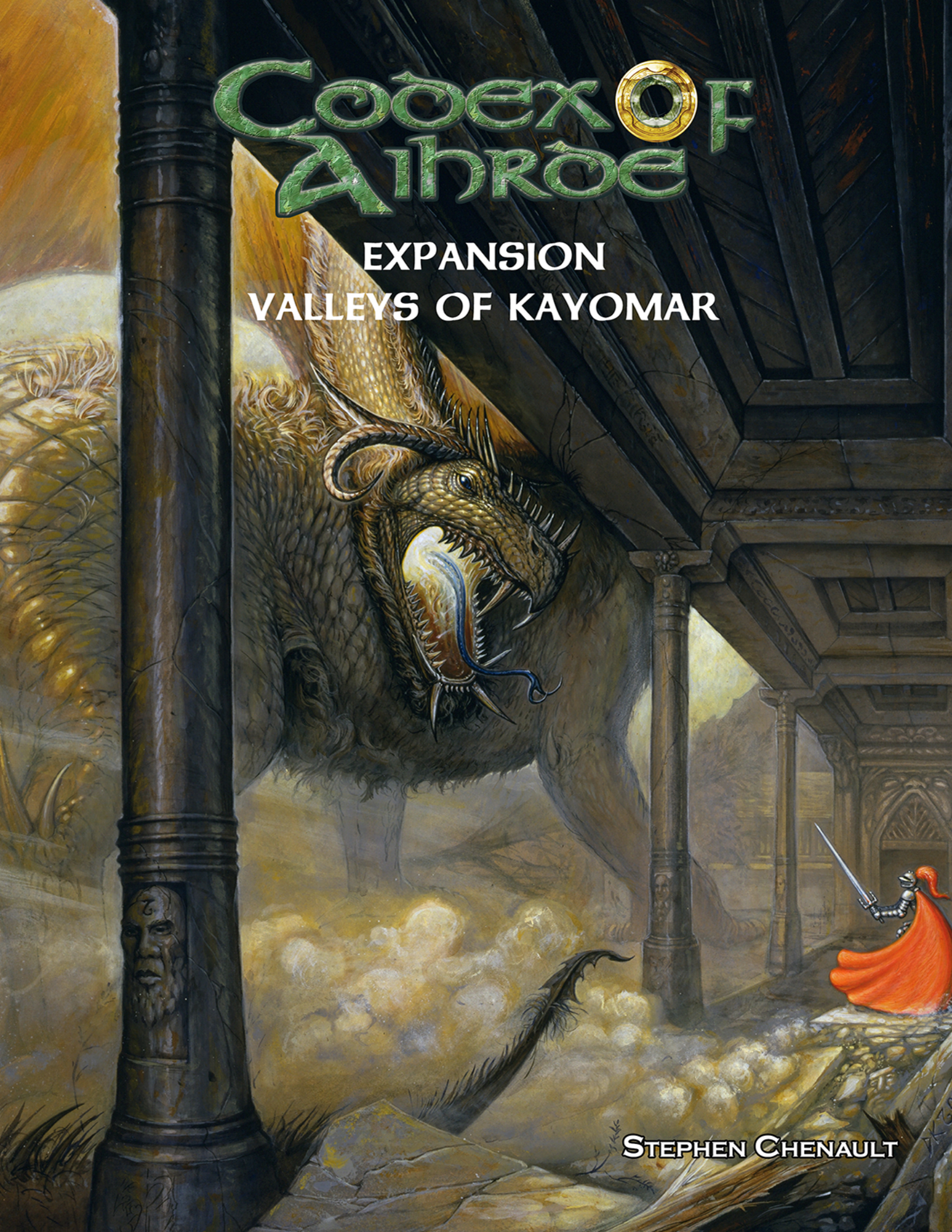


Codex of Ahrōe

EXPANSION
VALLEYS OF KAYOMAR



STEPHEN CHENAULT



THE VALLEYS OF KAYOMAR

BY STEPHEN CHENAULT

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A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE REGION

The Ethrum traveled a different path than the Engale, for few remained in the north after the fall of the Harlking Halls. Those that did grew wild, living in small bands and their deeds, great and small, passed out of history. The majority of them moved south, following parallel roads to the Aenochians, until they came to a great chain of mountains, the Holmgrad. There, they parted from their kin and moved to the west and south where they came to another long chain of mountains. Some followed these mountains south, hemmed in between that country and the wilds of the Dulcet. Others passed between those mountains, the Shadow Mountains and the Holmgrad, through what later was known as the Kleberock Pass, to come to the western Lands of Ursal.

Here, they settled along the western shores of the Inner Sea, building longhouses in the open country. But they soon learned that this land was the haunt of the stone giants, and the giants did not welcome them. Worse, the dragons that dwelt in the mountains came forth to hunt them, and they hounded the Ethrum for sport and food. So, the Ethrum moved south, east of the Bleached Hills until they came to the open country north of the Bergrucken Mountains. Some moved further east and had contact with dwarves that dwelt upon the Sea of Shenal, in and around the large town of Ursal. The bulk of them, however, moved south between the hills and mountains.

Those lands were occupied by the dwarves of Norgorad-Kam, whose great kingdom lay in the Bergrucken. The dwarves welcomed the Ethrum only grudgingly; they remembered them as kin from long ago, but wondered where they had come from. They had only rumors of the deeds of Ornduhl in the Halls of Argrind and the Harlking Halls, and they cared not for the meddling of the gods of men, and for these reasons and others, they kept these newcomers at a distance.

The dwarves forbade the Ethrum access to the mountains, laying claim to those, even to the sparsely populated north and west. They granted them all the lands between the Bergrucken and the Rhodope Mountains, where the mighty Ethvold forest stood, barring them only from the roads and houses of the dwarves that lay in that forest.

In those days the Ethvold dominated the greater part of that country. The forest spread from the Bleached Hills in the north, all along the flanks of the Bergrucken and Rhodope Mountains in the east and west, to the swamps of the south and the Amber Sea. It was deep and dark, and the abode of Tefnut and a host of the Val Eahrakun. Amenut made his house there, as did Nunt of the Deep Pool and Heth, the servant of Toth.

At that time a warrior-priest named Aedgen led the Ethrum. After meeting the dwarves, he turned his people south, for the Ethvold seemed a welcome home to them. It harkened to their abodes in the northern forests and promised shelter from the giants and dragons that hounded them.

Coming to the headwaters of the Ardeen River, Aedgen ordered his people to make camp so that he might explore further and

find a good place for them to settle and build homes. He traveled by boat, bringing with him a small company of rangers led by his brother Areos, and a company of soldiers led by his youngest brother, Kayomar. They followed the river down its southern way, exploring and mapping as they went. After many weeks they came to a bend in the river that led into a deep valley surrounded by stark cliffs and mountains until at last, they came to the confluence of two rivers and a mighty waterfall.

Aedgen and his followers camped and explored the adjacent lands, and pondered how best to master the falls. It was Areos who found a way to pass over them, and he brought them to the lower river safely. It was then that tragedy struck, for they came upon a creature of ill intent, and it rose from the waters and fell upon the company, slaying many and dragging Areos to the bottom of the river. Aedgen alone with his younger brother Kayomar, escaped, washed ashore south of the cliffs. They stood upon the edge of the Ethvold, alone and unarmed, with no way to return to their people. They could not go back up the river, for the course was too strong. To the east was a wild and wicked land that promised long journeys. So, they struck out into the deeps of the western way, into the Ethvold Wood.

They hoped to move north and return to their people, but there were no roads, and the tracks of the wild beasts led them ever deeper into the long valleys.

Here Kayomar met his end, for the pair stumbled upon a great tusked beast that fell upon them. The brothers fought like lions, with stones and clubs, but the beast caught up Kayomar in his arms and, lifting him high, crushed the air from his lungs. As his bones shattered, the young warrior took the beast by the tusks and pulled with such might that he tore its head asunder. For all his courage, the warrior died of his wounds, and Aedgen laid him to rest in the cool earth, and he called that land the Valley of Kayomar, so it was called ever after. Though time has swallowed much of that people, it is prophesied that whoever finds the Tomb of Kayomar shall be accounted the greatest warrior of their age.

After many days, Aedgen stumbled, hungry and tired, upon another river. Broad and swift, it cut its way through the forest in a rocky channel. Trees grew in abundance along its banks, flanked by reeds and water grasses. Coming to the river, he saw the sun for the first time in many weeks and learned that he was heading west, and not north as he had hoped. He was utterly lost, for his brother Areos had been his eyes in the wild. He stood there, upon the river, and glared along its length, pondering what course to take. No fear crept into him, only a determination to return to his people before they were lost.

It is here that Tefnut found Aedgen. She, alone of the Val Eahrakun, had had no contact with man or dwarf for all the long ages, dwelling as she did in the rivers and forests of her home. She found Aedgen upon the shores of the Tarvish River and was curious. She watched him until at last, she could bear her curiosity no further, and she rose from the waters. She stood thus, without raiment of any kind, a marvel of beauty, and called to him.

2 CASTLES & CRUSADES



Aedgen was amazed. Tefnut's beauty was beyond that of any mortal and the light in her greater than any he had ever seen. They talked upon the river's edge, and such was his speech that she became enamored of him. Her voice echoed the deep places of the forest and conjured images of safety and power, and Aedgen loved her in turn. Tefnut nursed him to health and learned all there was to learn of him, his people, and their journey. She guided him, then, to the deep valleys that lie between the Tarvish and Ardeen Rivers and gave him that land. It was unspoiled by any and he marveled at it.

They dwelt there together for a long season.

When summer came Aedgen's thoughts turned back to his people. He implored Tefnut for aid in bringing them hither. So it was that in the far north, upon the headwaters of the Ardeen that the people first encountered Tefnut. She rose from the water one midday and called to them to follow her. Aedgen's people were amazed, for such beauty and power they had never seen. For all that Tefnut was, she came from the flowing waters and deep pools of the world, and her power was little spent in those days and much of what she had spent lay in the Ethvold itself. Not until that forest was lost was her power diminished.

The Ethrum followed Tefnut south. She calmed the river for them and, after many hardships, brought them to the deep vale between the rivers, that men would later call Jariel. That land became the heart of the tribes of Ethrum for many ages. But later they spread out from that country and into all the lands around. They worshiped Tefnut and the gods of the Ethvold, the Og Aust to later people, the Old Gods.

And these were the valleys of Kayomar.

INHABITANTS OF THE REGION

There is but one major power in the Valleys of Kayomar, the Kingdom of Kayomar. It encompasses the vast majority of the country between the Darkenfold in the south and the Jung Mul

River in the north. The kings lay claim to lands beyond the Jung Mul but have little presence there. Kayomar also lays claim to the forested region that lies between the Danau and Powder Rivers in the south, but they have no presence there either. The Darkenfold Forest has expanded into those lands and they are considered haunted and dangerous to interlopers.

Peoples and Lands of note are: Kayomar, the Free Men of the Tar Kiln, the dwarves of Norgorad-Kam, and the peoples of the Darkenfold.

KAYOMAR

Kayomar is synonymous with knightly virtues and the rule of law and order. Many castles, large and small, overlook the countryside where small villages abound. The land is rich in soil and produces crops of wheat and barley. The people lead a simple, prosperous life, content in the protection their lords offer them. These simple folk farm the land, raise cattle and pigs, travel little, and speak of the far eastern lands in vague terms. They are a religious folk and pay homage to their saints (Luther and Vivienne) and call upon the protection of the Paladin's Grove more often than not. The region is well known for its taverns and drink. Due to its proximity to the wilds, however, and the Darkenfold in particular, Kayomar's borders are constantly threatened by creatures of evil intent.

Kayomar produces notable quantities of wool and beers of great renown and serves as the granary of the southern world. It supplies the Gelderland, Maine, Eloria, Brindisium, Norgorad-Kam, Sienne, the Twilight elves, and Fontenouq with foodstuffs. Craftworks of metal from the western part of the kingdom and gold mines from the Shelves region also bring great wealth to the realm.

Most of the external trade passes through Maine or down the Danau River to the town of Elne. Elne sits between the Darkenfold and Eldwood forests and is a free town. There, trade goods are picked up by river merchants and carried into the

Oth River country, down to Haverstraw, Crossed Fork, and New Edunburg. Trade from Haverstraw tends to go east on the Oth River to Hopkinsville and the Bay of Lothian. All the towns of the Oth River country are free towns governed by the merchants, mercenary captains, wizards, or whatever local power has risen to the top.

Kayomar is ancient and as such offers adventurers plenty of opportunities to explore lost ruins, forests, and mountains. Wealth abounds within the many deserted castles and ruins, particularly on the borders of the wilds in the Nordmark where the rule of the king is less than total.

Kayomar consists of three classes of people: the magnates, the knights, and the peasantry. The magnates consist of 18 noble families which include the king's. The knights consist of a vast array of lesser nobles tied to the magnates in one capacity or another, though some few of these hold their lands free of dues and with full rights of inheritance. The peasants are tied to their lords, though not the land, so they have some freedom of movement if desired.

The country is ruled by the king and his council, taken from the magnates, or barons. King Eadore, a descendant of Morgan, is a boy of 14. He assumed the throne at the age of four. Because of his youth, he is the first king to rule Kayomar who is not a paladin.

The kingdom is divided into four major regions: South Mark, East Mark, North Mark, and the Great Lothian Plains. It is important to note that these are geographical regions, not political. All these regions are bound by common heritage, culture, language, religious practices, and a feudal form of government.

As noted, Kayomar is dominated by 18 families and their countless sub-branches. Many of these families have holdings in all of the four major regions.

The 18 Baronial Families

Name	Seat
Alsberg	None
Cuthheard	Euryiance
Dernwaeg	Wogan Bottoms
Erlangen	Mikleberg
Evfulerde	Forenstil
Fogelthur	None
Gottheld	New Castle
Helliwell	Castle Meir
Helmglæd	Istal
Kurtengraf	Kurtengraf
Lan sdale	Riehms
Landshut	Lundshut
Leodaelf	Daerondroth
Metterling	South Mark
Pengyr	Lambourne
Sinsich	Sinsich

4 CASTLES & CRUSADES

Unstruut
Vendom

Griffen Castle
Vendom Wood

EAST MARK

This East Mark refers to all those lands that lie south of the Ardeen River to Riehms and El-Aet-Ful and all the land in between. The East Mark contains the holy land of the Paladin's Grove and the holy city of Riehms and because of this, the worship of the Saints is greater here. The people, though active participants of the knightly culture, tend to be more religious and reverent of the world around them. They have greater concourse with the dwarves than any other in the Kingdom, for the road to Norgorad-Kam lies in the East Mark. It is not uncommon to see many merchants and travelers of the Brass Halls in the East Mark. Because of this the folk here are very welcoming to strangers and are particularly friendly to dwarves, gnomes, and halflings.

GREAT LOTHIAN PLAINS

The Lothian Plains play host to the heart of the Kingdom of Kayomar. They comprise all the lands north of the Danau River, to the city of Riehms, El-Aet-Ful, Castle Lieven to the south, and Raus in the west. There has been no war here since the Winter Dark and aside from the occasional marauding beast from the Darkenfold, the people know relative peace. They are further protected by the three Marks that surround them and a line of castles that front the Darkenfold. The soil is rich and her peasants grow a great deal of barley and wheat, brew beers, and raise livestock. The wealth in food and goods that comes from the Plains is enormous and feeds many of the realms around Kayomar. The people live in small homesteads and villages, often protected by a single knight and their family. The greater lords all have castles in the Plains and visit them from time to time. Tournaments are almost always in full swing somewhere in the Lothian Plains and the kingly virtues are practiced here as well as the other Marks. The people are generally friendly, if suspicious of outsiders who may bring the baggage of the outside world with them.

SOUTH MARK

The South Mark refers to all those lands that lie south of a line roughly extending from Castle Lieven in the west to Castle Vohrenbach in the east. The South Mark is the wealthiest part of the realm and as such houses many of the most powerful lords. The realm's capital city Du Guesillon sits upon the Tarvish River and the realm's only port, Breilington lies in the South Mark. The Eldwood, too, is part of the South Mark, at least portions of it, and it is an ancient wholesome wood that houses the tombs of the kings of old. The people here are steeped in knightly culture. Tournaments are common and often turn bloody, knights can claim hospitality from the gentry here, they are loyal to the feudal system and lineage is extremely important. They are robust in war and the culture of the South Mark perpetuates this.

NORTH MARK

The North Mark refers to the Kings March, and the Lands of Helliwell. They include the large towns of Raus and Roettenberg,

the Upper Jung Mul River, and the Cross River. These are the most war-torn lands in Kayomar and know little peace. Creatures from the Tar Kiln and Micklewood are constantly crossing into the Mark and attacking villages and homesteads. Giants from the western mountains do the same. For this reason, the villages are walled, the homesteads fortified, and there are many small keeps and castles that dot the land and several very large ones. The people here are sturdy and unflappable. They do not have time for tournaments and the like as they are mostly caught up in some local war or another. The knightly culture is not as deep-rooted here as it is in the rest of Kayomar. The people are friendly and accommodating to strangers, so long as they are good of heart and armed.

DARKENFOLD

The Darkenfold marks the beginning of the southern wilderness. It was once part of a greater forest, the Ethvold, which spanned across the Valleys of Kayomar from the Rhodope in the east to the Bergrucken in the west, the Amber Sea in the south and the Blaudun Timberland - the Crown of Tefnut, in the north. Those days were long ago when the world was occupied by dragons and men were young. Now the Darkenfold is much reduced, stretching only several hundred miles from the Danau River in the east to the doorstep of the Rhodope Mountains in the west. In the south, the Great Soup Marsh hems in the ancient trees and the forest continues in wild growth from there to the Shelves of the Mist in the north.

It is said that the Eldwood, that other remnant of the Ethvold, holds the heart of the Ethvold, but the Darkenfold holds its dark memories. It is an evil wood, filled with wild abandon and creatures of ill intent.

Those who live there know that the trees and the soil hold memories of their past, deeply rooted in black earth and soft soil, and the trees do not forget the axes of those that have plundered them of their glory.

Few men venture into the Darkenfold. Those who do are a hardy lot with stout axes and stouter wills. Some settle in the few clearings, or along the old roads, and build strong wooden houses beneath the dark trees and along the meadow tracks. It is unknown what motivates them. Whether some crime or want of justice has driven them, or whether they desire a piece of earth far away from the civilized world, they find a dangerous home in the Darkenfold.

For more on the Darkenfold, see **Codex of Aihrde Expansion: The Darkenfold**.

TAR KILN

Beneath the Bleached Hills and far from the settled lands of Kayomar lies the Tar Kiln, a large untrammled forest in the northern Valleys of Kayomar. The Big Mud River separates it from the Mithlon Eves in the west, and the horrid Marrowdale marks its southern boundary.

This forested scrub is a mixture of pines and hardwoods. The northern tracks are thickly covered in tall, aged pines. The

forest floor is littered with their dying husks. In the south are large hardwoods, beech, oak, elm, hickory, locust, and the like. The land is interspersed with open glades, upland prairies, hollows, and ravines.

The lands roll with gentle and wooded hills and are cut by many clear-flowing streams and creeks. Small ponds and lakes are fed by deep, clear springs, but these pleasant vistas belie the region's real dangers. The Tar Kiln earns its name for it is littered with tar pits, constantly bubbling, oozing the ichor of the world's birth upon the green grasses. These pits are deadly dangerous, for once snared, few escape them. They are the favored hunting ground of bull-headed men and the Jolmuen, boar men with four arms.

NORGORAD-KAM

Dagmar King rules in his brass halls and commands a powerful army of dwarven shields. Norgorad-Kam has never in its long history fallen to an enemy and the opulence of its throne room mirrors the wealth of the whole kingdom. The king sits upon the Iergild throne, arguably the oldest and most valuable throne in all the world. He is much like his father, a little large in the gut, filled with mirth and friendly, though fierce when roused. In battle, he bears the Axe of Kenud, a powerful family artifact.

Aside from the occasional dispute with the Kingdom of Maine, the dwarves of Norgorad-Kam dwell in peace with their neighbors. Kayomar and the dwarves have a warm relationship, trading food for worked goods. Whenever a child is born into the royal family of Du Guesillon, Dagmar King sends gifts of gold, worked artifacts, and the like. The dwarves guard the mountain passes with regular patrols. This is particularly true in the north for the hobgoblins of Burnevitsee have recently begun raiding in these areas.

They have a particular love for and keep a watch on the Paladin's Grove, for there stands the last spark of the All Father's physical form, an item most holy to the dwarves.

For more, see **The Codex of Aihrde**.

ROADS

Countless small dirt roads cross the Valleys from one town to the next, but there are only four major, cobbled roads. These were originally built during the Winter Dark by the Lords of Aufstrag and used by the armies of the Horned God to subjugate the peoples of Ethrum. They are largely intact and commonly used.

Like all the roads of Unklar's make, the roads were well constructed. Each is set on level ground and consists of several layers. The first layer of small stones is covered by the second layer of gravel and lime. A bed of kernel is laid on top of that and then the cobbles placed on the kernel. Edge stones mark the sides of the road. The cobbles are shaped and angled to allow water to drain through the edge stones and into drainage ditches set on the sides of the road. The ditches are paved as well. All this labor they bound with rune magic which allowed the road to survive weathering and time.

COTLEBERG ROAD

Cotleberg Road runs from the town of Erlangen to Cotleberg. It is well maintained by the priests of the Paladin's Grove. A host of rest areas, taverns, and inns dot the road offering accommodations for the many pilgrims who travel to Paladin's Grove. In the spring and summer months, it is busy with traffic going to and from Norgorad-Kam. Goods exit the Cotleberg Road onto the Gilded Way that leads to that famous Dwarven Realm. The Cotleberg ends at the town of the same name and the road after that is named the Ursal Road.

The Cotleberg Road is roughly 40 feet wide and just over a foot above the ground.

NOTE: This is technically part of the Ursal Road that extended from Erlangen to Aufstrag during the Winter Dark.

ARDEEN'S WAY

Also called the Kings Way, Ardeen's Way is a broad road that connects the capital Du Guesillon with the Cotleberg Road at Erlangen. It is well maintained, with a small host of taverns and way stations. It is not well patrolled but is guarded by a score of small castles and keeps along its way. The road stays busy most of the year.

The Ardeen is slightly larger than the Cotleberg, ranging up to 50 feet wide. It is not in as good shape as it sees far more traffic in heavy wagons, horses, and military units.

LUNDTRECH ROAD

The Lundtretch Road connects the capital with the southern reaches of the Kingdom. It sees constant traffic as the kingdom must keep a constant military presence in and around the town of Elne. Several wars have been fought in the south, particularly in the Oth River Valley country. For this reason, the road is in worse shape than the other three. Even so, it too is decently maintained by the lords of Lundtretch.

The Lundtretch Road is roughly 40 feet wide and just over a foot above the ground.

URSAL ROAD

The Ursal Road picks up after the town of Cotleberg and runs north to and beyond the Great Wall, through Anglamay and on into the east, even, it is said, to the Gates of Aufstrag (which it does). North of Cotleberg the road is in bad shape. Its cobbles sunken and ditches slowly filling. There are none to repair the road so time and the elements take their toll.

The Ursal, too, is 40 feet wide and raised a foot or more off the ground. Using the road with a cart is difficult as it is too bumpy and on horse or foot, road movement rate is cut by a third.

A NOTE ON ORGANIZATION

All entries are listed in alphabetical order regardless of terrain or site. They are alphabetized as they appear on the map published in the Codex of Aihilde. So for example, Bowbon Lake is under

Bowbon and Lake of Hul is under Lake. Some of the material appears in the **Codex of Aihilde** and other sources and is either copied in whole or expanded.

THE VALLEYS

The Valleys of Kayomar extend from the Southron Tors in the north to the Edenflow and Powder Rivers in the South. The Valleys comprise the majority of the Kingdom of Kayomar and some lands besides. They are marked by three large east-flowing rivers, the Ardeen, Tarvish and Danau. There are verdant lands of rolling hills and shallow valleys that cover all the lands between the rivers. Travel here is easy, and life not so hard for the soil is rich and produces with only a little coaxing. It is a good life for the Ethrum who dwell here.

The Valleys are broken up into four distinct regions: the South Mark, The Great Lothian Plains, East Mark, and North Mark (see above).

ARDEEN RIVER

One of the greatest rivers in Ethrum. The headwaters are known to be in the wilds to the north of Kayomar in the Tar Kiln not far from the Blaudun Timberland. There is a strong belief that the headwaters are holy to the goddess Tefnut and any who find them and drink from them will earn her blessings. The water is much sought after by priests and druids. The river snakes south through the fertile valleys at a languid pace. Her reed-lined banks and shallow depth make it a haven for all manner of creatures. The river gains strength where the Jung Mul River spills into it at Twin Forks. From there it picks up speed, becoming much deeper and broader.

The Ardeen becomes even more difficult where the Fork River empties into it, south of that it is a mighty flow, made more so by the runoff from the Bergrucken Range and the plains to its immediate west. It is a healthy river, home to many fish, turtles and waterfowl.

It flows rather steadily in its course, changing its banks only rarely and usually after great floods. It narrows in the Long Valley at the southern tip of the Bergrucken Mountains where it manages to cut a path through those low hills. From there it spills into the Vale of Lothian and on to the Falls of Areos where it tumbles over 200 feet to the riverbed below, gathering force to thunder on down south.

As it dumps beyond the mountains, it loses strength and spreads out into a vast, though not uninhabitable, delta region with many courses and breaks.

Its upper reaches are sparsely inhabited, dominated by small thorpes, villages, and homesteads. Its lower end is densely peopled, home to several large towns and castles. Even the mouth of the river, in the delta, has villages and towns. It is generally pleasant and peaceful there. Its immense size makes war between Kayomar and Maine difficult, but not impossible. It is bridged in many places, and fjords are found in abundance to the north.

6 CASTLES & CRUSADES

AUBREY CASTLE

Fiefdom: This castle is a fiefdom of the Baron Erlangen.

Lord/Lady: Lord Ormehar, Paladin.

This large castle sits upon the northern banks of the Danau River, overlooking the Darkenfold Forest. Aubrey consists of a series of stone battlements and walls roughly shaped in a hexagon. Towers, rooms, halls, the kitchen, and other rooms are all interspersed in the walls themselves making it nearly impossible to batter the walls down. A very small gate gives egress to the castle's large courtyard. Only a few buildings stand in the courtyard and these are small sheds and shacks for tools and the like.

Aubrey is heavily garrisoned with 70-100 men at arms, 20-30 knights and squires, and a dozen rangers. They are commanded in battle by Ormehar, a paladin and knight of some reputation.

Its primary purpose is to protect Kayomar from whatever creeps or crawls from that wood. Its people are dour as they are constantly on campaign hunting creatures that have crossed over the river or crossing the river themselves to pursue creatures, bandits, or humanoid raiders. There are several villages nearby that the castle holds in fiefdom, supplying it with mead, food, grains, and wood. There is a rather famous tavern a mile or so from the castle called Danheims that attracts all manner of people.

BRECKEN SPUR

This small spur of mountains juts out into the plains, separated from the Bergrucken Mountains by the broad Luke's Valley. The King of Norgorad-Kam claims suzerainty over the Spur, and to support that claim he keeps a few posts of dwarves there. However, the mountains are wild and untamed, housing no humans or dwarves of any number. The two dwarven outposts have a few dozen warriors and offer only a little protection to travelers. The high peaks are ruled by griffons, giants dwell in the valleys, and untold numbers of humanoid bands hunt the prairies around and use the mountains as home.

Beneath the mountain are rumored to be any number of dungeons, large and small, built by the dwarves long ago and filled with their treasures before they were rooted out by the goblins in their ancient wars. Some nobles of Kayomar hunt here, for the bighorn rams that dwell there are cherished for their silver-gray furs. Many go up after them, but few return.

BREILINGTON

Breilington is a walled port-town that sits upon the coast of the Ethrum Sea in a broad cove of still, deep water. The walls circle the town in a half-circle that abuts the sea. Seaward a jetty extends out into the sea from a spit of land east of the town. The jetty itself is fortified and looks across a narrow channel to another castle that lies upon the shore, and the western end of the town. Traffic to and from Breilington is controlled through this channel which also helps to defend the town from raiders.

Breilington is free of any master but the King of Kayomar and they pay feudal dues in coin or soldiery when called. Her walls are stone and marked by tall wood and stone towers every few

hundred feet. There are two gates one to the north and the other to the west, both heavily fortified and guarded by men at arms.

The town itself consists of a mix of stone and wood houses built along narrow cobbled streets and alleys. There is little order to it as it grew up slowly, old walls being pulled down and new ones built to accommodate the growing population. The wharves are usually busy with either ship construction or trading vessels from near and far. It is not uncommon to see galleys from New Aenoch or Aachen in the port.

Breilington is very civilized and well-governed. There is little crime here, aside from the usual pickpockets and the like. Her citizens are friendly and welcoming, enjoying the full protection of the King of Kayomar. It is however perched upon the edge of the civilized land and is often a point of embarkation for adventurers that are headed into the Eldwood, Oth River Valley, south to the Maedrumaust Mountains or west into the Darkenfold Forest. Crusaders are often gathered here as well, ready to embark on the next ship headed to New Aenoch and the war to drive the last remnants of Aufstrag from those distant lands.

Total Population: 13,000

Human: 12,000 +/-

Gnome: 500 +/-

Halfling: 300 +/-

Dwarf: 150 +/-

Elf: 50 +/-

Government: Mayor Jemmet Farrow is the King's appointed governor of Breilington. He governs with the King's Council that consists of several nobles, knights, paladins, and merchants.

Military: The town has a guard of about 200 men at arms that patrol the streets, and the gates and walls. The sea walls are guarded by a further 200 lightly armored archers. There is a small contingent of 100 or so knights and squires that defend the city if they are needed. The town itself is required to raise a levy of 700 men, all armored with mail, shields, and polearms when the King calls. An equivalent in coin is paid to the King during times of peace.

Economy: Tier IV. The town is a major port hub and Kayomar's only real port city.

Religion: The primary gods here are Demeter and St. Luther, both of whom have major temples in Breilington. Many of the locals continue to pay homage to Tefnut. The active worship of Ore-Tsar is spreading. A massive temple to Ealor overlooks the harbor.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: The Stone Mason Guild, Sawbones Club, Copperheads, and most trade guilds.

CASTLE LETT

Fiefdom: This castle is a fiefdom of Lundshut.

Lord/Lady: Lady Bealdfloed, Paladin

It sits upon a large hill overlooking verdant valleys. It is rectangular, consisting of two large keeps, one to the north and one to the south and west, connected by long, tall stone walls. Towers line the walls between the keeps and a series of buildings

from stables to living quarters dot the large courtyard. It is a busy place, housing several hundred people, including 60 men at arms and more than a dozen knights and squires.

It is ruled by Lady Bealdflaed, a paladin and knight of some repute. She serves the Baron as a vassal and holds the castle as a fief. It is serviced by a half dozen small villages sprinkled throughout the area, all of whom are bound to the Lady Bealdflaed. The Lady Bealdflaed is herself a powerful noble with holdings throughout Kayomar.

The castle is an important fortification that guards the Lundtretch Road against creatures coming up from the Darkenfold and bandits that venture forth from the Oth River Valley. The castle and its inhabitants are generally on good terms with the free town of Elne to the south.

CASTLE LIEVEN

Fiefdom: This castle is a fiefdom of Sinsich

Lord/Lady: Lord Griggs Estmar

This small castle sits upon a high hill overlooking the Powder River. It consists of one large square keep that itself is surrounded by a high stone wall that snakes around the hill. The outer walls are punctuated by several towers but are rather uneven as they were built to the contours of the hill itself. It is well garrisoned with some 50 men at arms and a half dozen knights. Stables and several outbuildings are built between the main keep and outer wall. The castle is supplied and fed by a series of villages in the surrounding country.

Castle Lieven is ruled by Lord Estmar, a knight and ranger in the service of Baron Sinsich. He is best known for his hunting ability, which he often puts to use beneath the eaves of the Darkenfold. Estmar has little beyond Lieven to his name.

The castle is a bulwark against creatures from the Darkenfold.

CASTLE VOHRENBACH

Fiefdom: This castle is a fiefdom of the King.

Lord/Lady: Lady Caddahild of Birn.

Vohrenbach sits upon the very southern edge of the Ruthen Mountains upon a high outcropping of rock. It consists of a series of ramps that lead up to the promontory, after several switchbacks, where the main castle sits. Each of these switchbacks is guarded by a barbican and each ramp by walls built on the outer side. But at the top lie the true fortifications, here tall towers are built into and on the rocky cliffs, interspersed with 3 large keeps, and all connected by thick, high, stone walls. It is impossible to come at the castle from the north for the cliffs there are a hundred feet or more in height, and even then a climber would only be at the foot of the wall. The same is true for approach from the east or west. Only from the south, where the ramps lie, is approach possible.

Beyond all this, the castle consists of a host of dungeons that house its armaments, foodstuffs, beers and ales, horses, troops, and people. It is garrisoned with a small army, some 200 men at arms, 50 archers, and 50 mounted knights with an equal number of squires.

The Lady Caddahild of Birn commands the fortress as a vassal of the King. She is a powerful woman who grew up on stories of the Winter Dark Wars and it is rumored she has ventured as far as Aufstrag in the east.

This castle serves as a major defense bulwark against the Kingdom of Maine and guards the Pern Bridge that spans the Ardeen River.

COTLEBERG

This fortified town sits upon the northern banks of the Ardeen River upon the Cotleberg Road. It marks the boundary of the kingdom of Kayomar. The town's walls are relatively new and well maintained. They stand 24 feet high and are a good 8 feet wide at the base. Battlements and towers line her works. No houses or structures of any kind are allowed within 30 feet of the walls, in or out. The town is well organized, and laid out in a grid fashion, allowing the defenders to hold streets and alleys against a possible breach. At the town center stands the massive Castle Mannering, where the Lord Mayor of the town resides and commands the various soldiery.

Cotleberg consists of mostly stone and wood houses, slate shingles, red and green, mark the wealth and power of the people here. The streets are cobbled, but often dirty as the traffic here from the south, north, and east are immense. Coupled with that, many boats come to dock on the river, bringing wares up and down and through the town. The people are robust people, friendly, welcoming but fierce. All of this comes from living upon the frontier and serving as the Kingdom's northern guard post.

The town is built in a semi-circular pattern, her walls extending into the waters of the Ardeen River for about 20 feet or so. The massive Cumbow bridge lies in Cotleberg, offering the only easy way to cross the river in the East Mark.

Many know Cotleberg for the Running Waters tavern that sits upon one of the feeder streams that snake their way through the town. There is a mill attached to this tavern which runs almost constantly throughout the year. This creates quite a racket in the tavern. The noise is often covered by the sound of song and music as Farth Tubbelle, the owner, encourages song and dance at his tavern.

Many a minstrel and bard come here to perform because the clientele tends to be quite generous, if not in coin, at least in beer and food offerings.

Total Population: 5,650

Human: 4,500 +/-

Gnome: 100 +/-

Halfling: 100 +/-

Dwarf: 400 +/-

Elf: 50 +/-

Government: The Lord Mayor Kember Worthington is the King's appointed governor of Cotleberg. He governs with the King's Council that consists of several nobles, knights, paladins, and merchants. Kember is an experienced battle lord and of one of the 18 noble families.

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Military: The town has an unusually large guard of about 400 men at arms that keep the peace and guard the walls. The walls are also guarded by a further 200 lightly armored arbalests. There is a small contingent of 200 or so knights and squires that defend the city if they are needed, most of these are liegemen of Worthington. The town itself is required to raise a levy of 500 militia, all armored with mail, shields, and polearms when the King calls. An equivalent in coin is paid to the King during times of peace.

Economy: Tier IV.

Religion: The primary gods here are Demeter and St. Luther, both of whom have major temples in Cotleberg. Many of the locals continue to pay homage to Tefnut. The active worship of Ore-Tsar is spreading.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: The Cult of the Swords is well represented here as are many smaller branches of other guilds.

CROSS RIVER

This small river forms in the northern plains and meanders south until it spills into the Jung Mul River. The Cross is narrow and rarely over a few feet deep, though at times deepens in the dark earth. It is often hidden in the deep, verdant grasses of the plains and one comes upon it suddenly. The water is clear and cool and very refreshing. The Cross is a favorite place for the followers of the Og Aust to make sacrifices to Tefnut. Her worship, though forgotten in many parts of Kayomar, is alive and well here. The people here live in small villages and homesteads.

DANAU RIVER

This mighty river's source is the large Greenloop Lake, which collects the runoff from the central Rhodopes and the plains of far western Ethrum, growing in power as it courses south. It cuts its way through the plains of southern Kayomar, bordering the vast Darkenfold forest and its Perth Timberland. The river is wide, deep, and strong and marks the natural border of the Kingdom of Kayomar.

To the north of the river, the flood plain is fertile and this attracts settlers. The earth is dark and loamy, smells good, and grows thick harvests of grain and barley. Plentiful and good is the food in this region. The river flows between the Darkenfold and Eldwood forests, passing beneath the great Bridge of Eln, picks up the Powder River, tumbles into the Valley of Oth, and carries on through the Soup Marsh. There it passes into the Maedrumaust Mountains and the Valley of the All Father before it at last passes out and into the sea.

During the rainy season and late spring, the river is at its worst. It has been known to flood its banks in quick order, spilling into the lands about and covering many hundreds of square miles beneath several feet of water. Fish thrive in it and offer great sustenance for the people of Kayomar, but it also brings things from those high mountains. Water weirds and nymphs come down every spring to gather the dead and entice wise men into deep pools.

DAERONDROTH

The high plains of the East Mark, the Daerondroth consists of rolling grasslands and creeks that meander through small valleys that play home to a variety of cottonwood trees. The land is abundant in game, deer, wild boar, bison, and some small antelope. Wolves and coyotes are frequent predators with the occasional bear wandering through. Small villages dot the landscape, growing wheat, barley, corn, and some cotton. The people are reserved and quiet, paying homage to the King and their gods. The worship of Tefnut is common here, especially along the banks of the Jung Mul River. There are several taverns and inns along the grassy paths, usually charging a fair price for room and board. The land also serves as hunting grounds for large saber-tooth tigers and Jolmuen from the Tar Kiln. Giants too wander down from the Blaudun Timberland as does the occasional hobgoblin raiding party.

Castle Leodaelf, the ancestral castle for the House Leodaelf lies here. It is a small affair, as the house is reduced in wealth and size.

DU GUESILLON

The capital city of Kayomar and seat of the Great King, Du Guesillon consists of several vague, often merging districts. The Royal, or 1st District, the 2nd District (the landed classes), the 3rd District (the merchants and craftsmen), and the 4th District (commoners). The 1st District consists of the King's Castle and the inner walls wherein lies several eateries, taverns, inns, and other sundry places frequented by the royal family, nobles, their guests, and distinguished travelers. The first district is distinctly cut from the rest of the town, her walls and towers separated by a hundred yards from the nearest buildings. The 2nd District lies beyond these walls, sprawling around it in a broad circle that merges almost seamlessly with the 3rd District and the many houses and shops of the merchants. These buildings, in turn, mingle with the 4th District, where the vast majority of people in Du Guesillon dwell. The 4th District is defended by Du Guesillon's outer wall. Beyond the walls are scores of small villages and neighborhoods, often blended together.

The walls are stone and most of the inner town consists of stone and wood houses and buildings. The roofs consist of a variety of slate, green from Freiberg to the east and red from the dwarves to the north. The streets are cobbled and well maintained. The town is orderly and well patrolled. A curfew shuts most businesses at midnight, though some small taverns and eateries in the 4th District remain open, and beyond the walls anything goes. There the houses are run down, poorly built, and more temporary than permanent. The Exchequer often orders whole areas torn down and their people displaced for whatever that office perceives the town or King needs, but the people do not seem to care, just moving from one area to the next.

The castle of Du Guesillon is a powerful stone edifice consisting of three sets of walls, all interspersed with towers, an inner courtyard, and several inner keeps and towers. All these are connected with bridges in their upper spans and with tunnels beneath. The ruins of the old Tower of Jaren, where Unklar is said to have slain Robert Luther, remains as it did a thousand years ago. It is repaired at times and mended with magic, but it is

an empty testament to the heroes of yesteryear. It is rumored that the tower itself reeks of the magic of Unklar and the wealth of his power remains in the echoes of dark shadows that linger there still. The castle itself is guarded by 200 men at arms, 100 archers, 50 or so knights, and the King's guard, another 40 knights. There is a paladin Garrison House here as well, with a further 30-50 knights. It is well provisioned and highly defensible.

The castle is home to the throne room as well, here the Great King sits in the stewardship of his lands.

Du Guesillon the city is home to all manner of people, crafts - magic or mundane, intrigues, conspiracies, and all the other manifold things that make up a thriving capital. Her bazaars are filled with foreign tradesmen, some as far away as Madru, Zuala, and Inku Naida. There are sorcerers, priests, druids, and ethereal knights, all seeking what lusty adventurers always seek - glory and wealth, and it seems to begin here, in the narrowed streets and wide-open taverns of the King's city.

Total Population: 20,100

Human: 16,000 +/-

Gnome: 1,000 +/-

Halfling: 600 +/-

Dwarf: 1,200 +/-

Elf: 300 +/-

Government: The town is ruled by a Mayor, the Baroness Reagan of Forenstil. She commands the King's ear and the levy the city owes in service to the King. She is an older woman, kindly disposed to most people, and often turns a blind eye to infractions of the law.

Military: That levy consists of 1,500 men at arms, be they mercenaries or citizens, 200 archers, 200 arbalests, 100 mounted knights, and an equal number of mounted squires as well as a contingent of dwarves and gnomes.

Economy: Tier V.

Religion: There are many temples here, most notably to St. Luther, Durendale, Glorianna, Firthnach, Ea-Raena, Ea-Vette, Tefnut, and Ealor. Worship of Unklar or any association with the Horned God is punishable by death by fire. There are other smaller temples to the Og Aust, but these are hidden away and frowned upon by the ruling nobles.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue, Dwarf, Gnome, Elf and Halfling.

Major Guilds: Almost all guilds, good and bad, are represented here.

EAST FORK RUN

The East Fork lies between the Gorgon Wood and the Brecken Spur. Its origins lie in the fertile Lock El Tish and its course is fed by streams and creeks. It runs along a sandy river bed and moves with ever-growing speed until it joins the West Fork and becomes the Fork River. The river lies near some of the great battlefields of the Catalyst Wars and is sacred ground to some. More than that, it is famous for its lilies that grow in abundance

along the banks of the river and its many tributaries. The water is believed to be pure, cleansed by the thoughts of Tefnut. It is known to be land populated by the fey, both fair and foul.

EAST WOOD VALLEY

The land that lies between the Darkenfold and Eldwood is broad and open, watered by innumerable streams that spill into the Danau River. The valley's rich soil gives rise to deep grasses and her narrow streams feed small cottonwood copses. The valley is a favored hunting ground of owlbears and draws the occasional knight who comes to hunt those ferocious beasts. It also draws creatures from both forests that cross from one to the other, using the valley as their pathway, making it a dangerous place for the unwary. In the north of the valley lies the town of Elne, in the south Haverstraw. All the country between is wild, unclaimed land.

EATHOT

An extension of the Eldwood the Eathot is an old-growth forest of oak, hickory, and elm. The trees here are not as old as their southern neighbors but do date back to the Winter Dark Wars. The land is broken by many small streams, ponds, and pools. There are marshy bogs here as well, often stretching for half a mile or more. The forest is home to many fey and there is said to be a mighty temple to Tefnut hidden in its deep reaches. Few hunt here as the wood is thought to be a favored haunt of witches. Some go so far as to believe that they gather there in covens to plunder what wealth of knowledge from each other they may.

Beneath the eaves of the forest lies the large Castle Metterling, the ancestral home of the House Metterling.

EDENFLOW RIVER

This broad powerful stream flows through the Eldwood from the eastern wood to the sea. Her waters are fed by innumerable streams that are often flush with rain from the east. The river begins small but within miles broadens to several hundred feet wide and scores of feet deep. The banks are high, with many bluffs and small cliffs. Small islands, often crowned by some ruin of a tower or stone building, dot her winding course. The water of the Edenflow is pure and cool to drink, refreshing to any who are good at heart. It is home to many water fey as well. They dwell in the deep eddies and currents, luring the unwary to a watery grave. This water was holy to the Goddess Tefnut and as such houses several small temples and edifices built to her veneration. Few live in the Eldwood, but those who do often fish the Edenflow or are found stalking its banks in search of their prey. Old wil-eloth and troll lords are known to root in and around the waters, feeding their tangled roots and it is thought by the wise that their memories too must slip into the waters and bless any who drink them with knowledge of the old world now long gone.

EL-AET-FUL

This large temple is built upon the hills and slopes of the Ruthen Mountains. It is a temple to St. Luther and Durendale, and is

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said to be the birthplace of Luther in the long-ago days of the Age of Heroes. The temple itself is a huge walled compound with three houses atop three hills, each one greater than the last. There are places of worship and training, a place to commune with the gods and make sacrifices. There are homes for the few priests who reside here, but no rooms or homes are given to strangers. All travelers must sleep upon the floor in the great hall of whichever building they choose. The houses themselves are devoted to St. Luther, Durendale, and Corthain. They are large halls with tall slanted roofs of deep green shingles. Each of the houses is wood throughout. Within, each hall is open and clear, dominated by long fire pits where visitors can gather, eat, and drink. All who enter must leave their weapons on the door wall, cut wood for the fire pits, and carry out other menial chores. At night the fires are dampened and visitors asked to sleep on the floor. It is a humbling experience. People come here for the healing waters, guidance in life and death, a respite from the world, judgment, penance, to make good promises made, and to sacrifice what they may to the gods. It is protected by the King and often where a king or noble is admonished by the priests and forced to do penance for failing to attend to the people of Kayomar.

ELDWOOD

Of all the forests in the world, the Eldwood is held to be the oldest, the heart of the ancient Ethvold. Here Tefnut came and built her house upon the shores of the Edenflow. From there she pushed the forest boundaries into the north and west. Now the forest is ringed by the kingdoms of men and is a shadow of its former self. It clings to the river like a dying man in a flood.

The Eldwood is protected, however, for the Kingdom of Kayomar, the most powerful realm in the west, stands constant guard. Her knights and cavaliers have long held the ravages of the world at bay. Her kings long ago made peace with the elven lords of the forest so that the Eldwood's trees are not harvested by the people of Kayomar. Her kings of old were buried in the heart of the wood, for they considered it holy ground. All of this serves to make the forest the natural home of elf, druid, and ranger. Only in the Oth River Valley in the south do people still offer the forest harm, but even they tread lightly, for the elves slay them for the slightest transgression.

Before the coming of the Dark, the druids gathered in the Eldwood and planted a sapling. The little tree was a gift from the goddess Wenafar, one of the Val Eahrakun. In time it grew to become the Great Oak, the Father, and a legend in its own right. It was a sapling of the One Tree in the east, the Eahrtaut, and its might was such that it kept the Dark at bay.

The Eldwood survived the degradations of the Winter Dark and the rule of Unklar for over a thousand years and the elves, which populate its more distant reaches, never fled nor succumbed to his dark designs. During the Winter Dark Wars the elves, chided by Daladon the Half-Elven, joined the Lords of Kayomar and fought against Unklar, driving him from the southern lands. After the wars, the forest came to know a peace it had not known since its earliest days. Daladon, a Val-Tulmiph, dwells here, as do his flights of griffon riders and marches of rangers, the Watchers in

the Wood. King Nigold rules the wood elves as he has done for time without count. The druids meet still, gathering under their master, the High Druid, in their hidden glades to watch over the forest and their charge, the Great Oak, the Father.

The Eldwood is an old-growth forest, consisting mostly of oak trees, though this is slowly changing. The forest is usually divided into three parts. In the Vulgate, the outer forest is called the Rimwald (the forest rim), the old boundary the Festungswald (the wall), and the heart of the forest the Eldwald (the old forest).

In the Rimwald, travel is easy. There are many paths that wander through the open trees and several small human settlements are sprinkled throughout. Along its northern reaches, the forest gives way to pine trees. Where the Oth River Valley begins, the forest oaks give way to wild trees and short grasses. In the east, the great oaks of the forest's heart look down from high bluffs. In the north, the forest has changed, if only in recent years. An ever-growing number of silver maple and birch trees are expanding the size and slowly changing the composition of the forest.

Passing deeper into the forest, travelers encounter a great tangle of underbrush, younger trees, and wild animals of the Festungswald (*festung* being an old dwarf word, literally translated "fortress"). This marks the border of the old forest and the natural wall that ranger, druid, and elf planted to keep the minions of the Horned God at bay. It also marks the old boundary of the Kingdom of Kayomar and is now in some dispute between those who dwell within the forest and the King. In the Festungswald, which averages 15 miles thick in places, travel is very difficult. The tangled brush, vines, and thick growing trees all lend to an inhospitable maze. When the forest was planted, the Rangers took advantage of the old fortifications of Kayomar so that dungeons, abandoned castles, and old ruins are not uncommon.

Within the deep woodland lies the old forest, the Eldwald. Ancient oaks stand like monumental buildings. The boles of these massive trees line the forest like pillars of stone and are capped by arching branches and leafy canopies. The trees are wide-spaced, allowing easy passage across the vaulted forest floor. Here, beneath the trees, lies a land of ancient mystery. Deep pools in hidden places feed cold streams that trickle through lost valleys. Glades of wondrous beauty hide the homes of dryads and faerie. The wood elves of Nigold hunt here in small bands and eldritch monsters from the world's dawn stalk the forest depths. It is said that the trees themselves come alive and when the moon waxes the eldest of them lift their tired roots from the ground and gather in a great meet to sing lamentations of their lost world, for they alone of all the world's denizens remember the Days before Days when the trees alone wandered the earth.

There is but one road, the Old Post Road, which traverses the length of the Eldwood. It was constructed ages ago and stretches from the eastern borders by the sea, through the Eldwood, to the town of Elne, and on into the Darkenfold forest. From there it goes into the far west to the Rhodope Mountains. The ranger order, the Watchers in the Wood, led by the half-elven ranger, lord, and high druid Daladon Orc-bane (named for the Val-

Tulmiph of legend), guard the road and keep it in good shape. There are no villages on the road but near the forest center there is a large open meadow called the Open by the folk of that forest. Here the forest lords, be they elf, druid, or ranger, gather to meet one another or other folk who seek their aid or council. Travel on the road is at a normal pace and it offers the only easy access through the forest.

ELNE

Elne is a free town. It stands upon the eastern banks of the Danau River and serves as a major point of egress to the Darkenfold Forest. For more on Elne, its background and people, refer to **Codex of Aihrde Expansion: The Darkenfold.**

ERLANGEN

This large walled town sits upon the crossroads of the Cotleberg Road and Ardeen's Way. The Tarvish River flows beneath its southern walls. The river and roads make Erlangen a major trade hub as foodstuffs, pelts, and raw goods come from the west, dwarven crafted items and more food from the north, all on their way to Du Guesillon in the south, and a host of penitents head north on their way to the Paladin's Grove. All must pass through Erlangen.

The town itself is large, with high stone walls interspersed with a host of towers and battlements. Within, the town is tightly built of stone and wood, with narrow alleys and paths winding their way through the many houses, temples, and merchant shops. Most of the structures here are two stories tall, reflecting the wealth of those who live within. The town tumbles out around the walls as well, as many have come to live in and around this major trading hub. The Mayor has forbidden any houses built against the walls; however, many have ignored the decree and most of the walls play host to some structure or another. Peace has rendered the people of Erlangen careless.

Almost anything is available in the town ; weapons and armor, travel goods, food, and drink. Occasionally, magic is traded and bartered for, as the town plays host to several powerful wizards and the like.

Total Population: 12,100

Human: 10,000 +/-

Gnome: 500 +/-

Halfling: 500 +/-

Dwarf: 1,000 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: The Mayor Deobrand rules here. He serves the Baron Ludenlow who himself holds the town as an allodial possession given to him by good King Morgan II.

Military: The town sports some 250 men at arms and another 100 archers that serve to guard the walls and hold the tower. It can field an impressive array of knights as there is a Garrison House of the Holy Defenders of the Flame here that at any given time plays home to some 100 knights and an equal number of squires. The town militia, if raised, can field another 1000 soldiers variously armed.

Economy: Tier IV.

Religion: The predominant religion is St. Luther and Durendale. Several temples to Ore- Tsar have recently been built and that god is garnering a great deal of attention. Some small sects of the Og Aust exist here as well.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: All major guilds are represented here, the most powerful is the Porters Guild. Several dens of Muddles Inc. have also infiltrated the town.

EURYIANCE

The river town of Euryiance sits upon the northern skirts of the Ruthen Mountains. It is the ancestral home to the Cuthheards and where the Baron of that family resides and rules his many holdings. Euryiance has two concentric half walls that abut a series of cliffs and bluffs. The motto of the Cuthheards is "To Protect Those That Need" and they live this motto. As such the town is arranged differently than almost every other fortified town in Aihrde. The outer walls, punctuated by a host of stone towers, house the Baron's castle and a dozen fortified keeps. Around them are various courtyards, gardens, walkways, and outbuildings. These are meant to offer defense for the citizens of Euryiance, all of whom dwell in the inner walls. Because of its arrangement, the inner city is much larger than the outer and the distance between the inner and outer walls is not great, a few hundred yards at best. This requires all who enter the town to pass beneath the fortifications of the Baron, his paladins, and knights; for this reason, amongst others, few of evil intent come to Euryiance to molest her people.

Within the inner wall, the town is much like other towns. Merchants set up shop, traders and craftsmen work their wares, tavern keepers sling beer and serve food, beggars peddle knick knacks, and paupers beg. There are skilled armorers, leather workers, bowyers and fletchers; all those needed to make implements of war and keep the Baron's men in proper gear. Also, iron is mined in the cliffs that tower over the town and forged in the fires to forge ever new weapons.

It is a friendly enough town and welcomes strangers, especially those who come to trade rare goods and antiquities. The protections afforded by the Cuthheards have made the people comfortable and secure in their domiciles. They are loyal to the family and the crown which the Baron serves. It has made them loyal to the Baron personally as well and they will hear none speak ill of him, nor suffer fools in their town.

Most anything can be had in Euryiance, short of magic items, though several wizard shops may peddle the occasional sorcery.

The great problem the people of the town face are creatures that drift down the mighty Ardeen River or cross over from the Bergrucken Mountains. Beyond that, the nobles and their vassals are generally safe and content. They have a great deal of traffic with the dwarves of Norgorad-Kam and are very friendly with those people. A sizable contingent of them lives in the town.

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Total Population: 8,000

Human: 7,000 +/-

Gnome: 100 +/-

Halfling: 50 +/-

Dwarf: 800 +/-

Elf: 50 +/-

Government: The Baron Edward IV of the House Cuthheard rules the town. He holds it as an allodial fiefdom of the King of Kayomar.

Military: The Baron fields a small retinue of paladins and knights; they number roughly 100 with about an equal number of squires in their service. He has a further complement of 150 men at arms. The townsfolk supply a further 500-700 militia which includes about 100 arbalests.

Economy: Tier IV.

Religion: St. Luther, Durendale, and Ore-Tsar. Several smaller temples to lesser gods exist and some of the people openly worship the Og Aust.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue, Dwarf.

Major Guilds: The Baron strictly controls guilds. All trade guilds are in the town and the Cult of the Swords has a noticeable presence. Beyond that, several local thief guilds make Euryiance their home.

FALLS OF AREOS

The death of Areos is well known by all the peoples of Kayomar, how he guided his brothers and their company over the falls only to be slain by a beast of the old world (see above). The falls lie at the confluence of two mighty rivers, the Ardeen from the north and the Iron River from the east. The vast waters of the Ardeen are forced into deep narrow channels as they pass between two mountain chains. The Iron River contains glacier water of the Silver Mountains and the Bergrucken and is a mighty flow. Where the two come together the mountains give way in a steep series of cliffs that range almost 200 feet from top to bottom. The water does not pick up speed as it approaches the falls, only the telltale signs of mist on the horizon warn the traveler they are heading for the falls.

The waters tumble down these cliffs in a thunderous tumult.

A narrow path winds its way down the jagged cliffs on the western flank of the falls, beginning in the high Ruthen and exiting in the pools at the feet of Areos. Other than that there is no way down the falls. Many have tried to climb the eastern mountains or find a path that way, but the land is too stark and if any have done it they have not spoken of its hidden ways.

The water moves at a mighty pace and is roughly 2,000 feet wide before it falls over the precipice. At the bottom, it broadens into a deep lake 3,500 feet wide and several thousand feet long before it narrows again and drives on to the south. The pools are deep and cool and rest upon a bed of fine sand and gravel with some boulders mixed in for good measure.



The pools beneath the falls are rumored to be home to any number of wondrous items, lost to those attempting to navigate the falls. The armor of Areos is said to lie beneath the waters, as does his sword and mighty bow. But to the truth of this none can speak.

FELDUNE GAP

Two low ridges mark the east and west areas of this gap, allowing relatively easy passage over the Rhodope Mountains.

FORENSTIL

These broad plains mark the heart of the Valleys of Kayomar. They extend from the Tarvish river to the deep grasses of the Daerondroth to the north, from the Ardeen to the Lansdale in the west. The Forenstil is home to innumerable small villages and homesteads and populated with friendly folk, more removed from their kinsmen to the north, and less inclined to follow Tefnut and to see the work of the fey in all things. They grow crops of wheat and barley to the north and cotton in the south. They raise cattle and horses as well, with some of the best battle mounts coming from Forenstil. The country is little plagued by monsters, raiders, or humanoids as it is so well insulated by the rest of the Kingdom.

These are the ancestral lands of the House Evfulerde. They have many castles in the region. This is the family of Vivienne Brightleaf, wife to King St. Luther, and the mother of King Robert Luther. The ruling Baroness Reagan is also the Mayoress of Du Guesillon.

FORK RIVER

The Fork River is a short but swift-moving river, fed as it is by the similarly fast-moving West Fork Run and East Fork Run. The Fork River is about 200 feet across with a rocky bottom. It is a favored place for fishing for trout. Several small wooden bridges span the river, allowing one to cross with ease.

GONHIRRIUM DOWNS

These plains mark the western-most part of the Great Lothian Plains. They are home to small villages and homesteads who are known for cattle grazing and raising horses. The greater part of the horses that the knights of Kayomar ride are reared here in the Downs. The land is wild, with deep grasses and a host of creeks and streams. They can be dangerous as all manner of creatures come from the mountains to the west and from the Shelves of the Mist, hunting man and beast. But the land is well patrolled and rangers that work for the King keep an eye on it to protect the herds from unnecessary danger.

GORGON WOOD

This small wood is nestled between the West and East Fork Runs and lies beyond the confines of the Kingdom. It remains a small vestige of the Ethvold. Here, majestically tall white oaks are dominant. Huge boles, wide canopies, and deep roots keep much of the undergrowth low. Rocky streams tumble through on the way to the rivers, meandering through meadows where birds flock in the warm spring.

It is a haven for elves who haunt the forest tops, but it is named for the famed beast that haunts its corridors - the gorgon. For this reason, it is not uncommon to come across a statue of a man or dwarf who fell victim to the dread beast.

GRIFFEN CASTLE

Fiefdom: This Castle and lands are held in Fief by Baron Unstruut

Lord/Lady: Geoffrey and the Lady Paladin Caroline.

Griffen Castle sits upon a large bluff that overlooks the Danau River. It is a large castle with high walls that enclose the entire bluff and leave a sizable yard within. Towers mark the walls every few hundred feet. Buildings are built into the walls, leaving even more room, though a large stable houses the Baron's horses as well as the knights who attend him. The main keep and hall consist of four tall towers built into a classic square castle. A long road with a gentle slope snakes up the bluff to the castle gates, allowing the Baron and his knights to charge down its length with ease.

The castle is held by 40 knights and their squires, and 100 men at arms. It is well supplied with bakers, leather workers, armorers, and the like. It is victualled and prepared for war and can easily withstand a siege of a year or more.

The Baron Geoffrey Unstruut rules here; however, due to his advanced age, his wife, a paladin in the Holy Defenders of the Flame, rules in his stead.

14 CASTLES & CRUSADES

This castle serves to watch over the Powder River Country as well as to assist in keeping the Wogan Bottoms free of monsters. The Unstruuts are very close to the Daerondroths.

HEARN

Hearn lies in the southern reaches of the Kingdom and at the heart of the original Valleys of Kayomar. It is a flat country with few of the hallmark valleys and rolling hills. One knows they are upon the Hearn when the horizon becomes green, or brown depending on the season, and they can see for miles without interruption of tree, hill, or dale. It is drier here, as the wind currents carry most of the rain south and it is not so watered as the East Mark. Despite this, the plains allow the villagers in the area to grow fields of cotton. These villages are spread out, unwalled, and the people live in relative comfort, protected by the Lords of Kurtengraf and Sinsich.

ISTAL

The small town of Istal consists of a large moat and bailey castle and a walled town located a few hundred yards away. The town itself is serviced by a dozen or so small hamlets spread throughout the countryside. Due to their proximity to the Darkenfold and the Shelves of the Mist the hamlets are all fortified.

The town is built in a roughly circular pattern with 20 foot high walls of stone, though in places they are capped by wooden palisades. The battlements are easy to access via a host of stairs and it is all ringed with catwalks. Seven stout towers are interspersed throughout the wall. The main gate, the East Gate, leads to the Istal Bridge that spans the Pine Mountain River, into the Wogan Bottoms, and on to Niemanford. The smaller North Gate faces Castle Istal and the west (south) gate faces the wilds and leads to the road to Petersboro.

The buildings are a general mix of stone and wood, often split between the two. They range from a single-story to three stories and are generally built close together. Narrow alleys join the several neighborhoods, taverns, eateries, and shops. Istal is well known for its dwarven craftwork as the small community of dwarves here are skilled armorers and find a never-ending amount of work from soldiers, knights, and adventurers.

Istal was once the home of St. Luther, long ago in the Age of Heroes. He ruled here as Baron for many years, slowly building his power until he eventually became King. It is rumored that he left much of his family wealth here, both in magic and coin. Secret dungeons, long-forgotten crypts, and ruins beneath the earth all seem possible in these lands so rich in history.

Castle Istal is a single keep with outbuildings surrounded by a large stone wall. It houses the soldiery of the Barony with room enough for the mounts for his many knights and paladins. The Keep itself is a simple affair with four towers and one central building. The main entrance leads to the great hall. It is here that Duncan meets visitors and dispenses the rule of law.

Total Population: 2,000

Human: 1,800 +/-

Gnome: 50 +/-

Halfling: 50 +/-

Dwarf: 50 +/-

Elf: 50 +/-

Government: Istal is ruled by the Baron Duncan of Helmglaed. He is the head of the Helmglaeds, one of the 18 noble families of Kayomar.

Military: Duncan commands 40 heavily armored knights and paladins. He is a paladin of some experience. They are accompanied by squires, arbalests, and some 20 men at arms. The town can raise 150 militia if need be and so great is their love for Duncan that the dwarves happily field a contingent of 30 soldats (Dwarven warriors) when called.

Economy: Tier III.

Religion: St. Luther is worshiped here. There is a large temple to the god in the town and a small chapel in the Keep. Tefnut also has a temple here.

Language: Vulgate, Dwarf, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: The Stone Masons have a guild house here as do the largely disbanded Mystic Enclave. The latter is a small guild consisting of only a few wizards who dwell here in search of the powers of the White Mage, Aristobulus, friend and companion of St. Luther.

JUNG MUL RIVER

The wide, often deep, sluggish Jung Mul meanders through the northern plains of the Valleys. It carves a broad, barely discernible valley through the rolling hills. The plains grow up to the very banks of the water, often spilling into it, making it a nutrient-rich feeding ground for countless species of fish. These draw bears and other wildlife that make for good hunting. For all these reasons it is accounted as an important part of the Valleys of Kayomar. The Jung Mul once marked the northern boundaries of Kayomar, but recently the King's strength has breached the river and approaches the Tar Kiln in the north. Settlers have since built houses and villages along the river's banks, north and south. Due to its width and the deep channel that marks the river's center, it is an easy river to navigate, allowing boats to move goods up and down its course with ease. Despite the power of St. Luther and Durendale, and the crown, many here pay homage to Tefnut and follow the old ways, even to the point of laying the bodies of their children in the river to give over to that goddess' keeping.

KINGSMARCH

These plains lie in the North Mark and are drier than most of the southern and eastern plains where the Anvil Wind brings plenty of water. The grass has deep roots but does not grow very high. Generously sprinkled with streams and waterways, it makes for good grazing land. The Kingsmarch is a wild country with villages and small towns set far apart. Small herds of buffalo come down from the high country in the cold months, grazing all the way to the Vendom Wood. With them come other herbivores and all this brings packs of wolves from the Rhodope Mountains. This makes the Kingsmarch a favored hunting ground for rangers,

knights, nobles, and the like. But these same beasts draw others as well. Giants wander the March, as do griffons, hippogriffs, and other long-range hunters. Orcs are known to come here in search of easy prey and easy loot.

KURTENGRAF

Kurtengraf sits upon the northern banks of the Little Tarvish River. Its circular walls stand upon a slight rise above the river, but around a broad, feeder stream that enters the river just beyond the walls. South of the river a large alluvial plain protects the town from excessive flooding. Towers guard her walls and four gates give access to the paths that lead out from her to the north, south, east, and west.

Her houses are mostly wooden structures, though the wealthy and the nobles tend to live in stone and wood. The streets are broad and clean. About half of them are cobbled, the rest are tightly packed dirt, but tend to turn to rivers of mud in the rainy season. The people make do with whatever the weather brings and are generally contented and happy folk. Dwelling almost in the very center of the Kingdom they have little to fear and even the grandfathers barely remember a time long ago when war was a part of their lives.

A small port facility lies just beyond the southern wall. Here the locals have several boats to trade and fish up and down the Little Tarvish.

The town is the home of the Kurtengrafs and their large sprawling castle at the center of town is the seat of their power. A series of keeps and fortifications, haphazardly built over time, houses the family, and the throne room of their lord, Marc, lies within.

Total Population: 5,935

Human: 5,800 +/-

Gnome: 25 +/-

Halfling: 50 +/-

Dwarf: 50 +/-

Elf: 10 +/-

Government: The Baron Marc of the House Kurtengraf rules the town. He holds it as a fief of the King of Kayomar.

Military: The Baron fields a small retinue of paladins and knights; they number roughly 50 with about an equal number of squires. He has a further complement of 100 men at arms. The townsfolk supply a further 200-400 militia which includes about 50 arbalests.

Economy: Tier III.

Religion: St. Luther, Durendale, and Ore-Tsar. Several smaller temples to lesser gods exist and some of the people openly worship the Og Aust.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue, Dwarf.

Major Guilds: There are few guilds active here as the Baron frowns upon them, though despite this several trade guilds have set up shop.

LAKE CAPUAN

This large lake lies just beyond the confines of the Kingdom of Kayomar and within the wilds of the Tar Kiln. It is fed by innumerable streams that snake down from the pine forest to the north as well as a host of underground waterways. In the spring and summer the lake shores come to life with hosts of water lilies, tall reeds, rushes, arrowheads, and various sedges. The shore is so crowded that access becomes a chore. As these die out in the fall, the lake becomes easier to enter but less calm as the Anvil Wind churns its surface. It often partially freezes in the winter. It is rich in fish, turtles and if the season is right, waterfowl. All this brings many a predator, both animal and monstrous. It is known to be a favored hunting ground for many of the lesser drakes and even the occasional bronze dragon, all of whom frolic in the white-capped waves of the deeper waters.

It is rumored that the lake once housed a floating town that was destroyed and sank beneath the waters during the Winter Dark Wars. Great wealth in treasure lies at the bottom of the lake but guarded by what evil, few could say; or so the legend says.

LAMBOURNE

This sprawling town stretches over several broad, low-lying hills. Originally Lambourne was a village built in the shadow of the Castle Pengyr, the ancestral home of the House Pengyr, upon the banks of the small, winding Kanut River (not shown on map). But the town grew, and the castle as well, and the Pengyrs eventually walled it in so that it sat snug upon the flanks of the hill with the castle, now within her walls, overlooking all. The fertile land and wealth of the Pengyr family attracted ever more people and peace allowed them to prosper, so that in time the town spread across neighboring hills and into dales.

The town is marked by Old Town, the original town that lies within the walls, and four other neighborhoods called Hillcrest, Rock Creek, Minion Vale, and Runtown. The latter lies on the western edge of Lambourne and comprises a rough community of seedy taverns, dens of thieves, and the like. In many ways the neighborhoods act as their own towns, almost independent of Old Town.

The town is a busy commercial center, centered as it is in the Valleys and the Kingdom. Food and livestock, grown and raised locally, are traded for goods that move up from the Oth River Valley, east from Du Guesillon, and from the northern regions of the Kingdom. Its location, ease of transport, good roads, and welcoming Lord have all made Lambourne the most successful town in all the Valleys of Kayomar. Almost anything can be purchased here, even magic items and some sorceries. There are whole streets devoted to the trades and crafts so that armor, leather goods, wood worked items, wagons, and all the detritus of life are found, made, and sold here.

Lambourne is a broad mixture of architectural styles. Stone houses are sprinkled amidst wooden structures and mud and daub homes. There seems to be little order, as people build where they can acquire property, either leased by its owner or given over by decree of the Lord Pengyr. For their part, the Pengyrs have allowed the town to grow haphazardly as they benefit from

heavy taxes placed on goods that pass up the Lundtretch Road and all transactions in the town. Both of these actions have made the Pengyr extremely wealthy.

The castle is a massive affair that sits upon the northern flank of the whole town within the walls of Old Town. It consists of four huge double walls shaped in a long rectangle. The inner wall is one with the buildings and homes of the house Pengyrs, long slanted gray roofs (that cover the inner wall) cover all. Within is a small courtyard that separates the main Keep from the inner walls. Here towers climb high above the walls, flanked only by the massive temple and church of Durendale.

Total Population: 23,450

Human: 20,000 +/-

Gnome: 1,000 +/-

Halfling: 750 +/-

Dwarf: 1,500 +/-

Elf: 200 +/-

Government: The Baron Robert Sean Pengyr rules Lambourne. There are five councilors, each set over the various neighborhoods, who administer laws and manage the city guard, collect taxes, and so forth. But the Lord rules over all, calling a Meet once a month to hear complaints that the councilors cannot resolve.

Military: Each neighborhood fields a small city guard of 20-40 men at arms. The town itself is defended by the Lord and his retinue of men at arms and knights. Some 150 knights and their men live in and around the castle where they serve the Baron and town. The Baron can call a further 300 men at arms if needed, but in general, he relies upon mercenaries paid from his deep coffers to defend the town or march to war when necessary. He can usually raise 200 arbalests, 200 archers, 100 men at arms, and call on a levy of 500 militia from the town.

Economy: Tier V.

Religion: St Luther, Durendale, and Ore-Tsar are all worshiped here, each possessing a very large temple in town. Other temples abound, to almost all the gods, though these are spread out and smaller.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue, Dwarf, Gnome, Halfling, and Elf.

Major Guilds: All the trade guilds have houses in Lambourne. The major wizard and thief guilds do as well, with Muddles Inc. being the most prominent. The Cult of the Swords also has a Meet Hall here.

LAND OF HELLIWELL

The lands of Helliwell lie upon the far western edge of the realm. They include the land beyond the reach of the King or his Baron, all the way to the doorstep of the Turm Gewirr. They are drier and produce less grain than all the other regions of the realm. The lands are, however, good for grazing and the many small villages and castles spend a great deal of time in sheep, pig, and cattle farming. Proximity to the mountains and the Tar Kiln make the lands a dangerous place as these plains serve as a footpath for

all manner of predatory beast. Several castles are found here, all belonging to the Helliwells. Castle Meir is their ancestral seat. It's a rather large castle, classically built and stands upon the very edge of the pine forests of the Marrowdale.

LANSDALE

The Lansdale Prairie is part of the Great Lothian Plains and consists of gentle rolling, grass-covered hills. They are well watered by countless streams and small, slow-moving rivers. Few of these waterways are mapped as crossing them takes little effort. A long rainy season, courtesy of the Anvil Wind, keeps the ground moist, the grasses deep, and feeds the small running forests of cottonwood and maple trees that grow along the banks of the rivers. The Lansdale Prairie is a peaceful place, attracting herds of buffalo from the west in the spring and late summer and the accompanying packs of wolves and coyotes. The locals live in small villages and hamlets, usually built up near one of the many small rivers. These are protected by small castles and keeps where knights of the House Lansdale dwell. They raise livestock, cattle mostly, though some sheep and horses. Small farms grow wheat and barley, all of which are traded in Riehms or New Castle. Lansdale is free of most strife and the people here are peaceful. It is famed for its many tourneys and the frequent visit of elves who find the prairie country welcoming.

These are the ancestral lands of the House Lansdale (see Riehms).

LITTLE TARVISH RIVER

The Little Tarvish is a broad stream that passes beneath the walls of Kurtengraf as it wanders its way across the Great Lothian Plains. It spills into the Tarvish River some miles beyond the town. It is well known for fishing and a few hamlets cling to its banks making their living with net and hook. Further west, near the mouth of the river, it is very deep and sluggish, at times it seems almost still. This river is held by the worshipers of Tefnut as a sacred spot for it is said that in the Days before Days the goddess bathed in the cool waters. It is the lingering presence of her magic that holds the headwaters so still and many believe that if proper homage is made and the waters drank beneath the moon that they heal one of all afflictions. Some small temples of Tefnut are still found in that wild country.

LOCK EL TISH

These are the fields of the fallen, where stand the ruins of the ancient city of Pendilion. Here, before the Winter Dark, a great part of the chivalry of Kayomar fell to Unklar and the armies of Aufstrag. All the country between the two rivers proved a battlefield and the dead on both sides were without number. When at last the city fell, one of King Robert Luther's sisters, Gwenowin Lilly fell with it, defending the city against a host of the enemy. The country was named the Lock El Tish, the Grave of the Noble Dead, after the battle, and it bears that name still. The country is green and verdant and the grass grows deep. Small copses of redbuds and sycamore trees crowd the numerous small ponds and lakes. It is a peaceful place with only an echo of the evil that once unfolded here. The Ruins of Pendilion stand in the Lock El Tish, an ancient walled city whose blackened

walls remain and empty stone houses slowly decay. It is rumored that the town was only partially plundered for it is known that so great were their losses that the enemy feared the town. Some claim to see the ghosts of the past here, and even to hear the clear voice of Gwenowin calling for her children to fight on and never yield to fear.

LUDENLOW

Ludenlow straddles the river of the same name. It's a decent-sized town with high walls and fortified towers. It's mostly a trade town, sitting as it does on the major north-south trade route. The town is well ordered, clean, and cobbled. Several market squares dominate the trade and traffic in the town. It is well known for its brewing industry. The Mayor and city burghers' dwell in the western neighborhoods and govern the town from there.

The Castledown Bridge lies at the heart of the town, crossing over the Ludenlow River.

Like many towns in Kayomar, the houses are stone and wood, single and two stories, with a few towers interspersed here and there. Gray, green and red shingles dominate the roofs, giving the whole a colorful look. The people here are fond of fests and seem to have one every few weeks. There is much to celebrate as the area has long been safe from the ravages of war and has enjoyed peace and the fruits of a king's governance.

The paladins have a major temple to Durendale here. They frequent the town in numbers, particularly during their holy days. At any given time there are 20-50 paladins in town. They operate independently of the Mayor and guardsmen and they only become involved in affairs when they are called, which is rare.

The town's prosperity has brought quite a few ruffians from the north and the town's evening has a darker reputation than the town itself.

Total Population: 10,050

Human: 9,000 +/-

Gnome: 400 +/-

Halfling: 100 +/-

Dwarf: 500 +/-

Elf: 50 +/-

Government: The town is governed by the Mayoress Ellin Mar, she is a servant of the King. He holds the town in his own right.

Military: There is a city guard of 80 night watchmen, but the town is garrisoned by 200 men at arms and 100 arbaests. Some 50 knights serve the Mayoress with a further 200 light horsemen.

Economy: Tier IV.

Religion: St. Luther, Durendale, and Ore-Tsar enjoy temples here. Smaller temples to the other gods are found throughout the town.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: Most guilds are represented here.

LUDENLOW RIVER

The Ludenlow spills down from the highlands near the Ruthen Mountains and wanders west and south before it empties into the Tarvish River on the Great Lothian Plains. It is a calm water that meanders through the countryside. It is shallow during the dry summers but swells easily during the rainy season, often flooding the lands around its eastern course. Travel during those months is difficult and forces many people to the town of Ludenlow. The river is known for its good fishing. It is a favored place for hags as well as witches that dig deep under the banks of the river hoping to capture the unwary and drag them to a watery death.

LUNDSHUT

This small town sits north of the Eldwood. Its walls are stout, made of stone, and punctuated by a host of towers. The town is nestled behind these walls but is poorly ordered, with streets more like alleys and all interconnected with no discernable order. The houses are more wood than stone and the streets are cobbled only in a few places, making the whole a muddy mess during the rainy and winter seasons.

This is the home of the House of Lundshut. The family lives in the town center in a series of large stone houses built in the ancient style with open courtyards and long paths between. They are a numerous clan with a great deal of wealth accumulated from days gone by and in present contests, raids, and wars. The Lundshut favors battle over all forms of negotiation and it shows both in the spoils of their victories and the scars upon their flesh.

Living in the shadows of the Darkenfold and Eldwood has made the townsfolk a guarded lot, not unfriendly, but a little suspicious of strangers. The town lies south of most of the trade routes, and completely off the main Lundtretch Road, making it something of a backwater.

Total Population: 4,900

Human: 4,000 +/-

Gnome: 300 +/-

Halfling: 200 +/-

Dwarf: 200 +/-

Elf: 200 +/-

Government: The town is ruled by the Baroness Ceyenna of Lundshut. She is a renowned warrior and close friend of the King. She convenes her council when needed.

Military: The Baroness' men at arms patrol the town. They number about 200. A further 100 knights and 100 more light horse flesh out her soldiery. The citizens are required to put 200 arbalests into battle when called.

Economy: Tier III.

Religion: Ore-Tsar is worshiped by most, but small temples to Durendale, St. Luther, Tefnut, Glorianna are here.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: There are several trade guilds, the Cult of the Swords and a House of the Holy Defenders of the Flame.

LUNDTRETCH

The Lundtretch are verdant plains in the South Mark. Long cultivated they have fed the Kingdom and peoples of the Valleys of Kayomar for many years before, during, and after the Winter Dark. Passing down the Lundtretch Road one is struck by the long fields of grain that mark the way. Villages and hamlets, farmsteads, and way-stations dot the landscape around the road. To the west the lands become wilder and here small keeps and villages dominate; knights on guard from the evil that is forever coming from the Darkenfold. It makes the land both wild and settled, both dangerous and in places safe. The people of the Lundtretch show this same mindset, both cold and unwelcoming until the friendship is assured when they become the best of companions.

LUNENBERG

This small town sits upon the northern bank of the Powder River beneath the eaves of the Darkenfold. It is a wild town filled with all manner of adventurers, mercenaries, and other such people that come here and use it as a launch point for raids into that ancient wood. Many never return.

The town has low walls, roughly 15 feet high that are punctuated by defensive towers. There are no catwalks between the towers, only the occasional perch for an archer or defender. Within her walls lies a sprawling mess of houses that have been built and rebuilt over the years. They abut one another in a tight tangle of mud brick, wattle and daub, wood, and stone. Alleys seem to claw their way through the town like small paths through mountain rubble.

The town has a host of small taverns and inns that give refuge and respite to the many who pass through. The beer is cheap and good, the food plentiful and the company surprisingly interesting. The town is always a flurry with rumors of some war in the Darkenfold, some treasure lost or found, a monster on the run, or a dungeon newly discovered. Those bold enough cross the river to die or return as is their luck or fate.

The townsfolk are a sturdy lot and take little grief from anyone. The town is held as a fief of the Baron of Unstruut, but he, nor his wife who rules in his stead, have little to do with Lunenberg. It is, for most purposes, a free town on the edge of the wilds.

Total Population: 2,350

Human: 2,000 +/-

Gnome: 50 +/-

Halfling: 100 +/-

Dwarf: 100 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: Mayor Thomas of Casterbridge rules here. He holds the town as a fief of Unstruut.

Military: The town fields a small guard of 100 men at arms but can raise another 200 militia from its various citizens, including 50 halfling archers. There is a temple here for the knights of St. Luther that has 8-12 paladins in it.

Economy: Tier III

18 CASTLES & CRUSADES

Religion: No major temples are here, only one small one to St. Luther. Several smaller temples come and go.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: The stonemasons have a house here.

MARROWDALE

The Marrowdale lies beyond the confines of the Valleys proper, beneath the shadow of the Rhodope Mountains. It is a wild, unsettled country. It is the haunt of lesser dragons, fraonth witches kavrun hounds, and a favored hunting ground of the elder dragons, particularly the white. The forests are a mixture of conifer and deciduous, the hardwoods growing along the banks of the river. It is well watered, with countless streams, ponds and lakes, bogs, peat marshes, and swamps. Only a few live here, mostly in small villages of tents and yurts that spring up and as quickly disappear. Those who do call it home are hunters, trappers, rangers, outlaws, renegades, and the like.

MICKLEWOOD

This sparse timberland has a mixed bag of hard and softwoods, mostly loblolly pines, blackjack oaks, and hickory. It ranges all along the southern banks of the Big Mud River and marks the true wilderness. It is filled with wild animals, wolves, bears, elk, and the like. It attracts bull-headed men who hunt with saber-tooth tigers, with which they communicate via a limited form of telepathy, whistles, and calls.

It offers the ranger good hunting but is extraordinarily dangerous. The Og Aust were worshiped here as this was once part of the Ethvold. The ruins of their temples and fortresses remain, long abandoned but rumored to house hidden treasures of an ancient world.

MIKLEBERG

This massive castle sits upon a spur of the Ruthen Mountains overlooking two broad, long valleys. It is the ancestral home of the House Erlangen, they have dwelt here for time without count. The castle consists of several points. A massive tower and keep called the Tower of the Two Valleys, sits upon a large outcrop that overlooks both valleys. It is accessed via a narrow stone path that winds up to its mighty gate. The second series of walls are built around the Tower of the Two Valleys and the outcrop, this forms Mikleberg proper. These walls are tall and stout, constantly repaired and well manned. They encompass a vast area that allows for scores of buildings, houses, stables, armories, and the like. Stone towers mark every 100 feet of this inner castle. These walls encompass most of the mountain spur. The third series of walls are built in the country around the inner walls, they do not fully encompass the town but do fortify every low point and area where enemies can gain possible access. This third set of fortifications laps up into the Ruthen Mountains proper, blocking easy access from that direction.

All the structures here are made of white stone quarried in the mountains behind the castle. The buildings are orderly and kept

clean and in repair. The streets are cobbled but as the castle town is built into and around the mountain spur the streets and alleys snake up steep heights, wind downstairs, and snake between natural rocky outcrops.

There is a famous pair of taverns here, the White Stone House and the Lion's Tail that compete over the best-brewed ales and beers. It is a favored place for travelers. The dwarves, too, love Mikleberg and are often here in numbers, trading, drinking, visiting, or working.

The Baron Erlangen rules in Mikleberg. He's an older gentleman, retired from the long trail. He is welcoming to most strangers, particularly if they are paladins or holy men of any of the good-aligned gods. His throne room, found in the Tower of Two Valleys, called the Hall Upon the Clouds, serves him for feasts and visitations. He sits upon a high backed chair, slightly elevated on a dais of stone.

Total Population: 1,700

Human: 1,500 +/-

Gnome: 0 +/-

Halfling: 0 +/-

Dwarf: 200 +/-

Elf: 0 +/-

Government: The Baron Erlangen rules here.

Military: He fields a heavy complement of knights who both fight as footman and cavalry, they number 300 in all. They are reinforced with 100 arbalests. There are several ballista and catapults on the walls.

Economy: Tier IV.

Religion: The main temple here is one in the service of the god Durendale.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue, Dwarf.

Major Guilds: The Holy Defenders of the Flame.

NEW CASTLE

The fortified town of New Castle sits upon the upper waters of the Tarvish River. Situated on a rise above the river, safe from floodwaters, the roughly circular town sports a dozen wooden and stone towers. Her walls are over 20 feet high and 10 feet at the base. Battlements span the space between towers, each of which houses a heavy catapult. The town draws its wealth from the crops grown in nearby villages and hamlets, the many grain mills in the town, and various breeds of livestock.

It is the home of House Gottheld, the most ardent follower of Tefnut in all the realm. The Gotthelds have long held the land around the headwaters and have paid homage to the River Goddess even during the long Winter Dark. Though they welcome the paladins of Kayomar, none of the ruling family has ever taken arms in that holy order. A huge sprawling wood hall and temple stands upon the river shore. Here sacrifices are made and feasts held. It is the closest to the old world that exists in Kayomar. To that end, the priests and priestesses are forever

calling upon stout souls to venture forth in search of items of the Days before Days, when the Ethvold covered all the land (refer to **Codex Expansion: The Darkenfold**).

The people are as friendly or cantankerous as any, though they will brook no insult to Tefnut or her priests. Doing so results in a brawl at the very least, and at the worst, lashes from the Baron's executioner. There are a host of taverns and eateries here and much of everything one could want in the way of supplies.

The Baron is a kindly, approachable fellow, but an ardent follower of Tefnut, and is a high priest in that religion. He keeps court in the Tarvish Hall, a massive affair at the center of town, built of wood and stone and encompassing one giant hall and several side rooms. He and his family occupy one of the side rooms as their sleeping chambers.

Total Population: 8,650

Human: 8,000 +/-

Gnome: 200 +/-

Halfling: 100 +/-

Dwarf: 150 +/-

Elf: 200 +/-

Government: The Baron Ottowald Gottheld rules here. He has no council but rules in his own right.

Military: The town fields an impressive host of 400 men at arms, 100 knights and a hundred squires. With that 300 light horsemen and 100 arbalests and 50 bowmen. Many of these are paid for out of pocket. The town itself will put a further 700 militia into the field.

Economy: Tier IV.

Religion: Tefnut.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue, Dwarf.

Major Guilds: All the major trade guilds are found here as well as a strong complement of the Cult of the Swords.

NIEMANFORD

A small walled town on the far eastern edge of the Valleys, it lies beneath the shadow of the Shelves of the Mist. It is built of stone and wood carted down from the mountains or up from the forests. It rests on the high ridges just north of the Powder River. Her walls are stone though they are run down and show little signs of upkeep or repair. The battlements are intact but the catwalks are a mixture of stone built into the wall and wood that has replaced it.

Within the town the streets are not paved and subject to the weather, cold or wet. In spring they become rivers of mud. Wooden walks connect most of the houses so one can navigate the town safely so long as they don't cross the street.

Here people are friendly, a tough bunch of frontiersmen far from the rule of the Barons or King. They live relatively independently, gathering wealth from treasures stolen in the mountains, trade with Petersboro, some livestock, and farming.

The famous Black Cap Inn and Tavern dominates the town square, sprawling over a full block of the town. Here almost anything can be bought or sold.

A sizable elven community dwells just beyond the town walls.

Total Population: 5,300

Human: 4,000 +/-

Gnome: 400 +/-

Halfling: 300 +/-

Dwarf: 200 +/-

Elf: 400 +/-

Government: The Lord Marshal Carmen rules here. He sits in the Mayor's house with other knights in his retinue and governs as needed. He is a liegeman of the House Metterling.

Military: The town fields 200 men at arms, 50 knights, 100 militia, and some 400 demi human levis.

Economy: Tier IV.

Religion: No god is favored here, though several temples are spread throughout the town.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: Cult of the Swords, Stone Masons.

OLTENBRAND

This small, walled town services a wide country of farmers and herdsmen. Situated upon the road between Cotleberg and Ludenlow and in the heart of the Kingdom, it is secure and peaceful. The town is governed by a knight of no real experience and as such it has fallen into some disrepair. The walls are old and unkempt, the cobbled streets damaged and unpaved in many places and he has let, through apathy, people build up along the walls, both in and out of the town.

The outer town sprawls out in no certain order, following creeks first and then later climbing up the hills around the town.

The town has flourished despite, or because of, its lack of governance. People are prosperous and have built up homes and gardens throughout. Some parts of the town have noticeably decayed and given rise to a criminal element, thieves and brigands, lurking in the shadows and seeking to cut some nefarious deal for one thing or another.

In all it's a comfortable place for almost any who come here, whether they wish refinements or tend to be more salt of the earth people, Oltenbrand has it all.

Total Population: 5,110

Human: 4,500 +/-

Gnome: 100 +/-

Halfling: 200 +/-

Dwarf: 300 +/-

Elf: 10 +/-

Government: The Lord Knight Beramond, vassal to the King, governs the town from the Mayor's fortified palace.

20 CASTLES & CRUSADES

Military: Oltenbrand can field a small army of 300 mixed men at arms, guardsman, and arbalests. Some 200 militia augment the number and then Beramond's personal mounted guard of 25 knights and squires.

Economy: Tier III.

Religion: Several temples to the gods are found in town.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: Nachtkrichen and Asylum both have guilds here.

PALADIN'S GROVE

The holy shrine of the Holy Defenders of the Flame is found in the Paladin's Grove. Once the family lands of St. Luther, it holds the greatest relics of the order, including the Holy Flame and sometimes the sword Durendale.

The grove lies north and east of the Nordmark in Kayomar, between the Bergrucken Mountains and the Ardeen River. In 1129 md, King Morgan of Kayomar established the grove in honor of St. Luther. He ordered a shrine built to serve both the Holy Defenders of the Flame and one dedicated to the worship of St. Luther and Durendale. For the site of the shrine, Morgan chose the ancient family holdings of Pendagrance.

The grove encompasses 300 acres of wooded land surrounded by a low wall. A temple building stands in the center of it, along with a few smaller buildings for travelers to stay in and one villa for the King of Kayomar. The Holy Flame, in its dish of platinum, rests in the altar chamber of the temple. In further honor of St. Luther, the druids of the Order of the Oak came to the grove at the behest of Daladon Lothian and planted there a crop of silver birches and elms, said to be the offspring of the Trees of Mordius from the dawn of time.

The temple honors St. Luther, promoting his worship as well as that of Durendale. It is a place where people come for peace and to learn of themselves by spiritually traveling the Dreaming Sea, learning what they may from the Lord of Dreams. Others come on pilgrimage to learn what truth the Holy Flame can reveal. All who approach the Flame must be bare of foot. It is said that the sword Durendale lies hidden in the grove.

The temple is guarded by a Knights Marshal appointed by the Order of the Holy Defenders of the Flame. He always commands one battle of knights. It is serviced by clerics of Durendale and St. Luther who are in turn serviced by the Protectors of the Flame.

PENDAGRANCE

A small town and castle south of the Vendom Wood. It was once the seat of St. Luther before the coming of the Dark when he was a simple paladin. Now it is a small walled town of a few thousand with a large castle on a hill overlooking it. The town is defensible with well-kept battlements and towers. The castle itself houses a large complement of knights.

Pendagrance consists of mostly wood houses, though some of the wealthier citizens have built-in stone. The streets are

largely dirt, though cleaned, and planked on occasion to fight the weather. Houses are shingled, though some few have straw roofs. The town extends beyond the wall, but none are allowed to build within 100 feet of the walls.

It is a largely peaceful community, resting in the heart of the Kingdom. The main tavern, William's Pub, is a large stone affair with an attached inn. It attracts all manner of people from far and wide. The town is well supplied with most things and is often a jump-off point for people heading west for adventure. The town does suffer some incursions from the Vendom Wood, where it is said the spirits of that House still dwell (see below).

Total Population: 3,075

Human: 2,500 +/-

Gnome: 100 +/-

Halfling: 300 +/-

Dwarf: 75 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: The Knight Moraganlyn rules here. She is a vassal of the King.

Military: Moraganlyn can raise 50 knights from her vassals and the town can provide a further 200 militia and 100 bowmen.

Economy: Tier III.

Religion: Durendale, Ore-Tsar, and several smaller temples, a particularly unusual one to Mordius.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: None to speak of.

RAUS

Upon the far western edge of the Kingdom lies the town of Raus. It sits at the feet of the Rhodope Mountains, a bastion against the wilds of those ancient mountains. Her walls of dark stone are stout and wide, her gates of heavy wood are girded for war and built to withstand the wrath of giants, her towers are tall and outfitted with ballista and other machines of war. Stone houses and cobbled streets, towers and courtyards, halls and alleys all mark the town as a habitation with resolve.

Despite her warlike visage, Raus is a friendly place, the people robust in their love of life and welcome strangers as friends. It is well known for its ale and beer and roasted pig that is steeped in spices and agents known only to the cooks of her many halls. So popular is the roasted pig that travelers come from far and wide to feast in the halls of Raus.

The town is a bastion for the King, but one that is far from his thought and often on its own. Her people fight constant wars against orcs, goblins, gnolls, giants, and the occasional wild beast or monster that creeps or crawls from the mountains to the west. She gets little aid from the rest of the realm but for the occasional knight who comes to the frontier town to earn their spurs in battles that are not tourneys.

Many come here on their road to adventure in the west country, the high mountains. They gather in the winter when the snow



covers the gray-black shingles of the town and clings to the low hills, waiting for the spring melt and the season of plunder. Few return, but those who do, as often come back with tales of glory and wealth stolen from the long lost world of yesterday.

Total Population: 5,800

Human: 4,500 +/-

Gnome: 200 +/-

Halfling: 300 +/-

Dwarf: 500 +/-

Elf: 300 +/-

Government: The Lord Knight Commander Kane of Haralt rules in Raus. He is a liegeman of the King and holds the town, its land, and village in vassalage.

Military: Kane commands 200 men at arms and 100 knights, paladins, and horsemen. There are a further 40 city guards, a dozen rangers, and 14 constables he can use to man the walls. In times of need, he can call up the city militia which includes 200 regulars, 100 arbalests, and 50 archers. The demi-humans fight as well, putting some 50 dwarven warriors in the field, 70 halfling archers, 70 odd elves, and 20 gnomes.

Economy: Tier IV.

Religion: There is one large temple to Durendale here, but the folk of Raus pay homage mostly to Firthnach and have built him a mighty house of worship.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue, Dwarven, Gnome, Halfling, Elf.

Major Guilds: Cult of the Swords, Holy Defends of the Flame.

RIEHMS

This ancient city sits upon the northern plains of Lansdale. It dates back to the early days of the Tarvish Emperors and was even then a holy site. Its walls are ancient, a dark russet in color, tall and broad. The gates are old, with high arches mounted by statuary of the Holy Defenders of the Flame. Within the walls the town is much the same, all built from stone quarried in the Maedrumbaust Mountains far to the south. The buildings here

are old, two and three stories on average. The narrow cobbled streets and alleys wind through the town's various neighborhoods where priests, craftsmen, servants of the House Lansdale, and others dwell. The town is centered around the central square that stands before the Cathedral of Gerard of Koyamar.

The town is dominated by the massive Cathedral of Aeometh, a place of worship for the Holy Defenders of the Flame. This ancient building, shaped like a short-bladed sword has broad, green slate-covered roofs and three towers, all of which dominate the horizon. Here, for a thousand years and more, the paladins of the Holy Defenders of the Flame have anointed their brethren, inducting them into the Order, anointing them with the Permissions of Leave Taking, and granting their lifeless bodies the privilege to pass into the Stone Fields.

The town is considered a holy place, and though it has been overshadowed in recent years by the Paladin's Grove, it is far older and to the die-hard it remains the heart of the Defenders of the Flame. Here are stored some of their greatest weapons and the pennants of countless paladins who have died in the service of their Order. It is where the Master of the Order dwells with the wealth of his people. Many come to Riehms to seek penance or salvation, healing, or understanding.

There are several monastic orders here as well, devoted to Durendale, St. Luther, Corthain, and Glorianna.

Riehms is closely tied to the House of Lansdale as the town lies in their ancestral lands and remains one of their most powerful fiefdoms. For this reason, the Lansdales are closely aligned with the Paladins and both serve one another without fault and rarely with a question. They possess a large Hall, called Boling Hall, on the town square but their castle is some miles out of town.

The people here are goodly folk and are close and proud of the Order that dwells in their midst. It did not escape them that Riehms was spared destruction during the Winter Dark Wars at the Horned Gods' command. It was too old to be sacked and would better serve as a reminder of the power he had overthrown. Paladins, dwarves, elves, and other goodly folk were hung upon the gates and made to suffer all manner of torments, but the town itself was spared destruction.

Total Population: 5,800

Human: 5,200 +/-

Gnome: 100 +/-

Halfling: 100 +/-

Dwarf: 300 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: There is a Mayor and Council here, chosen by the townspeople. They answer to the House of Lansdale, paying feudal dues as required.

Military: The town itself can raise a levy of up to 500 citizens, generally well-armed and equipped. These include 75 arbalests and 50 archers. The Mayor has a city guard of 80 men at arms. The Lansdales keep a small retinue of knights here, about 20-

40 at any given time. The paladins have a complement of 200 paladins in Riehms, they range from the very young to the very old and retired.

Economy: Tier V.

Religion: Holy Defenders of the Flame, Corthain, Durendale, St. Luther.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: Holy Defenders of the Flame.

ROETTENBERG

A free city that lies beyond the confines of the Kingdom of Kayomar, Roettenberg is a large walled affair. Muddy streets, homes that range from the ramshackle to the ostentatious, taverns and bars, seedy dens of iniquity, wizards' towers, temples, and all the sundry dwellings that inhabit such towns mark Roettenberg as a wild town with plenty of opportunities and a great deal of risk.

There are a few small hamlets outside of the town and one or two villages. The people here are wild and rough around the edges. Many come here because they were driven from other lands, seek to hide from someone, or seek to live free of the feudal dues of the other realms.

The town attracts mercenaries and more. Hunters, trappers, and rangers come from the Tar Kiln and Micklewood to swap their wares. Rogues, thieves, adventurers, and the like come from the north and south to seek employment or query one of the many wizards in town as to the whereabouts of some item or another. All manner of riff-raff come to Roettenberg to make their way forward or to die in her streets, murdered by some assassin or pickpocketed by a thief. It is a wild and dangerous town, but one that draws many for the opportunity it provides.

She is ruled by a warrior and his sister, both of whom are too young for their skills upon the field and who are rumored by many to be a pair of undead high lords. Whatever the truth they are as evil as they are thought to be old. Clever, cruel, and arrogant, they rule the town with a subtle hand. They survive on the edge of the Kingdom by carefully working for and not offending the lords of that wide realm, for they know that the King, once roused to wrath, could lay waste to their town.

It does not escape them that their town provides the nobles of Kayomar and the King with hosts of mercenaries to people their ranks in time of war and that fact, more than all else, allows them to stay both free and alive. They live in a huge walled compound at the town's center where it is known that they feast and celebrate most nights, inviting guests as often as not.

Total Population: 12,400

Human: 11,000 +/-

Gnome: 500 +/-

Halfling: 350 +/-

Dwarf: 500 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: The Prince Cameranium and his sister Princess Donella rule the town. They are believed by many to be a pair of vampires.

Military: The pair command an impressive array of mercenaries roughly 1000 strong. They are fleshed out with a further 200 archers and 50 arbalests. Some 400 militia are raised if needed.

Economy: Tier III.

Religion: There are a host of small temples to many of the gods.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: Nachtkrichen, Muddles Inc, Asylum, Cult of the Sword.

RUTHEN MOUNTAINS

These mountains lie squarely in the Kingdom of Kayomar, but of old the dwarves claimed them as part of the Greater Kingdom of Norgorad-Kam. They are rich in iron ore, supplying Kayomar with much of its metals for their very large war machine. The town of Mickleberg is the font of this wealth of iron, much of the mine's product passing down mountain trails into the town.

The mountains themselves are stark, tall and difficult to cross. There are no roads and only a few trails into the mountains for beyond them lies the large, fast-moving Ardeen River.

It is in the Ruthen Mountains that the Holy Flame was first discovered in ages past.

SINSICH

Long ago the Baron Ered Sinsich constructed a castle upon a rise overlooking the small, meandering Little Red River. The Castle sported stout wooden walls, a spacious yard, and a great hall for him and his family. He pacified the country for many miles, bringing peace and security to its inhabitants. In time a village sprang up around the castle, including artisans, priests, craftsmen, shop keepers, and similar folk. In time, as the Baron's family grew in wealth and power, they fortified the castle's walls with stone and added a large keep. The town, too, transformed as wealth accumulated and the townsfolk built larger stone houses, cobbled the streets, dug wells, and with much aid from the Baron, built a wall around the town and castle. The town continued to grow and Sinsich's castle on the hill became a large castle of white stone and blue slate roofs. A third series of walls were built around the ever-growing town.

Sinsich is a large town, sprawling out from the castle at its center in two broad walled circles and a scattered of outbuildings built along the 3 roads that lead to the various city gates. It sits in the heart of the kingdom and enjoys the security of the House of Sinsich, the wealthiest of the Baronial families.

Here in Sinsich people are prosperous and the town shows it. It has stone houses, towers five and six stories high, temples to many gods, both indoor and outdoor bazaars, inns and taverns, and all manner of buildings. One can find just about anything in Sinsich.

There are three gates into town, The Erlangen Gate, South Gate, and Hearn Gate. They are generally open, only closed in times of war or unrest. The town itself sprawls beyond the outer walls, slowly clawing its way down the thoroughfares that lead out of town to other parts of the kingdom. A smattering of hamlets and small villages lie in the country around.

These are the ancestral lands and primary castle of the House Sinsich, they have dwelt here for time without count.

Total Population: 9,200

Human: 8,000 +/-

Gnome: 400 +/-

Halfling: 300 +/-

Dwarf: 400 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: The Baronial seat lies here, however the Mayoress Deanna Liz serves the Baron as the town's authority. She rules with a council of seven. The Baron rarely becomes involved.

Military: The town commands a levy of 550 men at arms, 50 arbalests, and 75 archers. Over 50 knights and squires dwell here as well. The Baron's retinue from the castle includes a further 80 men at arms and 30 knights and squires.

Economy: Tier IV.

Religion: There are temples to most gods in Sinsich.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue.

Major Guilds: Most trade guilds are found here as well as the Cult of the Swords and the Lothians.

STEIR

The broken country south of Lake Capuan and north of Roettenberg is well known for its multitude of tar pits, peat bogs, reed choked gulches, and stagnant pools. It's a rough country where any number of monsters have settled, digging dens deep into the mire. Men and humanoids have come here as well, building towers in the wilderness or dungeons, all to keep their treasures safe.

TARVISH RIVER

The Tarvish is a holy river to many Kayomarese for here on the banks of this river that the Valleys of Kayomar were opened to the Ethrum. Here Aedgen, Father of the Ethrum met Tefnut and she gave over to him the Ethvold (see above). The river itself is a broad, swift-moving river that follows a rocky channel from the Great Lothian Plains until it spills into the Ardeen Delta. It is clean, clear water filled with an abundance of fish. It feeds many of the larger towns in Kayomar, including Du Guesillon. Many small temples to Tefnut are found along its banks.

It is much changed since the days of yore, for then forests grew up to its very edge and reeds choked its banks. It is said by the wise that the river remembers those days and longs for the return of the questing roots and shadows of the trees.

TWIN FORKS

Sitting in the confluence of the Jung Mul and the upper waters of the Ardeen River, Twin Forks is the northernmost town of the Kingdom of Kayomar. The ground here rises to a high bluff that overlooks both rivers and here the first settlers built the original castle and town. Encompassing only a few hundred yards the castle was small, if defensible, and the town held only a few hundred people.

It has since grown, following the banks of both rivers and the fertile land between. The old castle and town, now fortified further with bastions and towers, is referred to as the Heights, the rest as Low Town. The second series of walls were constructed to protect Low Town, though these extended only from one river to the next and did not wall in the banks of the river. Dominated by four large towers, one each on the riversides and two around the gate, it proved a simple fortification; the riverside fortifications were left to the outer walls of the houses and buildings that overlooked the banks.

Much of the construction here is wood, with some stone houses mixed in. The Heights is cobbled whereas Low Town is not. The latter is subject to seasonal flooding when the rivers sometimes surge over their banks. The streets there are unpaved, though some of the market squares have been cobbled. The riversides of Low Town are home to scores of docks where boats come and go, bringing in goods from the south and sending out raw materials from the north. A ferry routinely runs across the river, but it often closes at dark.

The town is subject to many raids from the Blaudun Timberland. Bandits, orcs, and hobgoblins come down to prey upon the outlying villages and boats, or to occasionally attack the town. Seizing Twin Forks would be a prize for many of these humanoids. For this reason, the people are defensive-minded, but not to the point that they worry over the next raid. They are practical and understand they are a common target. And of course, they do not hesitate to launch their own punitive raids, striking deep into the heartlands of the enemy. To that end, they are forever hiring adventurers to go north, wreak havoc, slay chieftains, and lay waste to their power.

Total Population: 7,500

Human: 6,500 +/-

Gnome: 500 +/-

Halfling: 100 +/-

Dwarf: 300 +/-

Elf: 100 +/-

Government: The Mayoress Lenore rules here. She holds the town as a vassal to the King. She governs with only a wizard, a priest of Durendale, and a sage as her council.

Military: The town can raise an impressive number of men at arms, fielding about 400 when needed. They are of varying quality. There are 100 archers here and 50 arbalests. The paladins keep 50 odd knights and paladins here to assist on northbound raids.

Economy: Tier III.

Religion: A large temple to Durendale stands in the Heights, though other smaller temples to many of the gods, and Tefnut in particular, are spread about.

Language: Vulgate, the Common tongue, Dwarf.

Major Guilds: The paladins have a Garrison House here as does the Cult of the Swords. Several local thieves guilds run rampant as well.

UPPER JUNG MUL RIVER

The Jung Mul begins in the North Mark as a small, slow-moving stream snaking through the grasslands. It is difficult to spy before one is upon it. Its freshwater and shallow depths make it a favored spot for passing herds, which naturally draw predators of all stripes. It broadens as it passes into the more fertile lands to the east but does not pick up much speed until the Cross River spills into it. In its lower courses it runs deeper and is home to all manner of fish, including alligator gar and carp.

For more, see Jung Mul River.

VALE OF LOTHIAN

This valley lies nestled between the Silver and Ruthan Mountains. It is the ancestral home of the Lothian elves, famed for their struggles in the Winter Dark. Meltowg died at the Castles of Spires and Daladon rose to prominence as a Val-Tulmiph. It is a peaceful valley, occupied by several powerful though very elusive high elves. Those of good intent often flee to the Vale for refuge.

VENDOM WOOD

This small wood, located in the center of the Valleys is a remnant of the forests of old. It extends along the length of a long valley and a small river of the same name. Elm and hickory, some maple and oak dominate the forest. The ground here is fertile and the soils deep and well-watered. For this reason, the trees here grow tall and straight and choke out much of the underbrush. Paths wind through them, both animal and ranger. It is thought to be an enchanted wood, one that carries the stains of the Red Cloak of Ornduhl and is cursed. Monsters dwell in its deeps, beasts of the old world. People avoid it if they can. The forest was once the home of the House of Vendom, but that line has all but died out and those that remain live wild without castle, keep, or tower. They haunt the wood, to what end few can say. All this but adds to the wood's reputation.

WEST FORK RUN

The West Fork Run has its mouth in the ruins of Pendilion in the Lock El Tish. Here the flower of Kayomar stood and fell against Unklar during the Catalyst Wars. The town was sacked and the land poisoned. The river ran black for many long years after that and the stain of that memory surfaces from time to time. It begins as a trickle in the ruins and spreads out south of the city where several feeder streams give it new life. It tumbles rapidly south then, following deep channels until it broadens as it passes beneath the eaves of the Gorgon Wood. There it becomes

a dangerous river with a host of rapids that make traveling its course dangerous and costly. And at times the water runs dark, shades of the fallen of yesteryear. When this happens the water is dangerous to drink and those who do often pass into darkness and find themselves upon the River of Time. It is for this reason that the Blood Waters of West Fork are sought after by wizards, sages, and the like.

WOGAN BOTTOMS

This stretch of broken hills and valleys lies between the Powder and Danau Rivers. It is marked by dozens of gulches and narrow valleys, often filled with standing water and sluggish creeks. Despite this it is a fertile country, enjoying the rain and warmth of the Anvil Wind. It is dangerous, however, and though part of Kayomar little keeps it safe from the creatures of the Darkenfold, particularly wyverns and other flying beasts. Travel is difficult and slow-going as the gulches force one to crawl up slopes and down them again and then navigate the wetlands between.

This is the ancestral homeland of the House of Dernwaeg. They live here still and have a few small keeps to keep them. But they are poor and possess few vassals and little wealth. Despite this they treat with any of good intent who pass through their land, sheltering them when asked. They remember their house in the days of yesteryear when they stood as equals in the 18 houses. To this end there is adventure to be had in the Wogan Bottoms, as the family is forever in search of the Axe of Wotan, an heirloom they associate with their power.

WORTHINGTON

Worthington is a town of stone, wood, and stone and wood buildings. Parts of her streets are cobbled, others are dirt. She is marked by a multitude of small market squares where trade in foodstuffs, worked goods, antiquities, and other materials go on. There is no central square to the town, only the large temple to Ore-Tsar gives the town any particular focus point. Otherwise it is but a jumble of streets and alleys that coil in and around houses built almost on top of one another.

The town is walled, but the walls are poorly kept and not patrolled. Only the city gates are watched with any amount of consistency. This has led Worthington to be a safe harbor for all manner of people, both the good and the bad. It is one of the few towns in Kayomar where the thieves guilds operate with impunity. It is rumored that payments to the Mayor and his household are made regularly. Murder is not uncommon and thieves abound. Because of this, the townsfolk are a guarded lot and treat strangers carefully and cautiously. Windows and doors are shuttered and barred at night and men walk around armed. Those thieves who are caught are usually killed by locals, few making their way to the Mayor or his officers.

Despite, or perhaps because of all this, Worthington has the second-largest community of halflings in Kayomar. Their houses sprawl all along the northern part of town and their people are found everywhere. They are mostly rough characters, hard to deal with, intractable, and dangerous to cross. On the other side of the coin, they are quick to befriend and loyal to the end.

Codex of Athrøe

WORLDS OF EPIC ADVENTURE

Kayomar is synonymous with knightly virtues and the rule of law and order. Many castles, large and small, overlook the countryside where small villages abound. The land is rich in soil and produces crops of wheat and barley. The people lead a simple, prosperous life, content in the protection their lords offer them. But the valleys lay in what was once the heart of the Ethvold, an ancient forest where the fey made their home and they have not forgotten the forest and the plows that lay waste to her. They haunt the Valleys, coming from the Shelves of the Mist, the Darkenfold, the Ruthen Mountains and other lands besides.

The Valleys of Kayomar comprise realms of comforts and magic, of safety, and dangers of wild abandon.



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