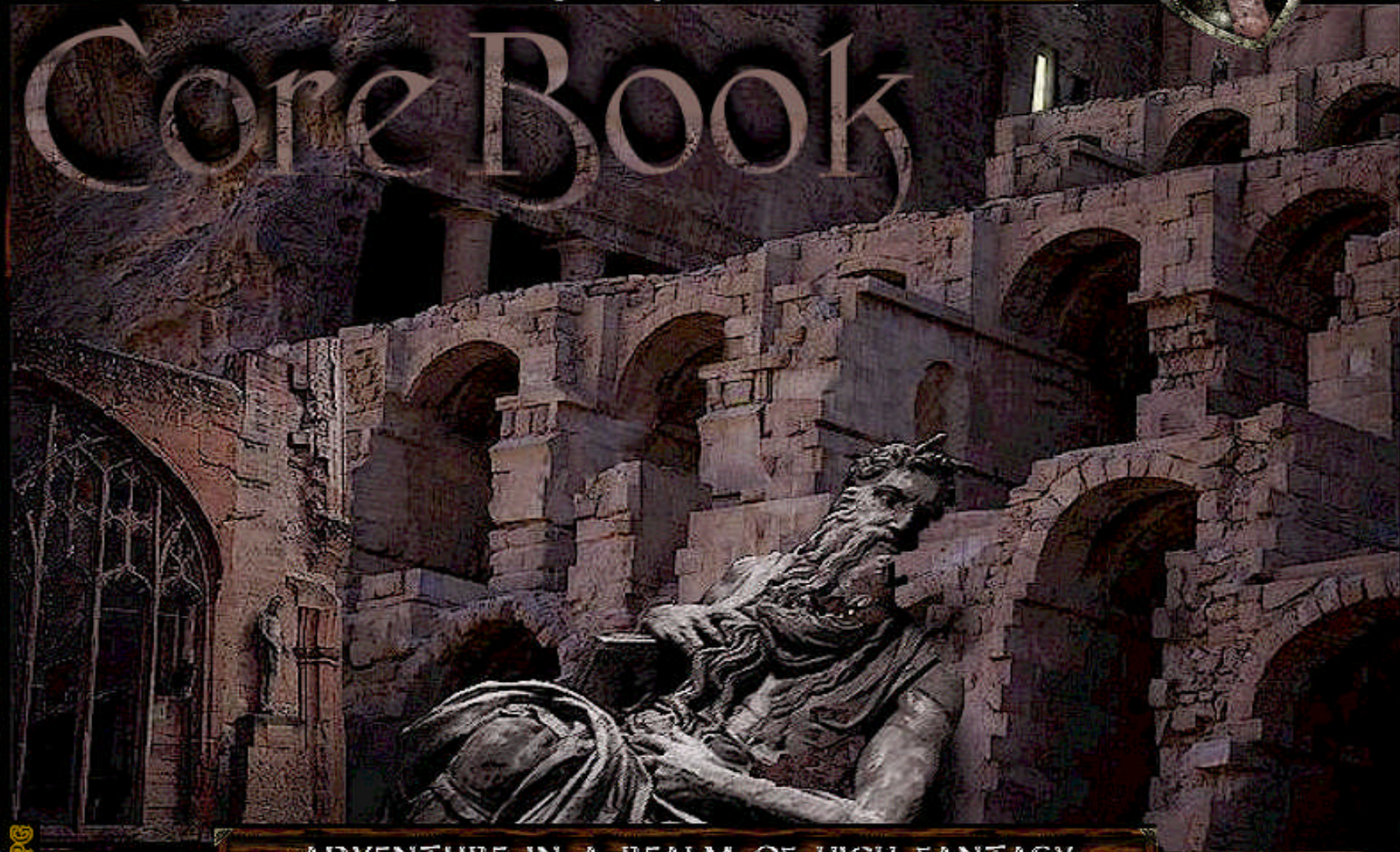


FOREVER PEOPLE GAMES PRESENT

Modermist

FANTASY CAMPAIGN SETTING

Core Book



FOREVER
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GAMES & RPG



ADVENTURE IN A REALM OF HIGH FANTASY

FOREVER PEOPLE
PRESENTS



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Maelstrom

FANTASY CAMPAIGN SETTING

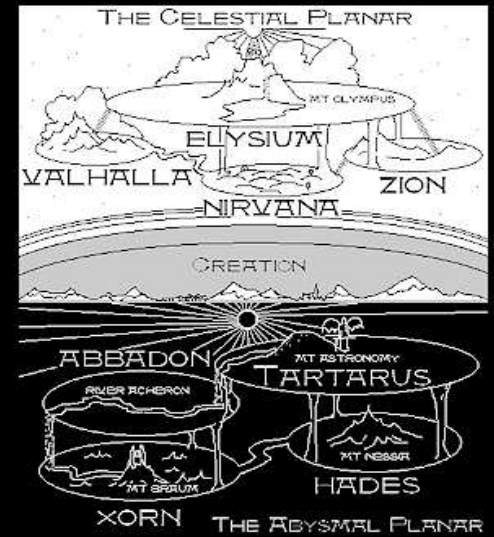
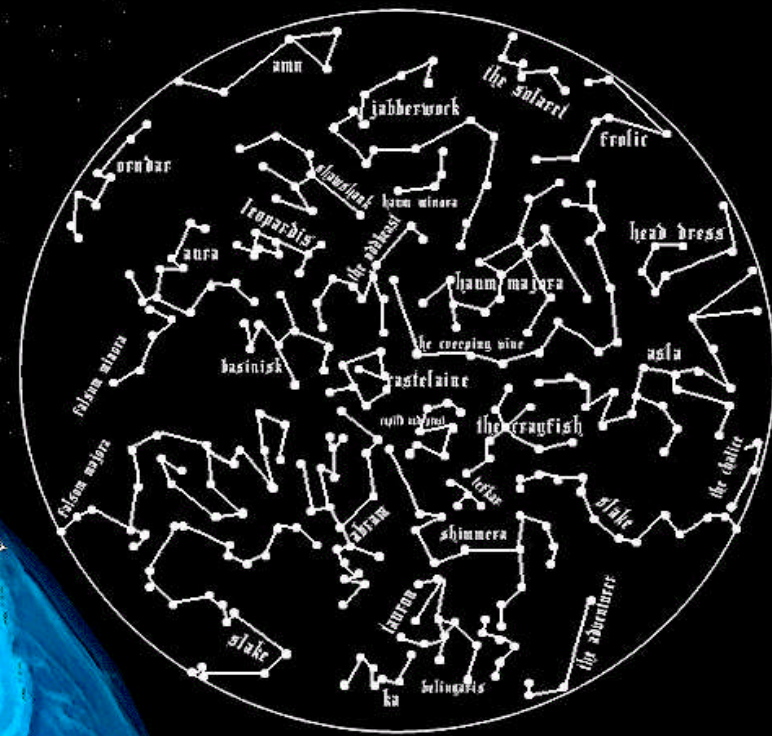
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the realm of Middlemist





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INTRODUCTION

The **Middlemist** campaign realm is the realisation of two different original aims. The first is to provide players of **fantasy roleplaying systems** with a **high fantasy** campaign world that doesn't stray too far from the traditional genre, but which provides a greater variation of fantasy realms beyond that of the medieval, simultaneously integrating many popular concepts from many different, and in most cases existing, sources. Our hope is that players can then enjoy all the benefits of many decades of fantasy development from a huge number of great **sword & sorcery** masters whose epic works are sometimes ignored in the modern milieu of game systems and realm settings. We have not stolen from our inspirations, but instead expanded on the ideas they originally put forward, the method in which almost all fiction and fantasy fiction in particular develops. Sources include J R R Tolkein's **Lord of the Rings**, **The Silmarillion** and **The Hobbit**, Tad Williams **Memory, Sorrow and Thorn** series, the celtic fantasies of **Katherine Kerr**, the dragon

tales of **Barbara Hambly**, **Janny Wurts** and **Michael Swanwick**, the science of **Terry Pratchett**, the classic tales of **C S Lewis**, the fantasy games of **Ian Livingstone** and **Steve Jackson**, and the **Forgotten Realms** series of fantasy fiction from **TSR** and the magical imaginings of **Ursula Le Guin**.

Of course, we have also introduced many fresh and original ideas of our own devising to the realm of Middlemist, not least the concept of the **Heart Stone**, the origins of the **dragons** and the unique time-twisting aspects of the **Age-Chasm**.

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Our second aim is to provide players of **play by email (Pbem)** games (the most popular and yet the most under-provided-for form of modern roleplay) with a campaign world they can easily and immediately access irrespective of location and experience. For gamesmasters of a more traditional tabletop setting, the entire file can be printed and stored in a ring binder, or, as is more advisable, the gamesmaster can print out only the parts he or she

needs for the game session in question, while keeping their PC or notebook handy should they need to reference anything unexpected.

There are no restrictions on the number of print-outs gamesmasters or players may make for their own personal use and the use of those who belong to their game group (players of gamesmasters, gamesmasters of players or players who play in the same gaming group). Printed files should **not** be distributed freely elsewhere and should **not** be redistributed for profit.

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THE REALM

Middlemist, a Realm stepped in archaic history, rests upon a great bell of hollow rock floating beneath the Celestial Heavens and above the shadowed void of the Abysmal Planar. The elves of Clanmarch call their world Shelmarch, (*Beautiful World of the Garden*) while the dwarfs know it as Alentek (*Forge Cradle of the Mountain*). The humans call it Middlemist, from the elven Middel Miist, referring to the Heart Stone Eurskellindor (*The First Great Gift*), heart of the giant dragon Neotip who surrendered immortality for the sake of his kin and saved the world from the dark forces of the empire.

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The world is a dome upon which the lands of the dwarf, the elf, the hobbit and the human co-exist. The great seas pour outward, toward the fringe of the dome. They cascade into the darkness, only to be sucked back into the hidden world of Undersea, a second dome beneath the first, there to travel back toward the hub and the great world-forging

Weight Sphere of Belril.

Before the oceans climb the shores of the heart land where Belril drags on all things, the waters are carried aloft on rising plumes of magical energy and the seas of Middlemist are renewed afresh. The rotation of the world continues ever onward as the sun and the moon orbit the whole. It is a great theatre of Creation, watched with rapt care and attention by the divine gods of the Celestial Court and the jealous demi-gods bound to the darkness of the Abysmal pit.

o

The realm is divided into three parts; the charted lands of Central Middlemist with their relatively dense populations, civilisations, roads and trade routes; the uncharted but well known lands of outer Middlemist, those to the far east, south, north and west where the terrain is at its wildest and only the brave, the foolhardy or the strong venture; and The Lands of Myth, the far lands beyond the known borders of the discovered world.

Also available in the *Middlemist* range of titles:

Middlemist: The Lands of Middlemist

Middlemist: History & Races

Middlemist: Sword & Sorcery

Middlemist: The Story of Creation

Middlemist: GM Reference Guide

Coming soon...

Middlemist: Bestiary Unleashed

Middlemist: Undersea





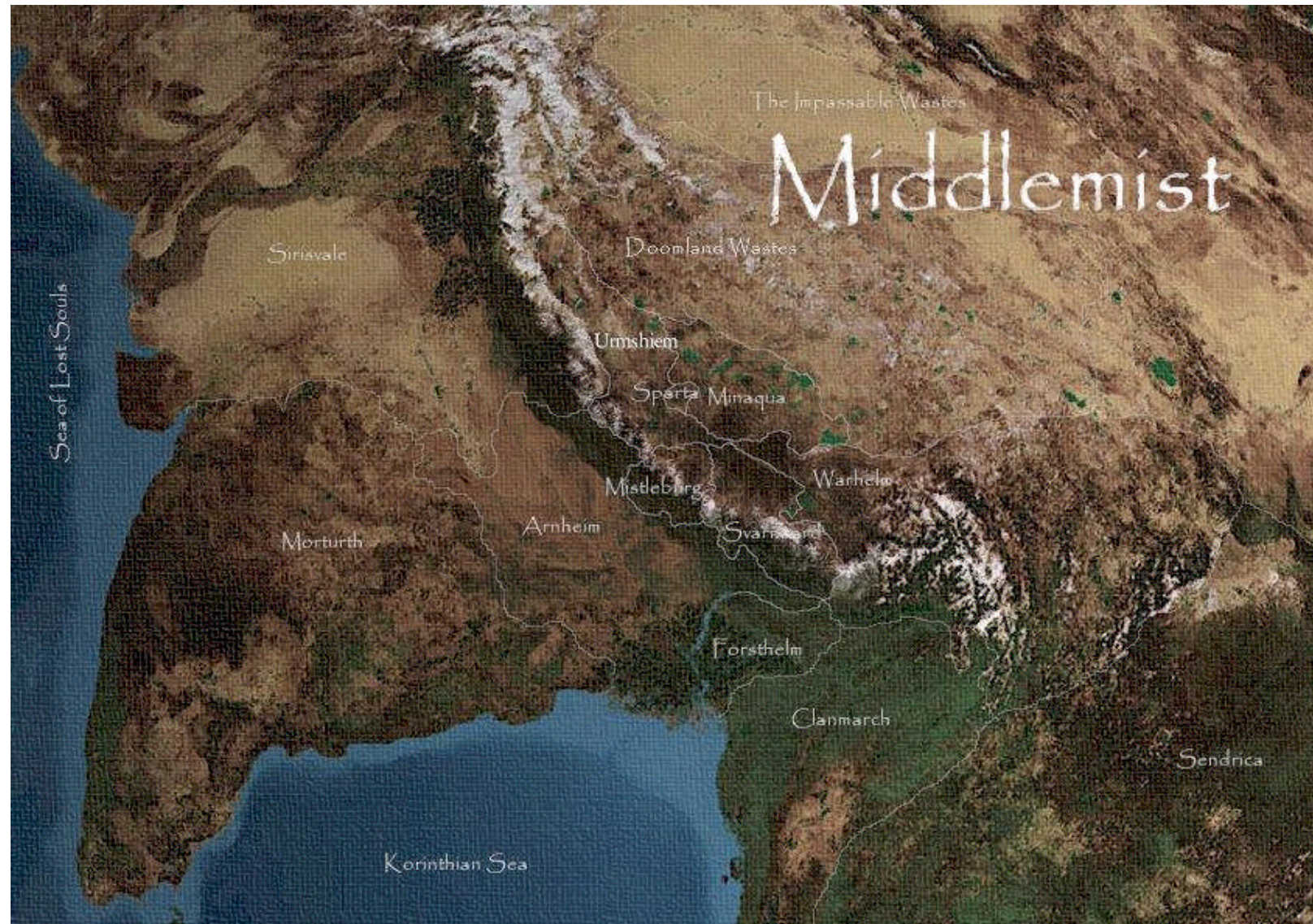
THE MAIN WORLDS OF MIDDLEMIST

Many are the worlds of Shelmarch...

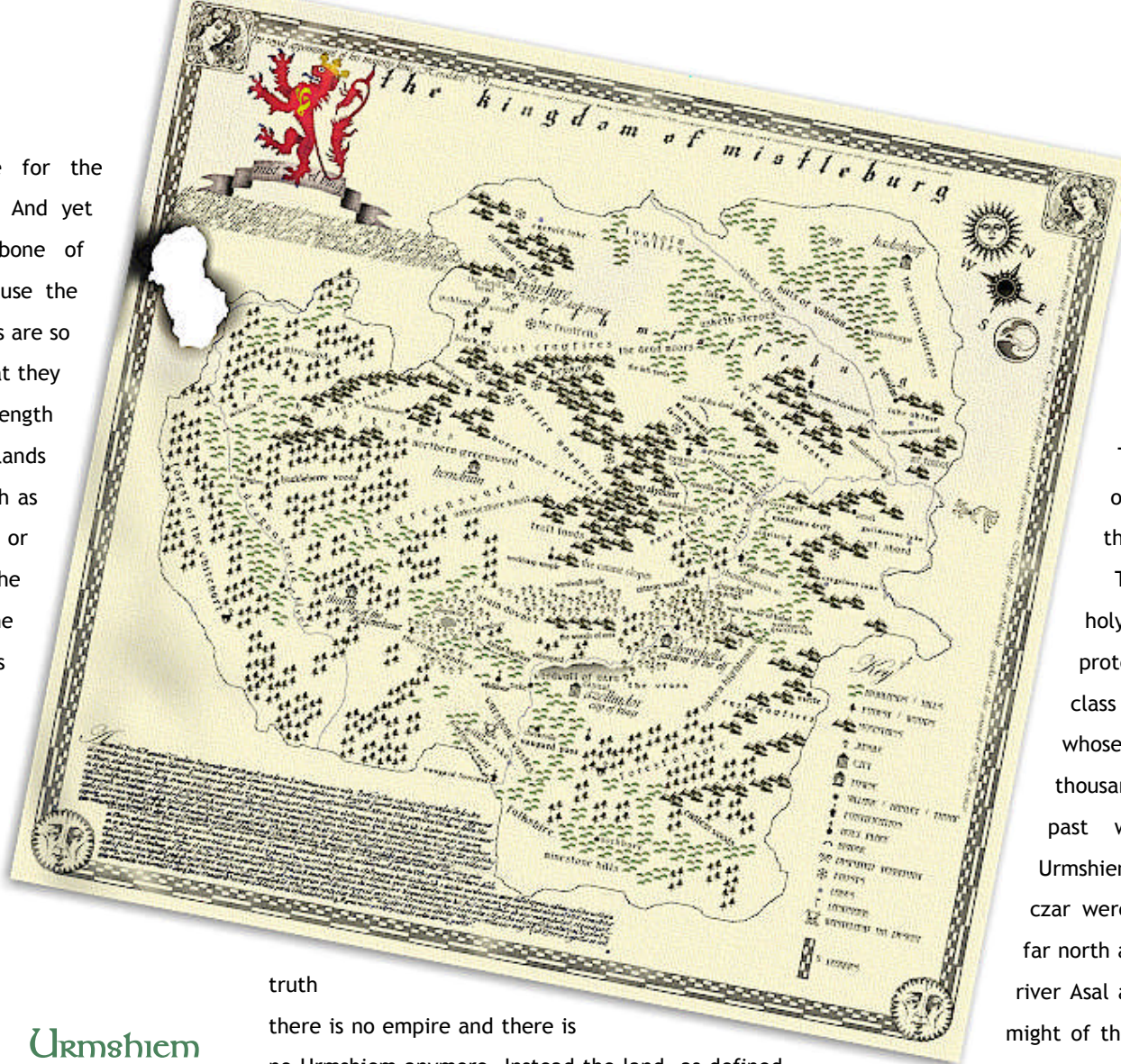
From the southernmost tip of Arnheim's dusty shore to the northern plains of the Impassable Wastes. Adventure awaits in the troubled kingdoms, the disputed territories and the wild lands. But beware the lands beyond civilisation, for the map-makers have never ventured there and doom awaits those who travel without caution or tread where the black lords hold dominion in their black sands.

Mistleburg

The Kingdom of Men lies at the heart of the realm known as Middlemist. This relatively small country, surrounded on all sides by powerful nations like Clanmarch and Sirisvale,



seems an unlikely candidate for the world's most civilised district. And yet Mistleburg is the true backbone of Middlemist. This may be because the humans, elves, dwarfs and trolls are so well combined in this region that they generate an extraordinary strength unseen elsewhere, even in lands where one race dominates, such as Warhelm, realm of the dwarf, or Clanmarch, far country of the true elves. Others claim the layout of the kingdom, its borders and the imposing chain of the Cragfires at its hub, lend Mistleburg an indomitability where the wide open spaces of other larger lands make for less easily defended borders.



Urmshiem

Gone are the czars of old .. The borders of ancient Urmshiem represent the old delineations set forth by the elves of Clanmarch when the empire of Urmshiem collapsed two thousand years ago. In

truth

there is no empire and there is

no Urmshiem anymore. Instead the land, as defined

by its epic borders, contains a strange collection of different cultures and civilisations, each one divided from its neighbour by wide open tracts of impassable terrain.

he deep South of Urmshiem is the seat of the original worshippers of Orin, deity protector of the Celestial Heavens and brother of the high god Tyr, lord of all the Gods of the Celestial Court and the Heavenly planar.

The Hills of Orin are a holy land, fiercely protected by an ancient class of clerical templars whose origins lie many thousands of full seasons in the past when the empire of Urmshiem and the rule of the czar were coming to an end. As far north as the Aruman crags, the river Asal and the Sea of Urm, the might of the holy templars can be felt. Evil lurks in many parts of Urmshiem, but in those lands touched by the presence of the templars, there is only prevailing tranquillity and peace.

Arnheim

Once were elves. Here in the desert world of Arnheim where once were lush green trees and endless forests filled with the piping lilt of elf music, there is now only the death of the great waste. For the elves used their one great power to oust an enemy of old and drained the land of strength and beauty from the treeline of Forsthelm to the borderlands of Sirisvale. Now the elf is gone from the south and men rule in their stead.

Clanmarch

Clanmarch is a green world of peace and tranquillity, ruled over by the mystical Clanmarch elves whose only brethren elsewhere in the world can be found nestled at the foot of the Cragfires in the Mistleburg region of Elvritshellia. Here the queen of the Mistleburg true elves, Lady Oerchinf, lives in the protected bosom of the civilised world, defended to the south by the humans of Azellindor,



but

since the Nirgal wars desperately unprotected to the north where the weak spot of Trollstone Pass might one day allow a new enemy to gain access to the elves.

Clanmarch is ruled by the elven King Alorim Aelandiar, son of Gellert Aelandiar and nephew to the elven Queen of Mistleburg. See also Gellert Aelandiar (People & Places - Heroes & Villains).

The kingdom is home to a great many species of elf, most of whom live in the deep forests or upon the beatific shoreline of the country.

Warhelm

The dwarfen land of Warhelm is a place of hard terrain, high mountains and impassable canyons. The mines of the three great dwarfen clans pepper the rich soil of the Realm. Smelting towers and elevator winches rise above the crags of the uneven landscape. Dwarf castles (bareft), stone forts (azgim) and keeps (falkrag) guard the passes between domains, the stalwart dwarfs who live within maintaining a careful and constant vigil on the sacred ground of their beloved ancestors.

Svarnaard

The feudal realm; Svarnaard and its capital Boritannia have twice fallen to the rule of outside forces, and twice been liberated by Clanmarch and Warhelm. A much watched country, Svarnaard stands as a wide borderland between the men of the west and the elves and dwarfs of the east. Should Svarnaard fall to enemies of either race, the peace of the two realms, one of the mountain, the other of the forest, might break again to war.

Sirisvale

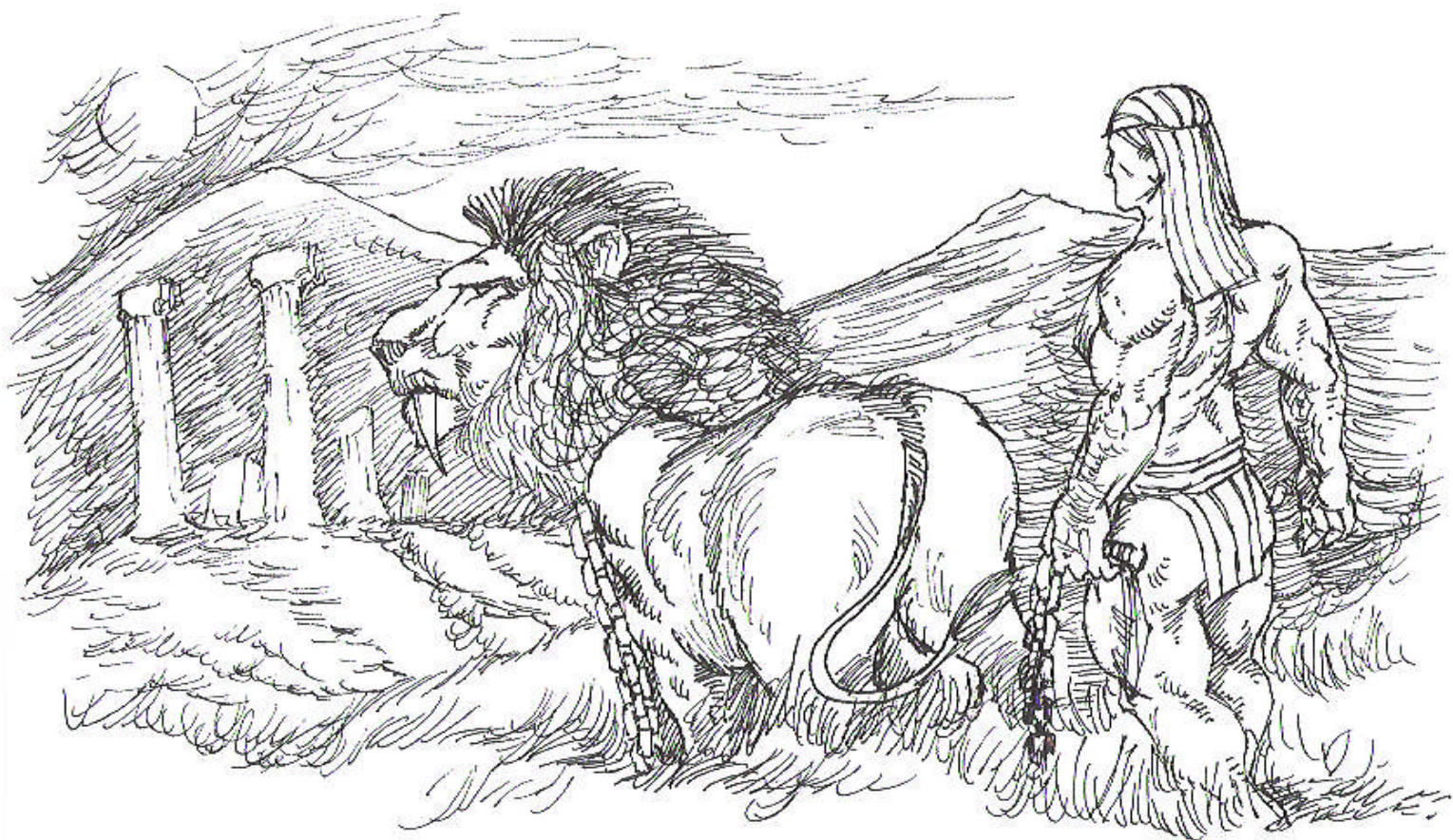
Sirisvale was once part of a greater empire covering much of the known world, including Urmshiem, The Doomland Wastes (south), Morturth and Arnheim.

In 4000pn the Mystic Star Siris roared from the sky and landed in the desert of Falling Suns where began an age of great destruction.

A continent-wide cloud of darkness enveloped the land and a magical shockwave broke across the

world, rising like a tide against the continental shelf of the Cragfire mountains to form the bizarre anomaly now known as the Age-Chasm (See Doomland Wastes). Much of Sirisvale's population, focused at the time around the fringes of the desert of Falling Suns, was wiped out. In the ensuing centuries of chaos the Sirisvale empire collapsed.

Today the crater of the Mystic Star harbours the city of Starfall, the largest and most advanced city in all Middlemist; a self-contained civilisation in its own right where great inventions of metal and machinery create an entirely alien way of life and the other territories of Sirisvale are shunned, shut out by a huge defensive wall of powerful magic.



Beyond the desert the old ways still remain to a lesser extent. The martial lords still hold sway over their various territories and wars are still common place. Mercenary fighters have become Sirisvale's most common export as a result of the country's ever evolving feudal system. Nowhere else in the world can an adventurer find quite such an array of fighting styles, warrior classes and weaponry.

Sparta

Land of the Hyderabad and Golconda people, Sparta is a dark realm offset to the north of Mistleburg and beyond the southern toe of Urmshiem.

Sparta was once a glorious civilisation of scholars, astronomers, astrologers, men of great power and even greater vision. Glittering palaces of purest silver decorated the land along with towering statues of gods and gargantuan colossus of sculpted gold. Legend tells of a bridge constructed entirely from diamond and a castle whose spires were forged from the glimmering bones of the only giant dragon ever to have lived upon Middlemist.

But history tells a bitter tale of ruthless power play, assassinations and royal feuds. A civil war rending the heart of great Sparta in two and the sorry fall of a great nation. Minaqua, Sparta's lurking

neighbour, home to all manner of evil and mystery, slowly infringed upon the corpse of Sparta, creatures of dark deed and heart stealing into the land to infest the stricken cities of the old country.

Minaqua

The land of small seas. The scholars of Naffarin believe the afterglow of Minaqua's mage war creates manna gateways through which the horrors of alter dimensions can crawl and infest the realm. Such horrors are unable to move far from their place of entry into this world and none are encountered beyond the coastlands of Minaqua's myriad lakes where manna swells in the depressed land and floats atop the surface of lakes like a clinging mist.

Morturth

Many centuries ago Morturth was ruled by men, and in particular king Ballometh who, it is said, made a deal with the evil gods of the Abyss and sold to them the land of Morturth (meaning 'dead land' in the original Morturth language of Gothic) in return for eternal life. Legend tells that Ballometh was aided into power by the black dragon Lorfar, whose own agenda would conspire to produce the entire



series of events leading to the birth of Nirgal.

Little is known of Morturth's history between 3000pn (pre-Nirgal) and 1800pn, but at this time the land was enslaved by the Lich-King Lothian, a creature who many scholars of the civilised realms believe may have been the undying incarnation of Ballometh, returned from exile to claim his destiny as rightful monarch of the Dead Land.



HE HEART STONE MIDDLE MIST

Neotip, the Giant dragon and lord of all the dragons, forfeit his own immortality to save his kin from the disease of Time and the aberrations of the evil gods. From his martyrdom, and his breast, came the Heart Stone Eurskellindor - Middel Mist, prized jewel of the elven nation and worn as an amulet around the neck of the elf queen Oerchinf.

Eurskellindor is widely regarded as the most potent artifact in all the known world and this is, indeed, the case, for it is first clay: that first nugget of magical soil discovered by Cicero in her Celestial garden. From this nugget came Creation, and all things within. And with Creation came the dragons, a race beyond the mere fabric of the universe we know. The dragon lord Neotip's heart enveloped the first nugget of clay, and in his death the nugget was freed to take its place within the reality of the physical world.

Only the elves know the truth behind Eurskellindor, and they guard their secret well. Only the Queen of the elves, she of utter purity and

empathy, may touch it, and only an elite collection of privileged elves may look upon the amulet freely.

Within the shimmering stone of clay the mortal eye will see a darkness enshrouded by pinpricks of dazzling light. Each pinprick of light unfolds to become a sun, and every piece of the darkness between becomes the unfathomable dimensions of time and space. There within the darkness the mortal will see worlds beneath suns. Then, at the very heart of the stone, they will see Middlemist revolving slowly, a perfect hemisphere of blue and green, the waters of its oceans cascading over the fringe of the world to be drawn inward by the inhaling mouth of Undersea. Above, the planar of the Celestial Heavens and below, the black Abyss of Draegor. They will see the gods, and they will see the four races, and in the shadow beneath Creation they will see the demon kings standing sentinel over the brimstone planes of hell.

The Heart Stone is Middlemist. Within its shiny surface lies the universe, and within that universe

lies the Heart Stone. The loop is infinite, but not invulnerable. To destroy the Heart Stone would be to destroy the universe. To possess the Heart Stone would be to possess the universe. To gaze upon the Heart Stone is also to gaze upon enlightenment and with enlightenment comes an inability to seek possession or power. Only evil in its rawest form can look upon Eurskellindor and ignore the humility of ultimate knowledge or use the stone to possess the world.





In 100pn (pre-Nirgal) The evil demon lord Nirgal was summoned to the land of Morturth by the evil Lich King Lothian in order to lead a vast army of orc and goblin against the civilised lands of the north and east. But Nirgal turned on the Lich King. He claimed the throne of Morturth then led the battle against Middlemist. But he was foiled in the land of Mistleburg, slain by the human hero Eldarin Orcsbane.

Nirgal was not destroyed but instead broke apart into seven component creatures, each possessing only a fraction the power of the whole. These seven stalkers slid away into the wilderness of Mistleburg where they remain to this day, searching for the three magical swords that will reverse Eldarin's blow and restore Nirgal to life.

The Nirgal War

Acting upon the grand plan of their evil demon lord, five thousand goblins marched along the Svarnaard border, Mistleburg's weakest area, and emerged upon the River of Mist. They were heading toward Azellindor, capital city of Mistleburg, avoiding the suicidal direct route via the impassable Ward Wall. The goblins intended to attack Elvritshella and steal the heart stone Eurskellindor for use in the final battle at Azellindor.

But Urmsheim had not fallen to Sirisvale mercenaries, as had been the plan, and word of Sethronia's survival soon reached the city of Kynshire, guarded by the strong Black Hand Army, a legion of soldiers loyal to the King of Mistleburg. Survivors of the Sirisvale hordes had been captured and interrogated into revealing their objective. Thus the allies learned of the goblin vanguard approaching from the north. The Black Hand army marched out of Kynshire to intercept.

The Kynshire army, led by Captain Azakdum, arrived before the goblins, but with the massing armies of the enemy upon their heel. In an attempt to delay the foe and get word to Elvritshella the soldiers made a stand in a small walled thorp named Travelmeet.

A terrible battle ensued. Most of the Black Hand were slaughtered and Travelmeet was destroyed. Azakdum survived and his descendants eventually settled a home on the site of Travelmeet in honour of its destruction.

The Travelmeet stand delayed the armies of evil long enough for a runner to take word of the attack to Elvritshella. Once they were free to abandon their posts the Elorim of Elvritshella and human knights from Azellindor marched to the aid of the Black Hand. They arrived just in time to save the last few survivors of the battle and repelled the goblin armies back along the river of Mist or west into the Trollstone Pass where many still dwell to this day.

Sethronia and Gellert Aelandiar

The son of a great elven king, Gellert is widely recognised as the greatest elven hero of all time. He was said to be as beautiful as he was brave, more powerfully built than the average elf, with a shock of thick black hair and piercing eyes of grey. His cloak was said to render the wearer invisible at will and his sword, Talon, was rumoured to be so thin of blade that it sang as it sliced the air.

When the border pass fortress of Sethronia came under attack from the Sirisvale hordes during the Nirgal Wars, word quickly reached Gellert.

He had been travelling in the Cragfires and had become an honorary member of a troll tribe living there. Thus he was the first to hear of Sethronia and made his way directly to the fortification to help.

Upon arrival he found the border post manned but overwhelmed. Sirisvalian soldiers were pounding the wall with huge war engines and demoralising the remaining defenders of the fortress (warriors from Salom and petrochem wizards from Pyrus).

According to legend, Gellert donned his magical cloak and sabotaged the Sirisvalian war engines. The enemy then had no choice but to rush the wall in numbers, attempting to break the stone with heavy

war hammers and battering rams.

Gellert took up a position at the foot of the wall and attacked anyone who came near. He could not be seen, but the singing of his sword Talon could be heard and the Sirisvalian attackers became terrified. At battle's end Gellert stood atop a mountain of corpses, fresh bodies falling with each swipe of his sword, elven armour red with blood.

Finally, a lucky Sirisvale arrow caught the elf's cape and tore it from his neck, revealing his position to the enemy. An ogre was sent in to deal the final blow and Gellert Aelandiar was killed.

Seizing their opportunity, the petrochem wizards poured forth spells of fire upon the mountain of bodies below, while the warriors of Salom poured what remained of their own oil into the flames. The subsequent fire raged for four days and nights.

The remainder of the Sirisvale armies could only wait until the fire burned out before tackling the wall again. But by then the dwarfs of Warhelm, had marched upon the site of Sethronia and arrived from the east. Most of the Sirisvale horde fled. Those who remained were duly slaughtered. Gellert's sword was never found but his cloak was retrieved. This artifact remains in the great Cicerean temple of Elúthastellithor, where it can still be seen behind the main altar.

Tardy Baskerville and the Seige of Thurm

Tardy Baskerville was a small and inconspicuous hobbit with a fanciful nature and a tendency to invent preposterous tales about himself. He lived within the village of Sackville in the northern Greensward of Mistleburg.

One day word reached the village of a terrible dragon named Neotroth haunting the wilderness northwest of The hobbitlands, stealing livestock and terrorising the local village of Tumbledown.

Without thinking (as was his way), Tardy invented a wonderfully unlikely tale in which he once defeated a dragon single handedly with only cunning and luck on his side. The story was only intended for fun and the ears of drinkers in the Merry Maypole but when rumours began to spread of Tardy's prowess his presence was called for in the woods and hills of the northern hobbitlands. A dragon slayer was needed and Tardy was the only qualified slayer in all Mistleburg.

So it was that a terrified Tardy made his way toward Mirewood, shivering and shaking in his boots, certain he would never return home to his nice little hobbit hovel and the Merry Maypole where most of his stories were born.

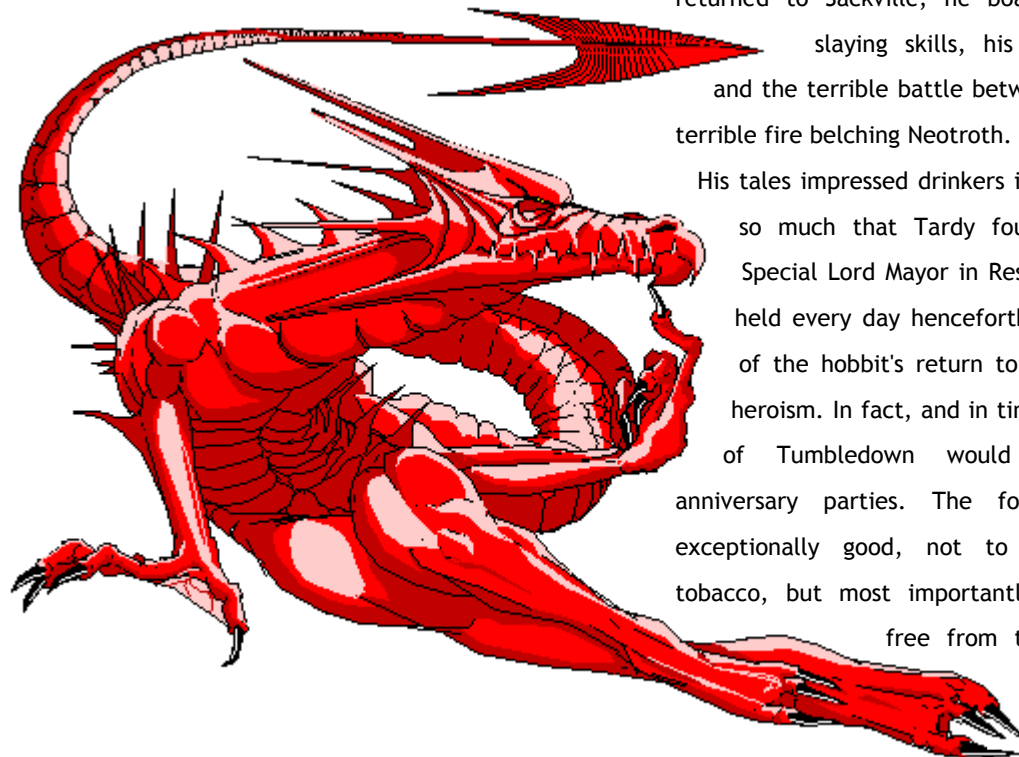
As he stumbled alone through thicket and over tangled roots he vowed never to tell a tall tale again for so long as he lived, which would not be long, he assumed, if he ever found the dragon he had been sent to slay.

In the end, the dragon found Tardy, but turned out to be a rather pleasant sort of beast and in no way terrible or dangerous. In fact when Tardy explained how frightened the people of the north had become, Neotroth was appalled. True enough, his hunting grounds had widened in recent moon seasons as a result of mating patterns in Mirewoods hart population, and he had recently travelled through the region of Tumbledown on his way back from some trouble in the east, but he had no intention of terrorising anyone and if he killed livestock he did so only because he thought the livestock looked tasty. He had no idea animals could *belong* to people and he found the thought quite repugnant.

Tardy asked very nicely if the dragon wouldn't mind widening his hunting ground on the other side of Mirewood where the lands were almost devoid of human settlements. Neotroth, being a benevolent sort of dragon, agreed wholeheartedly with this plan and Tardy considered his mission a total success.

The hobbit stayed in Mirewood for many more

days, enjoying the company of the dragon and a short holiday in the woods. In time he met with one of Neotroth's best friends, a gruff but friendly fighter named Eldarin Orcsbane who called into Mirewood from time to time to see how Neotroth was. Eldarin had rescued Neotroth from the dungeon of an evil warlock some moon seasons before, or so he claimed, freeing the dragon and destroying the warlock in turn. These days Neotroth considered Eldarin his very best friend, while Eldarin considered the likeable dragon a kindred spirit.



When Tardy decided the time had come to return to Sackville, Eldarin and Neotroth insisted on accompanying him along the dangerous road to the edge of Mirewood, there to wave him on his way.

Along the road they enjoyed some exciting adventures and shared many interesting stories and when finally Tardy set off for home he felt he was leaving behind two great friends and events he would cherish in his memories for full seasons to come.

And yet, despite such a baptism of fire, Tardy Baskerville did not learn his lesson. For when he returned to Sackville, he boasted of his dragon slaying skills, his impressive courage and the terrible battle between himself and the terrible fire belching Neotroth.

His tales impressed drinkers in the Merry Maypole so much that Tardy found himself elected Special Lord Mayor in Residence. A party was held every day henceforth on the anniversary of the hobbit's return to honour his amazing heroism. In fact, and in time, even the hobbits of Tumbledown would come to these anniversary parties. The food and ale were exceptionally good, not to mention the free tobacco, but most importantly Tumbledown was free from the 'tyranny' of the

dragon and they had Tardy Baskerville to thank.

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But a lie, it is said, will travel the world in full and return to its maker before he dies, and Tardy's lie had the legs of a formidable traveller.

Word of the hobbit's slaying powers had travelled far and wide, and in particular to Thurm where suddenly the people of that city found themselves living in the shadow of certain death. Death and terror at the hands of a terrible enemy.

The evil Lord Nirgal, a creature more dreadful than anything upon the soil of Creation, was crossing The Greensward in the direction of the city, and with him marched a vast army of bloodthirsty orc.

None could come to Thurm's aid. The region of Travelmeet north of Thumblegrain had come under attack by swarms of goblin and both the humans of Azellindor and the elves of Elvritshella feared the goblins might break through the meagre Travelmeet defences and attack their cities. Yet hope still remained. For if anyone could stop the awful advance of Nirgal, Tardy Baskerville the dragon slayer could!

Thus a messenger ran his horse as fast as he could into the hobbitlands and there thumped upon the door of poor unsuspecting Tardy, demanding an audience with the great slayer of the west.

Tardy panicked. He could no more slay Nirgal than he could mow his lawn with a blunt sickle. Even if Nirgal lay down and allowed Tardy to hack at him with a sword the hobbit wondered if the demon would feel very much before the sword blade became blunt. But here he was, called upon by the city lords of Thurm to rescue, not just a city, but an entire kingdom from destruction. His task seemed insurmountable and he finally realised how silly he had been to tell such terrible lies.

Luckily Tardy possessed a great presence of mind (quite typical of hobbits), and gave the problem a great deal of thought before undertaking any action. His inventive brain (so imaginative when designing tales tall and untrue) eventually wandered to a solution.

Without hesitation he reigned his two mules Madge and Fudge to a small wooden cart, packed the cart with supplies enough to see him through a journey to Mirewood and rode north into the forest as fast as his two laden beasts could trot.

There he found Neotroth basking in the sun and implored the dragon for help. He spoke of Nirgal, the wars in Trollstone and the death of Gellert in Sethronia, the impending siege of Thurm and the dark lord's ambitions for world domination, all this relayed to him only a few days earlier by the

breathless messenger of Thurm.

He told Neotroth of Nirgal's power, how the dark lord would likely turn Mistleburg into a grassless, treeless desert of black soil and brimstone populated by hordes of enslaving orcs and tribes of vicious goblins. He feared Neotroth would be indifferent. After all, why would a dragon worry about the fate of men, elves and hobbits when their lives so rarely impacted his own?

But Neotroth seemed troubled. In fact, he almost seemed to have been expecting the news. The great dragon reared up on his hind legs and gave the southern horizon a ponderous look. He muttered darkly, something about Lorfar and wicked kings of old. Then, without further ado, he promptly ate Madge and Fudge (presumably for energy), swung Tardy onto his back and flew directly to Kynshire where he demanded to see Eldarin Orcsbane.

Once the beleaguered and terrified people of Kynshire realised the dragon had come for one man and not to eat the entire population of the city, they sent for Eldarin who came at once.

Tardy explained the entire situation to an astonished Eldarin, who agreed that a drastic course of action was required. Together, he decided, the unlikely trio would fly to Thurm and rescue the city from the evil of Nirgal. The odds of success were

slim, but the alternatives seemed as sparse as a mule's imagination and besides, Eldarin's powerful sword Thorn might yet be a match for the evil lord of Morturth. It was, after all, the ancient sword of a king, and a blade imbued with strange powers.

And so the most evocative scene in modern history unfolded about the gargantuan legs and feet of the Thurm Phalanx.

Neotroth swooped upon the hordes of Nirgal's orc army, driving in time and time again to decimate the ranks with his fiery breath and lethal talons. From his back Tardy Baskerville fired his small hobbit bow whilst cowering behind his shield.

In truth the small hobbit killed only one or two orcs, such was the poor nature of his aim. But this fact would do little to detract from the legend of Baskerville and the enduring stories thereafter. For here was a hobbit capable not only of slaying, but of commanding dragons!

A hobbit with the strength of an entire army and the courage of a thousand heroes!

The true battle for Thurm took place at the foot of the city walls and in the shadow of Thurm's mighty front gate. There Eldarin spied Nirgal and with his legendary sword Thorn in hand the fighter engaged the awful lord of blackness in combat.

Nirgal was mortally wounded by Thorn and sank to

the ground where he dissolved into a crimson bubbling mass of molten rock. Seeing this the orcs turned and ran, their campaign of terror at an end.

Neotroth and Tardy returned to the village of Sackville where the hobbit folk were most surprised to see the apparently slain dragon up and about and looking rather healthy (despite fairly bristling with orc arrows). Tardy was forced to come clean about his lies and henceforth lost the title of Special Lord

Mayor in Residence, although he did receive a knighthood from the king just as soon as his heroic quest to save Thurm came to light. Curiously, no matter how hard the hobbits of Sackville tried to persuade the rest of the world their disgraced Lord Mayor was little more than a sham, they never succeeded. The name of Tardy Baskerville passed effortlessly into the annals of Middlemist folk-lore and stayed there forever.





Many Middlemist races will be familiar to the seasoned gamer. The campaign is designed for easy integration into an existing game system so, with this in mind, we've maintained the classic elements of class and race while injecting both with unique histories and new sub-classes.

Statistics, attributes and dice-specific information has been omitted, allowing you to use each race more freely with the game system of your choice. Close attention has been paid to history and culture as opposed to attributes and original creations.

Man

And Aristotle named them men; men and their wars, men and their gold, men and their cities, their governments and their lust for power. Man; enemy and ally to all the many peoples of the world. For no race is so capricious in their dreams, creeds and desires. Some will fight, some will love, some will

thieve and some will give, though such men are rare. All will pillage the land without care or thought, even those who purport to love the creation of clay: the druid or the mage, reaping herb and leaf for their own futile ends. To the elves they are Aermatt (Duplicitous Ally), to the dwarfs they are Morik (Bold Ally). The hobbits know them only as 'the giant folk'.

Elf

When Cicero made the Garden of Creation, she gave to the Garden the gift of a most splendid flower, and its name was elf. In their own tongue they are the Clandar - beloved family whose children are of the land.

The Elf is the sacred keeper of the Heart Stone and the natural lore of Eurskellindor. They are the walker on the wind, moving silently between the trees and across the lush green grass of Erevan's domain.

Dwarf

Dumathoin climbed from the Valhallan Halls beneath Mount Balim and gazed upon Cicero's garden. He took great joy in the making of clay jewels as gifts for the people he had moulded to resemble himself. He called these people dwarf and encouraged them to make homes in the mountains where he would delight in hiding jewels for the tiny burrowing people to find.

Hobbit

In times of old, before the warring of Heaven Yondolla, the quaint god of vegetable patches visited Creation and gave his own gift to the garden of Cicero. Its name was hobbit, made in the image of Yondolla, to bring civility and gentleness to the world of Middlemist. Yondolla is gone, destroyed in the Celestial war. But the hobbit endures and ever shall.

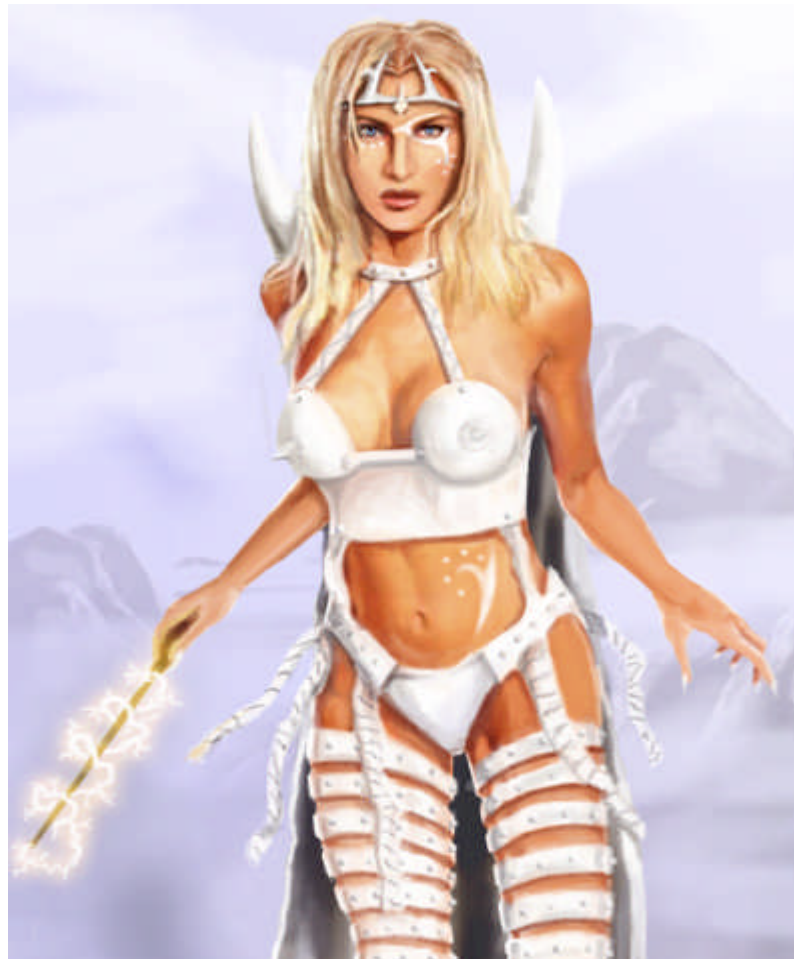


REACTION

In the days before Time was discovered by Locke, the god of mischief and luck, and evil was unleashed onto the logic of all living things by Draegor, the gods languished in the great Celestial court of the heavens. There were a great many gods then, hundreds of them, and each was different, with myriad lesser gods serving beneath them, those lesser gods in command of even lesser deities, all with their own personalities and tasks to perform. There were no years, months or days, no god aged or died, but many were born into the Celestial land, brought into being by new ideas and discoveries.

All the higher gods and goddesses had magical powers so they could do anything they wished. But even though they were gods, few of them had much to occupy their timeless lives. Some deities amused themselves creatively. Faust and his three brothers, Apocalypse, Belze and Mort amused themselves by disassembling lesser deities and demigods

into their component parts, watching with great delight as the other gods attempted to put them back together again and restore order to the court. But even these often spectacular endeavours



became monotonous. At this point in the heavens the gods numbered many thousands but there were only a handful of important gods. They were the Vault of Elysium, the most powerful of all the gods who dwelled upon the beautiful peak of Mount Olympus. They numbered some five hundred and were led by the infinitely just Tyr and his wife Sorcera.

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While working in her garden upon the great plateaux of Mount Olympus, as was her most beloved occupation, the lovely Cicero, daughter of Tyr, came across a peculiar sort of soil; a great lump of clay with magical properties, pulsating with a strange and potential energy. She took the clay to the Higher Court, presenting it as a gift for her father Tyr, lord of all Heaven.

Tyr was intrigued. In the clay he foresaw something quite remarkable. A future of unfolding events which would change the

face of Elysium and provide the bored gods with activities to last the rest of eternity. He divided the clay into five equal parts. He gave one part to Cicero, one part to her brother Aerdry, one part to her brother Erevan and a fourth part to their mother Sorcera. The last part of the clay Tyr kept as his own for safe keeping, instructing those to whom he had gifted the four previous parts to create something interesting with which to inspire the weary and indifferent deities of Elysium, Zion, Nirvana and Valhalla.

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The goddess Cicero created a beautiful garden from her clay, a place of shimmering lakes, lush meadows, rolling hills and towering mountains. Erevan saw Cicero's creation and became inspired. He created trees upon the grasslands, tall spruce and mighty oak, leafy elm and weeping willow. Aerdry too was inspired upon seeing the creation of his brethren. He joined his clay to theirs, creating a life breathing wind which ruffled the leaves of Erevan's trees and rippled the grass of Cicero's meadows. Snow sprinkled the mountain peaks and mists gathered in dale and mere. Finally Sorcera saw the magnificent creation of her children and wept with joy. Her magical tears dropped onto her own clay which she gave to her children to add to



their own as living people made in their own image, to place within Creation to enjoy the garden as their home, for the goddess could think of no other thing of her own that might make the garden of Cicero more beautiful or interesting.

The gods took their creation to Tyr who also wept with joy when he saw what they had made. He called the other gods to the court and they looked with wonder and intrigue upon Creation. For there

in the beautiful garden, the people - images of Cicero, Erevan and Aerdry - lived tiny lives in tiny landscapes, their fates foretold by their actions, their actions foretold by their personalities, their personalities forged by the gods.

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In time other gods of the Celestial Court and of the other Celestial plains took interest in Creation, each finding intrigue in some particular facet of the

whole, moulding and remoulding the original work of the three siblings to their own liking, then entering the land to play and frolic with their ideas.

Dumathoin climbed from the Valhallan Halls beneath Mount Balim and gazed upon Cicero's garden. He took great joy in the making of clay jewels as gifts for the people he had moulded to resemble himself. He called these people dwarf and encouraged them to make homes in the mountains where he would delight in hiding jewels for the tiny burrowing people to find. Aristotle travelled from the distant plain of Nirvana in order to join with the forging of Creation. In his great wisdom he introduced currency and wealth to his chosen people of the world, whom he called human, for without this he believed they would descend into the chaos so beloved by the dismantling gods of Draegor's court.

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The people were industrious and the things they made from Erevan's trees and Cicero's stone were lovely. Trade and currency became common. But there seemed no reason for the people to continue trading once they had all that they needed, for the garden was there to be enjoyed by all and all things could be shared. So Aristotle's brother Voltaire was called from the deep hills of Nirvana and he created

power, providing motivation that the people might indulge in trade and currency for a greater purpose than mere sustenance.

Voltaire's idea worked and the two things led to the rise of nations, cities and governments. The gods looked on with delight.

Sometimes the people would squabble, and sometimes they would fight, although the gods ensured no injuries were sustained, for the small people were precious and the gods were sore afraid the wars would cause harm to their wonderful garden. Creation was thus far unspoiled, but as it evolved so too did the rise of the fighting people who held little regard for race or creed and wanted only to indulge in Voltaire's invention of power.

Dumathoin feared for his peaceful dwarf and called upon Marus who climbed from the spires of Balim along the spine of the Vallor Stair and introduced strength to rid the world of powerful bullies. He gave strength to good people and they used it to balance Creation, standing up to the swaggering followers of Aristotle and Voltaire while helping the followers of Cicero's original vision uphold their beliefs.

And so, as more gods came to the High Court to look upon and join the forging of Creation, they each rediscovered interest and purpose. The

boredom of the timeless age was vanquished and the gods were merry.

Cicero and her brethren walked in the garden of Creation, swimming in its waters, flying with the birds (a new concept of Aerdry's making), prancing from mountain peak to mountain peak and watching the world from the leafy treetops of Erevan's great green forests.

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But some gods were jealous of the attention Creation brought the gods of the High Court and they gazed upon Elysium with a deep resentment, lurking instead within the grey mountains of Zion and upon its wide savannah plains where the great dismantler, Draegor, found them and constructed the foundations of a common grudge.

None of the people of Creation looked anything like those gods of the common grudge, and nothing of the garden followed their particular ideas or inventions. They had not been invited to Mount Olympus and believed themselves to be shunned by Tyr and his family, though in truth few gods had received invitation. Most who travelled to Elysium had done so out of sheer curiosity.

Draegor knew Tyr had shunned no god, but encouraged the rumours and nurtured the paranoia of the begrudged. He agreed, with himself

primarily, that the gods of Zion were not entertained by the idea of Creation. They were the dismantlers of the bored age and the games they enjoyed were not appreciated by the High Court.

They disapproved of Creation's perfections, its beauty and its lack of chaos. The gods of Zion heard Draegor's words and thought them wise. They formulated a cunning game in which they would infiltrate Elysium and toy with the perfection of Cicero's garden.

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And so it came to be that Locke, the god of luck and mischief, was sent from Zion into the lofted halls of Mount Olympus to spy on the gods and study Creation.

Locke was a unique god and saw things no others saw. Thus it was that he alone noticed something no god had detected within the revolving nature of Creation. Cicero's garden seemed to move in a direction all its own. It followed the normal dimensions of forward and backward, in and out, down and up but it also seemed to do something else. Locke called this discovery Time, but kept it to himself because he wanted to use the information to his own advantage and, in his paranoia, feared Tyr may claim the discovery of Time as his own.

But Draegor had already noticed Locke acting suspiciously upon his return from Elysium. He had been keeping secrets and avoiding Draegor's attentions. Draegor was the most bitter of gods. He loathed Tyr and wanted nothing more than to murder the high god and take from him the throne of Elysium itself. Draegor also saw many great potentials for Creation, but knew he could never instigate his own ideas while Tyr presided over the High Court.

Draegor called to his side Faust and his three brothers, Astronomus, Apocalypse and Belze. He asked them to tease Locke and cajole the secrets from him.

The four brothers agreed, sensing Draegor's ire. They harried Locke across the plains of Zion until they cornered him beneath the great white mountain of Oolite. There they called him cowardly. They lied and insisted the company of the grudge was only formed because Locke had upset Tyr. All friends of Locke had been refused entry to Elysium as a result and now the shunned gods were angry because they had chosen loyalty to their friend Locke over a chance to enjoy Creation. Locke had repaid them by keeping secrets and skulking in the shadows of Zion's foothills.

As Draegor had hoped, Locke was incensed by the



words of the four brothers and declared his secrets to prove his loyalty to the company. In his anger he told of Time and Draegor knew the secret.

Henceforth, Draegor intimidated Locke, manipulating him with lies. He spoke of mischief and luck, that Locke's discovery had rendered the disease of Time real within the world of Tyr's children. Time would rot away the beautiful garden of Creation and that rot would destroy the Celestial Court. The gods themselves would die. Locke was alarmed. He begged Draegor for help and naturally, Draegor agreed, advising Locke to steal the last of the clay from Tyr's hall. With that clay Draegor could forge anti-time and undo Locke's error.

Locke returned to Elysium and stole the clay. He returned his prize to Draegor, but Draegor had no intention of fixing Time. Instead he divided the clay and gave equal parts to the brothers Faust, Apocalypse, Belze and Astronomus. He instructed them to create their own additions which he would personally place within Creation. Together they would make their mark upon Tyr's world and bring their own visage to life upon Creation's soil.

The existence of Time would allow their constructions to run amok. Tyr would be bound by Time, powerless to prevent the desecration of his beloved world.



Faust created death. The people of Creation would no longer enjoy the garden eternally but leave in many and wonderful ways, the spirit of their clay returning to the garden of Cicero to be reaped afresh. But in the forging of this concept, Faust saw the error of his ways, for he glimpsed the horror of his idea. He fled the company of the grudge and hid within the bleak mountains upon the hem of Zion and above the great dark Abyss.

Apocalypse and Astronomus created destruction and war. Now the fighting of the people would have determinable outcomes. Their squabbles would be settled by the prevailing mortality of victors in battle, and the gods would have no more hand in preventing the extent of their violence.

Belze, the most wicked of the brothers, liked the creations of Apocalypse and Astronomus, but saw potential for something new. Pain and suffering

would accompany death and destruction. Pain of the heart and the mind as well as the body. Relatives of the dead would weep with misery. Victims of battle would writhe in glorious throes of agonising pain. Famine would lay waste to great swathes of the world and spectacular disasters of stone, water and fire would cause untold misery. The cries of Cicero's creations would echo through Aerdry's air and their blood would spill red upon Erevan's grass.

Finally, Draegor took the last part of clay to Mort who created the green blooded to pitch against the people of the gods. These green bloods, made in Mort's dire image, had but a single purpose: to wreck the sanctity of Cicero's creation and encourage the vile desecrations of the dismantling gods.

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Other members of the company gathered to admire the makings of the four brothers as they exacted their abominations upon the hallowed ground of Zion.

Whight, he of sprained imaginations, declared the green blooded far too similar in appearance to the people of the gods and changed them to appear terrifying. He took great delight in inventing new and horrifying designs, all of which Mort approved

to such an extent that he embraced the visage himself.

Narpa, the most jealous of the gods, imbued the green blooded with his own hatred of Tyr and the Celestial Vault.

Sepulchture toyed with Time and created an antithesis to Faust's enlightened creation of death. Things would die, he claimed with glee, but he would hunt their spirits and find them, squeeze and bend them until they were insane with the horror of experience. Then he would send them back to Creation as tortured ghouls within the vessels of their previous incarnations, brimming with the hateful concepts of the brothers but utterly devoid of celestial reason, love or intelligence.

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Draegor congratulated the assembled allies on their creations and gave one small and final piece of clay to each. This he called Evil, a word he and his allies would come to associate with everything opposed to Tyr and his creation.

But the four brothers refused to embrace Evil. They opposed Tyr and had vowed an allegiance with Draegor, but this new invention contradicted their intentions for Creation and so they set themselves adrift from Mort and the dark lord Draegor and sought their lost brother Faust instead, taking their

own clay with them.

Draegor was furious and tempted the goddess Styx with promises of marriage if she would deliver his clay to the creation of Tyr. Styx had long adored Draegor and so agreed. She sought out the brothers where they languished upon the brink of Zion's plains and she stole from them. She took the clay of the brothers into the Celestial Court of Elysium and climbed the sheer wall of Mount Olympus. Into the open Halls of Tyr she crawled and there deposited the clay within Creation.

Thus Creation changed. The gods fled the garden as wars erupted, death befell their precious people and misery, famine, destruction and disease visited the many lands of the world.

Draegor summoned the company of the grudge and together they ascended to Elysium to deposit the final clay of Mort and the clay of Evil. But Tyr heard their approach and called the gods to arms. A great battle ensued upon sacred Olympus. Angels clashed in the purple skies and gods fought upon the summit.

Many gods perished, but Tyr was strong and his fury was great. He fought bravely and met Draegor in the end. The pair faced one another at the last, clashing in one final conflict.

The goddess Styx rose behind Tyr as he struggled

with Draegor. She carried a divine dagger which she sought to plunge into Tyr's back. As she lunged forward Locke emerged from the mists of battle and stayed her hand. He broke the dagger upon the stone of Mount Olympus and threw the goddess from the mountain.

Finally Tyr overcame his foe and cast Draegor from Mount Olympus. He banished the evil god to the Abyss beneath the plains of the Celestial Heavens. One by one, the company of the grudge were similarly cast down until the war was at an end and heaven was free of the enemy.

The four brothers, hiding in Zion, were found and tried. Tyr cast them from the Celestial Court but not into the Abyss. Instead he imprisoned them beneath the beauty of Creation upon the plain of Tartarus where they would live in peace, but pennance, for all eternity, servants of Creation, but forbidden from its beatific lands. Locke was pardoned of his crimes and released to live unhindered on the plain of Zion. Shamed by his own evil, he vowed to spare the gods his presence and exiled himself within the caverns beneath Oolite.

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Much of the clay of evil and the clay of Mort fell to the Abysmal plains of Abaddon, Xorn and Hades, taking root within the black earth and turning those

realms bleak and lifeless. Alas, some of the evil clay found its way into Creation and the garden of Cicero was permanently changed, though rescued from a much worse fate at the hands of the dark gods.

The Celestial Gods

Tyr

Tyr the mighty; Tyr the just' Tyr the beloved and Tyr the king of Heaven. All will flock to him, for his is the kingdom of justice. The light of the Celestial Sun shall prevail.

Orin

Protector of the Celestial Court, Orin, lord of the Urmshiem templar and righteous crusader against the evils of Sepulchture. Thou shalt not suffer the living dead, so sayeth Orin, god of power and justice, for he shall smite the abominations of the undead lord from the earth and he shall be saviour unto all men.

Dumathoin

Keeper of Secrets Underground, mighty dwarf lord of Balim and Valhalla hides his secrets beneath the stone, the earth and the root for the kindred people of Warhelm to find and cherish. Great are the wise ways of the god of gemstones, patron of the miner and lord of the mountain domain.

Cicero

She who breathed the world, Cicero, mother of all Creation, whose blessed hands discovered first clay and gifted the heavens with the world of men, dwarfs, elves and hobbits. Cicero whose children made the air and the trees and whose father rules them all.

Aerdry

Whispering in the wind, as the voice of Aerdry, god of the air, the clouds and the sky beneath which the beauty of Cicero's Creation sprawls. Where Aerdry stepped upon Creations beginnings came the sweet meadow scent of grass and spring , water and flower.

Erevan

Where Erevan walked, sprang grass and flower, leaf and tree. His footprints delved the mere and the vale, his breath filled the air with seed and pollen, his graceful touch marked the greys of the bark and the whites of the petal. For Erevan made the growing things of the world, and he made them to be loved.

Sorcera

Goddess of magic and wife of Tyr, mother to Cicero, Aerdry and Erevan. Sorcera is the most beautiful creature in the universe.

Thor

The mighty god of righteous combat. The half brother of Marus is worshipped by barbarians, fighters and warlords of all races and creeds.

Voltaire

Voltaire is the god of power and worshipped primarily by humans who lust after or hold power. He is often called the creator of man, particularly by those who worship him.

Locke

God of mischief and the downtrodden hero, Locke is the son of Loki, the eldritch god who lost his place in the Celestial Heavens when he chose to explore a rent in the fabric of the lower planar and vanished through the hole, never to return.

Aristotle

God of merchants and fortune. Aristotle is a popular god with sea-traders and river merchants who adorn their cogs and junks with religious icons and runes in an attempt to win their deity's favour.

Drina

Another deity popular with merchants is Drina, goddess of wealth.

Corm

The ultimate barbarian god. Corm is the god of steel.

Marus

The god of strength and half brother of Thor. In some regions Marus is worshipped by barbarians, or humans whose way of life is based in strength. But Marus is most commonly a dwarfish god.

Forge

The god of fire, brimstone and heat. Forge was a favourite god of the dragons (though they worshipped no god in truth)

The Abyssmal Gods

Draegor

God of the Abyss. Draegor is the most evil of all the dark gods. His ambition is simple and powerful. He longs to murder Tyr, possess Creation and rule over the Celestial Court and the high planar. His motives are vengeance (for his banished father Fenris) but more importantly, greed.

Mort

The god of the orc, the goblin and the ogre. Mort is worshipped by both,





though in a typically oafish and rudimentary way. He is also worshipped by certain men of an evil disposition, but he is not so popular among men as Draegor.

Sepulchture

God of the undead. Sepulchture inhabits the vast plains and black hills of Xorn, stalking the eternal shadows and hunting down lost souls.

Turvil

God of black magic. Turvil's existence depends upon his worshippers, without whom he ceases to be.

Leng

The fearsome god of crawling monstrosities.

Wight

Wight is, arguably, the most despicable of the fallen deities. Without a doubt, he is the ugliest.

Hermes

Evil god of the Dark elf, or Drow. Hermes is a loathsome deity who thrives on sacrifice and the vile depravities of extreme worship.

Belze

Belze is the god of misery, suffering and pain.

Korn

God of madness, Korn wanders the planar in search of souls to torture.

Styx

The beautiful but melancholic goddess of betrayal.

Charron

The many headed demon-dog

Astronomus

God of war. Astronomus resembles a huge storm Giant with a great beard of fire and muscles the size of continents.

Avarice

God of greed. Given his own way, Avarice would do away with all the other gods and keep the beauty of Creation to himself.

Apocalypse

There is a prophecy that tells of a time when Apocalypse and his three brothers will ride across the sky of Creation upon horses of black. With him will ride Faust, god of death, Astronomus, god of war and Belze, god of pain and suffering. Their flight across the sky will mark the end of time and the doomsday of Middlemist when the gods of the Abyss will finally return to the Celestial Court and Creation will be no more.

Faust

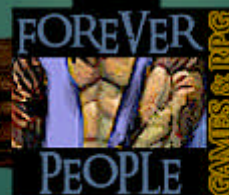
Like most deities of Tartarus, Faust is not evil. but neither does he belong to the Celestial planar. He is Death, the Reaper of Souls. Without him, man would be immortal.

Narpa

God of jealousy, Narpa is a loathsome god who follows Draegor wherever he goes.

The new age of man has dawned...

Middlemist



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