheming to investigate the ruins of Eversael despite rumors of eldritch and other horrors.

Callael Shyeel (male Iosan Amk14/Wiz10): Callael Shyeel is the legendary senior architect of some of Ios' most devastating arcanikal weapons and sits upon the Ministry of Lurynthyl. He has appeared before the Consulate Court numerous times and is readily counted on by many of its members for his wise counsel. Callael is a trueblood of his hallyntyr and both distinguished and kindly looking. He is a moderate who believes that the Iosan people must bide their time if they are ever to find a solution to their problems. He is often found inspecting the trade houses of House Shyeel. Lord Callael is liked in Lynshynal and has few enemies, though it is rumored that Retribution agents are working on infiltrating his massive estate.

Rylvyn Thanayis (male Iosan Exp8/Ftr3/Wiz8): Counselor Thanayis is tall and lean, even for an Iosan, and his face has a cadaverous look with hair atop his skull in the color of bleached bone. He is a member of House Eyvreyn and a leading minister of law in the city. He has a brisk manner and a way of intimidating those around him. He actually invests much into his ability to intimidate others knowing it gives him some advantage although the advantage is admittedly small if he were to admit as such in confidence. In truth, the counselor's investigations are fairly stymied and he would welcome aid though reservedly and with some measure of prudence.

Locales of Lynshynal

Implements of Shyeel: A lucrative venture on the side by House Shyeel, this luxuriously decorated "shop," which actually has no official name, offers for sale weapons and armament not used for defense of the realm. In many cases these are considerably inferior to military grade equipment but still expensive and finely crafted implements of war for use by individuals with ample coin. The Shyeel agents who work the shop haggle very little although they may barter for privileged information on rival houses or for arcanikal techniques unknown to them. In addition to more exotic items, a line of masterwork blades individually customized to the wielder, set with rare gems, and considered true works of art can be made available, but these command between 10 and 100 times the cost of normal masterwork swords or daggers. They are, however, considered worth the price.

The shop is run by Helfyl Ghyarr (male Iosan Exp7/Rog5). He is a skilled jeweler but primarily a smooth talking salesman. The custom swords are

crafted by his wife Lylsyll (female Iosan Exp12/Ftr3) who is recognized as one of the finest weaponsmiths in Ios. She is the actual proprietor of the shop and makes arrangements through House Shyeel to acquire the items sold there. They include slightly imperfect or misenchanted arcanikal items that may be salvageable by her experts despite their "blemishes."

Palystra: Swordsmen of Ellowuyr are trained in both body and mind. Their warriors have been drilled in Lynshynal since the first days of the city at the Palystra behind their falythi. They are taught the meaning of victory in battle and the consequences of defeat. The latter is clearly unacceptable, for Ellowuyr has ever been known to fight to the last one standing. The Palystra, which crudely translates to "Fighting Place," is encompassed by long buildings containing not merely places for each kind of exercise, but a massive open courtyard, a stadium, baths, slate-covered porticos for training in bad weather, and outer porticos where house scholars read open lectures and conduct debates. Intellectual characteristics are nurtured in Iosans of strong individuality at the Palystra, and dozens of tutors and several hundred trainees are in attendance at all times.

Shyrr

Governing Body: The Consulate Court of Ios

Population: 325,000 Iosans

Military: A vast garrison of soldiers from the military houses and a large contingent of myrmidons defend Shyrr. Officially House Silowuyr is charged with the defense of Shyrr, but the major military houses keep large fighting forces in the city as well as a number of other houses. House Silowuyr has the honor of manning the walls of Shyrr as they have done for millenia.

Imports: Industrial goods, iron, stone, timber

Exports: Cereals, cloth, glass, livestock

Shyrr is a city of stone structures imposing in scale and engineering, each assembled with an astonishing degree of precision and attention to detail. The stones used to construct the city are intricately carved with minute details and pulse with glowing runes, giving the whole place the illusion of life. As the capital of Ios, Shyrr is not only the seat of the Consulate Court, but is also home to the goddess Scyrah. Most of the highest hallyntyr maintain palatial falythi on the outskirts of the city surrounded by dozens of trade houses and common barracks in allegiance with the house.

A mob of petitioners normally kept in check by heavily armed and armored house guards continually gathers at the towering Consulariat building during days of assembly. Armed Silowuyr guards stand at attention there at such times keeping vigilant for signs of unrest which happen occasionaly when a particularly sensitive issue is brought before the Consulate.

Shyrr itself is an expanse of crowded metropolitan sprawl. Hundreds of small buildings line the cobblestone streets with a few dozen high-reaching spires spiking out irregularly on the horizon. It is called the City of Lights because its streets are lined by enchanted globes containing a special alchemical mixture that provides a bright and steady illumination, and the color of the globes changes slowly as the hours pass, serving as a timekeeping system. There is no limit to what one might find within the confines of the Iosan capital. Arcanika, tradecrafts, and even livestock and wild animal training are in great supply. Finely fabricated and stained glass is a trademark of the city as well. Glass pieces decorate many walls and even the streets are laid out in intricate and colorful patterns to lend their bright reflections to the light of the city.

Almost half of Shyrr's residents keep to a nocturnal cycle; hence the city is just as lively at night as during the day. In fact, some establishments and entertainment venues only open after sunset. Nocturnal Iosans come from all walks of life, but there is no question the city has an active underworld gathering in certain buildings to debate the wisdom of its politics, to deal in smuggled goods and information from outside Ios, and to hatch conspiracies for power or wealth.

Most residents prefer to ignore the doom warned by the Fane of Scyrah. They find it hard to believe their lives will ever change. However, reminders lie in the periphery of Shyrr despite ongoing efforts. The population has declined over the centuries, and some outlying buildings are actually abandoned. In the fringes the globes of light are either broken or exhausted, their long lasting fuel no longer replaced, and the city's lower caste inhabits many of these neighborhoods—though most who cannot afford to

dwell in Shyrr must leave. The governing elite takes measures to discourage squatters from abandoned residences which they would sooner see left empty than used by the disenfranchised.

Moving toward the center and the Great Fane, lights blossom, enormous stone buildings stand immaculate, and one can believe in the illusion that time has halted in this place. Carved and assembled from gray marble blocks excavated from the Iosan Peaks, the gigantic fane is the oldest building in Ios and is the home to the goddess Scyrah herself. No outsider has ever crossed the threshold of the entrance to her sanctuary, and at all hours of the day devout Fane knights stand guard quite willing to cut down any visitor not in the company of an auricant or their attendants.

Noted Persons:

Consul Caelcyr Nyarr (male Iosan Ftr11/Wiz8): Consul Nyarr is an outspoken member of the Consulate Court. A man of action, he is galled to the bones over the idle acceptance of the fate of Ios. For years he has endorsed any plan that will wake Ios from its gloomy slumber. In recent years Consul Nyarr has met with representatives of the Retribution of Scyrah. The consul has gone so far of late as to endorse elements of Retribution beliefs during the Consulate assembly much to the shock of longtime friends and allies.

Rumor Has It…

The other high houses find Nyarr's endorsement of the Retribution of Scyrah greatly disturbing. As one of the five great military houses, Nyarr has vast armies at its disposal including the heavily armed Dawnguard. Additionally Nyarr maintains close ties to House Shyeel and has a significant number of myrmidons at his disposal. Should Nyarr formally ally with the Retribution, not only would the sect gain greater acceptance, but it would also stand to gain tremendous military strength. Agents of several high houses have adjourned in secret to debate how to react if House Nyarr should do anything too drastic. The last thing they want is another War of the Houses.

Thalcyr Raefyll, Fane knight captain (male Iosan Ftr14): Trained by Silowuyr and still very much a devotee to the house credo, Lord Captain Raefyll has devoted his life to the protection of Scyrah. Typical of his fellow Fane knights, he seldom leaves the confines of the Great Fane of Lacyr as though some cataclysm might occur at any moment to cause harm to his beloved goddess. Raefyll is known to stand at attention for eighteen hours at a time, and rarely does he sleep. When he does take repose from his duties, he often wakes from troubled dreams in a cold sweat.

Glyssor Syviis (male Iosan Rog6/Ftr7): Glyssor is perhaps the most well established criminal in Shyrr, connected to most of the city's illegal dealings. In truth, his extortion and fencing operations are a front. His real function is one of the leaders of the Retribution of Scyrah. Glyssor is an essential agent in the capital where he pays heed to the politics of the Consulate and does his best to recruit agents to his cause. In earlier days he was a good friend of the current auricant, Avross Larisar (male Iosan Clr17). Their friendship is estranged by their differing philosophies, but Glyssor still tries to persuade important men in the capital that humanity is the greatest threat to the future of Ios. He has had great success with swaying Consul Nyarr to the cause.

Rumor Has It…

Glyssor and Auricant Avross Larisar still meet privately to debate and scheme. Though Avross loathes the methods of the Retribution, he is sympathetic to their passion. The auricant also believes humans are—at least partially—responsible for Scyrah's state. In fact, a number of well established families and influential individuals in Shyrr are sympathetic to the Retribution. Some of them lend indirect support in the form of financial backing or useful supplies. It is said Auricant Avross' sympathies became more acute after his own son was born soulless and, hence, was destroyed by the laws of the Fane of Scyrah with the backing of the Consulate Court.

Locales of Shyrr

Great Fane of Lacyr: Still named in honor of the Narcissar of the Divine Court, this fane contains many statues and inscriptions of Lacyr, yet it is the heart of the Fane of Scyrah and home to the ailing goddess herself. This gigantic citadel assembled from massive blocks of white, blue-veined marble is one of the oldest buildings in Ios. Unlike churches of other religions, it was designed as a palace for an actual goddess and a gathering place for Iosans to worship. The divine chambers form a underground labyrinth. At all hours devout Fane knights stand guard always ready to defend the fane against anyone not in the company of one of the eight auricants, or leaders of the faith.

The inner nave's ceiling is a lattice of arcanikal slats that can be opened or closed as required, and at the center of this massive courtyard are eight large, semi-translucent ceremonial stones thought perhaps once to have connected all of the fanes in Ios as some sort of divinatory device. They are now purely decorative. The columns around the nave are etched with the names of priests who have fallen in the service of the Divine Court and include those who suffered during the Rivening. The ruling auricants of the Fane of Scyrah usually meet in the underground passages where they also live and attend their goddess.

Odeum of the Masque: This large theater house is among the oldest buildings of Shyrr and is believed to have been one of the first entertainment venues created in Ios. It has been restored and expanded several times in the city's long history. Its performances are based on masked plays set to music and believed to have been common in ancient Lyoss. They often portray epic stories including the tales of the gods, the great exodus, and even the Rivening. Some of the plays are considered very controversial and are not always endorsed by the Fane of Scyrah. All attendees are required to wear masks to preserve their anonymity, allowing them to partake in the entertainment without social repercussions. The private balcony chambers are popular places for political intrigue and negotiations between parties who otherwise avoid being seen together in public.

Scyfehyr Glass: Gyvlis Scyfehyr (male Iosan Exp16) is an aging elf who has taught his art to both his son and daughter, both recognized in their own right as superior glassworkers. In decades past Scyfehyr glass was exported outside Ios, and it can be found in noble estates in Llael and Cygnar. Although best known for its artistic masterpieces, the shop's bread and butter is the production of extremely accurate and unflawed lenses and mirrors suitable for arcane application. Knowing such lenses are in high demand by human groups including the Fraternal Order, Gyvlis has soured regarding his nation's border policy. Although it is a serious breach of law, he has made secret arrangements with some intrepid elves to restore his work to foreign markets. His daughter Kylshir (female Iosan Exp6/Rog4) is involved and eager to renew the family fortune, but the two of them have no idea the smugglers are actually Seekers with hopes to use the arrangement as a cover for their investigations abroad.

Places of Interest

Aeryth Dawnguard: Among House Nyarr's most important holdings, this ominous stone fortress serves as the headquarters and central training ground for the legendary Dawnguard. During the flight from the Ashen Plains when the bedraggled elves of Lyoss made their exodus, they encountered many enemies along the way. The renowned Dawnguard stayed behind to combat the relentless hordes of savage adversaries, and their actions allowed the other Lyossans to continue their journey across the Bloodstone Marches. Since the days of Lyoss, the Dawnguard have ever defended the security of Ios by eliminating threats to the kingdom as soon as they are identified. An unwavering career soldier, Lord Cyrrlos Nyarr (male Iosan Ftr12/Wiz10) commands the mighty Aeryth Dawnguard. The aeryth is home to a large garrison of veteran Dawnguard supported by a heavy contingent of myrmidons. Another hundred or so recruits can be found training here at any given time.

Aeryth Ellowuyr: This massive stone compound is home to House Ellowuyr and is charged with the defense of the Iosan interior. The fortress maintains the most renowned sword school in the whole of the kingdom, and many families send their sons and daughters to Aeryth Ellowuyr for formal sword training. The fortress is commanded by Hellith Ellowuyr (female Iosan Ftr12/Rgr7), an icy cold woman of advancing years. The heavily scarred swordmaster is an elf of exceptional grace and strength named Cydian Ellowuyr (male Iosan Ftr20). Aeryth Ellowuyr maintains a large garrison of expert swordsmen supported by a moderate contingent of myrmidons. Additionally several hundred students are here at any given time.

Eversael: Eversael is abandoned and devoid of life. Once devoted to Nyrro, Eversael was the site of dark blasphemies and evil deeds. After the disappearance of the gods, the Fane of Nyrro fabricated an elaborate series of lies claiming their god had returned in hopes of maintaining their influence. For over a decade the Fane went to great lengths to protect its secret, going so far as to assassinate anyone who knew the truth.

When the ruse was revealed, House Nyarr deployed the Dawnguard to find and execute the perpetrators. In the ensuing chaos the citizens fled the city never to return, and Eversael has stood empty and silent since. It is said that not all the corrupt priests of Nyrro fell. Some say the most powerful priests of the Fane transformed themselves into eldritch and haunt the ruins to this day.

Forbidden Temple: A place of great prophesy, the ruins of this 120-foot-tall falythi hold great religious significance to Ios. It is said that the gods gathered here before leaving in search of a means to return to the Veld. It is likewise believed that when—or if—the gods come back, they shall return to the site of the Forbidden Temple. The place is so sacred to Iosans that none have dared enter it in centuries though representatives for all the fanes leave periodic sacrifices and offerings to their missing gods at the top after ascending its 1,000 steps. The ruined interior holds all manner of treasured relics dating back to the time of the gods, but none dare attempt to gain entry, for scouts from all five martial hallyntyrs patrol the region.

Gate of Mists: This great mist-shrouded fortress is charged with the defense of the southern Iosan border. The Gate of Mists is defended by the archers of House Rhyslyrr, greatly feared for their ability to slay trespassers without warning from the cover of mist. The area is well patrolled and full of lethal traps. In previous decades when Ios was more open to trade with Llael, humans passed through this gate, but now it is sealed to all. The gate is commanded by Paelyth Rhyslyrr (male Iosan Rgr17/Ftr6), a solitary, melancholic elf who has seen far more than his share of killing. The fortress has a large garrison of scouts and archers and is the beginning of the winding way known as the Knot.

Gate of Storms: The Gate of Storms is a massive stone fortress built to defend the Iosan border from Rhul. Though the Iosans expect little trouble from their dwarven neighbors, the Gate of Storms has been garrisoned with a large contingent of troops and myrmidons since the foundation of Ios. A holding of House Issyen, the fortress defenses are painstakingly



The ruins of Eversael are said to be haunted by Eldritch.

maintained in case of any eventuality. The surrounding mountains are heavily trapped and full of hidden murder holes and fortified positions.

Issyrah: Originally Issyrah was home to the Fane of Ayisla. After the gods disappeared, the city entered into a centuries-long decline. By the time the dragon Everblight whom the elves call Ethrunbal began to prey on Ios, there were tens of thousands of elves living in the city. It was here in 390 AR the Iosan army finally destroyed the beast, but not before it had decimated Issyrah and killed its entire population. Once the beast lay slain, its athanc was cut out and sealed away in a hidden location "at the top of the world." What remains of Issyrah is a blasted wasteland where nothing grows.

Knot, The: The Knot is an impossibly complex, mist-shrouded roadway from the Gate of Mists through Mistbough that loops back and forth across itself. Ingeniously devised by House Aiesyn as both a defense and trade route, the winding Knot is so complex even most Iosans are unable to navigate it. Only the builders and highly trained scouts of House Rhysslyr know the secrets of its passage, and trespassers quickly find themselves lost

Mistbough: Mistbough is a strangely beautiful and haunting wood of mist, brush, and hundreds of hidden archers from House Rhysslyr. The forest is dense with aspens and rolling hills affording plenty of hiding holes for ambush sites as well as pitfalls and snare and net traps set for the unwary. It is also believed that hidden Retribution of Scyrah bases exists throughout Mistbough.

Moon Arch: The Moon Arch was a great scrying devise built to locate the Vanished. It consists of a great arch spanning an enormous pool of water. As the moons move over the arch, they pull the water in various directions creating pictures and scenes of far off places, and the power of the arch waxes and wanes with the tides. The arch was abandoned after it failed to locate the gods after hundreds of attempts. The site is still maintained by members of the Seekers sect who yet believe the Moon Arch may prove useful in locating the missing gods. The highest-ranking Seeker of the area is Shaela Hallyr (female Iosan Clr12/Wiz6), an attractive woman of indeterminate age and unswerving faith and devotion.

Rhul

We are entering a strange and wondrous age. Momentous things are happening beyond our mountains: new amazing machines invented, distant lands discovered and explored, and unimaginable perils and horrors met with courage. We must guard our heartland, but I hope our people will bear witness and help shape this coming age. I am too old to play a part, but I envy my sons, my grandsons, and my granddaughters. Let us be willing to send them out even into certain peril to make their lasting mark upon the world.

—Stone Lord Guvul Godor to the other Stone Lords

Rhul is a great expanse of soaring peaks, rugged mountains, sheltered valleys, and deep gorges. The landscape is both beautiful and terrifying, for the Borokuhn Mountains, Silvertip Peaks, and Glass Peaks boast some of the tallest mountains in western Immoren. Crossing the outer barrier mountains from the south or west requires knowledge of the dangerous icy roads and trails created by the dwarves over the centuries. Some roads lead into chokepoints, run under massive fortifications, or twist back on themselves as they climb the mountains, allowing watchers to observe those venturing inward. The outer dwarven clans take their duties seriously, and only those who ask permission and offer friendly greeting are given easy passage. Nestled safely within these barriers, the great and ancient Armsdeep stabilizes the harsh northern weather and provides life and livelihood for over a million dwarves and a hundred thousand ogrun.

The greatest cities of Rhul rest on the shores of this lake. The timeless capital of Ghord and its sister city Ulgar are sprawling complexes of unfathomably

intricate stonework that have taken dozens of lifetimes to sculpt and polish. The Rhulic gift for crafting metal and stone is second to none in the kingdoms. Even minor landmarks, roads, and towers rival the Sancteum in Caspia in beauty and perfection.

The mountains of Rhul contain vast amounts of ores and minerals found nowhere else in all of Immoren—some might say all of Caen. Their exclusive fashioning and forging practices of ancient metals have placed the dwarves and their ogrun clan mates at the pinnacle of smithcraft. Some of the eldest and most respected lords wear suits of armor so intricate they are mesmerizing to the common mind, and a few of these materials and crafts find their way down the rivers from Armsdeep, one of the primary trade routes to the southern lands.

The dwarves of Rhul have not been nearly as reclusive or unfriendly toward their neighbors as the elves of Ios, particularly in the last few centuries. They claim to have the oldest and most stable civilization in western Immoren with records dating back over six millennia. The dwarves have always dwelled in the great northern mountains and seem to have no thirst for conquest outside of this region. They once boasted friendly trade arrangements with Ios, but the elves have sealed their borders to dwarves as well as humans in recent decades.

Rhul keeps a close eye on the politics of the Iron Kingdoms. Though they have officially maintained neutrality in the affairs of humans for thousands of years, Rhulfolk started to change this policy during the Rebellion against the Orgoth. For the first time dwarven industry was loaned to the rebels in the construction of the Colossals, and it played a key role in the victory. The dwarves have since learned to take an interest in the south; they are impressed by the innovations of humanity and see great opportunities. Most dwarves are mercenary by nature and never let an opportunity for profit pass them by; others watch humanity knowing foreign politics could threaten their own security .

Widespread dwarven interest in humanity was sparked after the Corvis Treaties, and many younger clans set forth to find their fortunes in the south. Though they have no interest in capturing land, they do seek profit and innovations among human communities. The human kingdoms welcomed the conclaves within their borders as part of the growing accord between the two races, and Rhulfolk have since become an everyday sight in the Iron Kingdoms. These mixed communities have proven profitable both to Rhul and humanity although recent tensions between Khador and Cygnar have put their safety at risk. Substantial numbers of dwarves live in both kingdoms, and their neutrality causes increasing strain. Relations are particularly tense for dwarves in Khador; Rhul's long relationship of commerce with Cygnar is notorious and prompts suspicion. Dwarves in Cygnar are not immune to similar scrutiny, and human soldiers resent providing a safe haven to a race refusing to assist them.

The internal politics of Rhul are beset by violent competition, duels, and deadly clan feuding. However, these conflicts are small in scale and are not considered actual warfare. Even the largest feuds are regulated by ancient traditions and codes of conduct laid down by the Great Fathers and supervised by grim judges of the Moot of the Hundred Houses. The sanctioned battles ensure only the strongest and most creative clans earn the right to immortalize themselves in the sacred art of building. Like in most extended families, the clans set aside their conflicts whenever they are threatened by outside forces. As well, the Stone Lords and Moot judges brutally enforce the peace whenever feuds disrupt the general commerce and industry.

Trade Difficulties

Immediately after invading Llael in late 604 AR, Khador blockaded the Black River effectively cutting off Cygnar from Rhul—one of its largest trade partners. Hundreds of Cygnaran merchants were stranded across the dwarven kingdom for months before Cygnar managed to break through Khadoran defenses and sever the great Throatcutter, a massive chain that blocked river travel, on Gorim 3rd, Glaceus 605 AR. Some merchants managed to return to Cygnar, Khadoran emplacements shelled others and sunk their ships, and a few were captured and their goods seized.

Rhul has since sent diplomats to Korsk who are leveraging heavily to get the tradeways reopened as soon as possible. Rhul does not care who controls Llael as long as trade continues. The dwarves are primarily agitated that the Black River has been closed off to them in violation of the treaties signed between the Stone Lords and the Iron Alliance during the Rebellion. Due to the constraints placed by the war on trade between Cygnar and Rhul, some tenacious and enterprising Rhulfolk have been engaging in smuggling operations in order to get goods past Khadoran checkpoints.

Rhul Facts

Rulers: The Stone Lords

Government type: Oligarchy

Capital: Ghord

Ethnic Groups & Approx. Population: Rhulfolk (2,000,000), Ogrun (300,000), Midlunder (12,000), Goblin (10,000), Bogrin (10,000), Skirov (7,000) Ryn (5,000), Umbrean (4,000), Caspian (4,000), Khard (3,000), Morridane (2,000)

Languages: Rhulic (primary), Cygnaran, Khadoran, Llaelese

Natural resources: Gold, iron, coal, copper, silver, gemstones, tin, quartz, granite, marble, some limited timber, fish, limited arable land.

Climate: Cold and cloudy with heavy snowfall and harsh winters; more temperate around Lake Armsdeep, which has a mild and humid summer along with ample rainfall; northern tundra is extremely cold and hostile most of the year.

Terrain: Mostly mountainous with an arctic northern tundra and a large central great lake surrounded by fertile valleys and plains along the banks; the great lake births several major rivers which flow down out of the mountain valleys.

The Stone Lords and the Rhulic Hierarchy

Life in Rhul has always centered on the clan, a tightly knit extended family of shared bloodlines and marriages. Clans vary considerably in size with the most important clans having thousands of members. New clans are periodically formed by youths seeking to branch out from their family and start a fresh tradition or industry. In marriage the wife usually adopts the clan of her husband, but the reverse may also occur.

Clan lord is the most fundamental rank in Rhul; they are the patriarchs or matriarchs of their extended



A clan lord presents his case to the Rhulic Moot.

families. Clan lords are given respect and deference proportionate with the size, prosperity, and honor of their clan. The most powerful of the clan lords are known as the Stone Lords, and they form the ultimate authority in Rhul. They are responsible for the defense and prosperity of the dwarven people and handle all interactions with foreign ambassadors and sovereigns. Their unbroken tradition as paladins has prevented corruption and maintained the continuity of Rhul. Not all Stone Lords are equally talented, intelligent, or suited to their position, yet each is descended directly from one of the Great Fathers and proven worthy by the edicts of the Church of the Fathers. It is well known that the Stone Lords are blessed with longer lives than most dwarves, and they outlast their peers sometimes by decades.

Each of the original clans has traditional responsibilities passed down by their progenitors. In cases where these tasks are ill-suited to the paladin code, subordinates are appointed among close relatives. Appointees must obey the orders of their Stone Lord, but they often enjoy considerable personal discretion.

The authority of clan lords over their families is absolute, but they must obey the laws of the *Codex* and heed the commands of the Moot and the Stone Lords. Clan lords may declare feuds with one another over a variety of disputes and can lawfully engage in battle to resolve these problems. Clan lords are allowed to name their successors from among their kin but traditionally pass the title to the eldest male offspring.

Clan lords are advised by master builders, martial champions, and priests. Master builder is a special rank given to a highly educated and skilled dwarf, often the eldest and wisest of the clan, who helps plan long term strategies. They are responsible for ensuring the clan is involved in ongoing building projects. Dwarves treat the construction of buildings as a sacred covenant and are allowed to fight over building rights and disputed land claims. Champions trusted to execute the plans of their lords are veteran campaigners who have fought in many duels or feuds.

Throughout Rhulic history, strong clan lords have banded together to share leadership over lesser clans. A council of the most prestigious local lords presides over the counties and most towns and cities in Rhul. The most important collection of clan lords is the Moot of the Hundred Houses in Ghord.

The Moot is Rhul's central legislative and judicial body and meets frequently to discuss the concerns of the kingdom. Only the top hundred most powerful clans can send speakers to attend. Membership changes periodically as clan fortunes rise or fall, but most of the top clans have held their status for centuries. Moot judges are special experts appointed by the Stone Lords. These are well-educated wizards, priests, or scholars who spend their working lives studying the *Codex*, a single body of lore containing all legal precedents in Rhul's written history. Moot Judges have jurisdiction over entire clans and can pass judgment on clan lords. The core of the *Codex* is both a sacred and secular document called the "Edicts of the Great Fathers." The priests of the Great Fathers are respected as arbiters of dwarven honor and jurisprudence. The thirteen members of the Tribune, the highest-ranking priests, are frequently consulted in matters of state.

Most of the bureaucracy of running Rhul including creating and interpreting laws and solving inter-clan disputes is left to the Moot. The Moot is only subordinate to the thirteen Stone Lords. The Stone Lords are able to make the final call on issues where the Moot is divided and are trusted with ensuring the ongoing safety of Rhul and its relations with foreign powers.

Most Rhulic ogrun are full members of dwarven clans and are thus subordinate to a clan lord whom they consider a korune. In some purely ogrun communities, one or several ogrun korune will speak for their vassals. All ogrun communities in Rhul have at least some ties of loyalty or friendship to nearby dwarven clans.

Rhulic Hierarchy

Table 8–1: Rhulic Hierarchy

Title	By Definition	# in Kingdom
Stone Lord	Clan lord descended directly from the Great Fathers	13

Moot Judge	Scholar of *Codex* law appointed by the Stone Lords	~60
Moot Lord	Clan lord seated on the Moot of the Hundred Houses	87
Tribune	Leading priests of the Church of the Great Fathers, advisors to the Stone Lords	13
Clan Lord	Patriarch or matriarch of a recognized dwarven clan	1000+
Justicar	High ranking priests of the Church of the Great Fathers, advisors to the Moot	~30
Master Builder	Advisor to a clan lord	Hundreds
Korune	Ogrun lord, a leader of a recognized group of ogrun	Hundreds
Champion	Lieutenant and protector of a clan lord	Thousands

Counties of Rhul

Atho-Shiel

The smallest Rhulic county, Atho-Shiel lies along Khador's border near Hellspass and is most noted for the enormous Hammerfall fortress. A number of mountain clans inhabit this region including several guardians of the western borders. Trade with Khador passes through Hellspass although recent tensions have slowed this to a mere trickle, and Rhul is very unhappy with sharing so much of its border with a warlike human aggressor. As in Hanoghor County, the Rhulfolk of Atho-Shiel find themselves in a high state of readiness.

Ghorguard

Guarding the heart of Rhul from the dangers of the north, Ghorguard County includes both of the Guard Cities (Griddenguard and Groddenguard) and Foundation, and it extends northward to the Broken Mirror Lake. The foremost concern of this region is the possible reemergence of the dragon Scylfangen hypothesized to be lairing either in Foundation, the Broken Mirror, or somewhere further north. As in the other northern counties, most of this territory is unsettled.

Hanoghor

This large southwestern county of Rhul includes Horgenhold, the Oldwick River, and the southern Rangercliffe Run and sidles along the entire border with Llael. Despite peaceful relations for centuries several manned strongholds are scattered along the southern border, and they have been on high alert since the invasion of Llael. The clans are armed and ready although Khador has shown no interest in testing the Rhulic border.

Hathorung

Hathorung is the largest and least populated northern county. It includes Farhollow, the Glass Peaks, and the Skybridge Mountains, but other than the town of Farhollow the outlying clans in this region are few and far between.

Norgruhnde

The northwestern county of Rhul, Norgruhnde is centered on the city of Drotuhn and the Borokuhn Mountains and extends south halfway to Hellspass and east halfway to Ghord. In theory this region also includes the Burningfrost Plains which are considered Rhulic territory although they have made no effort to settle this area or prevent anyone from entering the desolate region. It is dangerous enough of its own accord; defenses seem quite unnecessary.

Urgosh-Shiel

The county of Urgosh-Shiel includes the lake city of Brunder, the Fleetsfill River, the Silvertip Peaks, and a long stretch of the borderlands abutting Ios. As in most periphery counties, few settlements are spread along the fringes, but most Rhulfolk inhabit mountain communities closer to Brunder along the river.

Wrothemoot

The dwarven heartland is contained in Wrothemoot County. It encompasses all of Armsdeep and the surrounding shoreline except for Brunder. Ghord and

Ulgar, the two largest and mightiest cities of Rhul, are part of this county as is Lakeforge. To most dwarves this area is what the other territories and defenses are designed to protect. It is also the center of Rhulic food production, commerce, and industry.

Notable Cities

Brunder

In Power: Contested (see below)

Population: 93,000 ogrun, 50,000 dwarves, 2,000 humans, hundreds of gobbers

Military: Brunder is defended by a mixed contingent of ogrun and dwarves comprised of volunteers from many local clans. The city also relies on nearby Lakeforge for the defense of their boats.

Imports: Textiles, ale, 'jacks, iron, coal, granite

Exports: Fish, timber, grain, copper, silver, tin

Located on the shores of Armsdeep and backed by the impressive peak of Mount Horgul, Brunder is the fastest growing city in Rhul. Although it was originally settled by dwarves, ogrun from many conclaves have made the transition to urban living in Brunder for centuries, forever changing the face of the city—almost a third of Rhul's native ogrun dwell in Brunder. The city's buildings and housing are scaled to accommodate them better, and everything is constructed to massive proportions including high-arched doorways and vaulted ceilings. In fact, many taverns and other gathering places in Brunder work on two scales: one area for dwarven-sized patrons and the other for ogrun.

The fishing fleet led mainly by ogrun captains competes ably with the boats from Shoretown near Ulgar. These boats ply the Armsdeep, the biggest, deepest, and oldest of the lakes in western Immoren. In truth, to call it a lake at all is to depict humbly what is without a doubt a great and powerful inland sea. The stunning windswept mountain backdrops viewed through the clear air create a picturesque scene. The waters of Armsdeep constantly change from turbulent gray through tranquil blue to the white and silver gleam of winter ice. The Armsdeep fills an enormous trench. Its deepest portion is said to be unfathomable, and to the settlers in the villages and towns along its wild shores it is a most revered resource. In fact, more than 50 species of fish inhabit its waters making it a bountiful supply to the fisherfolk of the 'Deep.

The fertile acres southwest and northeast of the city also boast some of the kingdom's only expansive farmland. Brunder's fishermen and farmers are a vital part in sustaining not only their own city but the crowded capital across the Armsdeep as well. The city's docks and piers are always busily engaged in moving supplies and passengers to and fro; travel to Brunder is typically by boat.

The climate is noticeably warmer and more temperate than across the great lake making it a pleasant destination for Rhulfolk from across their land. Brunder has attracted a number of younger dwarven clans in recent years, all of them seeking to make their mark. Several of the larger are embroiled in ongoing feuds attempting to carve out a place of influence in this time of growth. Sometimes the conflicts turn bloody and spill over into common thoroughfares. Despite these problems, the Moot has opted not to interfere so long as the feuds are conducted by the codes laid down by the Great Fathers. Just as in Ghord's own periods of growth, members of the Moot believe the feuding will lend strength and virility to the city. If anything these struggles for authority have given the city a reputation for vice and impiety. Without a doubt the Moot has less influence there—a fact exploited for fast trades and shady dealing. Exiled criminals from Ghord usually make their way to Brunder, for everywhere else they are shunned.

Noted Persons

Clan Lord Koldon Rolgrun (male dwarf Ftr9): One of the wealthiest dwarves in Brunder, Lord Koldon leads the ruthless Rolgrun clan dominating the logging industry. The Rolgruns have lived in the region for many generations and have long worked the Murgul Woods, one of Rhul's main sources of timber occupying the fertile region between the city and the Fleetsfill River. This rich clan has hundreds of ogrun in its employ, most able loggers. Wood from this industry helped the clan create the massive Darkspan Bridge north of the city crossing the Fleetsfill. The clan has a compound in eastern Brunder, and they are currently feuding with Clan Jhurg which leads a

rival logging consortium. Koldon himself is a merciless dwarf with no sense of humor and an exaggerated territorial streak, yet he is also a shrewd businessman and battlefield tactician. He has bested many rival clans over the decades and has earned a reputation as both a formidable antagonist and a steadfast ally.

Supreme Korune Boshuk Netbreaker (male ogrun Ftr12): An arrogant and ambitious ogrun, Boshuk has taken to calling himself the "Supreme Korune" in his ongoing attempt to intimidate the city's ogrun to view him as their singular leader. He is far from his goal but has gained the support and loyalty of over four thousand ogrun. Born of a wealthy fishing family, Boshuk inherited a small fleet of fishing vessels from his father. He is recognized as an authorized korune by the Moot in Ghord giving him similar clout as a clan lord. Boshuk has no ancestral ties to any dwarven clan and scorns ogrun who blindly give such service. He respects the dwarves and does not seek to oppose them in general, but he feels a member of its majority should rightfully manage Brunder.

Locales of Brunder

Old Brunder: The southern quarter of the city is referred to as Old Brunder and is home to most of the city's dwarven and human population. This neighborhood is set into the base of Mount Horgul and extends via a network of artificial caverns into the mountain itself that include several small but lucrative mines. Many prosperous dwarves live in this area who have an elitist attitude toward their lakeside peers, scorning the working clans who fish the Armsdeep alongside the ogrun. The tunnels below Old Brunder are extensive, and some have been forgotten and lay unexplored. Rumors persist that some tunnels once led as far as the mines of Ulgar, traveling under the sea itself.

Viadro's Clearing House/ Viadro's Wet Whistle: Owned and operated by Dyrmid Viadro (male Ryn Rog8), these two adjacent buildings south of the docks have become a headquarters for illicit dealings. An emigrant from Llael who has lived in Brunder for a decade,



Dyrmid has become one of Rhul's most respected fences able to handle a wide variety of stolen goods with discretion and reasonable fees. His is a dangerous profession in a kingdom so intolerant of crime, but Brunder has proven a safe haven for his kind. His tavern, the Wet Whistle, has become a gathering place for dwarven exiles and criminals and is popular among human refugees and immigrants. It is rumored to be the best place to track down a member of the Glomring in Brunder. Unlike most taverns in the city, the accommodations are human and dwarven sized making it unpopular with local ogrun.

Drotuhn

In Power: The Chamber of Marble headed by Decklin Steelthunder

Population: 25,000 dwarves, 5,000 ogrun

Military: Drotuhn has a small garrison of mixed dwarven and ogrun troops

Imports: Manufactured goods, textiles, wheat

Exports: Gold, iron, marble

To the south of the Borokuhn Mountains, massive walls of stone and timber embrace the city of Drotuhn, a circular fortress town in the middle of a huge, depleted forest valley. Over a decade ago, the inhabitants had completely stripped the valley of its plentiful birch and pine and were soon forced to concentrate their industry elsewhere. They turned to mining the nearby mountains for gold, iron, and the green-veined marble that has since become Drotuhn's unofficial emblem.

The shift to a mining industry brought about the contracting of Ghordson Arms. Over the next few years, many dwarves had to leave Drotuhn and seek work elsewhere, and the population fell drastically as a result. However, it soon became apparent that the Borokuhn marble could not be properly mined by heavy equipment alone. Word spread and scores of ogrun viewed this as an opportunity to apply themselves to the service of their dwarven countrymen; within a few years Drotuhn's population grew once more as scores of ogrun poured into the city. The Rhulfolk welcomed their hulking neighbors, taking them in as apprentices and "siblings" in the arts of mining.

In recent years Drotuhn has become an important town again, expanding its gold and iron operations while maintaining its reputation as a source of high-quality, hand-carved marble. Over the centuries the town has had solid trading ties to Khador, given its proximity, but has also sent significant quantities of ore southward to Cygnar and Llael. Even as far away as the Protectorate of Menoth, Borokuhn marble is regarded as some of the most important stone for building their temples even with the considerable expense of shipping it so far.

Winds of War

The trade blockages by Khador have prevented Drotuhn from shipping most of its products elsewhere although channels to the Motherland itself have remained open. This has put strain on the town's leader Decklin Steelthunder, for all merchants of stone and ore in the town are appealing to him for a solution. Recently a secret conglomerate has originated in Drotuhn, a black market of sorts specializing in the smuggling of trade goods southward. Steelthunder knows of this underground ring, but whether he is complicit or prefers to look the other way is unknown.

Noted Persons

Decklin Steelthunder (male dwarf Ftr12): Decklin Steelthunder is the leader of the Chamber of Marble, the ruling council of Drotuhn. His position is not one of absolute command, however, since he must contend with the other two members of the council who do not always see eye-to-eye with him. In general Steelthunder is interested primarily in mercantile matters. Maintaining good relations with Khador is paramount even if it conflicts with other considerations such as Rhulic customs and tradition and a general brooding enmity between the two nations.

Locales of Drotuhn

Arkhun's Tower: The tallest structure in Drotuhn is a tower built centuries ago by a dwarven wizard named Ronik Arkhun. After his death, the immense tower (constructed with his clan's wealth) was given to the city, which has since used it as a civic building. Housed here is the actual Chamber of Marble where the ruling council meets as well as several smaller meeting places for clan moots. Arkhun's Tower is a minor tourist attraction as well since its summit can be seen from miles away.

Stone Faces: Outside of Drotuhn and chiseled into the side of a mountain in the Borokuhn range are a series of immense stone carvings made in the images of the Great Fathers of the dwarves. The inhabitants of Drotuhn carved these faces centuries ago as an act of piety. At that time the forest surrounding the city hid their piercing gaze. Now with the forest gone, they look down upon the people of Drotuhn as if passing judgment. Like Arkhun's Tower, the Stone Faces attract many visitors every year from among the pious and the simply curious.

Farhollow

In Power: Clan Gelhurn, led by Clan Lord Daggot Gelhurn

Population: 20,000 dwarves, 2,500 ogrun

Military: Farhollow has a small garrison of mixed dwarven and ogrun troops.

Imports: Cereals, meat, beer, tools, weapons, metal, lumber

Exports: Salmon, pike, liquors, furs, boats

A small town along the Ayeres River, Farhollow is the last and furthest major settlement of dwarves in the northeast of Rhul. The town was founded in a sheltered region at the base of Mount Grend where the wind and river hollowed out a smooth pocket beneath the steep slopes. The mountain protects Farhollow from the worst of the winter storms, but it is still a frigid and forsaken place far from the comforts of Ghord and the Armsdeep. No roads connect this town to the rest of Rhul, so travel to and from is usually by boat—a dangerous voyage, particularly in the thick of winter.

Locals claim an exiled clan of criminals founded the town during the Hundred House Rebellion, but no record can be found of such an event in the *Codex*. Its origins are probably much more recent as the majority of its buildings were constructed in the last four centuries. A likely explanation is that the town began after a particularly terrible winter of that era forcing the outlying mountain clans to band together in the shelter of the hollow. The town has survived on several local exports unique to this region. In particular are Ayeres salmon and Rhulic pike, both fished extensively by the locals, and a popular distilled liquor called hollowbite. Although shielded from many threats, the town has occasional trouble from mountain bogrin and some hardy breeds of troll. More recently the locals engaged with a tribe of human barbarians up the North Ayeres. These savages are of an unknown lineage, and the extent of their settlement is unknown. Their discovery has sparked great concern among the locals who fear the barbarians will begin raiding down the river.

Noted Persons

Murgun Ayer (male dwarf Exp3/Rgr8): A stalwart dwarf who feels no need to hide in town away from the wilds, Ayer is one of the best guides in Farhollow. He is at home both on the river and out among the nearby mountains and tundra, and Murgun has mapped more of the nearby region than any other living dwarf. His kinsmen were named after the river and are a respected clan of shipwrights and riverboat pilots. Murgun learned the family trade but soon discovered a knack for wilderness fighting. Scouts who patrol the outlying trails took him in; they have no strict hierarchy and come from assorted clans but consider Murgun one of their best.

Clan Lord Daggot Gelhurn (male dwarf Ari4/Ftr3): Clan Lord Daggot is an opportunist who has had difficulty living up to the expectations of his kinsmen. The strongest martial clan in town has always led Farhollow, and for the last sixty years it has been the Gelhurns, known for their skills with both axe and rifle. Lord Daggot took over the clan when his father passed on three years ago, and he is quite eager to make his own mark.

Locales of Farhollow

Hollowbite Distillery: Hollowbite is a potent spirit distilled from an arctic weed found exclusively on the cold plains northeast of Farhollow. The drink is popular throughout Rhul, and word of this liquor has reached human lands of late, so demand is on the rise. Clan Puldor owns and runs this distillery, and the entire clan is involved with harvesting and processing the difficult plant. Harvesting the cactus-like weed is not an easy task due to its razor-sharp spines and tenacious roots and the natural hazards of working on the frozen plain. Competing clans who hope to imitate their success have threatened their monopoly recently. Lokti Puldor (female dwarf Exp3/Ftr7) is

the matriarch of the clan and she runs a tight ship. Hollowbite and a wide assortment of imported ales are featured at a nearby tavern called the Flaming Beard run by Tegrin Puldor (male dwarf Ftr5).

Northern Bastion Church: One of the oldest and largest buildings in Farhollow, the Northern Bastion accommodates a large congregation. This structure functions as a gathering place during particularly harsh winters, and the priests are known for their generosity. It is a surface building located at the very back of the hollow and is well sheltered. It also has an extensive underground expansion utilized for storage, tombs of honored dead, and a few passages to elsewhere in the city. The church is supervised by Assessor Heldine Lohrun (female dwarf Clr9) and her sister Juror Peldine Lohrun (female dwarf Clr7).

Ghord

In Power: The Moot of the Hundred Houses led by the Thirteen Stone Lords

Population: 760,000 dwarves, 48,000 ogrun, 4,000 humans

Military: Each clan contributes to protection and law enforcement in each district. Thousands of dwarves of varied clans maintain the laws of their respective lords. The Mootguard is a special force that intercedes in inter-clan disputes and numbers nearly two thousand elite dwarves and ogrun.

Imports: Grain, fish, other foods, textiles, wood

Exports: Steel, weapons, armor, cannons, firearms, fine jewelry, luxuries, gems, stone



Ghord

No other city is like Ghord. It is the most ancient bastion of civilization on Immoren built stone-by-stone over countless centuries. It is the mighty capital of Rhul, steeped in dwarven culture and history, and home to almost half the kingdom's population. Two-thirds of the city is above ground and forms a bewildering maze of interconnected walls, estates, towers, and other masterworks of stonemasonry. The other third is carved deep into the mountain. Buildings are terraced like the city itself which sprawls across the sloping side of the rocky mountain. The mighty Armsdeep flows into a fjord that is Ghord's port in the Armory District. At the edge of the city, two massive iron doors sit on either side of the fjord. Though they have only been closed once in history, the doors may be shut to barricade the port from invasion. Four land gates offer entrance into the city, each in a different district and with special rules regarding admittance.

Ghord is divided into thirteen districts and further broken down into neighborhoods. Each district is watched by a Stone Lord and his clan, all of whom dwell in massive, ancient estates. The Mining District overseen by Clan Dohl is entirely underground, yet most other districts have underground sections as well—if not as impressive as Dohl's. Each district has attracted trade, craft, and commerce loosely related to the attributes associated with the clan. Overall nearly 200 clans are represented in Ghord with a couple dozen of them feuding at any given time.

The Church of the Fathers has a presence in every district, and most wealthy clans maintain a private church and priests of their own. The largest place of worship in each district is sponsored and maintained by the resident Stone Lord as a leader of the Knights of the Patriarchs.

Conglomerates

The conglomerate is a dwarven organization most common in industries requiring the smooth cooperation of workers from multiple clans. A number of conglomerates are established throughout Rhul, particularly in Ghord and its sister-city Ulgar. The most common are for mining and construction although some trading and shipping conglomerates also exist.

Conglomerates are directed by a council of seats representing each of the member clans. They ensure high quality work, regular wages, and a fair distribution of profits. Generally a single clan will dominate the conglomerate based on clout with the Moot of the Hundred Houses or invested wealth.

Another common arrangment consists of one clan providing the funding, a second providing the laborers, and a third providing supplies protection. Conglomerates sometimes employ workers from unaffiliated clans but usually pay non-represented workers a lower wage.

These groups are periodically audited by representatives of the Great Clans in Ghord such as Clan Dohl which oversees mining. The Stone Lords do not tolerate groups allowing greed to threaten the security of Rhul, but their ability to regulate these groups is limited. In Ulgar each of the ruling Trine has established mining conglomerates of lesser clans to help preserve their monopoly over the region's great wealth; they include the Blackheel Granite and Copper Conglomerate, the Durkin Gold Conglomerate, and the Wroughthammer Silver and Iron Conglomerate.

Noted Persons

Stone Lord Guvul Godor (male dwarf Pal18): The eldest of the Stone Lords, Lord Godor is roughly two centuries old, ancient even for those whose blood descends directly from the Great Fathers. Though he is greatly admired and respected and sometimes called upon to cast tie breaking votes for the Stone Lords, the aged dwarf has cold blue eyes and a bristly-browed, intimidating gaze. Lord Godor is curious about what lies beyond the wastes to the east and believes Rhul must never grow lax. Despite his age the clan lord still wears his armor for state occasions and is said to retain great skill with his hammers in both labor and war.

Bulin Jhord (male dwarf Rog8/Spy7): Bulin Jhord is the younger brother of Stone Lord Kuld Jhord. The Jhord clan has a unique relationship to its peers, for it holds responsibility for Rhul's noble spies and protectors. While their Stone Lord is a paladin like the rest, the second or third Jhord son has traditionally been trained to master the arts of stealth and deception. Although subservient to his brother, Bulin controls the small corps of highly trained spies utilized by the Mootguard. Like most of his clan, Bulin has a strong dislike of the Glomring which he considers unsavory competition. Bulin has the characteristic dark brown skin of his clan and has sharp eyes and a clean-shaven pate and chin. He dresses in fine black cloth with his dagger Raventalon tucked in his belt at all times. The blade is a symbol of office for the spymaster of Rhul and a sacred relic of the Great Father Jhord. Of note, Bulin delights in news of misfortune for the Glomring and seeks to destroy the black market in the Coin District.

Mootcaptain Lagdor of Claysoil (male ogrun Ftr11): The highest-ranking ogrun on the Mootguard, Lagdor has lived his entire life in Ghord serving the Claysoil clan and now the Moot. Lagdor supervises a unit of ogrun and dwarves assigned to the Hammer District. He keeps a wary eye on foreigners, particularly non-resident humans and gobbers, and has a bit of a chip on his shoulder toward these groups, for he considers them vulgar and disrespectful. He is more cordial to native humans of Ghord so long as they serve a proper clan and obey the Moot. Lagdor is a fastidious ogrun as well, always keeping his armor in pristine condition and conducting himself with impeccable discipline. He tolerates no slack or dishevelment among his subordinates.

Locales of Ghord

Districts of Ghord	Stone House	Notable features
Arcane District	Clan Odom	Hall of the Brand of Odom wizards
Armory District*	Clan Dovur	Gunsmiths and weapons shops, Armsdeep port
Axe District*	Clan Dhurg	Poorest district, fighting tournaments, many taverns
Crafters District	Clan Uldar	Primary crafts district, heavy steamjack foundry
Coin District*	Clan Ghrd	Rhulic Mint, Clan Ghrd Bank, Ghord's only black market
Grain District*	Clan Lodhul	Major food markets, importers, restaurants
Hammer District	Clan Udo	Non-dwarven housing, labor 'jack foundry
Mining District*	Clan Dohl	Entirely underground, mines and quarries
Moot District	Clan Godor	Moot Great Hall, Library of the Codex
Paper District*	Clan Sigmur	Universities, libraries, reliquaries, printing presses
Shadow District*	Clan Jhord	Smallest district, Glomring headquarters, quiet taverns
Stonemason District*	Clan Orm	Wealthiest district, richest quarries, Patriarch Tower
Sword District*	Clan Hrord	Largest district, light steamjack foundry, machine shops

* Indicates a district with at least some underground sections carved into the mountain.

Library of the Codex: Both library and shrine, this is the most sacred building in Ghord. The original "Edicts of the Great Fathers" along with every decision made by ancient clan lords and the Moot of the Hundred Houses can be found within. This library contains over 6,000 years of history preserved in hundreds of thousands of tomes, scrolls, and tablets. Given its significance, it is no wonder the library is a veritable fortress. Its seamless stone walls are four-feet thick, reinforced with steel, and magically bolstered by Brand of Odom wards. The entryway includes a locked foyer and screening room where visitors are scrutinized, and the building is patrolled and guarded by a significant force of Mootguard. The library features several floors underground used by scribes and priests who preserve, copy, and restore old texts.

Moot Hall: This enormous amphitheater is Rhul's seat of government. The foundation stones bear the rune-marks of the Great Fathers although they may have been moved from their original setting. The building has existed in some form for over 5,000 years though most of its stones and furnishings have been replaced many times. An enormous stone dome covers the amphitheater, itself a marvel and mystery of stonemasonry. Set into the dome is a myriad of gemstones enchanted to illuminate the hall night or day.

Although impressive, none claim the stone benches of the Moot Hall are comfortable. This is given little thought, for the speakers for the Hundred Houses usually stand and debate for hours without rest. There

has never been a Moot that concluded quickly, and foreign visitors have been known to faint from hunger or exhaustion. Also within the hall are offices for scores of scribes and other bureaucrats at the disposal of the clan leaders and speakers. These workers maintain extensive records of all Moot gatherings which eventually become part of the *Codex*.

Mountain Oasis: Despite its peculiar décor, the Mountain Oasis is a popular tavern in the Hammer District, situated along the main thoroughfare near the Gold Gate. The tavern is owned by the unlikely partnership of Kuvesh Olidivich (female Khard Exp3/Ftr6), a former Khadoran merchant, and Bollomvorgobelt (male gobber Rgr5/Rog3), one of Ghord's resident gobbers. The Oasis is decorated with trinkets, artwork, and imported silks. Bollo may have once been a desert gobber, but he is evasive when questioned about his origins. Humans and foreign visitors frequent the Oasis, but a number of dwarves are regular patrons for the spicy cuisine and exotic liquors. Kuvesh is semi-retired, but she keeps a small steeply priced inventory of rare goods from the human kingdoms. She has connections to river smugglers from Llael who can find almost anything for the right price.

Observatory, The: The most recognizable landmark in the Arcane District, the observatory is a squat tower topped by a louvered ceiling with an array of telescopes for observation of the heavens. This building serves as the headquarters for the diviner branch of the Brand of Odom. The Observatory recently recovered from a nasty fire thought to be some mysterious experiment gone awry. Leading the staff is Chief Astronomer Korm Odom (male dwarf Div12), a respected divination specialist.

Ghordson Foundry: The Ghordson Foundry was established nearly a thousand years ago and produces some of the mightiest Rhulic steamjacks available such as the Ghordson Driller. Unlike human-made warjacks, most Rhulic models are not specifically built for war—although they can fight if required. Most warjacks produced at the foundry are outfitted with utilitarian features capable of assisting in construction projects or hauling heavy loads. The current foreman is Master Mechanik Jogud Ghordson (male dwarf Amk12).

Griddenguard

In Power: Griddenlord Lugen Udogor

Population: 40,000 dwarves, 4,000 ogrun

Military: Griddenguard is heavily fortified with a large contingent of dwarven and ogrun troops backed by a large number of steamjacks.

Imports: Grain, livestock, fish, beer, wine, spirits, textiles, leather, weapons, mining equipment

Exports: Various ores, granite, limestone, clay, crafted gear



Griddenguard and sister city Groddenguard are fortified cities situated specifically to defend Rhul from outside threats. They began as simple forts after the founding of Ulgar designed to watch over the only viable passes through the Glass Peaks to Armsdeep and the major dwarven cities situated along its shores. North of Griddenguard is the great frozen wasteland of the Burningfrost Plains, a flat expanse inimical to most life. However, some hardy and monstrous creatures occupy those plains and have been known to venture southward in search of prey.

Both of the Guard Cities were expanded seven centuries ago when the dragon Scylfangen (called Scaefang by humans, see MN1) began to haunt the region. Scylfangen was intent on tracking down its western rival Halfaug but also razed outlying dwarven settlements leaving nothing but ash and corpses. The great dragon remained a threat over the centuries and required constant vigilance. Rhulfolk attempted to follow and slay the beast several times but met with no success. Although Scylfangen has not been seen in over a century, some Rhulfolk believe the dragon retreated into Foundation (see pg. 363) and is stirring yet again. Just in case, both Guard Cities have entire clans standing vigil for Scylfangen's return.

Throughout all, Griddenguard has grown into a prosperous city, yet it retains its purpose as a guardian of the northwest pass. Most of the city is below ground carved into the mountain to protect its inhabitants from winds and storms. The surface buildings form a fortress complex high up on Mount Vugdin and provide an excellent view of the plains to the north and the pass below to the east. Frequent patrols venture down into the pass and the outlying regions. A rail line directly to Ghord bolsters the city, and many supplies pass back and forth along this route. The dwarves of Griddenguard work several small but significant mines as well, and their clansmen have an impressive armory of weapons, warjacks, cannon, and firearms including some mechanikal weapons designed to use against Scylfangen if the damnable beast should ever return.

Noted Persons

Udell Durken (female dwarf Exp5/Ftr3): An expert onkar wrangler (see onkar entry, MN1) from Ulgar, Udell is kin to the influential Durken clan, but she has no clansmen in Griddenguard making her somewhat of a loner. Nonetheless her talents with onkars have earned her top pay since these beasts are essential for finding elusive metal ores for mining. She also makes a tidy profit on the clay-like *gulg* the beasts produce after devouring rock—an important building material. Udell is usually found in the lower tunnels of the town or in the mineshafts escorting several of her unique wards. She is an honored guest of the Griddenlord due to her special talents—onkar are an important part of Griddenguard culture—and sometimes stays in the Udogor estates although she also keeps a modest place in the deeper residential caverns.

Griddenlord Lugen Udogor (male dwarf Pal13): Griddenlord Udogor is leader of both clan Udogor and the city garrison. His clan arose seven centuries ago when hundreds of volunteers from Clan Udo led the charge to fight Scylfangen. After settling the lands that would become Griddenguard, they became Clan Udogor and their leader became the first Griddenlord. They carry on a tradition mirroring the Stone Lords whereby the clan heir swears oaths to the Church of the Fathers and becomes a Knight of the Patriarchs. A proven dwarf of piety and strength of character, Lugen is the latest in the line. He dreams of Scylfangen and believes the dragon will return in his lifetime. Although other dwarves are complacent, he ensures the defenses stay strong and forces his clansmen to drill rigorously for battle. Some dwarves consider him a fanatic since he is adamant the dragon dwells deep in Foundation, and he has been organizing scouting expeditions to venture into its depths.

Locales of Griddenguard

Great Markethall: Given the weather on the surface, it is no wonder the largest marketplace in Griddenguard is below ground. This large chamber serves as an "open air" market for the region of town closest to the surface just below the main tunnel leading into the mountain. A dozen permanent booths and tents are set up in the center, and numerous crafts shops line the outer wall. Goods imported from Ghord via the railway are frequently the topic of excited gatherings and heated haggling. The central corridor through the Great Markethall is the primary roadway into deeper Griddenguard making it the ideal place for merchants to hawk their wares.

Monument of the Lost: Near the main gate of the surface fortress is a large and somber monument dedicated to the thousands of dwarves who have lost their lives to Scylfangen over the centuries. Most have never had their bodies recovered, and this tomb serves as their symbolic resting place. The monument is a sealed marble building surrounded by the bronze statues of dwarven warriors, all kneeling in respect with swords, axes, and hammers drawn and pointed toward the tomb. These statues are thirteen in number although it is debated whether they represent the Great Fathers or historical heroes slain by the dragon.

Sentinel Tower: This stout round tower was erected at the highest vantage point in the city. The topmost chamber contains a large telescope placed there to watch for approaching danger of any sort, but originally it served the express purpose of looking out for the dragon Scylfangen. The manning of Sentinel Tower is considered the most important and mind-numbingly boring duty in Griddenguard. For this reason a peculiar tradition has arisen whereby this chamber is usually occupied by up to two dozen "off-duty" dwarves. As a gesture of solidarity, many soldiers will volunteer downtime to come to the tower, share stories, bring food and drink, play cards or dice, and otherwise relax while taking turns at watch.

Groddenguard

In Power: Groddenlord Fulgar Lodhurg

Population: 30,000 dwarves, 3,000 ogrun

Military: Groddenguard is heavily fortified by a large contingent of dwarven and ogrun troops backed by a large number of steamjacks.

Imports: Grain, meat, fruit, beer, liquors, tools, weapons, textiles

Exports: Lumber, various ores, stone

This town was originally a fortress established to watch the northeastern pass through the Glass Peaks to Armsdeep. As with Griddenguard, thousands of dwarves were encouraged to move here seven centuries ago to create a more effective bastion for Rhul. The two Guard Cities have served as havens for outlying clans in the northern mountains and places of safety where dwarves can go when their communities are threatened. Local industry includes the mining of Mount Selgor and logging in the small Frostvale Forest south of town noted for its particularly hardy breeds of maple and white spruce.

Having a more accessible location at the base of Mount Selgor and with more exposed buildings and housing, Groddenguard is not quite as impervious as its counterpart. The original fortress dominates the town from an upper vantage point and has been greatly expanded over the centuries. The rest of the surface is encircled in a high wall equipped with many batteries of cannon. An outlying chain of watch towers along the nearby Miner's Run River are equipped with signal flares for watching the entire breadth of the pass even during frequent times of poor visibility—heavy snow storms and continual winds are common to the region. The Rhulfolk in Groddenguard are rugged and quite acclimated to inclement weather.

The rail line to Ghord has recently suffered persistent attacks by dregg (see entry, MN1) also proving a hazard in the eastern mines. Trolls are a periodic threat to the loggers south of the city and have been known to lurk near the river seeking prey. The strange events at Foundation (see pg. 363) have Groddenguard on alert, for inexplicable creatures have been reported coming from the chasm. Several tribes of hostile bogrin also inhabit the nearby hills. They are wary of attacking the strong dwarven patrols, but they are fond of raiding and random acts of arson in the outlying regions.

Noted Persons

Gortis of Jhorl (male ogrun Ftr12): Gortis is an aging ogrun who has earned a place of respect in Groddenguard. He was the right hand of the previous Groddenlord, the Jhorl clan lord, and has volunteered to help the current one as best he can. Although Gortis still serves clan Jhorl, he has become good friends with Fulgar Lodhurg, the current Groddenlord, who relies on him to command the defenses of the town and supervise its patrols. He has no special title, but the dwarves of the garrison obey him like a general. Some younger dwarves resent taking orders from an ogrun, but the veterans know his worth. He is keen of mind with an innate sense for tactics and strategy. Gortis has grown more pious in his later years. The

ogrun of the town have erected a shrine to Dhunia on an outcropping of rock near the garrison fortress, and Gortis tends to visit frequently.

Groddenlord Fulgar Lodhurg (male dwarf Ftr6/Wiz13): Groddenlord Lodhurg is leader of both Clan Lodhurg and the city garrison. He is relatively new to the position having been previously content pursuing arcane studies with the Brand of Odom. His elder brother was killed investigating Foundation and had no offspring, which left Fulgar as clan leader. The position of Groddenlord is not permanently attached to a single clan but is rather chosen by a vote of the clan lords. Fulgar was chosen after impressing the others with his power, knowledge, and wisdom. He is at odds with his counterpart in Griddenguard over the location of Scylfangen's lair—he believes it to be near Broken Mirror Lake rather than Foundation. However, many dark creatures from the chasm have attacked the town, so Fulgar has ordered further investigation.

Nellith Stonehold (female dwarf Rgr9/Rog2): Called "Mad Nell" by some, Nellith Stonehold is a hunter of dregg who spends much time in the deep passages and caves looking for the creatures. She is avoided by most townfolk who consider her as crazed and mean as a gorax. She is usually covered in dirt and grime from the tunnels and does not concern herself that much with personal hygiene. Her favored weapons are a pair of long barbed blades handy for fighting in close quarters. When not in pursuit of her hated foe, she can sometimes be found in the underground tavern called Deep Quarry where she has a peculiar friendship with the proprietor Holtis Dogul (male dwarf Ftr3/Exp3). Nellith was recently found there and asked to come before the Groddenlord, whereupon he asked her to investigate the dregg plaguing the railway.

Locales of Groddenguard

Grodden Cathedral: Many dwarves are still uncertain about this church although they admit it is impressive. It was funded by one of the former Groddenlords after a visit to Merywyn and the Cathedral of Asc. Rowan. It is built in the style of human cathedrals and bears little resemblance to typical dwarven churches. Many dwarves wrinkle their faces at the human designs while others seem to enjoy the great open hall, stained glass, and arched ceilings. The cathedral is overseen by Assessor Lutave Jhord (female dwarf Clr10) who bundles herself in so many layers of clothing she can barely walk, yet she has been known to remark that the cold in Groddenguard "isn't so bad once you get used to it."

Woodfell Estate: Home to one of Groddenguard's wealthiest clans, the Woodfell estate is also the center of the town's profitable lumber industry. They are responsible for a large portion of the logging taking place in the Frostvale forest to the south and have multiple camps of kinsmen established there. The estate itself is large and comprised of many buildings containing industry for turning the raw lumber into building materials and furniture. Several master carpenters are among this clan, and their work fetches high prices throughout Rhul and parts beyond. They are wealthy enough to operate a dozen labor 'jacks over half of which are outfitted to clear the forest and haul lumber. The clan is resentful that Lord Shidul Woodfell (male dwarf Ftr9) was not voted Groddenlord. Shidul hates all of Clan Lodhurg and is determined to bring Fulgar to ruin. He has surreptitiously hired Glomring lurkers to dig up dirt on the Lodhurgs and seek means to goad them into a feud. If it comes to it, Clan Woodfell may even stoop to interfering with Foundation expeditions in order to ruin Fulgar's reputation.

Ulgar

In Power: The Trine (collective name for the lords of the Blackheel, Durkin, and Wroughthammer clans that founded the city), and the Shoretown Council

Population: 340,000 dwarves, 8,000 ogrun, 1,000 gobbers, 500+ humans

Military: Ulgar is defended by a large garrison of Trineguards made up of members from the Trine clans.

Imports: Grain, lumber, textiles, ale, labor 'jacks, mining machinery

Exports: Fish, gold, silver, various gemstones, copper, tin, granite, quartz, coal, iron

Ulgar's foundation stones were laid thirty-six centuries ago, and its history is nearly as rich as its sister city Ghord. The city rose from a small mining

community that discovered the richest gold and silver veins in Rhul. This ignited the Hundred House Rebellion and threw the entire kingdom into civil discord before peace was restored. The three most powerful clans of Ulgar, known as the Trine, have maintained their authority and monopolies since those early decades. Together with their conglomerates, they control almost all mining in northern Rhul and are influential voices on the Moot in Ghord.

Similar to Ghord, most of Ulgar's citizens live above ground among densely populated streets, stonework estates, towers, bridges, and great halls. However, a sizable section of the city occupied by the poorer mining and quarry clans is carved into the mountain's interior.

Despite centuries of mining, the famed veins of Ulgar seem inexhaustible. They have required increasingly deep excavations into the mountains, testing dwarven ingenuity to extract the elusive ore. Many ancient mines have collapsed or been abandoned and forgotten, and the lattice of caverns and shafts in the mountains north of Ulgar are the most extensive in Rhul. Entire sections are superstitiously avoided by local miners who believe them to be occupied by horrors or simply in danger of collapse. Recent clashes with dozens of bloodthirsty dregg in the deep caverns have given these stories new life, and miners are demanding that the Trine deal with the problem.

Noted Persons

Clan Lord Jaldun Blackheel (male dwarf Ftr14): The Blackheels control the most lucrative coal mines in the nearby mountains along with rich veins of silver and copper and two profitable granite quarries. They are one of the founding clans of Ulgar and sit on the Moot of the Hundred Houses. Lord Blackheel rarely attends the Moot personally; he prefers to send his learned uncle Garlorn Blackheel (male dwarf Clr5/Exp5) in his stead. Jaldun is a dwarf of late middle years with a stern temperament and a mind for business. He spends much of his time concerned with the Ulgar mines and trying to stay on top of new innovations. The clan lord has spent considerable expense hiring some of the best mechaniks in Ulgar to devise better ways to extend his operations. The Blackheels also own a controlling interest in Steelhead Coal and Steam, and the recent difficulties (see entry Chapter Two) have been a constant worry and distraction. Jaldun recently killed the heir of Clan Egharl in a hasty duel—a move that threatens to embroil the two clans in an extended and bloody feud.

Clan Lord Barl Durkin (male dwarf Ari7/Ftr5): The voice of caution within the Trine, Lord Durkin is frequently at odds with Lord Blackheel whom he considers reckless and uncouth. The Durkin clan is the wealthiest in Ulgar and controls the bulk of the city's gold mines along with claims for several veins of lesser metals. Like Lord Blackheel, Lord Durkin rarely attends the Moot in Ghord and opts to send his son Barlon (male dwarf Ftr5/Ari2). It is an open secret that young bravos of the Durkin clan run Ulgar's primary black market and fencing operations, and Barl Durkin is not shy in his use of Glomring lurkers to spy on his competition in order to ensure the Durkin gold monopoly.

Clan Lord Durg Wroughthammer (male dwarf Ftr3/Sor11): The most commanding of the Trine, Durg spends much of his time in Ghord at the Moot speaking for his clan. He votes by proxy on Trine business via his cousin Justicar Geduve Wroughthammer (see below). His clan controls most of the city's silver and iron mining.

Locales of Ulgar

Church of the Bountiful Mountain: This ancient church has been restored many times over the years and is maintained by the Trine. The first flood of wealth in Ulgar financed its original construction, and it remains one of the most ostentatious churches in Rhul. Instead of a tower, it is a wide and low hall set into the mountainside. Past the marble halls, golden braziers, and polished oak pews, it connects to a small natural cavern of quartz, feldspar, and an untapped vein of gold considered sacred. Although all Great Fathers are praised here, special deference is paid to Dohl and Ghrd, the fathers of mining and wealth. The church and town clergy are led by Justicar Geduve Wroughthammer (female dwarf Clr15), an elder cousin of the clan lord. She is fair-skinned, eloquent, and frequently asked to judge city disputes. Despite her clan affiliation, she has never shown a bias for her kinsmen.

Shoretown: Although famous for its mines, Ulgar is just as important for its fishing fleet on the Armsdeep. The prodigious amount of fish brought in by these vessels feeds many clans in Ulgar and Ghord. Ulgar is three miles north of the shoreline, so the docks are separate from the city itself and connected by heavily traveled roads. Shoretown includes the piers and many nearby buildings such as shipwrights, fishing warehouses, trading offices, taverns, and housing for several clans. The Shoretown and city dwarves have developed two distinct cultures each proud of its heritage and fond of treating one another with disdain. Shoretown is governed by a council of twelve elders led by Vetta Olghrd (female dwarf Wiz9), a member of the Brand of Odom.

Trine Hall: The Trine Hall was built as neutral ground for meetings of the Trine, being equidistant from their respective clan estates. This has become the center of the city bureaucracy complex. Recently they have grudgingly agreed to recognize the Shoretown Council as well. Collectively, the council is allowed one vote alongside those made by each member of the Trine. As ties always go to the Trine, the vote holds dubious value. Since the recognition of Shoretown, the Trine has begun to feel some pressure of late for more representation by other influential clans in Ulgar.

Wroughthammer Exquisite Metallurgy: This shop produces some of the finest steel in Ulgar forged into masterwork mining equipment, weapons, and steamjack parts. Although Wroughthammer metal is not as famous or valued as serricsteel, it remains the best locally produced equivalent, and the clan is always experimenting with alloys trying to outdo Clan Serric. They have made a name for themselves with exceptionally fine hammers, picks, and shovels. The shop is run by Duwurk Wroughthammer (male dwarf Amk8/Exp10), one of the most skilled metalworkers in Ulgar. He is assisted by his three sons all of whom are master smiths and decent engineers in their own right.

Places of Interest

Hammerfall: All roadways in the western mountains converge on Hammerfall, the great fortress complex serving as the land gateway to Ghord and Armsdeep dating back to the time of the Feud of Ages. A terraced castle composed of dozens of smaller fortresses linked together into a single compound, it is a triumph of dwarven defensive stonemasonry. It has been long centuries since it faced actual battle, but it withstood many attacks in ancient times by western barbarians and later by more organized Khadoran Menites. The dwarves of Rhul consider it essential to keep the castle ready for war at all times. It is garrisoned by over ten thousand dwarves rotated periodically from assorted clans along with dozens of warjacks.

Stone House Dhurg is directly responsible for this great complex, and its leadership is comprised of hundreds of its kin permanently stationed here. The most notable is Champion Pelgor Dhurg (male dwarf Ftr10/Sor5), the older cousin of the Stone Lord. He spent his youth as a mercenary in Llael and has adopted some of the training methods and discipline more common to human armies. He has a strong loathing for Khadorans exacerbated by some of his oldest human friends being killed while serving at Redwall Fortress and Laedry during the invasion. Hammerfall has been a regular stop for overland travelers for thousands of years, always ensuring safe passage for merchants along the trade roads.

Horgenhold: The Horgenhold is a massive single castle of squat proportions atop a sheer cliff overlooking the primary trade river used to enter Rhul. A major roadway between Leryn and Hammerfall passes directly by Horgenhold, and scores of cannons are permanently fixed on both the river and the road. Horgenhold has a colorful past and was actually tested briefly by the Orgoth after they conquered the old human kingdom of Rynr. Their losses were so staggering that they never tested Rhul again.

Maintaining the hold is the responsibility of Stone House Udo although dwarves of many clans volunteer to serve there. The hold also serves as headquarters for hundreds of scouts who patrol the southern mountains and the other lesser forts and watchtowers along the border. All of these dwarves are on high alert due to the occupation of Llael. Many dwarves here felt the fall of Leryn personally; some have friends and even family in the nearby Llaelese city. The hold has received its share of Llaelese and Nyan (see IKCG pg. 45) refugees, and none have been refused—although they are searched and thoroughly questioned before allowed admittance.

In times of need the waterway can close to incoming traffic via a gate of massive, slow-rusting iron alloy bars rising from the riverbed on gigantic chains and gear works. The fortress garrison searches suspicious ships before being allowing them to journey onward. Horgenhold integrates an impressive array of telescopes to watch incoming vessels. A number of fast river vessels are also kept at the ready in case smugglers attempt to make a run for it. Since the start of the war, the fortress' already large garrison has been heavily reinforced. Even the Khadorans understand any attempt to bypass or lay siege to Horgenhold would come at the loss of a tremendously disproportionate number of troops.

Foundation: High between the peaks of three of Rhul's highest mountains is an enormous crevasse nearly a mile wide and of uncertain depth. This was named "Foundation" after the belief that the Great Fathers climbed through here to Caen from Kharg Drogun to sire the dwarven race. Ancient shrines remain at both the west and eastern limits of the chasm in homage to the Great Fathers, and some pious dwarves make the pilgrimage to see them. The crevasse is of interest and concern to both of the Guard cities being roughly equidistant between them. There have always been stories of strange creatures emerging from the many caves in its depths, and these reports have increased in frequency over the last couple decades. Some believe the dragon Scaefang, or Scylfangen to the Rhulfolk, may have made a lair for itself in the depths of the Foundation.

Lakeforge: As its name suggests, Lakeforge is a center of industry and more of a shared foundry and prison than a proper military fortress. Outside of Ghord, more Rhulic weapons and armor are crafted at Lakeforge than anywhere in the kingdom. It is also home to several shipwrights who make sturdy boats to ply the Armsdeep. Lakeforge is particularly noted for its excellent cannons built by Master Builder Ortun Uldar (male dwarf Exp11/Ftr4). Ortun's Lakeforge cannons are shipped throughout Rhul and found anywhere from Griddenguard to Horgenhold.

Leadership of Lakeforge is shared between the Uldar and Dovor Stone Houses although a dozen other clans have settled and work the community that now sprawls around the fortress along with many of the best ogrun crafters in Rhul. In fact, it is a mark of distinction to be welcomed at Lakeforge, and new craftsmen must actually petition to work there. Aside from this ongoing industry, it is the responsibility of the defenders at Lakeforge to patrol the Armsdeep for unauthorized ships or boats—an occurrence very rare but not unheard of—and guard the few Rhulic prisoners who are sent to the remote Dungeon Tower located on a sea stack several hundred yards out in a surging current of the Armsdeep overlooked by Lakeforge proper.

The Bloodstone Marches

No place in western Immoren seems more desolate, lonely, and forbidding than the Bloodstone Marches. It is an enormous desert land of parched rock, gravel, and shifting sands. Its coastline, inhabited in places by the Protectorate of Menoth, is treacherously fogbound. The fringes of the coast that are home to both Sul-Menites and Idrians is a harsh landscape of desert scrub and rugged brown hills of exposed rock sandblasted by the wind and backed by a chain of mountains.

Around the hills stretch wide-ranging plains scattered with gravel as well as low-lying salt pans and undulating dunes. It is difficult to say how many countless broken bones are buried in those sands. Valleys and deep gorges mark the courses of what may have been rivers once upon a time. Though most of them have long since dried, water usually lies somewhere underground within reach of plant roots, and in places it rises to the surface as waterholes. One must have a care at such spots, for dune prowlers (see entry MN1) often lie in wait for prey around these watering sites.

The water off the Bloodstone coast is unexpectedly cool. This chill is due to cold ocean currents that lend to the coastline its distinguishing fog. Dense banks of mist usually hang offshore hiding the ocean beyond. Mariners who skirt the shore in these areas curse the precarious sea fog known to cut off visibility in mere seconds. Suddenly blind on a sea of strong currents,

heavy swells, and hidden reefs, many a ship and its crew have run aground on the rocky coasts of the Marches.

Though the sea fog makes the coastal air humid, it is too thin to create rain. Seldom do climate patterns allow rain clouds to gather above the arid landscape. A few light showers fall occasionally, but these evaporate swiftly in the burning heat of day. Conversely, after sunset the hot desert air cools rapidly and drops near freezing in some places and often creates an eerie morning mist cover that seeps into valleys and drifts over hills as far as 30 miles inland. Once the sun rises into the sky however, this land fog slowly but surely diminishes.

The central regions of the Bloodstone Marches, sometimes called the Stormlands, are frequently wracked by life-scouring twisters and lightning storms so terrible that in some places they turn the very ground to red glass. These storms at the edge of human exploration may be the remnants of the cataclysm that forced the elves called Lyossans to abandon their empire for the forests of Ios. The few Iosans who hold such knowledge guard the actual origin of the current state of the Bloodstone Marches, and whether or not this austere realm can be attributed to elven influence is unknown. What is known is that the deep Marches are a dreadful place that the desert-dwelling Idrians avoid at all costs. Few native tribes have ever penetrated the desert proper, and some of them still make living sacrifices to sate the storms believing they are the manifestation of some savage god's displeasure.

Far out in the Marches is the Abyss—a yawning rift in the earth vanishing into the Stormlands. It is ever widening, swallowing up rock and sand in great amounts during tremendous earthquakes. Sometimes spaced only weeks apart but more typically months or years, the earth shudders and millions of tons of rock and debris slide into the depths of the Abyss. Tremors from these earthquakes are felt all the way in the Protectorate where the people refer to it as "the Creator's Wrath." It is near impossible to attain either the Abyss or the Stormlands on a passage from the known kingdoms, and those who have tried end up dried husks buried beneath the

Trollkin nomads make their way across the Bloodstone Marches



desert sands or silenced by the claw or sword of a Bloodstone denizen.

The most notorious Bloodstone denizens of late are the Skorne (see entry, MN1), a perfidious, bloodthirsty race according to the elves of Ios "given to wanton barbarism and cruelty." Other than modern day survivors of the Skorne invasion of the Cygnaran city of Corvis (see the WFT), perhaps no other race knows the Skorne better than the Iosans whose fabled Dawnguard has chronicled terrible battles with them from long ago when the elves of Lyoss made their exodus from their shattered empire. Though the Skorne are not recognized as a great menace yet, sightings on the fringes of western Immoren are reported more frequently. Whether these are stragglers from the destroyed army that invaded Corvis or potential new invaders remains unclear, but recent fights with Iosans and remote Idrian tribes indicate that violence will come, whatevere the case.

Stormlands



Ternon Crag

In Power: Brue Westrone, Marshal Chief

Population: 4,500 (mostly humans)

Military: Ternon Crag has a small mercenary garrison.

Imports: Textiles, perishables, livery, liquor

Exports: Iron ore

Ternon Crag, a windblown town situated on the banks of the malodorous waters of Comb's Beacon River at the mouth of the Greybranch Gap, is the last mainstay of civilization on the edge of the vast Bloodstone Marches. Its sandy streets and open alleyways are often populated by pack mules, hardy horses, and the occasional labor 'jack hefting this or that. The people of the Crag are sometimes cagey and conniving and often transient; most of them are prospectors and rough-hewn fortune seekers looking for riches. Diamonds have been found in the mountains and depressions around the 100-mile gap, but few call the Crag home for very long. The diamonds are difficult to find, and those who do find them become engaged in fighting other prospectors, not to mention constant weather outbreaks and other oddities blowing in from the Marches. These are

compelling reasons to look elsewhere for a way to make a living. That is, if one lives long enough to make the decision to quit Ternon Crag for good.

The lure of hidden wealth however keeps many a fool in the Crag. In recent years it is said gems the size of a man's fist washed down Comb's Beacon, so treasure hunters traverse and make camp up the banks toward the deep and black Scarleforth Lake or toward the ruins of the Castle of the Keys. Rarely do these prospectors return with anything but a case of Panner's Pox, a defacing condition causing its victim's skin to take on a sickly pallor and faces to flake like scales. Some cryptic folk call it "a touch o' blight," but whatever it may be, many a snake-oil salesman and his traveling medicine show have filled their pockets with coin over the unsightly ailment.



Noted Persons

Brue Westrone (male Midlunder Ftr5/Rfl8): Ternon Crag is a rough town paying homage to no king or court and has no true allegiance. Only through brutal displays of "law" can the town's marshal and mayor, Brue Westrone, keep the criminal elements from taking over. Westrone is a highly skilled marksman with both pistol and rifle and is more than willing to show his skill in broad daylight to keep his town safe from miscreants. Though Westrone is frequently found at the gaol, he also frequents Sanity's Bastion (below) where he keeps an office in the backroom. He is often found with Nikolo, the Bastion's owner, as well as the notorious monster-hunter Alten Ashley (male Midlunder MonHtr9/Rgr9; see Monster Hunter PrC, MN1) whenever he is in the Crag. The three of them

apparently share a past together and have remained tight comrades.

"Old Thom" Jaspers (male Caspian Exp8): The Crag started as, survived as, and will always be a mining town. One of its best known success stories is that of Thomas Jaspers. Jaspers came to the Crag with nothing but a pick and a gunnysack in search of riches—and an escape from the powerful friends of underground loan sharks in Llael and Cygnar. He spent his first twelve years in the Crag impoverished and homeless, but in 574 AR he struck a vein of raw iron so deep it is still being mined today. Now Old Thom is one of the richest men in the Crag with over a dozen mining camps in his employ, and he still occasionally picks up a lantern to inspect the mines with his own eyes.

Locales of Ternon Crag

Gold Standard: The finest festhall in the Crag, which is to say they serve hot meals and cold drink, does not poison their guests on purpose and gives correct change when paid. The most noteworthy meal created and served by the owner and chef Drewson Cabe (male Midlunder Exp5/Rog2) is the ingenious and startlingly expensive "sand rat filet served over a bed of Bloodstone lamprey eggs." The meal is highly nutritious; some whisper it has invigorating properties in men and fertility enhancing agents in women.

Pip and Pop's Trade Emporium: The only worthwhile trading post in the Crag, the Emporium is actually run by two young gobbers named Pipinzonagorann "Pip" (male gobber Exp4/Rog8) and Popinzonagorann "Pop" (male gobber Bdg5/Exp3/Rog3). Born as twins in eastern Cygnar, they have a multitude of skills between them, but together they are a formidable force of hagglin', bargainin', and tinkerin'. Many travelers enter the Emporium with a short list of "essentials" and leave with an extra pack mule laden with "necessary goods."

Sanity's Bastion: The largest saloon in Ternon Crag (and the rowdiest) is Sanity's Bastion, owned, operated, and secured by an old war veteran called Nikolo (male Khard Ftr12). The man is a grizzled fellow with a tangled beard and a limp. He does not care to speak of his various scars nor of the expertly crafted battleaxe mounted above his keg taps—a fine weapon made of brass and steel and emblazoned with the royal seal of Khador itself—and certainly not of the conflict between Khador and Cygnar. The Bastion is always open except during the frequent dust storms rolling in from the Marches, and his prices for food and spirits are fair. Many ruffians and mercenaries use the tavern as headquarters for their businesses, and bar brawls are commonplace.

Castle of the Keys

The ruins of an ancient barbarian fortress, it was supposedly cleared of its original inhabitants centuries ago by a sect of aggressive Iosan expansionists. Folklore has it that after slaughtering the barbarians dwelling in and around this fortress, the Iosans never left. Some claim they are still there today. Iosan stories—much of which are fragmented to say the least—tell of a powerful and binding curse placed upon this "Castle of the Keys" by the gods of the Divine Court. To this day, the ground is devoid of vegetation, even the obstinate thicket grasses common to the area, and it is said an unseen force lurks here. Some travelers have reported that in the dusk, lights within the ruined fortress can be seen with palpable and foreboding silhouettes behind them.

The whole fortress is a cracked and crumbling place, looming and dark with a cruel history long since forgotten and where vile things lurk and prey on the unwise. Iosan curse or not, for leagues around the area teems with strange-looking barbarians showing signs very much like dragonblight, and on mostly clear nights a long shadow is sometimes seen winging across the sky above the fortress over the outlying mountains toward the deep black Scarleforth. Whatever these things might mean, without doubt something more powerful than men calls the Castle of the Keys its home.

Pillars of Rotterhorn

Near what is arguably the highest mountain in all of western Immoren is a rock formation so large it baffles the minds of the throngs of Immorese scholars who have gazed upon it. At the entrance of the pathway to the Rotterhorn, eight gigantic basalt pillars—a stone that must be carved from the Marches bedrock itself—rise 300 feet from the boulder-strewn ground in a nearly perfect semi-circle. These enormous cylinders must weigh thousands of tons a piece and each one is roughly thirty feet in diameter. Scholars agree these were likely

not carved where they stand but came from elsewhere in the Marches. It is a complete mystery as to whom—or what—erected the Pillars of Rotterhorn and why. One thing is for certain: barbarians still visit the pillars from time to time, sometimes en masse for primitive rituals, but most scholars agree they had nothing to do with the raising of these gargantuan artifacts. If they do, the records have been lost to time. It is conjectured that the pillars instill as much mystery and awe in the barbarian mind as they do in those of the enlightened.

The Nyss

Do not trust them. They are treacherous. Venture not far into their lands, and be wary of their tricks and traps, for they seek our death… or to cheat us of what is ours.

—Falcyr Raefyll, Nyss sorceress, to the hunters of her shard regarding the humans of Tverkutsk

In the uttermost reaches of the north beyond the taiga, a harsh and unforgiving domain offers little respite from the elements. Intense cold, scant vegetation, and the prolonged darkness of lengthy winters combine to make this a truly grim place. Long months with little sunshine make the far north a frigid realm indeed, and not even the stanchest Khadoran explorers care to venture too far into the remote fringes of the Motherland, for if the elements do not take their lives and breaths, the wrath of the winter elves will.

Truth be told, the winter elves of western Immoren, called the Nyss (see more in the MN1; for information on Nyss PCs, see the L&L:CP), are actually less isolationist than their Iosan kin. Nyss society is entirely separate from Iosan society, and the two peoples have no contact with each other. However, the Nyss are known occasionally to trade with outsiders—something Iosans never do. The Iosan border is sealed on pain of death, but the Nyss occasionally permit visitors to approach within a few hundred feet of their communities providing they obey the rules of hospitality. Part of the reason is because the Nyss do not mine yet have a need for metal and fine wood, so they trade pelts, ivory, and handmade items for ores and other goods. One never knows when a deal is going to go bad with the Nyss however, for one misstep can mean sudden doom. The most successful traders are those who have taken the time to learn as much as they can and are earnest about respecting Nyss tradition.

As such, secrecy is among their topmost tenets and makes knowledge of Nyss customs to outsiders scarce. Nyss never speak of their culture or religion with strangers, and they are typically hostile to trespassers. Their borders are not nearly as well defended as those of other nations as they tend to rely on the rugged and bleak remoteness of the far-flung north for protection. The Nyss lay traps in certain areas, and if one spots their signature monoliths, called winter stones, used to mark their territory, it should be taken as a warning to turn the other way, for only death or misfortune is ahead.

The Nyss are tall, thin, and as pale as the frost-coated peaks of their realm. Their hair is typically black or nearly white, and their eyes have an icy blue or sometimes violet or amber hue. They have divided over the millennia into twelve major tribes—though smaller tribes exist—and each tribe is further broken into four or five "shards." Shards are closely interrelated bands of families comprising the core unit of their society.

They are nomadic hunter-gatherers, often following after migrating herds of wild musk oxen and caribou as well as seals, hares, lemmings, and even white tundra wolves. They are also expert bird hunters able somehow to find and shoot snow geese, great auks, ptarmigan, and skua in their bleak environment. Their habitations are seasonal though some shards remain in the same location for decades at a time. In fact those dedicated to their god Nyssor never leave his vicinity. Each tribe has its own ancestral holdings, and they maintain fortresses that are shared amongst shards. Some of these fortresses are seasonal; others are used year round. Indeed, some shards travel throughout the year, rotating through a number of fortresses, while others leave their holdings during inhospitable seasons to go stay with neighboring shards. The Nyss rely on frequent travel to bring news from distant

shards, and they use these meetings between shards to arrange weddings and form tribal alliances.

The Fane of Nyssor is at the center of Nyss society. It is made up of the Winter Father's faithful priests and warriors dedicated to watching over his place of repose, for the great elven god is entombed in a mighty tower of ice and watched over by his people until the day he recovers his vast strength from his travails in the otherworld and can return to lead them once more. Some Nyss believe that Nyssor's spirit has returned to the Veld in order to retrieve the Vanished gods, his brothers and sisters, and lead them back to their people.

The various tribes tend to specialize in some aspect of Nyss society. For instance, the tribe of Aeryn has a strong tradition of service to the Fane of Nyssor, and a number of its members have become powerful priests. Legend tells that the founder of the tribe was none other than the great prophet Aeric who first led the Nyss from Ios in search of the Vanished gods. Another of the great tribes are the Voassyr who take their name from Nyssor's frozen claymore and wield stylized weapons derived from Nyssor's mighty rune blade. The Voassyr are skilled hunters and the most dedicated defenders of the north.

Trespassers into Nyss lands are invariably ambushed, for they are very serious about their privacy. Numerous hunters, trappers, explorers, and barbarians go missing every year. Along with the more civilized Khadorans, primitive Skirov and Kossite tribes and even Rhulfolk—both dwarves and ogrun—all feel a special hatred, respect, and/or fear for the Nyss, for their run-ins are typically hostile. The winter elves often engage in sudden assaults with flights of arrows from hiding, and once they soften their targets, they move in for the kill wielding their deadly sharp two-handed claymores. Lately Nyss lands have been infringed upon by tribes of Devourer worshipping barbarians appearing to be a northern tribe of long forgotten Tharn (see entry, MN1). These encounters have turned especially bloody with both sides giving as much as getting. It is rumored that a recent surprise attack by the savage Tharn barbarians wiped out an entire shard of Nyss, so tribal kinsman are currently on the warpath in that vicinity eager to kill anything and everything they find.

Nyss Facts

Ruler: The Nyss have no centralized government though the Fane of Nyssor is generally obeyed.

Government type: Tribal

Capital: None

Ethnic Groups & Approx. Population: Unknown

Languages: Aeric (generally only the Fane of Nyssor learns written), Cygnaran (spoken), Khadoran (spoken), Shyr (spoken)

Climate: Tundra climate with gales, blizzards, and ice storms much of the year; the light strengthens and some snow thaws for four months out of the year; otherwise grim winter darkness.

Terrain: Craggy, mountainous tundra; rugged stony plateaus; sparse trees, mostly shrubs, lichen, mosses, grasses, and some herbs during the warmer months; year round snow and ice; high ground is covered in permanent ice caps; fjords indent the coast.

Natural resources: Exotic game for meat, pelts, feathers, exotic herbs, ivory

Shards of the Nyss

Shards are the largest community of Nyss generally encountered by foreigners. Each shard usually consists of 30 to 80 related winter elves sometimes dwelling in and around the same fortress during the harshest months. Shard members work together to ensure the survival of the community. Each has at least one priest though the priest is not always of any greater social status than any other member. Elders are revered for their wisdom and usually either lead the shard or advise the leader, for their words bear great influence in decision-making.

Every shard has its own traditions, many of them handed down from ages ago. Some have strong hunting traditions, especially those who control the best hunting lands, while other shards specialize in dealing with outsiders for purposes of trade.

Notable Shards

Aegyth Raefyll: The Aegyth shard is part of the tragically small Raefyll tribe. Its numbers are diminished from frequent assaults by northern savages—perhaps Tharn, as the attackers are said

to be shapeshifters. The Aegyth have contact with several other shards within and outside of their tribe throughout the year. Since they lack a tribal fortress of their own, the Aegyth Raefyll inhabit seasonal dwellings: deep caves during the harsh months and a valley that thaws during the warmer months imparting them with plenty of vegetation and fresh running water. They share the valley with the other shards of their tribe. The Aegyth shard is comprised not only of tribal hunters but keen traders as well. Throughout the year they barter goods with other Nyss tribes and, in turn, trade with humans during the spring and summer thaw. Members of the shard venture as far as the Khadoran town of Tverkutsk where they trade exotic pelts and ivory for as much iron and metal goods as they can carry in their sled-like carts.

Aegyth Raefyll has 34 members left of its 70 from before all the fighting. The shard is led by Falcyr Raefyll (female Nyss Sor11) who took it over after the death of her husband in battle against the aforementioned savages. She is a potent spellwielder and a tough negotiator adept at simply staring down human traders, especially when she feels they are trying to cheat her. She never meets humans without her hunting party in tow, and her negotiations have yet to erupt into hostilities. In truth, the death of her husband has her feeling grim these days and willing to take out her grief on anyone.

Dyrth Voassyr: Part of the stern and aggressive Voassyr tribe, the Dyrth shard is comprised of renowned hunters who follow the migration of musk oxen throughout the year, particularly the rare white ox herd leader—an animal they revere. In trailing the herd, this shard has been known to venture as far as the Scarsfell Forest. Along their journeys, the Dyrth Voassyr take it upon themselves to root out all encroachers upon Nyss territory—a duty they seem to relish. When roused to battle they will stop at nothing, and they are deadly fighters with nearly as much pride in their fine bows as in their rune-blade claymores.

The shard consists of nine tightly interrelated families and has over 100 members. Throughout the year they travel to as many as five tribal fortresses. Most of these are holdings of the Voassyr only occupied during certain months of the year. The shard is also known to make journeys to the fortresses of allied shards from different tribes in times of need or to exchange goods and information. Unless they are between fortresses, the Dyrth split into smaller hunting parties and leave just a few members behind to care for their little ones. The hunters can sometimes be gone for weeks at a time.

The Dyrth Voassyr shard is led by Ryllys Dyvvar (male Nyss Rgr15), a great hunter in constant competition with his wife Aelyth Vyr (female Nyss Rgr10/Sor3). The two regularly lead separate hunting parties and compare a tally of their kills at shard gatherings. Aelyth's uncle Lanae Dyrth (male Nyss Clr4/Sor9) is the eldest member of the shard. He is a powerful sorcerer who has lost his sight in recent years, whereupon he soon thereafter joined the Fane of Nyssor.

Maelwyrr Aeryn: An ancient shard of the Aeryn tribe, the Maelwyrr have long served the Fane of Nyssor. They count a high number of powerful priests among their members. Though the Maelwyrr share their administration and guard duties with other shards from non-related tribes, they are so devoted to the Winter Father they seldom venture away from their icy fortress near Nyssor's palace high in the Sharde Spires.

The Maelwyrr Aeryn's numbers are declining of late. Fewer than fifty of the once numerous winter elves exist, and few of them are younger than middle aged with hardly any children. For whatever reason the Maelwyr are not breeding as they once did, and they are disinclined to say why. Rather, when not attending Nyssor's palace, they hide away in their fortress of stone and ice.

From the exterior, their fortress is merely a squat, yet solid structure, but beneath it is a network of tunnels and chambers cut into the ice. The ingenious design keeps the interior warm even during the harshest periods of winter. The heart of the fortress is a great and delicately beautiful shrine to Nyssor cut from blocks of ice, and the shard members pray there at all times, night and day.

The shard leader is Caelyph Maelwyrr (male Nyss Clr14/Rgr4), an *aransor*—or elder—of the Fane of Nyssor. Caelyph is a somber elf of few words. He spends much of his time wandering the mountainside alone deep in contemplation. He used to meet often with other members of the Fane to debate various courses of action, but he has been more reclusive of late. Syryth Laryssar (male Nyss Rgr12) is wed to Caelyph's daughter Mydria Maelwyrr (female Nyss Clr6/Rgr6). The two of them are charged with maintaining the fortress although Syryth also leads hunting expeditions into the mountains and is occasionally gone for weeks at a time.



NPC Appendix

Acorsi, Pascal (male Tordoran Clr12), head of the Cathedral of the Valiant Martyrs in Midfast, pg. 308.

Aeric (deceased), prophet who led the followers of Nyss into the northern wilderness, past cleric and leader of the Fane of Nyssor, pp. 44, 45, 369.

Afonos, Barak (male Khard Exp5/Rgr9), current posadnik of Uldenfrost, pp. 230, 231.

Agathia (female Scharde Ftr7/Sor10), exiled warwitch who maintains Hell's Hook, sealed in the tower after her betrayal of Lich Lord Daeamortus, pg. 326.

Aghamore, Aideen (female Thurian Clr8), chief cleric of the Armandor Church of Ascendant Rowan and head of the Morrowan clergy in Armandor, pg. 292.

Aghamore, Aldophous (deceased), a mage of the Fraternal Order, he discovered the "Dark Wanderer" in 283 AR and is possibly the first priest of Cyriss, pg.38.

Aleshko, Myrra (female Umbrean Ari3/Exp3), owner of Aleshko Scriveners and Bindery, pg. 80.

Alkott, Halleran (male Midlunder Wiz6), head of the Corvis chapter house of the Free Order of the Crucible, pp. 165, 166.

Amarius, Chernel (deceased), one of a pair of Menite assassins who attempted to kill King Raelthorne II in 525 AR, pg. 44.

Amarius, Darimia (deceased), one of a pair of Menite assassins who attempted to kill King Raelthorne II in 525 AR, pg. 44.

Angellia (ascended 1027 BR), patron of history, lore, and knowledge, pg. 249.

Angrund (deceased), sage-priest of Menoth who lived through the Time of the Burning Sky, pg. 15.

Applewhite, Cecily (female Midlunder Clr13), leader of the Fharin Vicarate Council, pg. 170.

Ardier, Hestes (male Ryn Rog8/Exp8), agent of the Order of the Golden Crucible and head of Crucible Arms, pg. 80.

Arius, current primarch of the Church of Morrow, pp. 37, 145, 149.

Arken, Maya (female Midlunder Ari8), lady mayor of Ramarck, pg. 187.

Arkhun, Ronik (deceased), dwarven wizard credited with the construction of Arkhun's Tower, the tallest structure in Drotuhn, pg. 352.

Ashley, Alten (male Caspian MonHtr9/Rgr9), renowned monster-hunter who frequents Ternon Crag, pg. 366.

Ayer, Murgun (male dwarf Exp3/Rgr8), one of the best guides in Farhollow, pg. 353.

Badescu, Dmitri (male Khard Ari5/Rog5), Khadoran noble caught smuggling cortexes to the Protectorate, pg. 224.

Badescu, Ion (male Umbrean Exp5/Mnk4), chief curator of the Elsinberg Library, pg. 249.

Badesko, Matya (female Khard Brd4/Ftr3), philosopher and Winter Guard sergeant, pg. 198.

Baerd, Victor (deceased), one of the founders of the Fraternal Order and creator of the first working rune plate, pp. 27, 31.

Bainbridge, Phineas (deceased), Aurum Magnus of the Order of the Golden Crucible, led the team of researchers who developed the first stable arcanodynamic accumulator based on Kerwin's theories, pg. 32.

Balraza, Aakho (male Idrian Ftr10), leader of Hierarch Voyle's personal guard, pg. 275.

Bannister, Godwin (male Caspian Exp7), famous singer and instructor at the Caspian Royal Academy, pg. 114.

Barakovna, Akina (female Umbrean Wiz11/Ftr3), a leader in the Llaelese resistance and former member of the High Royal Guard, pg. 257.

Baras, Ryon (male Khard Exp4), Czavyana trading post manager stationed in Uldenfrost, pg. 232.

Barkentin, Richemaya, lady mayor of Ramarck, pg. 186.

Baskworth, Ennis (male Caspian Alc5/Exp5/Wiz5), the Royal Astronomer is the head of the Great Cygnaran Observatory, pg. 190.

Bauquemyre, Alart (male Ryn Amk7/Exp3), noted engineer who gifted the Cathedral of the Vine in

King's Vine with its magnificent clock, pg. 177.

Belcor (deceased), warrior-priest of Menoth who_led the faithful, along with the sage-priest Geth, to the northwest of Icthier to found Imer, approx. 5500 BR, pg. 13.

Benavi, Acheroi (male Ryn Rog14), Rynnish assassin, one of only three prisoners to escape successfully from Skirov Khardstadt while under the command of Kovnik Vyshkovich. He has not been recaptured since his escape in 600 AR, pg. 227.

Benewic I (deceased), the first king of Cygnar, known as Benewic the Bold, pg. 147.

Benewic II (deceased), king of Cygnar known as Benewic the Fair, pg. 147.

Benzo, Biagio (male Tordoran Clr10/Pal3), leader of the Menite faith in Berck and head of the Temple of the Ocean's Wall, pg. 295.

Beshukin, Fedko (male Khard Ari3/Clr16), Menite visgoth appointed to the Rorschik Temple of the Lawgiver Resplendent, pg. 225.

Binwilliams, Josef (male Caspian Rgr10/Rfl5), current warden of Bloodshore Island and former Scout Lieutenant out of Highgate, pg. 194.

"Black Baron" (unknown), mysterious, masked member of the Sovereign Coal board of trustees, pg. 82.

"Black Confessor" (male blighted trollkin Clr8/Flc7), priest of the Dragonfather in Blackwater, pg. 320.

Blackheel, Garlorn (male dwarf Clr5/Exp5), uncle to Clan Lord Blackheel, regularly attends the Moot in Ghord in Lord Blackheel's stead, pg. 361.

Blackheel, Jaldun (male dwarf Ftr14), Clan Lord of Clan Blackheel and member of the Trine, the ruling council of Ulgar, pg. 361.

Blackwood, Godwin (deceased), ruler of Cygnar known as the Iron King, pg. 147.

Blackwood, Wolfe (male Midlunder Ari4/Ftr6), the Viscount is the current alderman of Bainsmarket, pp. 152, 153.

Blathe, Tsserik (male Scharde Clr15), leader of the Temple of the Dragon Father in Blackwater, pg. 321.

Blaustavya, Simonyev (male Khard Ari5/Amk13), co-developer of the shield gun and former Lord Regent of Khador, pp. 35, 45, 46, 76, 77, 78, 94, 201, 203, 205.

Blighterghast (male dragon), living member of Toruk's brood, pg. 193.

Bloodtongue, Jussika (female trollkin Ftr8/Rog8), known as the "Queen of Blood," she commands the Black Talon mercenary company out of Blackwater, pg. 320.

Blu, Ashleigh (female Thurian Exp2/Wiz5), proprietress of the Polished Silver tavern and brothel, pg. 302.

Bodalin, Var, one of the six rulers of the Gedorra province, pg. 272.

Bolder, Smeaton, Lord Mayor of Mercir, pg. 178.

Bolis (ascended 271 AR), patron of gamblers, smugglers, and evil merchants, pg. 287.

Bollomvorgobelt "Bollo" (male gobber Rgr5/Rog3), co-owner of the Mountain Oasis tavern in Ghord, pg. 357.

Bolovric, Hasz, Great Prince of Vardenska volozk, pg. 209.

Bolton I of Westshore (deceased), assumes Cygnaran throne at age 22, disappears on an expedition into the Bloodstone Marches, pg. 147.

Bolton III (deceased), king of Cygnar from 347–391 AR, pg. 147.

Boomhowler, Greygore, leader of the Greygore Boomhowler & Co. mercenary company and a renowned fell caller, pg. 138.

Bragg, Morgan (male Scharde Ftr8/Rog7), notorious pirate who is currently hiding out in Clockers Cove, pg. 162.

Brashner, Lon (male Midlunder Exp7), manager of Fharin Station, local representative of the Caspian Rail Society, pg. 170.

Bratakov, Leonid (deceased), inventor of the trinary piston-driven steam engine in 635 BR, pg. 24.

Bray, Halford (male Ryn Ftr7/Exp5), captain of the steamship *Palaxis*, pp. 99, 100, 102, 107, 108.

Brocker, Eli (male Caspian Ftr11), ranking officer of the Cygnaran military stationed in Corvis, pg. 165.

Bruer, Andrea (deceased), co-inventor of the steam powered press, pg. 58.

Burgis, Nathan (male Caspian Clr8/Pal4), prelate of the Chapel of Light Chapel, pg. 173.

Cabe, Drewson (male Midlunder Exp5/Rog2), owner of The Gold Standard in Ternon Crag, pg. 367.

Caetan, Agnolo (deceased), Lord Castellan and Regent of Ord from 301–305 AR, pg. 288.

Caetan, Isbet (deceased), former wife of Castellan Caetan, drowned in the peat bogs near Corbhen, pg. 297.

Caetan, Olyado (male Tordoran Ari5/Ftr5), castellan of Corbhen, pp. 296, 297.

Calarth (deceased), epic lyricist who penned the *Songs of Calarth*, pg. 18.

Calster, Arland, Court Wizard to King Leto, pp. 46, 149, 157, 179.

Casini, Pasario (male Tordoran Clr16), eldest member of the Merin Vicarate Council, pg. 305.

Castiliov, Heron, Great Prince of Kos volozk, pp. 207, 229.

Castra, Francisco (male Tordoran Ari2/Wiz6), one of the three castellans of the city of Armandor, pg. 292.

Cathmore, Hagan (male Morridane Ari2/Ftr6/Rgr5), Earl of Bloodsbane, Lord of Northguard and commander of the troops stationed in Northguard, pp. 151, 196.

Cathor, Fardini (deceased), Fardini the Menite King attempts to make the Temple of Menoth the state religion of Ord, reigns from 531–536 AR, pg. 288.

Cathor, Lionor (male Tordoran Ari4/Ftr3), distant cousin of King Baird sent to Five Fingers by his father to oversee a number of the king's personal shipping concerns, pp. 300, 301.

Cathor, Rosa (deceased), wife of Alvor III, she ascends the throne of Ord following his disappearance at sea, pg. 288.

Cathor, Tadea (deceased), eldest daughter of Merin III, pg. 287.

Cathor I, Alvor (deceased), younger brother to Queen Tadea, he usurps the throne of Ord with the help of the castellans, pg. 288.

Cathor I, Baird (deceased), known as Baird the Headsman, he reigns from 425–449 AR, pg. 288.

Cathor I, Brogan (deceased), Brogan died two months after taking Ordic throne, Baird II's older brother, pp. 285, 289.

Cathor I, Merin (deceased), Merin the Valiant was first king of Ord following Corvis Treaties, pp. 287, 304.

Cathor I, Stagiar (deceased), king of Ord during the Second Expansion Wars, pg. 288.

Cathor II, Alvor (deceased), known as the Battle Prince, reigns from 305–346 AR, pg. 288.

Cathor II, Baird (male Tordoran Ari5/Ftr5/Rog8), current king of Ord, pp. 73, 83, 84, 109, 146, 284, 285, 286, 287, 289, 290, 291, 294, 296, 300, 301, 304, 307, 308.

Cathor II, Brogan (male Tordoran Amk9/Ftr2), King Baird's youngest son, pg. 287, 295.

Cathor II, Merin (deceased), second king of Ord, fought in the Colossal Wars against Khador, pg. 287.

Cathor II, Stagiar (deceased), Stagiar the Solitary King rules in Ord from 485–513 AR, pg. 288.

Cathor III, Alvor (deceased), king of Ord known as the Admiral, pg. 288.

Cathor III, Baird (male Tordoran Ftr11/Ptr3), King Baird's eldest son, pp. 286, 291, 304, 308.

Cathor III, Merin (deceased), known as Merin the Pious he declared the Church of Morrow to be the state religion of Ord, pg. 287.

Cathor IV, Alvor (deceased), Alvor the Stout takes over Ord after the execution of Fardini Cathor, pg. 289.

Cathor IV, Merin (deceased), king of Ord until assassinated by his brother, pg. 288.

Cathor V, Alvor (deceased), oldest of Baird II's two brothers, he was lost at sea just months after his coronation in 574 AR, pp. 285, 289, 307.

Cathor VI, Alvor (male Tordoran Ari1/Ftr1/Rog5), grandson of King Baird II, and son of Baird III and his wife Cesta, pg. 85.

Cavanaugh, Dominic (deceased), disciple of Sebastien

Kerwin, led the raid that launched the Vicarate Slaughter in 69 BR, pg. 28.

Charnelforge, Vurrak (male black ogrun Bbn6/Exp5), expert weaponsmith of Dreggsmouth, known as the Meatmaster, pg. 322.

Chasmius, Hevellor (deceased), high scrutator at Khorva's ascension, launched a Thamarite inquisition on discovery of Khorva's true loyalties, pg. 22.

Chelryhhmor, exiled Iosan who related some of the history of the Iosan people to the Rynnish scholar Chanyce Decauthis, pg. 44.

Cherydwyn, Wyle (male Ryn Ari8), the Archduke of Wessina, answers directly to Kommander Tarovic, pp. 247, 248.

Ciannor, Alexia, young witch who attempted to seize the *Witchfire*, pg. 47.

Cinot (deceased), said to be the first man to learn writing and farming from Menoth, pp. 13, 273.

Claywen, Paulida (female dwarf Clr9), religious leader for the Orven conclave, pg. 183.

Copernicum, Severin (deceased), founder of the Order of Illumination, pg. 29.

Copolius (deceased), noted alchemist and scholar, author of *Crucibilus Synthetatus*, pg. 24.

Corben (ascended 102 AR), patron of alchemy, astronomy, and wizardry, pp. 27, 31, 169.

Cornby, Jonus (male Midlunder Alc12), proprietor of Cornby's Fine Alchemicals in Fharin and nominal member of the Order of the Golden Crucible, pg. 170.

Corsar, Nikolai (male Umbrean Exp5/Rog2), philosopher, pg. 119.

Corumny, Lars, head of the Cygnaran treasury, pg. 149.

Crandle, Evigan (male Thurian Exp10), owner of Crandle's Pistolry in Five Fingers, pg. 302.

Cray, Taran (deceased), vintner and alchemist who poisoned Gravis Halfmont in early 500s AR, pg. 177.

Cresswell, Danae, King Leto's missing queen, presumed dead, pp. 47, 145.

Crispus, Caspis (deceased), former abbess of the Monastery of Ascendant Angellia in Fellig, pg. 167.

Cronan, Hagan (male Thurian Wiz11), co-owner of the Midfast Weapons Foundry, pg. 308.

Cronan, Ian (male Thurian Wiz10), co-owner of the Midfast Weapons Foundry, pg. 308.

Crowe, Hedger (male Midlunder Ftr5/Rog4), commander of the Leatherskin Irregulars mercenary company, pg. 141.

Culareo, Carros (male Tordoran Ftr3/Exp9), founder of Meredian Ventures, pg. 85.

Culareo, Drest (female Tordoran Rog6/Amk4), Captain Carros' daughter and current owner of Meredian Ventures, pg. 85.

Culpyn, Tyrwen (male Ryn Alc8/Exp2), elderly alchemist in Leryn who has become the *de facto* leader of the Order of the Golden Crucible, pp. 253, 254.

Dabbins, Hob (male Thurian Rog9), a worker for the Fharin Caravaner's Guild, Hob is also the leader of the Fairmarket Chums protection racket, pg. 169.

Daeamortus, Lich Lord of Cryx, pg. 326.

Dagra, Madruva (deceased), first human to exhibit the Gift, 137 BR, pp. 28, 309.

Dalmut, Braiten "Leadskull" (male dwarf Ftr12), commander of the Shields of Durant mercenary company, pg. 141.

Daltrey, Lincoln (male Midlunder Clr7), head of the Cathedral of Morrow in Five Fingers, pg. 302.

Dargule, Sebastian, priest of Church of Morrow, pg. 133.

Daro, Jerg (male dwarf Exp5/War2), rig-foreman at the Highgate Craneworks, pp. 174, 175.

Decauthis, Chanyce (deceased), Rynnish scholar who befriends the exiled Iosan, Chelryhhmor, and learns of the decline of the Iosans, pg. 44.

Decklan, Elias (deceased), helped produce the first man-sized automaton in 158 AR, pp. 27, 30, 33.

Delryv IV, Gregore (male Ryn Ari3/Ftr4/Ptr1), current ruler of the unoccupied Duchy of Voxsauny, pp. 236, 246, 258.

Dereiv, Andrei (male Khard War11), draconian Winter Guard kapitan in Skrovenberg, pp. 228, 229.

Dergeral, Mayhew (male Thurian Ari6/Ftr2), Duke

of Thuria, Earl of Oxmeath, Lord Mayor of Ceryl, pp. 152, 159, 160, 161, 194.

Derocco (male Tordoran Rgr5), adventurer in Corbhen, companion to the Gallowglas twins, pg. 297.

Derroman, Davyd (male Caspian Wiz7/Lor6), vice chancellor of Corvis University, pg. 116.

Descra, Forovi, Lord of Feodoska volozk, pg. 206.

Dhurg, Pelgor (male dwarf Ftr10/Sor5), older cousin to the Dhurg Stonelord and accomplished military leader, pg. 362.

di la Glaeys, Bain (male Ryn Ftr5/Ptr9), a leader in the Llaelese resistance and former member of the High Royal Guard, pg. 257.

di la Martyn, Bryna (deceased), wife of Artys the Glorious and mother of Ashen King, pg. 243.

di la Martyn, Rynnard (deceased), Rynnard the Fruitful. With at least 16 offspring by various wives, his muddled succession leads to feuding among the Merywyn court. pp. 37, 47, 241, 244.

di la Martyn, Wren (deceased), Queen Wren serves as regent of Llael from 447–451 AR, pg. 244.

di la Martyn I, Artys (deceased), the Enlightened, reigns in Llael from 237–250 AR, pp. 243, 252.

di la Martyn I, Lyan (deceased), restores the di la Martyn dynasty to the Llaelese throne, pg. 244.

di la Martyn II, Artys (deceased), King Artys the Glorious reigns in Llael from 250–278 AR, pg. 243.

di la Martyn II, Lyan (deceased), king of Llael, reigns from 436–447 AR, pg. 244.

di la Martyn III, Artys (deceased), known as the Ashen King, Artys suffers greatly from illness during his short-lived reign, pg. 243.

di la Martyn III, Lyan (deceased), king of Llael, reigns from 498–507 AR, pg. 244.

di la Martyn IV, Artys (deceased), popular Llaelese monarch ruling during the Coin Wars, pg. 244.

di la Martyn V, Artys (deceased), widely known as Artys the Foolish, this Llaelese king is easily manipulated by the Council of Nobles, pg. 244.

di la Martyn VI, Artys (deceased), king of Llael, reigns from 520–541 AR, pg. 244.

di la Martyn VII, Artys (deceased), king of Llael, reigns from 541–559 AR, pg. 244.

di Northtyne, Mylo "The Ragman" (male Ryn Nec13), powerful Thamarite necromancer of the Shroud who has settled near the ruins of Riversmet, pg. 260.

di Voxsauny, Balen (deceased), former Archduke of Voxsauny and son-in-law to Archduke Glabryn, executed by Khadoran forces after the capture of Merywyn, pp. 241, 246, 258.

di Voxsauny, Sabyna (female Ryn Ari3), the now-widow of Llaelese Archduke Balen di Voxsauny and daughter to Deyar and Rebekah Glabryn, pg. 241, 242.

di Voxsauny II, Balen, heir to the Archduke di Voxsauny, pp. 241, 246.

di Wynton, Garris (male Ryn Clr10), high prelate of Laedry, pg. 251.

Diggins (male gobber Exp5), supervisor of the Cragspire Lighthouse in Highgate, pg. 173.

Dirge, Kaelin (female Thurian Ftr6/Rog6), personal bodyguard to High Captain Durgan Kilbride, pg. 301.

d'Lamsyn, Fynch (male Ryn Gmg15), a leader in the Llaelese resistance and former member of the High Royal Guard, pg. 257.

d'Lyn, Tymeck (deceased), former archduke of Lyngblad, executed by Khadoran military, pg. 246.

Dmitirilosk, Vasily (male Khard Ari3/Ftr5/Wiz16), High Obavnik of the Greylords Covenant, commander of Strikoya, pg. 215.

Dmitrovich, Vasko, trapper in the Tverkutsk region and father of Akina Vaskona, pg. 140.

d'Motta, Drake (male Ryn Rog6/Ptr4), leader of the Rail Street Gougers criminal gang in Fharin, pg. 169.

d'Myr, Palyn (male Ryn Exp4/Rog2), current occupation overseer of the Northryne, reports to Posadnik Vojinovich, pp. 246, 261.

Dogul, Holtis (male dwarf Ftr3/Exp3), proprietor of the Deep Quarry tavern, pg. 360.

Doleth (ascended 1411 BR), patron of sailors and fishermen, pp. 179, 187, 294, 296.

Dopatevik, Dmitry (deceased), deposed the Tzepesci's to claim rulership of Khador, friendly with the Cygnaran ruler King Woldred, pp. 204, 217.

Dorenski, Grigor (deceased), founder of the Devil Dogs mercenary company, pg. 139.

Doyle, Eilish (male Thurian Ari4), current Lord Governor of Five Fingers, pp. 298, 299, 301, 302.

Dratheus, Garvan (deceased), Orgoth warlord who slew and drank the blood of Primarch Gallumus and Hierarch Sadron IV in 433 BR, pg. 25.

Drohzsk, Kulver, Great Prince of Razokov volozk, pg. 208.

Dromore, Lorcan (male Tordoran Ari2/Wiz14), leader of the Merin branch of the Fraternal Order of Wizardry and advisor to King Baird II on arcane matters, pp. 304, 305.

Duggan, Olan (male Morridane Rgr14), Lord General, Duke of the Northforest, Earl of the Thornwood, military governor of Fellig and commander of the Cygnaran forces for the entire Northforest duchy, pp. 251, 166, 167, 168, 194, 196, 263.

Dumas, Pandor (male Midlunder Clr9), high prelate of Morrow in Corvis, pg. 165.

Dunhound, Amara (female Thurian Ftr10), current commander of the forces in Fort Balton, pg. 194.

Durken, Udell (female dwarf Exp5/Ftr3), expert onkar wrangler, pg. 358.

Durkin, Barl (male dwarf Ari7/Ftr5), Clan Lord of Clan Durkin and member of the Trine, pg. 361.

Durkin, Barlon (male dwarf Ftr5/Ari2), son to Clan Lord Durkin, regularly attends the Moot in Ghord in Lord Durkin's stead, pg. 361.

d'Vyaros, Roget (male Ryn Ari2/Wiz9), Llaelese noble and former highly placed member of the Order of the Golden Crucible in Llael, now taking refuge in Corvis, pp. 164, 165.

Dyrth, Lanae (male Nyss Clr4/Sor9), uncle of Aelyth Vyr, pg. 370.

Dyvvar, Ryllys (male Nyss Rgr15), leader of the Dyrth Voassyr shard, pg. 370.

Earthborn, Ousel (male dwarf Clr8/Rog10), owner of Ousel of Ghrd, pg. 87.

Ebonhart IV, Kielon (male Midlunder Ftr9/Ari5), Duke of the Northern Midlunds, Lord of Falk, current ruler of Corvis appointed by King Leto after the skorne invasion, pp. 150, 153, 164, 165, 195.

Eiryss, Iosan mage hunter, pg. 334.

Elimon, Lars, Senior Scrutator and Fourth Visgoth of Imer, one of the six rulers of the Gedorra province, pg. 272.

Ellena (ascended 1590 BR), patron of travelers and adventurers, pg. 181.

Ellowuyr, Cydian (male Iosan Ftr20), swordsmaster of Aeryth Ellowuyr, pg. 343.

Ellowuyr, Hellith (female Iosan Ftr12/Rgr7), commander of Aeryth Ellowuyr, pg. 343.

Elwhyn, Arvis (male Morridane Rgr5/Rfl2), member of the Blackshields mercenary company, pg. 137.

Enderlin, Juliete (female Caspian Bcp5/Clr9), recently appointed to oversee the Basilica of Ascendant Katrena in Orven by the Primarch, pp. 182, 183.

Escovar, Giusef (male Ryn Clr7), oversees the Rhydden Chapel of Ascendant Gordenn, pg. 259.

Everblight (deceased), one of Toruk's brood, slain by the elvenfolk of Ios in 390 AR after it assailed the city Issyrah, pg. 16, 33, 345.

Farrower, Desley (female Caspian Rog9/Ssm4), "Locks" Farrower is the leader of the South Baggage Boys gang in Fharin, pg. 169.

Fedro, Targh (deceased), Khadoran mechanik credited with design of the Marauder warjack, pg. 78.

Fennmark the Blind (deceased), renowned wizard-general of the Rebellion, pg. 34.

Fenwick (deceased), known as Fenwick the Unadorned, reigns in Cygnar from 391–406 AR, pg. 147.

Fergus I of King's Vine (deceased), becomes king of Cygnar when Bolton I is declared unfit to rule, forced the Sancteum to share their steam press with the crown, known as Fergus the Fervid, pg. 147.

Fergus II (deceased), assumes leadership of Cygnar after King Hector IV's untimely death, pp. 147, 156.

Floryce, Gwynneth (female Ryn Ari2/Exp2), representative of the Sovereign Coal Alliance sent to Steelwater Flats to oversee mining operations in the Wyrmwall Mountains, pg. 188.

Fonworth, Silas (male Morridane Exp7/Rgr3), lead gunsmith of Clockwerk Arms in Clockers Cove, pp. 70, 163.

Forsythe, Gadsden (male Midlunder Clr10/Ftr2), vicar of the Southern Cathedral of Ascendant Markus in Bainsmarket, pg. 153.

Foxbridge, Brandel (male Midlunder Ari9/Ftr2), Duke of Westshore, Earl of Westinmarsh, pp. 152, 186, 187.

Fyoras, Thyll (male Iosan MgHtr6/Rgr5/Rog4), magehunter and member of the Retribution of Scyrah, pg. 220.

Galbraith, Fane (male Midlunder Ari8/Ftr4), leader of the Blackshields mercenary company, pg. 139.

Gallowey, Ghan (deceased), leader of the spectral soldiers of Elsinberg, the ghosts of soldiers who mysteriously disappeared on their way to reinforce Ravensgard in 183 AR, pp. 248, 249.

Gallowglas, Connor (male Thurian Pal7), paladin of the Knights of the Prophet in Corbhen, twin to Murph and adventuring companion to Derocco, pg. 297.

Gallowglas, Murph (male Thurian Pal7), paladin of the Knights of the Prophet in Corbhen, twin to Connor and adventuring companion to Derocco, pg. 297.

Gallumus (deceased), Primarch slain by the Orgoth warlord Garven Dratheus in 433 BR, pg. 25.

Ganelyn, Rashel (female Ryn Ari3/Ftr8), the "Willow Baroness" is the rightful ruler of the Willow Barons near Elsinberg, she is also in charge of law enforcement for Elsinberg, pp. 248, 249.

Gannek, Fenric (deceased), co-inventor of the steam powered press, pg. 58.

Gately, Waldron (male Caspian Ari8/Ftr2), Duke of Southpoint, Earl of Fennmar, also member of ruling board of the Mercarian League, pp. 151, 152, 178.

Gaulvang (deceased), dragon slain and consumed by Toruk in 1387 BR, pg. 17.

Gelhurn, Daggot (male dwarf Ari4/Ftr3), clan lord of Clan Gelurn and ruler of Farhollow, pg. 353.

Geth (deceased), sage-priest of Menoth who led the faithful, along with the warrior-priest Belcor, to the northwest of Icthier to found Imer, pg. 13.

Ghordson, Durgarl (male dwarf Exp9/Ftr2), head of Clan Ghordson and current operator of Ghordson Heavy Armaments, pg. 86.

Ghordson, Jogud (male dwarf Amk12), master mechanik of Ghordson Foundry in Ghord, pg. 357.

Ghordson, Pulgar (deceased), founder of Ghordson Heavy Armaments, pg. 86.

Ghyarr, Helfyl (male Iosan Exp7/Rog5), skilled jeweler who runs Implements of Shyeel in Lynshynal, pg. 340.

Ghyarr, Lylsyll (female Iosan Exp12/Ftr3), wife to Helfyl, one of the finest weaponsmiths in Ios, pg. 341.

Ghyrrshyld, former narcissar of House Vyre and High Consul of the Consulate Court, pp. 332, 335, 336.

Gilder, Janus (deceased), rector of Morrow credited with inventing the first printing press, pp. 19, 22, 58.

Gilmore, Roshean (female Morridane Clr19), abbess of the Monastery of Asc. Angellia outside Fellig, pg. 167.

Glabryn, Deyar (male Ryn Alc4/Ari10), Prime Minister of Llael, pp. 37, 47, 48, 146, 203, 240, 241, 244, 246, 255, 256, 263.

Glabryn, Rebekah Welsny (female Ryn Ari8), Archduke Deyar Glabryn's wife, she was sent on a diplomatic mission to Caspia just before the Khadoran invasion and remains there with one of her daughters, pg. 241.

Godor, Guvul (male dwarf Pal18), eldest of Stone Lords of Rhul, well respected among his peers, pp.343, 355.

Golchin, Borim (deceased), instated as Khadoran regent when no legitimate successor to Dobrynia Groznata is found, pp. 204, 205.

Gollan, Vincent (male Caspian Pal15), Lord General, Earl of Shieldpoint, Supreme Knight (commander) of the Highgate Vigil, Senior Knight of the Prophet, commander of Cygnaran military forces in Highgate and governor of Shieldpoint province, pp. 151, 152, 171, 173, 196.

Golivant (deceased), ancient and legendary king who subdued the Molgur barbarian tribes in the south and helped usher in an age of prosperity now known as the Thousand Cities Era, pp. 15, 18.

Golivant II (deceased), assassinated on his father Golivant's death, pp. 15, 18.

Golivant III (deceased), reunited the kingdom of Calacia as Caspia in 2051 BR, resuming his grandfather Golivant's legacy, pp. 15, 18.

Gorazo, Luptar "The Judge" (male Tordoran Ftr10), leader of the Merin Watch, pg. 304.

Gordenn (ascended 812 BR), patron of farmers and family, pp. 177, 305.

Gorenski, Lugo (male Khard Clr15), visgoth assigned to the Skirov Temple of the Just, pg. 227.

Gorlym of Hythyll (deceased), laid the foundations for the kingdom of Rynyr in 1073 BR, pg. 22.

Goresecha, Rudyin (deceased), exarch assassinated in 215 AR, after being raised by the Exordeum he penned the Morrowan text Accounts of Urcaen, pg. 42.

Gortis of Jhorl (male ogrun Ftr12), servant of Clan Jhorl and friend to the current Groddenlord in Groddengard, pp. 359, 360.

Gortralokanomok "Gort" (male gobber Exp3/Rog2), assistant to Angmar Pitt, Pitt's Pistols in Corvis, pg. 166.

Gramnistalleralarid "Gram" (male gobber Alc3/Brd3/Rog3), owner and proprietor of Regency Saloon in Five Fingers, pg. 310.

Gravnoy, Regna (female Skirov Ari9), Great Princess of Gorzystka volozk, pp. 207, 210.

Grayce, Fairot, captain Grayce is the reeve and ruler of Clockers Cove, pg. 162.

Graza, Cassina Mirena (female Tordoran Gmg8/Ptr4), professional assassin on retainer with the Mateu family in Merin, pg. 305.

Grey V, Bolton (deceased), king of Cygnar following reign of Fergus II, pp. 147, 195.

Greymont, Narien (male Caspian Exp2/Ftr8), former naval officer and mayor of Clockers Cove, pp. 162, 163.

Greyvan, Achar, Prince of Sargetstea volozk, pp. 208, 229.

Grimgrave, Jack "Blackbarrels" (male Scharde Ftr8/Wiz6), owner and operator of Dragon's Tongue Trade, pp. 83, 84.

Grokan (male ogrun Clr11), Dhunian shaman charged with protecting ogrun burial grounds at Ogrun Fortress near Hellspass, pg. 211.

Grova, Voldu (deceased), apothecary attributed with discovering alchemist's fire around 1100 BR, pp. 19, 22.

Groznata, Dobrynia (deceased), comes to power in Khador at age nine, a sickly child, his reign heralds the beginning of the Dark Times in Khador, pp. 204, 205.

Groznata III, Ioann (deceased), unifies Khador by ousting the horselords, pg. 204.

Groznata IV, Ioann (deceased), assumes Khadoran throne from King Vladykin at the age of seventeen, pp. 204, 224.

Gulvont, Oliver (deceased), engineer and dabbler in alchemy credited with design of first firearm, pp. 25, 30.

Hadley, Haley (female Caspian Rog6), Earl Harlan Mosley's primary agent in New Larkholm, pg. 180.

Haley, Victoria, renowned Cygnaran warcaster, pg. 191.

Halfaug (female dragon), living member of Toruk's brood, called Glyssingfor by the Nyss, also known as Wyrmlich, Frostfire, the Frost Mother, Old Whorefrost, and the Preserver, pp. 16, 21, 358.

Halfmont, Gravis (deceased), Earl of King's Vine region who was poisoned by the vintner and alchemist Taran Cray in the early 500s AR, pg. 177.

Halladian, Narman (male Caspian Exp10), inventor of cable pulley and owner of Omnibus Rail in Ceryl, pg. 161.

Hallyr, Shaela (female Iosan Clr12/Wiz6), ranking Seeker at the Moon Arch, pg. 345.

Halstead, Ashlan (deceased), a Magus of the Fraternal Order, noted for the invention of arc node technology in 436 AR, pg. 41.

Halstead, Druce (male Caspian Ari8/Exp4), Earl of Mansgrave province and Lord Mayor of Steelwater Flats, pp. 150, 187 ,186.

Halstead, Rathbold (male Caspian Ari4/Rog4), son of the Earl of Mansgrave, pp. 188, 189.

Harald of Bloodsbane (deceased), seizes the Cygnaran throne with the help of the Llaelese after the five year struggle for succession following Benewic I's death, pp. 147, 242.

Harbinger, prophet of Menoth, pp. 39, 47, 252, 254, 268, 269, 295.

Harkabry, Wilver (male Caspian Clr9), Morrowan priest in charge of the Church of the Salient Soul in Clockers Cove, pg. 163.

Harobrisk, Riste (male Khard Ftr10), newly promoted kommander of Winter Guard forces stationed at Borstov Landing, promoted to replace Gerok Yviv, pg. 235.

Hatrod, Kofi (male Thurian Ftr10), former captain of the Windperil, now proprietor of the Lamprey's Kiss in Blackwater, pg. 321.

Hearth, Echias (male Thurian Amk6), owner of Hearthstone Clock and Alchemy, pg. 84.

Helcraft, Jorlis (male Scharde Ftr8/Rog6), dockmaster of Blackwater, pg. 321.

Helstrom, Julian (male Morridane Ftr11), commander of the Corvis Watch, pp. 138, 165, 194.

Hemeshka, Haruspex Elsevin (female satyxis Sor17), powerful diviner living near Blackwater, pg. 320.

Herber, Phineas (male Midlunder Clr7), prelate of the Larkholm Church of the Ascendant Ellena, pg. 180.

Hitch, Dugger (male Thurian Clr7/Ftr1), battle chaplain for the Leatherskin Irregulars mercenary company, pg. 141.

Holcheski, Jhrom, Prince of Rustoknia volozk, pg. 208.

Holthorne, Jylle (female Caspian Clr13), enumerator of Cyriss and head of the newly constructed Temple of Concord in Caspia, pg. 158.

Horscze, Mhikol (male Umbrean Ftr20), Premier of the Khadoran High Kommand and acting posadnik of Korsk, pp. 215, 216.

Hugh, Morgan (male Thurian Clr7), high prelate of Tarna and head of the Tarna Church of Ascendant Shevann, pg. 310.

Hurley, Banek (male Thurian Ftr10/Rog7), most powerful of the four High Captains of Five Fingers and ex-naval officer, pp. 301, 302.

Hurst, Baine (male Sulese Exe18), leader of the Knights Exemplar, stationed at Exemplar Fortress to the east of Imer, pg. 278.

Hurt, Volden (male Scharde Rog4/Wiz8), proprietor of the Glass and Dirk Tavern and keeper of the Broken Coast Brotherhood's *Articles of the Brotherhood*, pg. 132.

Hygrenne, Jessup (male Ryn Ari8), currently serving as the *de facto* mayor of Merywyn, pp. 255, 256.

Iceclimber, Holivus (male dwarf Rog13/Lrk10), near-legendary member of the Glomring, pg. 135.

Ironhead, Jaril (male dwarf Ftr8), clan lord of Ironhead clan, pg. 176.

Irusk, Gurvaldt, renowned Khadoran warcaster and general, member of Khadoran High Kommand, leader of the invasion of Llael, pp. 140, 201, 203, 216, 233, 250, 256.

Ivdanovich, Mikhail (male Khard Amk11/Ftr4), Khadoran kommandant appointed as count and ruling posadnik for Merywyn, pp. 246, 255, 256.

Jarov, Stoyan (male Umbrean Rgr4/Wrc1/Wiz6), journeyman warcaster under General Lyrra's command at Greywind Tower, pg. 263.

Jaspers, Thomas "Old Thom" (male Caspian Exp8), one of the most successful miners in Ternon Crag, pg. 367.

Jasrun, Morgimer, Sixth Visgoth of Imer, one of the six rulers of the Gedorra province, pg. 272.

Jhord, Bulin (male dwarf Rog8/Spy7), current spymaster of Clan Jhord, pg. 355.

Jhord, Kuld, Stone Lord of Clan Jhord, pg. 355.

Jhord, Lutave (female dwarf Clr10), assessor and head of Grodden Cathedral in Groddengard, pg. 360.

Jonne, Arquebus, Herne Stoneground's bodyguard and mercenary companion, pg. 138.

Juliana (deceased), assumes the throne of Cygnar following the tenure of the Caspian Council, pg. 147.

Kachikova, Marusia (female Khard Ari3/Rog9), distant cousin to Queen Ayn XI, and primary advisor to Count Obelzov, pg. 220.

Kaddock, Ross (male Thurian Ari4/Exp4/Ftr3), thane of Hearthstone, pp. 302, 303.

Kaminsk, Ivanya (female Khard Sor4/Wiz15), Greylord commander of Nagorka Manse, one of five Greylord regional headquarters in Khador, pg. 227.

Karchaev, Valeria (female Skirov Exp8), resident medical and botanical expert of Uldenfrost, pg. 231.

Katrena (ascended 1810 BR), patron of valor, knighthood, and paladins, pp. 19, 22, 41, 173, 182, 224, 298, 303.

Kazanovo, Akina (female Khard Wiz14), member of the Greylords Ternion now in control of the Duchy of Lyngblad, pg. 254.

Kehtmakha, Hakel (male Idrian Clr8/Mnk3), the potentate maintains the temple in the Monastery of the Order of the Fist, pg. 279.

Kellair, Quin (male Thurian Clr10), vicar of Morrow and leader of Swords of Faith Cathedral in Corbhen, also chief advisor to Castellan Caetan, pg. 297.

Keller, Timeck (male Midlunder Ftr7/Rfl4), current ranking officer of the Eastwall garrison, pg. 194.

Kerrigan, Jelyan (female Thurian Bdg3/Ftr9), second-in-command of Leatherskin Irregulars mercenary company, pg. 141.

Kerwin, Sebastien (deceased), author of "Dissertations on Thaumaturgical Formulation," "The Essence of Divine Magic," *Principia Arcana Magus*, and *Synthesis*, pp. 23, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31, 33, 160.

Khardovic (deceased), king credited with bringing civilization and the faith of Menoth to the north, pp. 15, 18, 19, 21, 43, 46, 49, 205, 212, 217, 218.

Khazarak (deceased), legendary horselord of the Khardic Empire, entombed near Volningrad, pg. 233.

Khorva (ascended 1250 BR), patron of assassins, murderers, thugs, and enforcers, once known as Khorva Sicarius, pp. 19, 22, 190.

Kildaire, Dougal (male Thurian Ftr3/Rog7), smuggler based out of Blackwater, pg. 320.

Kinbrace, Birk (male Caspian Ftr2/Wrc4/Wiz10), the former Commander Adept is the current chancellor of the Strategic Academy, pg. 158.

Kinnet, Bastian, battle chaplain for the Daggermoor Rovers mercenary company, pg. 139.

Kratikoff, Sorscha, renowned Khadoran warcaster, pp. 248, 250.

Kyle, Gavyn (male Ryn Rog8/Spy9), traveler, diplomat, and suspected agent of the Unseen Hand, pg. 136.

Kyrvin, Camdyn (deceased), an imposter who pretends to the Kyrvin lineage, he is discovered and executed for treason, pg. 243.

Kyrvin I, Lyle (deceased), Lyle the Wise is crowned the first king of Llael, pg. 242.

Kyrvin II, Lyle (deceased), Lyle the Shrewd, second king of Llael, assists Harald of Bloodsbane in ascending the throne of Cygnar, pg. 242.

Kyrvin III, Lyle (deceased), third in the Kyrvin line of Llaelese kings, Lyle III is assassinated, pg. 242.

Laddermore, Ambrose, one of Archduke Laddermore's three sons, pg. 156.

Laddermore, Yulian, one of Archduke Laddermore's three sons, pg. 156.

Ladislav, Alexei (male Khard Ari10/Ftr3), posadnik of Korsk and trusted advisor of Queen Ayn XI, pg. 216.

Lagdor of Claysoil (male ogrun Ftr11), captain of the Mootguard patrolling the Hammer District of Ghord, pg. 356.

Lakestone, Horud (male dwarf Amk6/Ftr3), clan lord of Lakestone clan of Orven conclave, pp. 181, 182.

Landshort, Bolden (deceased), founder of the Royal Cygnaran University, also known as Landshort University, pg. 118.

Langworth, Galt, Earl of Bournworth, Lord of Point Bourne, pp. 151, 183, 185.

Larisar, Avross (male Iosan Clr17), priest of the Fane of Scyrah in Shyrr, pg. 342.

Laryssar, Syryth (male Nyss Rgr12), husband to Mydria Maelwyrr, pg. 371.

Lasca, Alvoro (male Tordoran Ari2/Ftr6), one of the three castellans of the city of Armandor, pg. 292.

Lattimore, Bastian (male Thurian Ftr4/Rog9), special investigator to King Baird stationed in Five Fingers, pp. 286, 300.

Lazar, Volkh (male Khard Wiz18), Greylord now in

control of the Duchy of Lyngblad, pp. 246, 252, 254.

Leventine (deceased), member of the Triumvirate of Visgoths, the three visgoths who rule the Protectorate from 549–562 AR, pp. 269, 270.

Lochlan, Conor (male Thurian Ari5/Ftr4), moorgrave of Hetha grav, pp. 291, 295, 296, 298, 299, 302.

Lodhurg, Fulgar (male dwarf Ftr6/Wiz13), leader of Clan Lodhur and head of the Groddengard garrison, pp. 359, 360.

Lohrun, Heldine (female dwarf Clr9), head of the Northern Bastion Church in Farhollow, pg. 354.

Lohrun, Peldine (female dwarf Clr7), sister to Heldine and assistant at Northern Bastion Church, pg. 354.

Lopryssti, Cullyn (male Ryn Rog5/Ptr2), sole surviving member of Thunderhelm Irregulars mercenary company, pg. 140.

Lorichias (deceased), former primarch of Morrow, assassinated in 1250 BR by Khorva just before her ascension, pp. 19, 22, 190.

Lorynse, Evalayne (female Ryn Clr9), Thamarite cleric of Scion Delesle who has settled near the ruins of Riversmet with "the Ragman", pg. 260.

Lovyrr, Veliyse (female Iosan Clr15), nis-telmyr and leader of the Great Fane of Scyrah in Iryss, pg. 339.

Lucant, Ghil (clockwork priest), priest of Cyriss, pg. 33.

Luptine, Tucker (male Caspian Exp4/Ftr6), admiral of Cygnar's northern fleet stationed in Ceryl, pg. 160.

Luynmyr, Relvinor (male Iosan Clr17), High Priest of the Retribution of Scyrah, pg. 135.

Lylvess, Irshyl (female Iosan Rog6/Rgr3), treasure hunter based out of Lynshynal, pg. 340.

Lymos, Casner (deceased), grants concessions to the Order of the Golden Crucible during his reign, pg. 243.

Lymos, Stagio (deceased), former Archduke of Esmynya, killed at battle of Riversmet, pp. 245, 260.

Lymos I, Gadsyn (deceased), King Gadsyn establishes the Lymos dynasty and reigns in Llael, pg. 243.

Lymos I, Malyk (deceased), king of Llael, reigns from 306–315 AR, pg. 243.

Lymos II, **Gadsyn** (deceased), king of Llael, reigns from 390–394 AR, pg. 243.

Lymos II, Malyk (deceased), known as the Builder, King Malyk II reigns in Llael from 315–335 AR, pg. 243.

Lymos III, Malyk (deceased), Malyk the Jovial reigns in Llael from 352–366 AR, pg. 243.

Lymos IV, Malyk (deceased), Merchant King, bolsters trade for Llael, reigns from 366–384 AR, pg. 243.

Lymos V, Malyk (deceased), king of Llael, reigns from 384–390 AR, pg. 243.

Lynyse, Mara (female Ryn Clr8), prelate of Elsinberg, pg. 249.

Lyrra, Dexeter (male Ryn Ftr11), current leader of guerilla forces based out of Greywind Tower, pg. 263.

Maagaskenrenzulor "Gasken" (male gobber Exp3/Rog3), head of a primarily gobber smuggling ring based in Clockers Cove, pg. 162.

Mac Dain, Nan (female Thurian Pal10), paladin of Ascendant Katrena and self-appointed protector of Hearthstone, pg. 303.

MacBain, Sara (female Thurian Exp1/War2/Rog5), proprietress of the *Floating Palace*, a paddleboat gambling den and hostel anchored in Clockers Cove, pg. 163.

MacHorne, Samantha (female Thurian Ftr15), leader of Devil Dogs mercenary company, pp. 139, 140.

Maelwyrr, Caelyph (male Nyss Clr14/Rgr4), aransor of Fane of Nyssor and leader of Maelwyrr Aeryn shard, pg. 371.

Maelwyrr, Mydria (female Nyss Clr6/Rgr6), daughter of Caelyph Maelwyrr, pg. 371.

Magnus, Asheth, mercenary warcaster with his own battle group, pp. 134, 138.

Makarov, Boris (male Khard Ftr13), commander of the Korsk Winter Guard, pp. 216, 217.

Malagant (deceased), seizes throne of Cygnar after confusion over King Woldred's successor, reigns in Cygnar from 289–295 AR, pp. 31, 38, 39, 41, 147.

Randazi, Selanda (female Tordoran Clr13), head vicar of Berck and surrounding territory and leader of Mor Cathedral, pg. 295.

Malfast, Crowle (deceased), rules Cygnar during Border Wars and orders use of warcasters and warjacks against Khadorans in Battle of Broken Sword, pg. 41.

Malfast, Grigor (deceased), responsible for making the courts more just during rule of Cygnar, pp. 43, 124, 146, 147.

Manhussen, Bortle (deceased), woodcarver who assisted Gilder in developing Janus type press, pg. 22.

Mara, Danola (female Tordoran Clr10), high prelate of Merin, pg. 305.

Markus (ascended 305 AR), patron of soldiers and town guards, pp. 33, 41, 139, 153, 282, 288, 298, 308, 309.

Marpessa, Lyssimache, niece of High Vigilant Peer Venessari Marpethorne, notorious adventuress, pg. 156.

Marpethorne, Venessari (female Caspian Wiz17), leading wizard of the Order of Illumination, pg. 156.

Marterosa, Dergen (deceased), Tordoran warrior-poet who wrote of appearance of Orgoth invaders, pg. 24.

Marvor, Sergei, Great Prince of Borstoi volozk, pg. 206.

Mascal, Heiro (male Tordoran Ari6/War5), Lord Castellan of Cosetio grav and Chairman of the Bercktown Committee, pp. 291, 293.

Mateu, Duret (deceased), Duret the Impotent serves as a figurehead ruler for the Mateu family, reigns in Ord from 394–421 AR, pg. 288.

Mateu, Eliana (female Tordoran Ari3/Sor5), Izabella's daughter and King Baird's current love interest, pp. 85, 287, 294.

Mateu, Izabella (female Tordoran Ari5/Rog4/Sor8), matron of the Mateu family, pp. 84, 85, 286, 287, 294, 304, 305.

Mateu, Malatesta (female Tordoran Ari3/Sor7), local baroness concerned with the state of affairs in Carre Dova, pg. 305.

Mateu, Stiata (female Tordoran Ari4/Sor4), wife to Lord Castellan Mascal of Berck and niece of Izabella Mateu, pg. 294.

Mateu, Vaspar (male Tordoran Ari3/Ftr7/Ptr3), son of Izabella Mateu and head of the Merin branch of the Mateu Merchant House, pp. 304, 305.

Mateu, Vasparez (deceased), with the support of the castellans, Vasparez Mateu seizes the throne of Ord from the Cathors, known as Vasparez the Cruel, he reigns from 381–394 AR, pp. 286, 288.

Melgravka, Viktor (male Umbrean Clr7), prelate in charge of the Cavern Chapel of Sambert in Ironhead Station, pg. 175.

Meshik, Dmitri (male Umbrean Ari2/Ftr12), current posadnik of Skrovenberg, pp. 228, 229.

Meshnir, Lurvon (deceased), vied for control of Protectorate with Visgoth Pholt from 522–526 AR, pg. 270.

Mesmyth, Tynwald (male Ryn Clr5), leader of the Morrowan faith in Rynyr and head of Rynyr Chapel of Morrow, pg. 261.

Mikolovich, Nikolei (male Skirov Ari3/Ftr3), current posadnik of Skirov, pp. 225, 226.

Milianov, Jozak (male Khard Ftr10), posadnik and kommander of the Khadoran forces stationed in Laedry, pp. 250, 251.

Millward, Leto (male Morridane Exp9), current mayor of Point Bourne, pp. 183, 185, 186.

Montewick, Amauri (male Midlunder Ari3/Ftr4), current lord mayor of Orven, pp. 181, 182.

Montfort, Dowd (male Midlunder Clr13), leader of the Vicarate Council of Ceryl, affiliated with the Ceryl Grand Cathedral, pg. 161.

Montfort, Jullian (deceased), a Magus of the Fraternal Order, he creates the first prototype suit of warcaster armor in 343 AR, pg. 41.

Montfort, Phineas (male Midlunder Ftr9), *de facto* leader of Fisherbrook and captain of the local watch, pp. 170, 171.

Moorcraig (deceased), former Pirate King, slain by Toruk, pp. 325, 326.

Mortenebra (female iron lich Amk15/Clr4), master necrotech and iron lich dwelling on the outskirts of Skell, pg. 325.

Mortmain, Haveron, Grand High Allegiant and ruler of the Varhdan province, pg. 273.

Morvaen, Craethan (male Scharde Ftr12/Rog7), Lord Morvaen is the ruler of Blackwater, pp. 319, 320.

Mosley, Harlan (male Caspian Ftr13), Earl of Cloutsdowns, Lord Mayor of New Larkholm, and former captain in Cygnaran navy, pp. 152, 180, 181.

Mulesci, Rolav, Prince of Umbresk volozk, pg. 209.

Nadmienovich, Budimir (male Skirov Ftr14), commander of Winter Guard in Ohk, pp. 219, 220.

Nagorka, Yuri (deceased), one of the founders of the Greylords Covenant, pg. 227.

Naill, Gaddis (female Scharde Rog4/Wiz11), crone witch of Blackwater, constant companion of Lord Morvaen, pg. 320.

Neci, Lorant (male Tordoran Ari5/AdvSch6), historian instructing at the Merin School of Learned Sciences, pg. 118.

Nemo, Sebastian, Cygnaran warcaster and member of the Fraternal Order of Wizardry, pp. 37, 158.

Nerrek, Agathius (deceased), one of Kerwin's most powerful disciples, Nerrek reorganized the Circle of the Oath after Kerwin's death, pg. 29.

Nestor (deceased), member of the Triumvirate of Visgoths, assassinated in 562 AR, pg. 270.

Nestore, Mishva, one of the six rulers of the Gedorra province, pg. 272.

Netbreaker, Boshuk (male ogrun Ftr12), ogrun korune in Brunder, pg. 351.

Nikolo (male Khard Ftr12), proprietor of Sanity's Bastion in Ternon Crag, pp. 366, 367.

Nivin, Maximilian (deceased), early arcane mechanik, he created the first small, steam-powered automaton and developed the precursor to the 'jack cortex, known as the cerebral matrix, pp. 30, 33.

Noveskyev, Igor, Prince of Noveskyev volozk, pg. 207.

Nyarr, Caelcyr (male Iosan Ftr11/Wiz8), member of the Iosan Consulate Court and supporter of the Retribution of Scyrah, pp. 330, 333, 342.

Nyarr, Cyrrlos (male Iosan Ftr12/Wiz10), commander of Aeryth Dawnguard, pg. 343.

Oberen, Vahn, appointed commander of the Inquisition in 582 AR, pg. 37.

Oblezov, Ubisch (male Khard Ari15), ruler of Ohk, pg. 220.

Odom, Korm (male dwarf Div12), chief astronomer of The Observatory in Ghord, pg. 357.

Olghrd, Vetta (female dwarf Wiz9), leader of the council of elders overseeing Shoretown near Ulgar, pg. 362.

Olidivich, Kuvesh (female Khard Exp3/Ftr6), co-owner of Mountain Oasis tavern in Ghord, pg. 357.

Onopinskaia, Liubun (male Khard Exp9), current posadnik of Cherov-on-Dron, pg. 209.

Orellius, Nolland (deceased), the first Primarch of the Church of Morrow, Orellius I also established the Divinium in 1866 BR, pp. 17, 20, 189, 190.

Orm, Dogen (deceased), dwarven builder who helped with the reconstruction of Merin following the Corivs Treaties, helped design the city's layout, pg. 304.

Ortmin, Gameo (male Tordoran Exp8), astrometrician and follower of Cyriss, pg. 190.

Otilpaev, Grigor (deceased), imposter who poses as the resurrected Dobrynia Groznata and retakes the throne from Lord Regent Golchin, reigns in Khador from 452–453 AR, pg. 204.

Ozeall (deceased), helped negotiate the end of the Cygnaran Civil War, credited with creation of Protectorate of Menoth, reigned as ruler of the Protectorate from 484–498 AR, pp. 43, 268, 270.

Ozeall, Moriv (deceased), claims blood right to the leadership of the Protectorate from 531–532 AR, burned as a heretic, pg. 270.

Pendrake, Viktor (male Midlunder Rgr5/AdvSch9), noted sage and adventuring scholar, High Chancellor of the Department of Extraordinary Zoology at Corvis University, pp. 114, 116, 165.

Petrovna, Tatyana (deceased), Greylords koldun who expanded Nagorka Manse into a training facility for Khadoran Greylords, pg. 227.

Pholt, Dorval (deceased), vied for control of the Protectorate with Visgoth Meshnir from 522–526 AR, pg. 270.

Pipinzonagorann "Pip" (male gobber Exp4/Rog8), co-owner of Pip and Pop's Trade Emporium in Ternon Crag, pg. 367.

Pitt, Angmar (male Thurian Exp10), gunsmith and owner of Pitt's Pistols, pg. 165.

Polk, Lassiter (male Thurian Amk8/Exp5), chief supervisor of the Cygnaran Armory, pg. 157.

Popinzonagorann "Pop" (male gobber Bdg5/Exp3/Rog3), co-owner of Pip and Pop's Trade Emporium in Ternon Crag, pg. 367.

Porthan, Chase (male Thurian Ftr2/Exp4), owner of the Drowned Man tavern in Five Fingers, pg. 302.

Prasetik, Ladon (male Khard Ari6/Exp2), posadnik of New Vroggen and owner of two of the larger fish canneries in the city, pp. 218, 219.

Puldor, Lokti (female dwarf Exp3/Ftr7), matriarch of Clan Puldor and head of the Hollowbite Distillery in Farhollow, pg. 353.

Puldor, Tegrin (male dwarf Ftr5), proprietor of the Thawed Respite in Farhollow, pg. 354.

Pwylvyrr, Byress (male Iosan Exp4/Rog4/Wiz7), an agent of the Retribution of Scyrah in Iryss, pg. 338.

Pylus, Lyesse (male Ryn Alc14), owner and operator of the Smokehouse, one of the largest commercial producers of blasting powder and firearms, pg. 161.

Pytorevna, Ninete, kapitan of Rynyr garrison, pg. 260.

Rachlavsky, Fedor (male Khard Ftr5/Wiz12), head of the Greylords Prikaz, a secret chancellery that investigates domestic threats to Khadoran security, stationed in Skrovenberg, pg. 229.

Radliffe, Burke (male Caspian Exp9), owner of Radliffe Gunwerks in Caspia, pg. 73.

Raefyll, Falcyr (female Nyss Sor11), leader of the Aegyth Raefyll shard, pp. 368, 370.

Raefyll, Thalcyr (male Iosan Ftr14), Lord Captain of Fane knights of Great Fane of Lacyr in Shyrr, pg. 342.

Raelthorne, Calasia (deceased), wife to Vinter Raelthorne III, died after giving birth to Leto, pg. 45.

Raelthorne, Leto (male Caspian Ari9/Ftr9), current ruler of Cygnar, known as the Younger, pp. 45, 46, 47, 48, 70, 72, 96, 97, 110, 124, 129, 133, 134, 137, 142, 144, 145, 146, 148, 149, 151, 152, 153, 154, 156 ,155, 158, 165, 169, 173, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 195, 241, 242, 285, 286, 290.

Raelthorne I, Vinter (deceased), first of the Raelthorne line of kings, pg. 147.

Raelthorne II, Vinter (deceased), king of Cygnar who opened the Cygnaran Dispatch Alliance to the public, reigns from 515–538 AR, pg. 148.

Raelthorne III, Vinter (deceased), previous king of Cygnar, known as Vinter the Stoneheart he was father to Vinter IV a nd Leto, reigns from 539–576 AR, pp. 35, 45, 145, 148.

Raelthorne IV, Vinter, deposed ruler of Cygnar, commonly known as the Elder, pp. 35, 37, 39, 45, 46, 47, 71, 72, 116, 124, 133, 134, 144, 145, 148, 156, 164, 165, 181, 191, 194, 195, 238, 243.

Rainecourt, Rohessa (female Midlunder Ari3), Lady Mayor of King's Vine, pp. 176, 177.

Rajkovna, Katia (female Khard Rog5/Spy3/Wiz6), member of Greylords Covenant and trained spy, pg. 224.

Ranamor, Brend (female Morridane Exp6), owner and operator of the Outland Company in Fellig, pg. 168.

Randasi, Mavoro (male Tordoran Brd7/Rgr6), leader of Daggermoor Rovers mercenary company, pg. 139.

Ratcliff, Griffin (male Caspian Ftr12), commander of the New Larkholm garrison, pp. 180, 181.

Rathleagh, Bastion (deceased), creator of the first steamjack in 241 AR, pp. 29, 36.

Rathleagh, Casner (male Thurian Ari2/Wiz11), the Viscount is the uncle to the Earl of Rimmocksdale and alderman of Ironhead Station, pp. 174, 175.

Rathleagh, Quinlan, Earl of Rimmocksdale, Lord of Banwick Manor, pp. 152, 181.

Rathroar, Horluk (male trollkin Exp2/Flc9), elder of the Tidehunter kriel, pp. 222, 223.

Raven (deceased), warrior companion of King Malagant the Grim, pg. 41.

Ravenmane, Skarre, ruler of Satyx, notorious pirate queen and reaver witch, pg. 329.

Ravonal, Kilgor (deceased), reigns as Hierarch of the Protectorate from 568–580 AR, pg. 270.

Razek, Ark, one of the six rulers of the Gedorra province, pg. 272.

Rebald, Bolden (male Thurian Rgr13/Spy3), Cygnar's spymaster, pp. 108, 133, 134, 149.

Rendasi, Verona (female Tordoran Mnk14), abbess of the Monastery and Tomb of Ascendant Markus in Midfast, pg. 309.

Rhoven, Juviah (male Sulese Clr8/Scr10), Vice Scrutator and Visgoth of Sul, one of the two rulers of the Sulonmarch province, pp. 273, 277, 278.

Rhyslyrr, Paelyth (male Iosan Rgr17/Ftr6), commander of Iosan forces at Gate of Mists, pg. 344.

Rhywyn, Armand (male Ryn Rog7/Spy6), agent of the Unseen Hand and assassin for hire, pg. 136.

Riordan, Jannish (male Thurian Ftr12), one of the four High Captains of Five Fingers, pg. 301.

Riordan, Teagan (female Thurian Exp6), matriarch of Riordan Ranch, one of the largest ranches in the vicinity of Armandor, pg. 292.

Roletto (male Tordoran Clr11), powerful Thamarite priest based in Fharin, has connections to the Rail Street Gougers, pg. 169.

Rolgrun, Koldon (male dwarf Ftr9), clan lord of Clan Rolgrun, pg. 350.

Rolonovik, Aeniv (male Khard Ari6/Wiz10), Great Prince of Khardoska volozk and Kuldun of the Greylords Covenant, rumored to have mastered the creation of the dread Fell Blades, pp. 207, 213, 214.

Roodring, Drake (male Caspian Ftr10), lord captain of Crownfort, a Cygnaran military outpost on the isle of Morovan, pg. 329.

Rosado, Padri (male Thurian Bdg7/Rog3), leader of a band of Ordic opportunists looking to salvage scrap from around Redwall Fortress, pg. 263.

Rothbal, Urbul (deceased), dwarven engineer who created first effective steam engine, pp. 24, 57, 186.

Rowan (ascended 289 BR), patron of the downtrodden, champion of the poor, pp. 163, 257, 292.

Rudovna, Misha (female Umbrean Clr9), sovereign of the Menite Temple of Wrath in Laedry, pg. 252.

Runewood, Alain (male Midlunder Ari5/Ftr9), Archduke of the Eastern Midlunds and Lord of Fharin, pp. 150, 168, 169.

Rustok, Sergovi (male Khard Ari4/Exp7), owner of Rustok Castle, and supplier of military grade goods to Khador's troops, pg. 235.

Ryledor, Zayiv (male Umbrean Clr13/Pal3), leader of the Menite faith in Leryn, pg. 254.

Ryvrese, Alyrra (female Iosan Ari5/Wiz14), matriarch of the Ryvrese noble house in Iryss, pg. 338.

Ryvrese, Tylien (male Iosan Ari3/Ftr11), consul for Iryss in the court of Shyrr and staunch campaigner against the Retribution, pg. 338.

Sadron IV (deceased), Menite Hierarch slain by the Orgoth warlord Garven Dratheus in 433 BR, pg. 25

Salvestro, Stagier (male Tordoran Ari3/Ftr8/Rog5), castellan among King Baird's most trusted agents and informants, pg. 305.

Salvoro, Drago (deceased), inventor of the steam engine, pp. 21, 24, 55, 93.

Salvoro II, Dahlrif (male Khard Amk14), one of the leaders of the Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly and regular lecturer at the Khadoran Institute of Engineering, pg. 216.

Sambert (ascended 605 BR), patron of smiths, stonemasons, and carpenters, pp. 79, 157.

Sandrun, Kar (male Thurian Exp5), retired sailor who maintains the "Old" Clock in Ramarck, pg. 187.

Savugal, Lugo (male Umbrean Bcp3/Clr6), chaplain of the Blessed Chapel of Markus in Laedry, chap. 5

Scaefang (male dragon), living member of Toruk's brood, called Scylfangen by the dwarves of Rhul, also known as the Soul Eater, the Ravager, and the Lord of the Black, pp. 16, 358, 363.

Scarrel, Brone, Visgoth of the South and ruler of the Icthosa province, pp. 272, 273.

Scarrow, Asenath (female Scharde Rog6/Wiz6), Cryxian spy and manipulator in Five Fingers, pp. 300, 301.

Scarrow, Elspeth (female Midlunder Ftr11), liaison between Bainsmarket and nearby Stonebrige Castle, officer with troops stationed in Bainsmarket, pg. 385.

Scull, Jakob (deceased), commander of the destroyed Thuderhelm Irregulars mercenary company, pg. 140.

Scyfehyr, Gyvlis (male Iosan Exp16), expert glassworker and owner of Scyfehyr Glass in Shyrr, pg. 343.

Scyfehyr, Kylshir (female Iosan Exp6/Rog4), daughter of Gyvlis and expert glassblower, pg. 343.

Senarpont, Ganelon (male Caspian Clr9), High Prelate of Ramarck and head of the Ramarck Church of Doleth, pg. 187.

Serahza (deceased), wife of Malagant the Grim, pg. 41.

Serpent's Tooth, black-robed druid and new leader of the Tharn tribe near Fisherbrook, pg. 171.

Severius, leader of the Protectorate military, the Grand Scrutator is stationed in Imer, pp. 269, 280.

"Sharp" Jen (deceased), renowned wizard-general of the Rebellion, pg. 34.

Shaw, Jarok (male Sulese Clr10/Scr3), ruler of Icthier, reports to Visgoth Brone Scarrel, pp. 273, 274.

Shazkz (deceased), White Dragon of the Wyrmwall, the battle between Shazkz and Toruk devastated the satyxis homeland, pp. 16, 329.

Shevann (ascended 500 BR), patron of merchants and bankers, pp. 71, 221.

Shumov, Barak (deceased), briefly ruled Khador following reign of imposter Grigor Otilpaev, pg. 205.

Shyeel, Callael (male Iosan Amk14/Wiz10), designer of devastating arcanikal weaponry in Ios, pg. 340.

Sigmur, Beldeth (deceased), sister to Bregeth Sigmur, slain in the Khadoran assault on Riversmet, pg. 260.

Sigmur, Bregeth (deceased), respected dwarven scholar and priest slain in the Khadoran assault on Riversmet, pg. 260.

Silva, Lupo (male Tordoran Ari4/Wiz7), castellan of Carre Dova, pg. 296.

Silvi, Calefo (male Tordoran Clr14), senior vicar of Mercir Cathedral, pg. 179.

Skarblack (deceased), renowned wizard-general of the Rebellion, pg. 34.

Skazagor, Vislan, Kossite sage, pg. 10.

Skelvoro, Sveynod (deceased), self-declared first emperor of Khard, 1421 BR, pp. 17, 22.

Skelvoro, Tzelevya (deceased), second emperor of Khard, pg. 22.

Skrabin, Alekseiko (male Umbrean Ftr10/Rgr5), kommander of the Winter Guard stationed in Skirov and the prison Skirov Khardstadt, pg. 226.

Smythe, Brennan (male Caspian Clr3/Exp5), personal tutor to the Cygnaran Royal Family, pg. 110.

Smyvalov, Ysak (male Khard Ari12), current posadnik of Port Vladovar, pp. 222, 223.

Sollers, Enjorran, one of two rulers of the Sulonmarch province, pg. 273.

Solovin (ascended 1253 BR), patron of healers, battle chaplains, and midwives, pp. 173, 298.

Soratt, Kress (male Scharde Exp12/Ftr8), one of few living mortals to master the art of crafting blackships, master shipwright of Dreggsmouth, pg. 322.

Sorleagh, Kaelin (female Thurian Exp9), musical talent and instructor at Caspian Royal Academy, pg. 114.

Sparholm III, Galten, Archduke and Earl of Caspia, Lord Admiral of Sentinel Point Naval Fortress, pp. 150, 196.

Spesitev, Khleb (male Umbrean Ari4/Clr7), current posadnik of Rorschik and staunch supporter of the Protectorate, pp. 223, 224.

Spriglow, Lucius (male Caspian Rog6), Gasken's former partner in Clockers Cove smuggling ring, pg. 162.

Stacia (ascended 421 AR), patron of arsonists and evokers, champion of female wizardry, pp. 42, 178, 179.

Starke, Ethan (male Caspian Ari6/Exp10), head of the Mercarian Trade Alliance and chairman of the Caspian Merchant's Guild, pp. 73, 178.

Starov, Radjko (deceased), former commander of Draimie's Red Raiders, pg. 140.

Steelthunder, Decklin (male dwarf Ftr12), leader of the Chamber of Marble in Drotuhn, pg. 352.

Stirn, Hasevord (male dwarf Ftr12), head of Clan Stirn and operator of Stirnforge Craft and Trade, pg. 88.

Stoneground, Herne, mercenary and inventor of the barrage arquebus, pg. 138.

Stoneground, Marba (female dwarf Rgr4/Rog4), scout

and liaison between dwarven enclave and human mining companies of Ironhead Station, pg. 175.

Stonehold, Nellith (female dwarf Rgr9/Rog2), known as Mad Nell, this resident of Groddengard spends most of her time hunting dregg, pg. 360.

Strivelyn, Garrett (male Caspian Clr7), High Prelate of the Cathedral of the Vine in King's Vine, pg. 177.

Stromroy, Baniger (male Thurian Amk12), current Lord Mayor of Highgate and expert arcane mechanik, pp. 171, 173.

Stryker, Coleman, renowned Cygnaran warcaster, pg. 142.

Sulon (deceased), self-proclaimed Menite Hierarch who united the Cygnaran Menites and launched the Cygnaran Civil War, pp. 33, 35, 42, 43, 268, 270, 278.

Sunbright II, Mordrin (male Midlunder Rgr12), Duke of Western Midlunds, Lord of Whiterock, pp. 150, 195.

Sunbright III, Hector (deceased), king of Cygnar following King Fenwick's death, known as Hector the Golden, pg. 147.

Sunbright IV, Hector (deceased), succeeds King Vinter I as king of Cygnar, pg. 147.

Surfborn, Balaras (male trollkin Clr9), leader of the Mercir trollkin community and head of the local Dhunian faith, pg. 179.

Surfborn, Talaras (male trollkin Ftr5), Wise One Balaras' son and an enforcer for a human crime lord in Mercir, pg. 179.

Syviis, Glyssor (male Iosan Rog6/Ftr7), one of the leaders of the Retribution of Scyrah, pg. 342.

Szetka, Vladimir (male Umbrean Clr6/Ftr4), Khadoran tazchla, pg. 110.

Szvette, Karl (male Khard Ftr13), temporary ruler of Dorognia volozk, also the military ruler of Volningrad, pp. 206, 232, 233.

Tadiri, Vydor (deceased), former archduke of the Northryne executed by Khadoran military, pg. 246.

Talbot, Garrett (male Midlunder Ari3/Ftr10), current commander of Fort Falk, pg. 195.

Taranovi, Makaros (deceased), Khadoran ruler who endorsed Corvis Treaties, pg. 203.

Tarna, Gramslo (deceased), built first commercially successful textile mill and founded city of Tarna, pg. 58.

Tarovic, Negomir (male Khard Ftr10/Rfl5), oversees Lord Cherydwyn's rulership of Duchy of Wessina and is acting Posadnik of Elsinberg, pp. 247, 248, 249, 260.

Tauthis, Jeredon (deceased), cleric of Morrow, his discovery by the Orgoth among slain raiders launched the Vicarate Slaughter, pg. 28.

Terminus, one of the Lich Lords of Cryx, pg. 325.

Terpwell, Thanos (male Thurian Evo20), Arch Magus of the Fraternal Order, pg. 160.

Terrius, Nicolo (male Tordoran Ftr7), drill sergeant at Auldscomb Military College in Hearthstone, pg. 112.

Terswell, Shay (female Midlunder Ftr4/Rgr7), the one-armed commander of Point Bourne garrison and Chancellor of the Strategic Academy, pg. 185.

Thanayis, Rylvyn (male Iosan Exp8/Ftr3/Wiz8), counselor, leading minister of law in Lynshynal, and member of House Eyvreyn, pg. 340.

Threnodax of Dragonmoor (deceased), former Pirate King of Dragonmoor, slain by Toruk, pg. 326.

Throckmorton, Dermot (male Caspian Ari7), the appointed Lord Mayor of Caspia, pp. 154, 157.

Tishnikov, Korab (male Khard Ari5/Ftr7), kayaz and current posadnik of Khardov, pp. 212, 214.

Torcail, Creena (female Tordoran Alc6/Wiz5), master alchemist, member of the Midfast Order of the Golden Crucible, and niece to Moorgrave Rogan Torcail, pp. 85, 307, 308.

Torcail, Rogan (male Thurian Ari2/Ftr7), husband to King Baird's daughter Sandrea, pp. 287, 291, 292, 307.

Torcail, Sandrea (female Tordoran Ari6), King Baird's younger daughter, pp. 287, 292.

Torinskyev, Ryczek, Great Prince of Duwurkyn volozk, pg. 206.

Trent, Govan, leader of Cygnaran navy, pp. 149, 163.

Trevanik, Boris, imprisoned Lord of Reztani volozk, jailed for cortex smuggling, pg. 206.

Trullis, Rodderick (male Caspian Clr6/Rog2), greedy hostel owner and leader of a Thamarite cult based out

of Clockers Cove, pg. 163.

Tully (male Midlunder Exp8), reliable fence and weapons dealer in Corvis' Undercity, pg. 166.

Turgis, Caltor (deceased), as Hierarch of the Protectorate, founded Icthier and constructed Tower Judgement, pg. 270.

Turlough, Caitlin (female Thurian Amk1/Exp1), daughter of Moorgrave Gralan Turlough, pg. 309.

Turlough, Gralan (male Thurian Ari7/Rog2), ruler of Wythmoor grav and the town of Tarna, pp. 291, 309.

Turpin, Olson, warmaster general of Cygnar, leader of the Cygnaran army, pp. 149, 173.

Tzentesci, Alexei (deceased), the first of the "Husbands of Angellia," charged with safeguarding her remains during Orgoth Occupation, pg. 249.

Tzepesci, Geza (deceased), second Khadoran ruler of the Tzepesci line, pg. 203.

Tzepesci, Levash (deceased), tyrannical ruler who waged war against the southern lands and founded the Greylords Covenant, pp. 37, 203.

Tzepesci, Vladimir, renowned warcaster considered the rightful ruler of the Umbrean people, Great Prince of Korskovny volozk, pp. 207, 248, 250, 251.

Tzepesci, Vladin (deceased), usurped power after Taranovi's assassination, unified Old Umbrey, pg. 203.

Udogor, Lugen (male dwarf Pal13), leader of Clan Udogor, head of Griddengard garrison, pp. 357, 358.

Uldar, Ortun (male dwarf Exp11/Ftr4), master cannon maker of Lakeforge, pg. 363.

Ushka, Barak (male Umbrean Ftr7/Uhl7), vassal of Great Prince Vladimir Tzepesci, established as current overseer of New Umbrey, pp. 246, 249, 250, 251.

Ustinov, Piotr (male Khard Rgr2/Ftr12), leading Khadoran naval officer stationed in Port Vladovar, pp. 222, 223.

Valenkov, Radu (male Khard Clr13), oversees day-to-day operations of the Rorschik Temple of the Lawgiver Resplendent, pp. 224, 225.

Valent of Thrace (deceased), warrior-priest who unified the region that is now modern day Caspia into the Hold of Calacia around 2800 BR, pp. 15, 18.

Vanar, Aleksy (deceased), son to King Sagriv Vanar II, reigns in Khador from 534–545 AR, pp. 140, 205.

Vanar, Cherize (deceased), assumes power after her husband Dmitry Dopatevik's death, renews conflict with the south, pp. 31, 41, 204, 210, 217.

Vanar, Ivad (deceased), known as the People's King, abolished serfdom and promoted nationalism and his vision of a renewed Khardic Empire, appoints Simonyev Blaustavya regent on his deathbed, pp. 63, 77, 205.

Vanar, Jozef (deceased), crowns himself king after the death of his brother Sagriv, forced to abdicate, pg. 205.

Vanar, Mikhail (deceased), his reign signals the renewal of the Vanar royal line in Khador, pp. 204, 205.

Vanar, Neplakh (male Khard Ari11), Prince of Skirovnya volozk and ruler of Porsk, known as the Iron Prince, pp. 208, 221.

Vanar I, Sagriv (deceased), heir to Ayn Vanar VI, reigns in Khador from 482–486 AR, pp. 204, 205.

Vanar II, Sagriv (deceased), reclaims Khadoran throne from King Vygor for the Vanars, pg. 205.

Vanar V, Ayn (deceased), ends First Expansion War, later abdicates her throne to cousin Ioann, pp. 41, 204, 222.

Vanar VI, Ayn (deceased), Ayn VI assumes the Khadoran throne and advocates war with Ord and Cygnar, pp. 205.

Vanar XI, Ayn (female Khard Ari3/Ftr7), current queen and reigning monarch of Khador, nicknamed Pervichyi Rodinovna, "the Prime Daughter," by her people, pp. 37, 47, 48, 77, 82, 200, 201, 202, 203, 205, 207, 215, 216, 217, 219, 220, 221, 222, 224, 229, 240, 242, 250, 256, 267, 269, 286.

Vanarov, Fhursk (male Khard Ari3/Ftr7), Winter Guard kommander of Rorschik, pg. 224.

Vasari, Nicolo (male Tordoran Ari2/Ftr7), one of the three castellans of the city of Armandor, pg. 292.

Vascar, Carlutia (female Tordoran Ari2/Ftr6), King Baird's eldest daughter, pp. 287, 308.

Vascar, Ostal (male Tordoran Ftr13), husband to King Baird's daughter Carlutia, commander of Midfast, and general of the Shield Division, pp. 287, 291, 307, 308.

Vaskovna, Akina (female Kossite Rgr5/Rfl8), former

Widowmaker and current leader of Draimie's Red Raiders, pg. 140.

Velgorr (male ogrun Ftr7), a one-eyed ogrun in Gasken's smuggling ring in Clockers Cove, pg. 162.

Velibor (deceased), assumes power in name of Queen Ayn Vanar V after the disappearance of Queen Cherize Vanar, initiates First Expansion War, pp. 41, 204, 229.

Velliten, Anton (male Thurian Clr9/Mal3), former cleric of Morrow and *de facto* leader of the Nonokrion Fellowship, pg. 135.

Venianminov, Jachemir (deceased), Khadoran mechanik credited with the design of Man-O-War armor in 470 AR, pg. 43.

Vesher, Delcon, one of the six rulers of the Gedorra province, pg. 272.

Veyrheizt, Ambroz (deceased), began the construction of the Skirov Temple of the Just in 373 AR, pg. 227.

Veyrheizt, Hildr (female Skirov Ari8), current matriarch of the Veyrheizt family in Skirov and benefactor of the Skirov Temple of the Just, pg. 227.

Viadro, Dyrmid (male Ryn Rog8), owner and operator of Viadro's Clearing House and Viadro's Wet Whistle in Brunder, pg. 351.

Vilimovich, Jachemir (male Khard Wiz14), founder of the recently recognized Skrovenberg College of Mathematics, pg. 229.

Villius, Degar (male Midlunder Ari2/Sor7), most influential member of Fharin City Council, pg. 169.

Villius, Scarle "the Unsleeping" (male Sulese Exe14), high exemplar of Knights Exemplar in Sul, chap. 6

Vinstra, Rab (deceased), led the Midar people from Morrdh and established the Midar Kingdom (c. 1850 BR), pg. 17.

Vislovski, Grigori (male Khard Exp8/Ftr3), noted gunsmith and owner of Vislovski Gunwerks, pp. 78, 80.

Vladirov, Alreg, former Archduke of New Umbrey, currently missing in action and presumed dead, pp. 246, 250, 251.

Vladykin, Ivan (deceased), reputed necromancer who gained the Khadoran throne by force, pp. 204, 205.

Vladykin, Vasili (deceased), granted rulership of Cherov-on-Dron by his father King Yeken Vladykin, pg. 209.

Vladykin, Yeken (deceased), assumes Khadoran throne after King Groznata's death, responsible for Khadoran restoration and construction of thousands of buildings, Morrowan churches, and monuments, pp. 204, 209, 225, 227.

Vladykin (deceased), Umbrean chieftain who founded Rorschik in 961 BR, pg. 223.

Vojinovich, Igor (male Khard Exp9), Khadoran kayaz and appointed posadnik of Rynyr, pp. 246, 260, 261.

Volgh, Kretiman, Great Prince of Tamanskaia volozk, pp. 208, 229.

Votorr, Salit (male Tordoran Rgr6/Rog8/Exp5), murderer imprisoned on Bloodshore Island, pg. 128.

Voyari, Aleksandr, Great Prince of Tverkatka volozk, pp. 208, 229.

Voyle, Garrick (male Sulese Clr10/Mnk15/Scr10), current Hierarch of the Protectorate of Menoth, pp. 37, 39, 47, 48, 53, 62, 113, 118, 202, 218, 225, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 241, 264, 274, 275, 276, 278, 279.

Voyt, Alexi, son of the current posadnik of Tverkutsk, Anton Voyt, pg. 230.

Voyt, Anton (male Kossite Ari3/Rgr11), current posadnik of Tverkutsk, pp. 229, 230.

Voyt, Vreyo, son of the current posadnik of Tverkutsk, Anton Voyt, pg. 230.

Vozc, Dragho (male Umbrean MonHtr8/Rgr6), famous monster hunter in region near Tverkutsk, pg. 230.

Vrace, Derevnia (female Scharde Ftr15), lord of Dreggsmouth, pp. 321, 322, 323.

Vursovich, Robul (deceased), creator of the first Khadoran steam-powered paddleboat, pg. 79.

Vygor, Dragash (deceased), father to Ruslan Vygor and husband of Queen Ayn Vanar VI, pg. 204.

Vygor, Ruslan (deceased), claims to be Khardovic reborn, usurps the throne from the Vanars, launches the Thornwood Wars, pp. 35, 43, 44, 205.

Vyr, Aelyth (female Nyss Rgr10/Sor3), wife of Ryllys Dyvvar and master hunter, pg. 370.

Vyshkovich, Jan (male Skirov Clr5/War8), warden of Skirov Khardstadt, pp. 226, 227.

Vystral (male dwarf Rog11), noted fence and proprietor of Exotic Oddities in Clockers Cove, pg. 163.

Wadock, Gunner (male Thurian Ftr3/Exp1), often quoted Cygnaran tradesman, pp. 51, 52, 55, 70, 71, 75, 77, 81, 83, 86, 92, 95.

Wadock, Rorgun, Cygnaran tradesman, pg. 55.

Waernuk, Velter (male Scharde Ftr6/Rog9), former pirate captain of the Broken Coast and currently one of the four High Captains of Five Fingers, pg. 301.

Wassal, Blythe (male Caspian Ftr10/Ptr7), most decorated Cygnaran naval officer who still captains a vessel, commander of Cygnaran flagship *Resolute*, pg. 196.

Wellingford, Lionel (male Caspian Exp4/Ari2), Chancellor of Ceryl University, pg. 116.

Went, Hugh (male Caspian Exp9), dockmaster at the Highgate Craneworks, pg. 173.

Westrone, Brue (male Midlunder Ftr5/Rfl8), marshal of Ternon Crag and famed tale spinner, pp. 365, 366.

Wexbourne, D.H., captain of the Mercarian exploration ship *Seacutter*, first Immorese sailor to return successfully from Zu, pp. 82, 83.

Whentish, Gorridan (male Thurian Wiz16), High Magus of Fraternal Order Lodge in Mercir, pg. 179.

Willem the Ward (deceased), renowned wizard-general of the Rebellion, pg. 34.

Woldred the Diligent (deceased), Cygnaran king who inspired Giving Day around 269 AR when he began an annual habit of going among the common folk of Caspia with gifts for the children and coins for the adults, pp. 31, 38, 39, 44, 145, 147, 180, 194, 195, 204.

Woodfell, Shidul (male dwarf Ftr9), clan lord of Clan Woodfell, pg. 360.

Wort (deceased), member of the Triumvirate of Visgoths in 550's AR, pg. 270.

Wraithblade, Axiara (female satyxis Ftr6/Sor9), owner of Wraithblade Emporium and an infamous satyxis warwitch, pg. 76.

Wrathe, Darragh (male Scharde Ftr10/Sor10), former pirate captain, now in service to the lich lord Terminus in Skell, pg. 325.

Wroughthammer, Durg (male dwarf Ftr3/Sor11), Clan Lord of Clan Wroughthammer and member of the Trine, pg. 361.

Wroughthammer, Duwurk (male dwarf Amk8/Exp10), one of the most skilled mechaniks in Ulgar, shop leader for Wroughthammer Exquisite Metallurgy, pg. 362.

Wroughthammer, Geduve (female dwarf Clr15), justicar and leader of the Church of the Bountiful Mountain in Ulgar, pg. 361.

Wyatt, Brendon (deceased), former Lord High Chancellor of Cygnar, pg. 149.

Wys, Niels (deceased), Aurumn Magnus of the Order of the Golden Crucible, executed when Leryn was seized by the Khadorans, pg. 252.

Yarrington, Hanna (female Thurian Exp7/Sor7), current chancellor of Royal Cygnaran University, pg. 119.

Yrkovna, Yesteven (deceased), former Prince of Khadorstred volozk, executed for treason in 602 AR, pg. 207.

Yryas, Vyrillis (male Iosan Div20), master Iosan diviner and founder of the Seekers sect, pg. 338.

Yurikevna, Corinna, the kovnik is commander of a small garrison of Winter Guard stationed near Riversmet and the nominal occupation ruler for the Duchy of Esmynya, pp. 245, 258.

Yviv, Gerok (male Skirov Ftr13), former kommander of the Winter Guard garrison of Borstov Landing, called away to active duty in Llael, pg. 235.

Zaspar, Rufio (male Tordoran Exp10), company head and master shipwright for Dirgenmast Shipwrights, pg. 294.

Zerkova (deceased), Khadoran kommander who betrayed the Devil Dogs mercenary company at the siege of Midfast during Second Expansion Wars, pg. 139.

Zevschenzo, Kasia (female Skirov Wiz13), member of the Greylords Ternion now in control of the Duchy of Lyngblad, pg. 254.

Zoktavir, Orsus, infamous Khadoran warcaster known as the Butcher of Khardov, pp. 37, 202, 203, 248, 263, 267, 310.

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