

THE OERTH 5 JOURNAL

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EDITOR'S NOTE

FROM TALMUD TO TOMB OF HORRORS

My good friend Joe Bloch likes to compare fans of the WORLD OF GREYHAWK to orthodox Jewish rabbis. We pick through old, musty texts, trying to solve riddles and glimpse some undeniable truth, all the while bickering with each other about this interpretation of that, and the validity of that particular work as it relates to the overall canon.

It's a comparison I find most apt, particularly after the multitude of discussions or arguments I've had, both in the Greyhawk folder on TSR's America Online site and on the Greytalk mailing list. How many times have we attempted to deduce the prisoners under Zagig's castle, and how many times have our theories been discredited by our colleagues? Quite a few, if the broken keys on my computer can attest to anything. Even now, when folks like Rob Kuntz have emerged on the Internet, with the word from "On High" on matters such as the prisoners, there are those of us (myself included) who doubt, and continue the seemingly endless task of Figuring it All Out.

This, to me, has always been one of the greatest joys of the World of Greyhawk. Others have argued, and perhaps rightly so, that some of TSR's more recent attempts at a setting for AD&D have been more sophisticated or complex, but I have my doubts whether any other setting has, or will ever have, the blueprint of genius Gary Gygax designed for the original Greyhawk folio and, later, that first boxed set.

Gygax was light on the details in that set, and yet we find, nearly 20 years later, that it still holds ample mystery under the lid to fuel hundreds of campaigns, well after the line's official cancellation by the powers that be. Gary's tidbits have served as our communal text, and I don't think it surprises any of us when something comes together perfectly, even after all these years.

So, those of us who care to do so read this early work time and again, cross-referencing with newer material and even tangential ephemera, solving riddles and positing theories, and incorporating the theories and solutions of others into our own campaigns. Four years ago, that was as far as these gems went. Now, with the Internet, we have a medium by which our theories can be exchanged and incorporated into all of those other campaigns out there. And, with the Internet, we have the ability to argue about what works and what does not, not unlike those rabbis searching for kernels of truth.

It's as good a pursuit, I believe, as any.

This issue of the Oerth Journal is, simply put, wonderful. While I have often been overly enthusiastic on this page before (I hereby promise that the only promise I will ever make here again is that I will no longer make deadline-related promises), but I can honestly say that I have not before been as enthusiastic about a single issue of the Oerth Journal as I am about this one.

It took one of my review editors to point out that this issue has a very "Northwestern Flanaess" feel to it, and while I had not planned it that way, it is unusual that nearly all of the features conform to that geographic region.

Fred Weining's Blackmoor article, contained below, is one of the best-researched, well written and interesting accounts of a single area in the Flanaess that I have ever read. He has truly brought needed light on this strange land, and has opened a multitude of new secrets.

Eric Boyd, who's Power's and Pantheons FORGOTTEN REALMS book is due out this year, has promised to pen a regular column on the dragons of Oerth, and I couldn't be more thrilled. His first installment details a familiar friend, and I have been assured that future episodes will contain both old and new. Dragons have for too long been little more than scenery in the World of Greyhawk, and Eric's column hopes to change that.

The Dyvers, City of Adventure series initiated last issue continues here, with a look at the Longshoremen's Union. There are more guilds, unions, people and locations that this, and though I have a healthy stack of submissions detailing locations in the Western Gate, I could always use a few more.

The Player's Guide to the World of Greyhawk started more than a year ago, before I became editor of the Oerth Journal. I had hoped, somewhat idealistically, that Greyhawk fans on the Internet could assemble an updated gazetteer for the benefit of those fledgling fans unable to find out-of-print material. I was able to release one installment, but the project lost steam after that. No longer. Jim Lanter's Perrenland will kick off what will hopefully be a long-running feature within these pages, and a more fitting inception would be hard to imagine.

Finally, we have a tidbit from the memory of Rob Kuntz, on a mystery often debated on the Internet. Rob has been an important resource since peeking his nose onto Greytalk this summer, and I'm very pleased to include in this issue one of his memories of the original Greyhawk Campaign.

There is more Oerth Journal where this one came from, but I can always use quality submissions. When you're done reading the issue, take a look at the contributor information at the end, and plumb your mind and campaign notes for something you think might interest our readers. The Journal would not exist if not for the participation of readers like you.

Until the Starbreak,

Savant Iquander
(Erik Mona)

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HOW CAN I GET STUFF IN HERE?

The Council of Greyhawk accepts freelance submissions from anyone interested. If you have something you wish to submit, or would like to discuss an idea for an article, send e-mail to "Iquander@aol.com". All submissions are reviewed by a small editorial board and checked for clarity, grammar and consistency. We will work with all submissions, but reserve the right to reject a piece if it does not conform to the aforementioned standards. We are always interested in in-depth examinations of the nations of the Flanaess and their history, as well as adventures, NPC outlines, artifact and magical item descriptions, and just about anything else related to Greyhawk. Regular features include "Dyvers, City of Adventure," which details guilds, individuals, locations and organizations of the City of Sails, "With Boccob's Blessing," a regular in-depth look at a magic item or artifact unique to the World of Greyhawk, "Gateway to Adventure," World of Greyhawk-based adventure modules and "The Good Oerth," detailed explorations into "off the map" areas of Oerik and beyond.

THE COUNCIL OF GREYHAWK

The Council of Greyhawk is an informal organization of gamers dedicated to keeping the World of Greyhawk a viable campaign world. At present, this group meets and communicates primarily on America Online. Send inquiries to Iquander@aol.com.

THE OERTH JOURNAL

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The Archbarony of Blackmoor

by Frederick Weining (Psychlops@aol.com)

Far to the North, under the looming threat of the Black Ice, abides a country of legend. Between the stark expanse of the Icy Sea and the silent, towering evergreens of the Burneal Forest, this land overlooks and finally joins the Cold Marshes in a confluence of clinging mist and superstition. Here, on the very edge of the world, lies Blackmoor.

Once the furthest province of the Great Kingdom, this distant Archbarony somehow endured the centuries that saw Aerdy's rise and fall. Now the Archbarony of Blackmoor stands alone.

Though the Wars that recently ravaged the rest of the civilized world never reached Blackmoor, it has felt after effects from those conflicts. Its modest trade with the lands to the south has been nearly abolished; a few straggling refugees from those same lands have been reluctantly accommodated by the suspicious natives; and a power that had avoided the Archbarony has finally found its malicious attention drawn to the north.

Iuz the Old has remembered the moors and their weird magic that rebukes his power. He keeps watch upon the borders of Blackmoor, but does not move against it, nor will he allow his priests to enter the land. For now the Archbarony is secure in its isolation, but the time may soon come when Blackmoor must confront the world beyond its borders.

History of the Land

At the time of the great Migrations the moors north of the Cold Marshes were inhabited by the Tuocts, a Flannish people who dwelt in stockaded villages and built hill-forts on the rocky outcroppings protruding from the marshland. Here they led a simple existence: raiding, trading, feasting and feuding amongst themselves under the watchful eye of their druids and bards. At established intervals they would band together to make war with their primeval enemy, the Egg of Coot, or to campaign for a season against their distant kin from the Quagheath.

The steady cycle of their lives was first disturbed when Suel raiders swept across the Icy Sea to pillage along the coasts before returning home to Rhizia in late summer. Within a few years these Sea Barbarians, calling themselves Zeai, had made permanent settlements north of Blackmoor on the Brink Islands and along the Tusking Strand. Even with the addition of these immigrants, little changed in the north until the first Oeridian explorers and adventurers arrived in the Northlands a generation later. For the most part these newcomers were ethnic Aerdi -- individualists, rebels, or outcasts, who sought to escape the increasingly rigid society

that would emerge in only a few years as the Kingdom of Aerdy.

These Aerdi pioneers began the tradition of castle building in the lands of Blackmoor. The first, called Castle Blackmoor, was built on a low hill overlooking Blackmoor Bay. The location had been used since time immemorial by the northern clans as their hill of testing, the site of their High-seat of Judgement. Duels, whether musical, magical or martial, were conducted here under the authority of the Shalmist druids and bards. Contests were most often held within the ancient ring of standing-stones, but at times they might extend to the caverns beneath the hill where legend said the Ur-Flan sorcerers had enslaved fiends and powerful elementals. The first Castle Blackmoor was built over these ruins, and Oeridian lords ruled here even as the Kingdom of Aerdy saw foundation in the south. A village quickly grew up around this first castle, and soon other fortifications and settlements were built in the region.

Thus began an era of prosperity unlike any previously known in the North. New immigrants, dwarves, halflings and a few high-elves among them, bolstered the existing populace, adding their influence to the emerging culture of Blackmoor. Though they arrived on the trail of the Oerid settlers, the immigrants soon established their own communities. At some point, an enclave of Wastrian cultists also appeared, taking up residence in the Cold Marshes, where they observed with disgust the racial cooperation fostered by the leaders of the new settlements, and labored secretly to frustrate it. Nonetheless, the many different peoples of Blackmoor managed to work together over the next century to form a rugged but vital society.

This continued until, in the decades immediately preceding the institution of the Overking, a powerful new figure rose to prominence in Blackmoor: Raniel the Gaunt, Lord of Dantredun, Scion of Tenh and enemy of Great Kingdom. He unified the Blackmoor territory in opposition to the Aerdi aggressors from the south and through magic he created the Crown of Blackmoor, and claimed sovereignty over the land and its people. He defied the might of Aerdy for several years, until his eventual defeat at the Battle of Toadwash. As his withered form sank into the marsh, the Great Kingdom's army advanced on Castle Blackmoor, where they received the submission of the ruling baron. The march of Aerdy conquest had at last reached even this distant land. Blackmoor was first made a province of the Great Kingdom, and at the crowning of the first Overking saw its establishment as an Archbarony in the writ of Imperial Aerdy. Most of the Oeridian barons swiftly pledged loyalty to the Great Kingdom, but a majority of the Tuocts rejected Aerdy rule and withdrew into the Gloomfens and the Cold Marshes. Their lands were divided by the Archbaron, and they were left to rot in the bogs. Wastri gained many new followers in this manner, and his evil took deep root in the hearts of these impoverished natives.

For the next two centuries Blackmoor was ruled as an hereditary Archbarony within the Great Kingdom. When the Viceroyalty of Ferrond formed in early years of the second century CY, however, Blackmoor was excluded due to cartographical error. Though the mistake was discovered prior to the investment of the Viceroy, it was concealed to avoid any delay in the elaborate ceremonies already prepared. Blackmoor's first shift toward independence was thus a matter of bureaucratic incompetence. The second step was taken at the end of the third century CY, after Perrenland, Furyondy and Tenh had seceded from the Great Kingdom. Though no formal declaration was made, the Archbarony ceased to provide its symbolic tribute to the Overking. The matter was scarcely acknowledged in Rauxes. The final element completing separation from the Great Kingdom arrived on horseback in the early fourth century CY, when Nomad bands from central Oerik invaded the Flanaess and established themselves in the steppe-lands south of the Burneal Forest. For the next generation the trade routes to the Northern Reaches of Furyondy were effectively cut off by the unsettled hordes.

During this tumultuous period the Crown of Blackmoor was reclaimed by the evil sorcerer Engren Erris, who became known as the Lich of Glendour. The humanoid inhabitants of Blackmoor flourished during his reign, and the human population turned markedly evil. He soon made war against the legitimate sovereign and while his forces besieged Castle Blackmoor, Wastrian cultists emerged from the marshes, driving their Quaggoth slaves to a killing frenzy against the demi-humans of Blackmoor. These bands massacred dwarves, elves and halflings in the villages and hunted them through the countryside.

Yet a few brave souls resisted and fought against the multitude of evils that assailed Blackmoor from within. Among these rebels was found a leader who unified the resistance. She was Rua Morgaiste, the last living heir to the Archbaron of Blackmoor. She collected allies from the neighboring territories to aid in her fight; she made truce with the Wolf Nomads, and even added some of their warrior bands to her army; she gathered free companies from throughout the North; and led them all to victory over the wizard-usurper.

Morgaiste thus became the first ruling Archbaroness, and led Blackmoor for another six and a half decades. During her long reign the Archbarony became one of the greatest countries in the North, with much influence in the surrounding lands. Toward the end of her regime she even helped the peoples of the Quagheath and the Yatils form the nation of Perrenland.

Though she had ruled long and wisely, she left no heir upon her death, and the succession was again open to challenge. According to her wishes, her council was to decide the matter and rule the land in the interim. Many claimants presented themselves to the Baronial Council as candidates

for the high office, including one sponsored by the Egg of Coot, but the Council chose Fadden of Dantrefaer.

He was confirmed as Archbaron after first being named Lord Conciliator of Blackmoor Castle, for the governing authority was retained by the Baronial Council. The Archbaron was to serve as a figurehead, though in return he received a generous stipend and a voice in the Council.

The reigns of four Archbarons passed in this way before the fifth and last Lord Conciliator of Blackmoor Castle, Pernold, lost his life in battle defending Blackmoor Town from the Egg of Coot's invading army. The Egg's forces sacked the town and razed the castle, but most of the Baronial Council retreated to the famous magical tavern of Blackmoor, the Comeback Inn, and sealed themselves inside. Though the magical defenses of the Inn could not be breached by the Egg, neither could the Council escape their confinement. It is possible that they still wait for rescue from without.

The Archbaron's wife was more fortunate. She and some few of her staff and servants fled the town before it was captured, and passed through the dangerous fens with the assistance of the uncanny Tuoctish sorcerer, Tintyvo. This company arrived in Dantredun late the following spring, in time for the Archbaroness to give birth to Pernold's only child, named Bestmo. Though Bestmo's prospects would at first have seemed slight with the loss of his father's castle, he was fortunate enough to be adopted as heir by the lord of Dantredun -- though the baron of Dantredun passed away soon thereafter.

The Archbarony Today

For the past 25 years, Bestmo has ruled Blackmoor from Dantredun, and without the assistance of the Baronial Council established by Morgaiste. Though the Egg of Coot remains his sworn enemy, the Archbaron has not yet made any definitive effort to recapture the town of Blackmoor. Yet he is ever diligent in his preparations; taxes are high and laws are harsh, so the Bastard of Blackmoor will have the might to defeat his foe when the time is right.

The Archbarony of Blackmoor is one of the few lands in the central Flanaess largely unharmed by the Greyhawk Wars. Its peoples have little contact with the outside world, for the outside world sees the Archbarony as having little to offer in return for the dangerous journey required to reach it. A few refugees from the Bandit Kingdoms and from Tenh have brought a slight increase to Blackmoor's population in recent years. Most of these dwell in Dantredun or Glendour, though some have made their own settlements and holds within the Archbarony. Ironically then, the Wars that decimated so much of Greyhawk's world have provided a minor boon for Blackmoor, which had not seen castle building for centuries before the turmoil of recent years.

Races and Regions

Blackmoor's society has remained stable over the last few decades. The oeridianized Baronials have been culturally and economically dominant, and while the Flannish tribesmen of the fens have adopted some of the trappings of Oerid culture, they remain largely untamed. Most speak Common in addition to their own Flan dialect, as well as the occasional humanoid tongue. Some of the more imposing clan keeps are built on the Aerdy model, but the warfare of the fens is different from that of the Imperial heritage. Armor is seldom worn, and most engage in combat carrying only a shield. Favored weapons are sling, javelin and spear. Those with enough wealth usually possess a sword, and each clan has one special sword that serves as the traditional symbol of the clan laird's authority.

Two other human ethnic groups inhabit the fringes of Blackmoor. The first are the Zeai, or Sea Barbarians. A Suel folk, the Zeai dwell mostly on the Brink Islands to the north of Blackmoor, or in small holds built on the rocky shores of Tusking Strand. They also have one permanent village of their own within the Archbarony, called Tonnsborg. The land of the Brinks is quite poor, so most sustenance is garnered by hunting, fishing or whaling. The Zeai seldom raid as they did in previous centuries, and many of them speak Common as a second language. Axe and sword are their favored arms, and those who can afford it wear chain-mail in battle, along with the round shield common to all the Barbarian Suel.

The other race of humans in Blackmoor is a group of primitives found in the region of the Black Ice. It is unknown if they have any name for themselves, but their few neighbors call them Skurtha, a word in the Cold Tongue meaning backwards. Wearing only skins, they dwell in rude tents or caverns at the edge of the Ice. They make no use of fire, or of metal, and greatly fear those who bear either. It is remarkable that they can survive in this frozen land, yet they have lived here for untold centuries while other inhabitants have either fled or died. Legends say that their shamans have a special relationship to the Black Ice, and find provision there for the tribe. Whatever their secrets, the very fact that they still endure is a testament to human resilience.

The humanoids of Blackmoor are tolerated by most of the other inhabitants of the land. They serve as mercenaries for most of the underbaronies, and have scattered settlements of their own as well. The wild bog-gnolls are an exception to this tolerance, for they are the enemy of all other races. Their savagery is without peer among the humanoids of Blackmoor, but since they are seldom encountered outside the fens, few but the native tribesmen or unfortunate travelers are forced to confront them.

Most feared of all, however, are the True Trolls. These nearly mythical creatures are a magical race created by Raniel the Gaunt as his personal servants; though less than

two dozen of these creatures have ever existed, they may be encountered anywhere. They are linked to his other evil legacy, the Crown of Blackmoor, and now exist only to find that heirloom which has been lost for centuries.

Demi-humans are so rare in Blackmoor as to be virtually unknown. Though they did have their own communities at one time, these were destroyed by the Wastrian pogroms of the fourth century. Those few individuals that remain to represent the demihuman races are looked on with little favor, particularly at the court of Archbaron Bestmo.

The Icy Sea is home to a variety of creatures. Fish are abundant in the cold waters. Whales are common here, and walrus are plentiful in the area of the Brinks and Tusking Strand. Other, less mundane creatures make their homes here as well. Sea-wolves are a rumor among the Zeai and other maritime travelers. Sea serpents have been encountered in the open waters, and an ancient one is native to Blackmoor Bay. This beast is a servant of the giant Stormlord, Aren Vosendar, who is said to still dwell in his castle beneath the frigid waters, grieving over the folly of men.

The marshes of the north are inhabited by humans and humanoids of differing kinds. The human Fen-folk are mostly of Flannish heritage, descendants of the first immigrants to eastern Oerik. Frequently encountered humanoids include wild gnolls, ice trolls and quaggoth. Other humanoid races are found here intermittently, including a notorious covey of greenhags, but one deserves special mention. He is called the Frost Man, and he has been reported by many different witnesses over the past five centuries. Whether there is but one Frost Man, or a whole race of the creatures, is unknown.

He is enslaved to the enigmatic race of ice toads that secrete themselves in the marshes. Perhaps this bondage is the source of his evil nature, for he loves neither men nor his alien masters. Around him is an aura of unnatural cold, and this force can be focussed and projected by the glance of his blind eye. He alone possesses the ability to communicate with both mankind and the ice toads. Native marsh dwellers consider him either a fiend or an accursed human, or perhaps both, and greet his presence as a sign of evil.

The moorlands are home to the majority of Blackmoor's inhabitants, both human and otherwise. Wolves are the most common natural predators though their seldom encountered magical relative the winter-wolf is more feared. Tigers are often encountered near the Burneal, and large cave bears can be found throughout the north. Humanoids abound; orcs, goblins, kobolds, quaggoth and gibberlings lair here, along with lesser numbers of ogres, gnolls and trolls who roam the moors. A race of large, chaotic humanoids called the Qullan is also encountered here, especially near the ruins of Blackmoor Town, which they were instrumental in destroying for the Egg of Coot.

Powers and Priesthoods

Traditionally, Blackmoor has been only nominally religious. Certain sects have always been active, but even their followers are motivated by expedience more often than devotion. To many, it seems that the gods themselves take little interest in Blackmoor. Among the deities with representative priesthoods in Blackmoor, the most powerful is Obad-hai. His is the oldest human religion here, and still the most widespread, though other, foreign faiths have also established themselves in the Archbarony. Together their priests keep the people of Blackmoor attached to such gods as will have them.

Obad-hai: This god's druids keep the rites of birth and death and fertility for the Tuoctish clans. These seers and wise men also provide tutelage in the Oerth's mysteries to bards of the traditional colleges. They have little presence in the towns and villages of Blackmoor, preferring to wander in the wilds where they maintain a number of sacred places. Their concern is the safeguarding of the ancient Oerth magic that permeates the land. The circle of nature-priests is led by a council of elders who shun non-druids, but are represented to the other inhabitants of Blackmoor by their spokesman Ollam Hul.

Xerbo: The Zeai make sacrifices to propitiate this deity before embarking on any sea voyage, and in recompense for the sustenance they gather from the northern waters. Xerbo's priesthood is notoriously ruthless in matters concerning their god's prerogatives, and will withdraw their favor from any venture not in accord with his interests. Piracy does not disturb this god, but attempting to recover anything, or anyone, lost to the sea will offend him greatly. His only hallow within Blackmoor proper is at Tonnsborg, and the priesthood there include both clerics and druids. Chief priest Bracca is a devout man, little given to mercy or generosity, but wise in the ways of the sea.

Hextor and Hieroneous: These rival gods are both revered by Baronial nobles who desire to retain an element of their Oeridian heritage. Their priesthoods are essentially in competition for the same group of worshipers; Blackmoor's gentry, the majority of whom have only the most superficial interest in either religion. Therefore, neither priesthood is particularly influential, and their worshipers show them only cursory respect. Nonetheless, the functions of both priesthoods are utilized on occasion, so both find support within the Archbarony. Neither deity has a high-priest present in Blackmoor, though Hextor has a slightly greater number of clerical followers.

Cyndor: Cyndor's priesthood is located exclusively at Broomsage Abbey, where a famous relic called the Sepulchre of the Facets is maintained. Since the abbey is still a pilgrimage site for Cyndor's devout, the priesthood exerts a greater influence than might be expected. Cyndor's priests are highly respected as diviners even outside their faith, but their services cannot be purchased. The Abbot

Metolucius oversees the devotions of the clerical and lay worshipers at his church, insuring that all proceed according to the measure of perfection.

St. Carmichel: St. Carmichel of the Conflagration is venerated in the northern countries of the Flanaess, mostly among the common people who respond to his message of self-sacrifice, vigilance and impending judgement. His church is on good terms with that of St. Cuthbert, as well as with Tritherion. Among other known deities, he is said to have a special affection for "bright bonnie Joram".

The high-priest of the Carmichelite church in Blackmoor is Hamish Lanark, whose ministry takes him across the whole of the Archbarony in service of the strident St. Carmichel.

Wastri: This sect has a number of lay members in Blackmoor, though there is no organized priesthood. Followers of the Hopping Prophet still gather in the swamps where he once reigned, in preparation for the day of his return. Occasionally, itinerant priests do make an appearance in the north, as if to reconnoiter the land for their god. They will stir the faithful to acts of malice against recalcitrant neighbors or family members. They also encourage the donation of any treasures obtained from these unfortunates to the cause of Wastri's return. This hope will never be fulfilled, but the vehemence with which his followers pursue this goal is only to be credited to their own self-deception, a fitting homage to their distant master.

Iuz: While many deities neglect Blackmoor, the Spurned Cult of Iuz is notable for its own self-enforced absence. It may seem strange that Iuz allows none of his priests to enter Blackmoor, for his ambitions compel him to dominate every other land within his reach. Yet it is this very proximity that demands the Old One's particular concern. The demi-god Iuz is powerful on Oerth, but that power is fragile compared to the ancient Oerth magic, and the unique expression of that magic which pervades the northern moors. Iuz found his own powers turned against him by the land itself when he ventured there in the days preceding his imprisonment, as had Wastri before him, and this weakening assisted in his confinement. Until he gains enough knowledge and power to overcome the Oerth magic, he must continue to shun Blackmoor. But Iuz will not forget in the day of his triumph, the land that shamed him.

Locations and Settlements

The Village of Dantredun

This village serves as the capital of the Archbarony, as it has throughout the reign of Archbaron Bestmo. He presides over a strange sort of court in exile, nominally claiming Blackmoor Town as his official seat of government, while making no clear effort to reclaim it from the Egg of Coot. Among his retinue are found very few of Blackmoor's gentry -- understandably, since close association with the Archbaron has often led to misfortune. The Archbaron's personal troops are a mixed contingent of orcs, half-orcs

and humans, who comprise nearly half of Dantredun's 700 or so inhabitants. Most of the rest of the village's population are also in service to Bestmo in one form or another -- or at least in debt, for the Archbaron is just as ruthless in commerce as he is in politics. The Archbaron also entertains an uncertain number of "guests", perhaps more accurately referred to as hostages. Some of these are the kin of prominent citizens, while others are simply visitors to the Archbarony who were unlucky enough to attract his interest.

Bestmo has displaced Dantredun's former ruling house and assumed possession of their family estate, still called Raniel's Manse after the infamous lich-lord Raniel the Gaunt. Raniel was an early ruler of Dantredun, descended of a noble clan who had relocated to Blackmoor from Tenh in the wake of Aerdy expansion. They settled here by the eaves of the Burneal Forest in 468 O.R. (-176 CY), and built one of the first independent frontier baronies in the north; colloquially, this territory was known as the "Duchy of Tin", for the poverty of these expatriate Tenhas quite overmatched their pretensions to grandeur. A little more than 150 years later, Raniel led the last resistance to Aerdy rule in the North. His defeat at the Battle of Toadwash gave the Aerdi control of the entire region, disturbed only sporadically by marsh-dwelling tribesmen.

Though ultimately conquered, Dantredun has retained a certain attitude of independence from the rest of Blackmoor. Explorers and adventurers traveling into the region all make Dantredun their first (and sometimes only) stop, and this has provided the village more familiarity with foreign peoples and customs. This, together with its location, has made it the hub of trade between Blackmoor and the other nations of the Flanaess. At one time, trade was conducted with Perrenland, the Highfolk, the Bandit Kingdoms and even Tenh. There was also some commerce with the old Horned Society, until the reappearance of Iuz made this untenable. Though much diminished in recent years, some small merchant trains still travel hence from Dantredun. These traffickers skirt the Cold Marshes until they reach Eru-Tovar, and from there they journey across the steppes with Wolf Nomad guards until they make their arrival in Perrenland. Their most valuable commodities are the rare and peculiar Blackmoorish "antiquities", including the highly prized Death Eggs.

The village has suffered more than its share of difficulties due to its location. Its proximity to the Burneal makes it a frequent target of the forest kobolds, whose night raids against the outlying dwellings prove costly in livestock. Dangerous creatures also wander out from the Cold Marshes, though in this instance Bestmo has taken an uncharacteristically active role in searching for the source of these threats. He has made a number of forays into the marshes in quest of the legendary Temple of the Toad. It is by no means clear whether the Temple is active, or even if it still exists. It is only known that Bestmo seems eager to find it, leading to speculation that he is actually a Wastrian

sympathizer. Whatever his interest, it can be certain that the Bastard of Blackmoor favors anything that can be turned to his own advantage.

The Village of Glendour

The only village of substantial size in the Gloomfens, a region still dominated by the indigenous clans, Glendour is unique in that its predominantly Flan culture was blended with that of the Oerid settlers early in the history of the Archbarony. This was the first native settlement to use the Oeridian methods of warfare and commerce, and just as importantly to adopt the use of Common as their primary tongue. At the same time, they have maintained their own traditions, especially those of the Old Faith. Yet while the authority of the druids is strong here, they are seldom present to enforce it; rather, their bardic disciples attend to the affairs of Glendour.

Foremost of these is Geand CulMeare, the master of the Rhymer's Asylum, as the school of bards is known. With the demise of Geoff, this school is perhaps the last in the Flanaess to remain faithful to the Colleges of the Old Lore. Bards of the Old Lore are not simply wandering players, but men respected for their learning and insight, whose words are received as inspired. Tutored by druids in magic, and schooled in the laws and histories of their people, these bards act as judges in matters of local custom. No wise chieftain rules without their counsel, nor makes war or peace without their incitement to success.

The loss of bardic favor is a more serious matter than might first be reckoned. When the Lich of Glendour ruled here for more than three decades in the fourth century CY, the legitimate master of the Rhymer's Asylum was forcibly deposed. He was replaced by a devotee of evil who perverted the Old Lore, and permitted instruction only in the ballads of grief and despair. No reels, nor jigs, nor any songs of hope were heard in Glendour for a generation. Yet in the end this black bard was brought low by his key rival, who cursed him by performing a powerful satire. The ill luck accompanying this satire soon assailed his undead sovereign as well, when Morgaiste of Blackmoor defeated his humanoid troops with her company and allies. She hewed him in halves with her own blade; thus ending his reign and restoring the village to its rightful leaders. Though it has remained the chief village of the fen-folk, it has never again risen to the level of prominence that it held under the Lich of Glendour.

Dearthkettle Keep

This ageworn tower is home to a covey of greenhags. Their evil presence is strangely tolerated by the local Tuoctish tribes with whom they have a centuries old relationship. Though the fen-folk keep themselves at a distance from the Widows of Dearthkettle, they are not seen as enemies. The hags play the role of wise women and seers, even acting as healers at times, though their skills are more often utilized in the service of personal and clan vendettas. Yet it is

acknowledged that the more often one deals with these witches, the higher the price they demand. Still, they generally seem benign, or nearly so, but woe betide any who transgress the obscure rules of their hospitality -- especially unknowing strangers who fall into their clutches, or healthy men when the ladies go "a-husbanding".

The Keep itself is built over a natural geyser, and is always surrounded by heavy fogs. The legendary magic of Blackmoor's hot springs must be present, for members of the druidic hierarchy are seen to sometimes pay their respects here. The druids view the hags as an inherent part of nature, notwithstanding their evil, and are concerned only that they prey not too heavily upon the natives. These hideous creatures hold sway over all of the many will o'wisps native to the Blackmoor territory. Though utterly chaotic in their evil, the wisps are completely subservient to the hags, spying for them throughout Blackmoor. It is said that no word spoken in forest, fen or moor is safe from the whispering of wisps into the ears of the Widows of Dearthkettle.

Broomsage Abbey

Broomsage Abbey, named for the Cyndorian monastery around which it was built, is a village of precisely 360 residents. They are called the Numbered, and all of them are under the authority of the presiding abbot. Their lives are ordered by the devotional requirements of their faith, and while the majority of them are merely lay members of the religion, their presence is still vital to the continuity of the religious community. Each such resident of Broomsage Abbey serves in an established role, and the clergy direct their daily efforts as humble craftsmen or laborers to complement the rites of worship. Outside the village proper are the habitations of their families, and any others who are counted among the excess population. The lodgings for pilgrims and other travelers are found here as well.

The resident priesthood comprises the Order of the Chroniclers, which was founded by Calen the Chronicler in 433 O.R. (-212 CY). These priestly sages are said to observe and record events on the whole of Oerth despite their isolated vantage in Blackmoor. In this pursuit they are aided by Calen's relic, the Sepulchre of the Facets. Through its use the Abbot is able to discern the will of Cyndor. It also plays a central role in the initiation rites of the order. It is oddly noted, however, that the blessing of the founding patriarch Calen is invoked during these rites by use of the mystical name Khoronus.

The only interaction most outsiders have with the abbey is during the Festival of Forever, when the clergy make themselves available as sages and seers. At these assemblies, those who dare may entreat the priests for knowledge of their futures. Many still make the difficult pilgrimage to Blackmoor for this opportunity, or for other knowledge that the priests may hold. Certain participants are seen to lose all interest in their previous lives, and

thereafter join the ranks of Cyndorian worshipers working at the abbey.

Ramshorn Castle

This ruined fortification has recently been claimed by a mixed group of immigrants, exiles from the Bandit Kingdoms, who joined with a few escaping Tehnas to cross the Northern Barrens. These old enemies found common cause in the desperate days following the conquest of Tenh and submission of the Bandit Kingdoms. Together they fled the chaos and destruction they encountered on both sides of the Zumker river. Led by the wily illusionist Teuod Fent, expatriate Tenha and onetime Plar of Rookroost, nearly 300 men and women managed to reach Blackmoor beneath Fent's magical "Ramshorn Standard".

Fent now styles himself a baron, but his methods are those of a seasoned bandit lord. Having been driven from Rookroost several years prior to the Wars, Teuod traveled throughout the northlands as an adventurer until he took residence in this ruined castle. During his wanderings, the illusionist learned of a secret known to very few -- the existence of the Soul Husks. He still ponders how he might take advantage of this knowledge. In the meantime the Travail of Tenh has given him a new following, and he intends to rebuild this stronghold and become a major force in the north.

Mosshold & Tonnsborg

Mosshold is a small seaport of 400 inhabitants, the remnant of a once thriving town that held many times that number in the early centuries CY. In those days Mosshold was Blackmoor's largest city, trading with both the northern and eastern Suel as well as the Coltens Flan. Now many of the quays are rotted and Mosshold Castle is a near ruin. The village itself barely retains the semblance of life. It is a poorly kept secret that the resident baron Irskwyn and his kin are were-rats, as are many of the locals. It is also said that the baron's only child absconded several years ago with most of the family fortune, taking flight toward Tenh. Allegedly, he and his followers were lost in the Barren Wastes, though some claim that they managed to find refuge there.

The remaining natives are a furtive, suspicious folk who treat the rare traveler with little kindness. These villagers fish mostly, but will sometimes try to engage in piracy, though in truth there are few ships on the Icy Sea anymore. Those desperate for wealth may attempt to recover sunken treasures rumored to be located in wrecks just off the coast. This has come to the attention of the priests of Xerbo who attend these waters, and they favor retribution against Mosshold's population.

Tonnsborg sits across the waters from Mosshold, on the northern shore of Blackmoor Bay. This settlement of approximately 800 citizens was founded by the Zeai warlord Lertur Drakanskald, who led his kin from the Tusking

Strand to Blackmoor in the mid second century CY. These Suel Barbarians quickly adapted to prevailing culture, and worked to foster trade between Zeai and Blackmoorish. Initially this trade dealt mostly in the recovery of riches stolen by the Zeai in the previous season's raiding, but eventually the Barbarians' own wealth formed the bulk of commerce. Ivory, amber, sealskins and whale oil became their staple items.

The ruling baroness is Sifarn Von Tonnsborg. This strapping Zeai lass is the envy of many, for she is the student of Aren Vosendar, the Storm Giant of the Icy Sea. Vosendar has given Sifarn a magical sealskin which grants her the ability to transform herself in selkie-like fashion. In this manner she travels to his frigid undersea lair, where he teaches her magic she can use as a ranger, and wisdom that she needs as a ruler.

The Town of Blackmoor

The ruined town of Blackmoor was once the capital of the Archbarony, before it fell to the Egg of Coot in 541 CY. The Egg had long laid claim to Blackmoor, its castle, and most importantly the dungeons beneath, which are said to be as old as any on Oerth. Now after centuries of human occupation the site is again in ruin, as if the Egg had desired only to see it so. Few will risk the journey here for dangerous creatures, especially the mad Qullan warriors, are still found in these precincts. Even the humanoid servants of the Egg avoid this area, save for those who dwell in Blackmoor Dungeon itself. Most of these follow Brost Bulem, self proclaimed "King of the Northern Orcs". His bands scavenge the ruins of Blackmoor Town, though they also scrupulously avoid the Qullan.

The one structure that remains intact in the otherwise ruined town is the fabled Comeback Inn. This inn has its own unique history, for even prior to its construction the very grounds were legendary. The natives considered them to be haunted by the spirits of ancient heroes and demons who had been tested on the hill above; the druidic elders knew the place simply as the Grotto of Resurgence.

When the foundation of the Comeback Inn was laid, the building raised upon it proved to be a magical structure indeed, immune to the ravages of time. Any damage done to this building, no matter how great, was repaired in a matter of days. Its entrance was also warded, so that no one intending harm to the building or its occupants might pass over the threshold. As a strange corollary, no one within could exit the building either, unless they were assisted from without. Early in the Inn's history an organization of Doorwardens was created to provide this assistance, and each member was chosen by the Innkeeper himself. This was considered a great honor, for the Innkeeper was traditionally high in the councils of the Archbaron.

So it was here that the surviving members of the Baronial Council retreated when Blackmoor Town fell to the Egg of Coot's forces, for even his great magics could not penetrate

the door, or overcome the enchantments of the Inn. Unfortunately the destruction of the town was otherwise so complete that there were none left who could assist those inside the Inn. So the Archbarony is bereft of both its true capital and true governing Council. It is rumored that the Archbaron prefers matters thus, making him a strange ally to the Egg of Coot.

The Egg of Coot

Rising from the northern fens is a strange, dome-shaped edifice, whose ancient, verdigrised surface is formed of some unknown metal. It has but one visible entrance, a round gate on its eastern side. Through this gate pass an odd assortment of creatures serving a reclusive and unnatural master: the Egg of Coot. Most of these beings are either summoned creatures, or those he has bred or invented, such as his various strains of diseased gibberlings, several varieties of homunculi, and most recently the chaos race of Qullan. Few other than the Egg's servants have visited his palace-city beneath the great shell and lived to tell of it. Rumors bespeak an unsettling combination of mechanical and organic construction centered around the glowing Coot-idol through which the Egg issues his proclamations.

The humans and humanoids that serve him have usually been conditioned to obedience, but occasionally he will adopt an apprentice as heir apparent. Raniel the Gaunt was one of the first of these, though he quickly abandoned his master. Tales say that even Iuz, when he was but a cambion, served an apprenticeship to the Egg. It was during these lost years that the Old One fashioned such magics as the Sword of Black Ice, and began to have contact with creatures of elemental evil.

The Egg himself is a being of unknown form, but legend says that he is not of Oerth, having fled from his own world when it was smitten by some sort of fiery or radiant death. Somehow he crossed the dimensions between his world and Oerth millennia ago, influencing the history of Blackmoor until it resembles the homeland of his origin. Regardless, he has always been the enemy of Blackmoor's rulers, seeking to dominate their lands and subjects. Yet it seems he has no actual desire to rule as a sovereign, but prefers to use lands and peoples as his playthings. For the Egg has but one great passion, and that is gaming. He is fascinated by the pursuit of ephemeral victories, and in the development of arcane rules and rituals. The Egg has long made a practice of drawing unwitting "players" into his games, whether from nearby or from the far corners of the Oerth -- or even from other worlds and times.

Other Sites

The City of the Gods

This ancient city is perhaps the oldest legend of Blackmoor. Though most stories place it beyond the borders of the Archbarony, the actual location is unknown. It is said to

enjoy a balmy climate, despite the harsh environment immediately outside the city walls. Those who dwell within are said to be immortal, perpetually young and gifted with extraordinary beauty. They possess arts and sciences unknown elsewhere on Oerth, yet they never travel outside this sanctuary, for they are unnatural beings who have earned the wrath of Beory. Their crime was to commit an unpardonable blasphemy: the creation of synthetic life. They have retained the semblance of life without the cycles of life, without growth or decay, and without hope of rebirth. These self-appointed Gods now find themselves imprisoned by their very existence, and the paradise of their home cannot be shared with others. The City of the Gods brings madness, disease and ultimately death to living things that linger there too long.

The Temple of the Toad

Lost in the Cold Marshes somewhere between Blackmoor and the lands of Iuz, this holy place of the demi-god Wastri has fallen into ruin. The complex was built long ago to encompass the so-called Pinnacle of the Toad which Wastri had raised from the mire with powers stolen from the City of the Gods. It is said that the Pinnacle has again sunk beneath the marsh, and is lost to Wastri unless he should risk yet another excursion to the City and seize the power to restore it. Yet rumors persist that the temple-complex itself still exists, holding other secrets of the Hopping Prophet. It is also said to serve as the gathering place many of the ice-toads found in the marshes, but it is otherwise avoided due to the inordinate number of wraiths that congregate there.

The Wizard's Wood

Situated a few miles east of the ruined town of Blackmoor, the Wizard's Wood is a nearly faded land with only a small stand of trees left to indicate where it once began. Entry is gained only at the invitation of the Woodwizard, for this is his domain. At one time a human mage, he abandoned his fleshly form for that of plant-life centuries ago when he was chosen as successor to the previous Woodwizard. According to legend, the office of Woodwizard predates the advent of druidism, and those nature priests do not attend this mystic place. The Woodwizard is in service to the Shalm, but recognizes only the diety's nonhuman incarnation. Obad-hai manifests himself here as a great and ancient treant who tends a grove of hornwood trees found at the heart of the wood. It is said that the Woodwizard can be called on to aid Blackmoor only once by each ruler during his reign. The price of his assistance is to face the Woodwizard's judgement, which ever after marks that sovereign as friend or foe to living creatures.

Wyrms of the Flanaess: Copperhead

by Eric L. Boyd (EricLBoyd@aol.com)

Inspired by the "Wyrms of the North" articles by Ed Greenwood that have appeared of late in Dragon magazine and by the paucity of dragons that appear in published Greyhawk materials, I offer the first of what I hope will become a series of installments on the prominent dragons of the Flanaess. In my mind, I envision that the dragons of Oerik are important participants in the events of the region, although they do not play nearly as prominent a role as the dragons of Ansalon or even the dragons of the Realms. The reasons behind this diminished influence (for they were once dominant in an age long past) are manifold, but the strong influence of fiends from the Outer Planes on the unfolding tapestry of events in the Flanaess in recent centuries is thought to be the most critical factor (although the exact causality of this relationship is still a matter of debate).

When possible, I will draw on existing source material, but in many regions of the Flanaess no material even mentioning the existence of dragons exists. Although at least one Oriental dragon has appeared in a Greyhawk module, II – Dwellers of the Forbidden City, as well as the original Fiend Folio and in the coat of arms of the North Province, I believe wyrms of this type are not appropriate for the Occidental cultures of the Flanaess and, as a result, I will not include mention of them in this column.

Clonocsplurcat, "Copperhead"

Clonocsplurcat is an old copper dragon who haunts the no-man's-land between southeastern Perrenland and the vale of the Highfolk. He is known for his sometimes bizarre and often erratic behavior and his periodic interference in the smooth flow of the copper trade from Perrenland to the Highfolk and beyond. Despite his tenuous grasp on sanity, the copper dragon has easily and ably defended his demesne for nearly two hundred years against many ambitious dragons who envied his control of the strategic Volverdyva river valley through the Yatil Mountains.

Clonocsplurcat, who often goes by a shortened version of his name, Clonoc, is known by the miners of the Yatils as "Copperhead." Like the venomous pit viper of the same appellation, Clonoc is often sluggish, but he is extraordinarily deadly if his ire is aroused. The dragon is entirely consumed by his greed for copper, and he seems incapable of critical thinking beyond the attainment of his own immediate desires.

Nevertheless, Clonoc is extremely cunning and retains his nasty sense of humor. He has demonstrated that he is capable of detecting and eluding the most subtle trap or the

most insidious attack by both other dragons as well as pretentious humans and demihumans. Normally he twists such attacks back against their source, using them to exact his revenge as well as display his bitter sense of irony. In general, Clonoc enjoys humiliating opponents instead of destroying them, but he is wise enough never to let a truly dangerous enemy escape to plot its revenge. He has even been known to seek out bards in the region after pulling off a nasty prank to make sure his latest barbed jest spreads through the region, further humiliating his foe.

If cornered or pressed into a fight, Clonoc prefers to exercise a series of false retreats interspersed with various offensive feints while he assesses his opponent. Like the a vicious jester, Clonoc waits for an opening, no matter how small, and then exploits it for all that it is worth. The copper dragon particularly enjoys employing his cloud of slow gas to hinder opponents early in a fight as it facilitates his ability to shadowbox and taunt his opponents.

Clonoc's Lair

Clonoc's primary lair is a long-abandoned mine shaft accessed from slopes of Mount Cuprous high above the Volverdyva river valley (hex C5-85) due west of the town of Verbeeg Hill. Entrance to the former copper mine is now blocked by a gleaming fortress of burnished copper known, appropriately enough, as the Copper Citadel. Built over the course of the last decade by dwarves of Clan Coppersmith the dragon hired with funds from his extensive hoard, the Copper Citadel is now a nearly impregnable redoubt that commands the valley below for miles in either direction. Mechanical copper golems, constructs similar to stone guardians enchanted with the rune magic of the dwarves, guard the Copper Citadel's massive entrance gates, which are large enough for the dragon to fly through. They are enchanted to only open the gates on Clonoc's mental command, a process which takes under three minutes and can be issued from up to a mile away.

Behind the shielding walls of the Copper Citadel, a deep shaft drops over a half a mile into the bowels of the earth. Once hung with massive rope and pulley elevators, the main access shaft to the mine has been cleared of all obstructions, widened to nearly thirty feet in diameter, and smoothed of all projections (-25% to Climb Walls checks). Although it is impossible for a creature of Clonoc's size to fly up or down the shaft, the copper dragon can race in either direction by means of his spider climb ability.

At the bottom of the shaft is a large cavern dominated by a lake of molten copper. The cause of this phenomenon is believed to be some rare form of draconic magic, as it definitely did not exist when the mine was first dug. Poisonous copper vapors rise from the steaming lake and obscure visibility throughout the cavern. Only the hundreds of fire bats which gambol about and a copper dragon who calls this mine home can survive in the noxious

environment for more than a few minutes without some form of magical shielding.

A large horizontal shaft leads several hundred yards west from the cavern of the copper lake to an even larger chamber. In the center of this vast cavern, Clonoc's sprawling bed of countless copper coins and discarded mine tailings bury the floor more than three feet deep in all directions. From this grand cavern extend over thirty mine tunnels which lead to veins of as yet unrecovered copper ore as well as chambers which were carved as living quarters for the miners and foundries in which the copper was smelted.

Unbeknownst to the dwarves of Clan Coppersmith, many of their kin who supposedly died during the construction of the dragon's massive complex as well as other dwarves from the surrounding region who had the misfortune of being kidnapped by the copper dragon now labor as slaves in the depths of the dragon's lair. Some of the veins of ore which were abandoned as unprofitable have been reopened by the dwarven miners and proven to still contain a good deal of copper. Three of the shafts have been widened and extended deep into the heart of the Yatils range, and they now serve as escape tunnels for the draconic overseer should the gates of the Copper Citadel ever be breached. At least one such tunnel opens at the bottom of a deep crystalline mountain lake, for the dwarves who attempted to escape by means of this exit were crushed to death by the tremendous water pressure as they drowned.

Clonoc has also established a secondary lair in the heart of the Vesve Forest three miles due west of the ruins of Delvenbrass. On the rare occasions he visits his reserve stronghold, Clonoc is careful to make liberal use of his tarnish spell (reverse of burnish) to alter his natural hue to the green of verdigris. By means of this simple deception, Clonoc ensures that all rumors of a rival dragon in the lands claimed by Ophioverdaurare (see below) report a draconic interloper of verdant hue. As a result, that wyrm has never connected the infrequent intrusions of a "green wyrm" to her metallic neighbor to the south and west.

Clonoc's second lair is a simple cavern carved into the steep-sided bank of a forest stream overhung with ample vegetation (some of it carnivorous) that shields the lair from all but the most determined investigator. The central cavern is dominated by piles of tailings from some ancient race which mined for copper in the handful of tunnels that descend from the lair deep into the Underdark (and also connect with the deepest catacombs of Delvenbrass). Clonoc has hidden only a small fraction of his horde in this lair scattered in small caches throughout the adjacent tunnels, as he cannot bear to let his precious copper out of his sight.

Clonoc's Domain

From the depths of the Copper Citadel, Clonoc holds sway over the eastern Yatil Mountains and the Clatspur Range. He claims the entire length of the Clatspurs south of

Lunadora to the Ververdyva River. South of the river valley, he claim all of the Yatils from the Krestible–Molvar Pass to the western bank of the Ververdyva and from Schwartzenubruin to the imaginary line stretching from Highfolk to the easternmost fringes of Bramblewood Forest.

Although Clonoc's territory is significantly smaller than that of many other prominent dragons in the Flanaess, the lands he does control are very strategic to the land-bound races of the region, particularly the inhabitants of Perrenland, Highfolk, and Furyondy, giving him a position of significant importance.

Clonoc claimed his domain nearly two centuries ago upon the disappearance of the great silver wyrm Argentinterren from her lair atop Mountain Silvermorn, the highest peak in the southern Clatspurs. The great silver wyrm vanished along with every last trace of her horde in 400 CY, and has never been heard from again. Clonoc then successfully defended his newly established holdings from a string of attacks by weaker rivals. Before Clonoc's total obsession with copper developed, he searched the length and breadth of the southern Clatspurs looking for some trace of Argentinterren's fate, but he never met with any sort of success.

To the north and east, Clonoc's domain overlaps with that of Ophioverdaurare, a green wyrm who claims the Vesve Forest and the Sepia Uplands as her domain, but neither dragon has pressed the issue or challenged the other to date. The western borders of Clonoc's territory overlap with the lands claimed by the venerable red dragon Inferixpyrak, and the two wyrms have clashed on several occasions.

Within his domain, Clonoc tolerates the existence of several young copper and brass dragons, of which two of the former are actually his grandchildren, but he has as little contact with them as possible except to insure that they know their place. Copperhead has driven away more than one metallic dragon he had previously tolerated within his lands once they reached adulthood.

Clonoc deliberately avoids the territory surrounding the Lost Caverns of Tsojcanth (hex E5–88) and chooses to ignore the presence of a young adult blue dragon by the name of Azuraetics who has recently settled in the immediate vicinity. Aside from that lone chromatic interloper, Clonoc has hunted down and killed the other six younger chromatic dragons who dared to intrude into his territory since he established his domain.

The Deeds of Clonoc

Although long a resident of the eastern Yatils, Clonoc only came to the attention of the human and demihuman populations in the region in 576 CY when he was possessed by a minor tanar'ri after a terrible duel. Clonoc managed to maintain partial control of his body except when passing copper caravans overwhelmed his natural avarice. When greed won out, the possessing fiend caused the dragon to

swoop down and attack such "deliberate insults" (as they were perceived by the dragon's split personality) and haul the treasure back to his lair.

Clonoc was eventually relieved of his terrible affliction by the Company of the White Griffon after twelve weeks of such attacks. Once the demon was exorcised, Clonoc retreated to his lair to recover from the mental bruising his psyche had undergone. In recompense for the damage he had caused, Clonoc returned a large fraction of his horde to the cantons of Perrenland. He used most of the remainder to hire the dwarves of Clan Coppersmith to construct for him the Copper Citadel.

When war broke out in 582 CY, work was just being completed on Clonoc's revamped lair. Iuz, seeking to cause problems on Furyondy's northwestern flank, sent another, more powerful fiend to possess Clonoc's already weakened mental defenses. With the assistance of the Lord of Evil's powerful spells, the tanar'ri emerged from the lake of molten copper in Clonoc's lair and surprised the great copper dragon. Clonoc fought valiantly, but ultimately succumbed to the fiend's magic jar attack.

The copper dragon's behavior did not immediately begin to change at the onset of his possession. The fiend who controlled the great dragon's body was careful to allow the dwarves of Clan Coppersmith to depart unmolested (aside from those who vanished during various "accidents"). For much of the war the tanar'ri was careful to attack passing caravans infrequently. Instead of halting trade altogether, traffic between Highfolk and Perrenland was disrupted just enough to weaken Furyondy without drawing the attention of region's rulers.

As the years have passed, however, the fiend-possessed copper dragon has been less and less able to resist the urge to attack every passing caravan of copper. As a result, trade is grinding to a halt, and suspicion is beginning to fall once again on Coperhead, Lord of the Velverdyva River valley.

Clonoc's Magic

Clonoc employs at least two rare draconic spells that are fairly well known within the community of copper dragons in the Flanaess. These two spells, burnish and transmute iron to copper, are detailed below. In addition, Clonoc is known to have employed various incantations of an electrical nature, such as shocking grasp, as well as items that generate such spell effects, such as a staff of thunder and lightning, in the past. He is also believed to possess a beaker of plentiful potions that dispenses potions of blue dragon breath as well as other concoctions. Such attacks are particularly useful in conjunction with the latter rare draconic spell. Other spells Clonoc is known to employ include taunt and invisibility.

Burnish *reversible*
(Alteration, Abjuration)
Level 1

Range: Touch
Components: V
Duration: 1 day/level
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell is employed regularly by many copper, bronze, and brass dragons whose skins often acquire an unsightly patina on their scales over time. Copper dragons in particular employ this spell to remove the verdigris that plagues their scales in wet climes.

Burnish can be employed on any precious metal—including gold, silver, bronze, brass, or copper—to restore its natural luster and shine, no matter where it is found, even as a trace element of another substance. Thus metallic dragons can employ it on themselves or on their hordes. Up to 1,000 pounds of metal (i.e. 10,000 coins) per level of the spellcaster can be burnished by means of this spell. Since metallic dragons contain only trace amounts of metal in their scales, one application of this spell is sufficient to restore a vain wrym's natural hue, no matter how large.

In addition, for the duration of the spell, any metal enchanted by means of this spell will not tarnish under any conditions. This protection can be ended by means of a dispel magic spell or similar incantation. When the spell duration expires, tarnishing proceeds at its normal, slow rate.

The reverse of this spell, tarnish, was invented by a mischievous and vain copper dragon who commonly employed it to diminish the luster of rivals, particularly when competing for a likely mate. Tarnish covers precious metals in an unsightly patina, diminishing their luster, and can also be employed on substances with only traces of metal in their make-up.

Transform Iron to Copper (*Alteration*)

Level 1
Range: 20 yards
Components: V
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 2 (1 for dragons)
Area of Effect: 20' radius
Saving Throw: None

This spell increases the malleability and ability to conduct electricity of iron by temporarily transforming it into copper. Any iron or steel within the area of effect at the instant when the spell is cast, even if subsequently removed from the area of effect, is affected.

For the duration of this spell, iron and steel weapons are transformed into copper, reducing the damage they inflict by one point per die due to copper's relative softness (to a minimum of 1 point of damage). Similarly, iron and steel armor affected by this spell is reduced in effectiveness by one point of AC (to a maximum of AC 10). (This renders

many metal shields useless, reduces nonmagical studded leather to AC 8, magical chain mail +2 to AC 4, etc.) There is a chance that nonmagical weapons and armor that suffer a crushing blow (i.e. weapons that successfully hit or armor that is hit) while transformed into copper will be permanently damaged. If the item fails its item saving throw versus crushing blow, the penalties to its AC value or damage inflicted are permanent until repaired by a competent smith. Magical weapons and armor are affected and suffer the short term penalties of this spell, but there is no risk of long-term damage to magical items from the spell effect.

In addition, transformed steel and iron becomes a natural conductor for the duration of this spell. Anyone wearing steel or metal armor (a shield or a weapon is not enough metal to have an effect) suffers a -3 penalty to saving throws versus electrical effects (such as shocking grasp spells, lightning bolt spells, a blue dragon's breath weapon, etc.) while afflicted by a transform iron to copper spell.

Clonoc's Fate

Clonoc's sanity in the long-term is likely to be questionable at best. Two possessions within a score of years have severely damaged his psyche, and even if the latest fiend to possess his mind is exorcised, his behavior is likely remain extremely erratic and episodically malevolent in the years to come. In game terms, after a succesful exorcism, his alignment should be considered CN(E), as opposed to CE, which it is currently.

In the long-term, the Voorman of Perrenland is unlikely to tolerate the erratic wurm's intermittent molestation of caravans of copper passing through the Velderdyva Pass, and eventually he will be forced to hire one or more adventuring companies to drive the unwelcome copper dragon from the region or slay the beast, if necessary. Before that happens, one or more dwarven slaves may escape the dragon's lair and alert their kin to the plight of their fellows. If the dragon's most recent misdeeds do come to light, the dwarves of Clan Coppersmith who live outside of the dragon's tyranny will undoubtedly mount an assault against the fortress that they themselves constructed for their former employer.

Dyvers: City of Adventure!

(2) The Longshoremen's Union

by Chris Mills (Cmillsy@aol.com)

Due to its strategic location at the mouth of the Velderdyva River, the City of Dyvers sees an amount of waterborne trade surpassed by few other cities of the Flanaess. Not surprisingly, the Longshoremen's Union has grown to become one of the city's most powerful and influential guilds. No cargo is loaded or unloaded without the Longshoremen's say-so. Their power is such that virtually any cargo can be unloaded with the utmost speed and efficiency, or can be delayed by countless inspections, lost paperwork, or labor disputes.

Guild Organization

Like the overwhelming majority of the city's guilds, the Longshoremen's Union is ruled by a single guildmaster. The guildmaster is elected in a general election every 5 years. The present guildmaster, Maddox Vren, has held his position for 10 years, and was but recently elected to his third term.

Answering to the guildmaster are two assistant guildmasters. Each assistant is responsible for the day to day operation of the union on his particular shift -- one for the day and one for the night. These positions are also filled by general election every 5 years.

While the assistant guildmasters handle the day to day operations of the Union, the guildmaster's main responsibility is negotiating with the city's other guilds and unions, as well as seeing that the Union's views are expressed in the city's Senate.

Like other guilds of this size, there is much political infighting and maneuvering within the Union, particularly during election time. In spite of this, Maddox Vren has been a near unanimous choice for guildmaster during the past two elections. This speaks of Vren's skill as guildmaster as well as his popularity among the members of the union.

Under Vren's guidance, the Union has prospered as never before without the violence associated with the Union in the past.

Guild Members

The Union has a total membership of about 500, members being split about 60/40% between the day and night shift.

Few of the Longshoremen are actually sailors. While the majority are simply strongbacked laborers, many have developed skills useful and unique to spending a lifetime on the docks.

1) One of the most common longshoreman skills is the ability to judge the amount of cargo a vessel is carrying. By observing a vessel, knowing its cargo space, and how it sits in the water, a Longshoremen can estimate fairly accurately the amount of cargo in the vessel's holds.

2) While many of the Longshoremen are illiterate, it is the rare individual who is not multilingual. A lifetime exposed to sailors from many nations is the perfect learning ground for many languages.

3) Many of the older Union members can be considered experts in the field of ship heraldry. These individuals can identify at a glance which nation or merchant organization a ship belongs to. This ability is treated as a Wisdom proficiency check with regards to ship heraldry only.

While there are few skilled warriors among the union's members, the majority can more than hold their own in a brawl. Most members receive a +1 bonus when punching or wrestling. They also a proficiency in the club, (including the belaying pin or the gaff/hook).

Religious Faction

Among the members of the union there is a small group of religious fanatics. Devoted worshipers of Procan, this cult has become a source of increasing concern for Maddox Vren.

The cult is small, numbering less than 20, and until recently had only been a minor irritant to the guild at large, restricting their activities to preaching among the other workers and requesting donations from the odd ship hoping to dock in Dyver's harbors. Lately, they have become more vocal in their devotion to their deity. The cult members now refuse to work on nights when Luna is full, a holy time to Procan's followers due to the extreme influence of that body upon the tides of Oerth's oceans. The cult has also begun to demand sacrifices from ships docking in Dyvers.

Faced with these problems, Vren is unsure how to proceed. He can't simply expel them without creating animosity among the rest of the union. He also does not wish to anger the Church of Procan within the city.

The main force behind the cult is an individual by the name of Perlov N'emo. A rogue specialty priest of Procan, N'emo is a former member of the Pilots' Guild. He was expelled from the guild for his refusal to navigate ships into port unless the crew made the proper sacrifices to Procan. Although many members of the Pilots' Guild are priests of Procan, N'emo is much more fanatical in his devotion.

Even more serious is the fact that N'emo's activities have come to the attention of the Thieves' Guild, who sees this situation as one that can be exploited to their benefit.

Guildhall

A small warehouse near the docks doubles as the Union's guildhall. As the Union runs a day and night shift, there is almost always someone there.

The hall contains several offices belonging to the guildmaster and his assistants, as well as one used by the two secretaries in the union's employ. There are also several rooms used for the storage of records. The rest of the guildhall is taken up by a large meeting hall where the union holds monthly meetings.

The only thing of value kept at the guildhall is the union's official charter from the city. The charter proclaims the nuances of the union's right to operation as well as its specific jurisdiction.

Despite the lack of valuables kept here, the union does employ six guards for security. Two guards are on duty at all times, splitting the duties up into three eight-hour shifts.

Guild Strengths

The Union's strength lies in its control of all cargo delivered to the city docks. Any cargo loaded or unloaded to any merchant watercraft within the city must be handled by Union members, without exception. Since many merchants have their warehouses located at the docks, this control extends to these warehouses as well. However, this does not extend to those warehouses that are located elsewhere within the city. Those storehouses must deal with the Longshoremen's chief rival -- the Warehousemen's Alliance.

Although the Union has a reputation of being militant, this is something of a misconception. The union is not so much militant as it is extremely well organized. This is more or less the result of the influence of the present guildmaster over the last fifteen years.

The Union's organization and strength takes several forms. Virtually nothing goes on in the dock region that does not eventually come to the attention of Vren or his assistants. Union members are also extremely loyal to the organization, being both vigilant in watching over "their" jurisdiction and unusually difficult to bribe.

This not to say that all Union members are honest, law abiding citizens. Rather, the majority are just "good Union men" who are loathe to break the agreements of the guild, and risk expulsion from the Union.

Guild Rates

Each year the Longshoremen's Union submits cargo handling rates to the Dyverse and Sundry Senate. Upon approval by the Senate, these rates remain unchanged for one year.

While merchants constantly complain that the rates are outrageous, they have actually remained fairly consistent,

having increased by only 2-4% each year, over Maddox Vren's tenure.

The rates are also consistent with those charged by the Warehousemen and the Carters and Cabbies Guild across the rest of the city. A condition that has many merchants screaming collusion.

The rates represent the minimum fee that must be paid to the Carters, Warehousemen and the Union. While few members will purposely slow up a job in order to extract a higher wage, it is well known that an additional wage on top of the Union rate can greatly speed the unloading or loading of a vessel.

Relations with other city guilds

Due to the structure of the city government, and the strong guild structure of the city, the Longshoremen's Union has dealings with a large number of other guilds. While the majority of these affairs are of the normal sort concerning day to day operations, as well as political maneuvering within the Senate, relations with several guilds warrant a more detailed explanation.

Carters' Union: While Dyvers is a wealthy sea power, the riches entering the city overland via caravan are even greater. Much as the Longshoremen monopolize the handling of water borne cargo, the Carters have a similar monopoly with respect to overland transportation. The Carters transport all merchandise within the city walls, save for merchant caravans arriving and departing the city. In turn, the Warehousemen load and unload this overland freight.

While the Longshoremen unload all water vessels, not all of that cargo is destined for those warehouses located on the docks. Those cargoes that are to be transported elsewhere in the city are loaded onto Carters' wagons to be transported to their destination, where Warehousemen will unload the cargo. In addition, caravan cargoes destined to travel further by water are loaded by Warehousemen, delivered to the docks by the Carters, then unloaded by the Longshoremen.

What many merchants have long suspected is true. These guilds cooperate to set cargo handling rates. By keeping their respective rates competitive yet comparable, the guilds insure that merchants' coins find their way into guild coffers with a smooth efficiency.

For the time being, the Carters and Longshoremen, though potential rivals, are satisfied to control their present duopoly.

Warehousemen's Alliance: The Longshoremen's true rivals are the members of the Warehousemen's Alliance. While the Longshoremen control the loading and unloading of cargo from ships, to include storage in dockside warehouses, the Warehousemen control the loading and unloading of merchandise in warehouses everywhere else in

the city. Just as the Longshoremen cooperate with the Carters, so to do the Warehousemen. However, both the Longshoremen's Union and the Warehousemen's Alliance long to control all cargo handling in the city. Realizing that such a situation would not be to their advantage, the Carters and Cabbies Guild works to maintain a balance of power between the two rival guilds. These efforts are made simpler by the hatred Longshoremen have for Warehousemen, a sentiment the Warehousemen more than return. Tavern brawls between members of these guilds are legendary.

Merchants and Traders: Various merchant organizations would like nothing better than to see an end to the monopoly enjoyed by Longshoremen's Union. These merchants see the Union as nothing more than an obstacle to their right to free enterprise.

Over the years merchants have occasionally approached Maddox Vren with proposals to sign individual agreements with the Union, each merchant seeking preferential treatment over their competitors, of course. To date, Vren has refused all such proposals. His opinion is that as long as the merchants are busy trying to outdo each other by paying ever greater amounts above the set Union wage to ensure "special" handling, there is no need to change a thing.

Thieves' Guild: The Union's relationship with the Thieves' Guild is shaky at best. The thieves would like nothing better than to do away with Maddox Vren. Since he came into power, smuggling on any large scale has become virtually impossible.

Vren supposes that there are more riches and power to be gained through fairly honest and straightforward business dealings, than to risk the wrath of the military and the city government for quick profits made through smuggling.

To date, the Thieves' Guild has had to satisfy itself with small operations, usually involving non-native merchants and those few union members who are approachable.

The one major gain the Thieves' Guild has made against the Union has been a plan long in the making. For the past six years the guild has had a mole working as a member of the Union. The mole, one Brull Hopcroft, was recently elected to the position of assistant guildmaster.

As the assistant in charge of the night shift, Hopcroft is in a perfect position to implement smuggling on a much larger scale.

At present the Thieves' Guild is loath to do away with Maddox Vren. Realizing that they have very little support within the union, and not wishing to risk a guild war at this time.

Sculptors & Mechanics Guild: One of the unique things about the port of Dyvers is how much of the cargo is handled. Dyvers is famous for the many mechanical devices used to load and unload cargo.

All of these devices were constructed by members of the Sculptors & Mechanics Guild, under agreement with Longshoremen's Union.

Mechanics can often be found on the docks, working on and repairing the various devices found there.

Pilots Guild: The Longshoremen's Union has a special relationship with the Pilots Guild.

By Dyverse law each occupation is organized into a guild and is represented in the Dyverse and Sundry Senate. The Pilots' Guild is no exception. However, this guild is extremely small, numbering no more than 30, and is an obvious target for take over and control by other guilds. To preserve their independence, the Pilots' Guild has developed a close relationship with the Longshoremen. The Pilots are protected by the Longshoremen's Union, in return for support in the Senate.

By definition, the Pilots' Guild oversees the navigation of all ships into Dyvers' port as well as the docking of like vessels. Naturally, all of the guild's members are expert seamen and navigators. In addition, roughly 50% of all guild members are priests of Procan. Not only does this relationship give the Longshoremen a second voice in the senate, it also gives them a powerful ally within the religious community.

Players' Guide to the WORLD OF GREYHAWK

Perrenl and

by Jim Lanter

PERRENLAND, CONCATENATED CANTONS OF

Ruler: His Gravity, Karenin, Voorman of All Perrenland

Capital: Schwartzbruin (pop. 26,000)

Population: 200,000

Demi-Humans: Dwarves (3000+)

Humanoids: Some

Resources: Foodstuffs, Copper, Mercenaries

National Alignments: LN, LG, N

GEOGRAPHY: Perrenland is one of the most geographically isolated nations of the Flanaess. To the west and the south, the Yatil Mountains rise, rugged and forest cloaked with peaks averaging between 10,000 and 15,000 feet in height. This range presents a formidable barrier not only by virtue of its size and the roughness of the terrain, but also by the creatures which call the Yatils home. Mountain lions and cave bears stalk the abundant game of the upland meadows and coniferous forests while the great ernes of the Cloudpeaks vie with wyverns for mastery of the air. Although fewer giant kin and humanoids lair in these mountains compared to the southern ranges such as the Barrier Peaks, their scattered holdings still imperil the isolated settlements of prospectors and travelers who chance upon them. Both blue and red dragons are said to haunt the deeper reaches of the Yatils, but these rarely venture into Perrenland proper. The northern foothills of the Yatils, known as the Mounds of Dawn, form a less imposing, but equally perilous barrier, for therein dwell many fell beasts: flightless birds, hydrae, and hyaenodons to name a few. In addition, time-lost ruins of unknown origin appear from time to time, leading many intrepid explorers to their doom.

The Yatils are pierced in a few places by high mountain passes. Of these, the largest connects the southern city of Krestible with the Kettite settlement of Molvar. This route is passable for most of the year but, in the winter months (Sunsebb, Fireseek and Readyng), snows prevent transit by all but the most intrepid (read: foolish) travelers. Farther east, skirting the Ververdyva River canyon, a smaller pass stretches along the trade route from Traft and Swartzenbruin to the trans-Yatil village of Verbeeg Hill. Although the Ververdyva is navigable, the turbidity of the chill waters and the skill required to navigate the Yatil canyon rapids ensures that this trail remains the major trade route between Perrenland and the eastern Flanaess. This path is more treacherous than the Molvar trail and is generally closed due to avalanche risk from Ready'reat to Coldeven.

Across the northern bank of the river, the Clatspur mountain range forms the eastern redoubt of the realm. Not as high (average height, 8,000 feet) or wide as the Yatils,

Perrenland's side of this range is drier, and the vegetation consists of grasses and scrubs. Although this range is not as imposing as the Yatils, its terrain is even more rugged and there are no major passes piercing the barrier. In addition, these mountains are home to a wide variety of poisonous snakes and dangerous predators including giant spiders, worgs, giant hornets and wyverns. More humanoids make their homes here as well; fair sized tribes of gnolls, bugbears and kobolds are a constant, roaming danger. Perrenland's official writ extends into the foothills of this range, known as the Sepia Uplands, but this rule is in name only. Thus cordial relations are maintained with the scattered gnomish holdings of this region who in turn provide a buffer between the hill-dwelling humanoids and the northern settlements.

Perrenland's northern border is secured by Lake Quag, the third-largest freshwater lake in the Flanaess. This body of water provides a bountiful harvest of fish and waterfowl to both the Perrenlanders along its southern shores and the Wolf Nomads to the north. The middle of the lake remains a mystery, since the tales of both the lowlanders and Wegwuir tell of a doom that befalls those straying out of sight of land; it is said that the Jaws of Quag, a whirlpool of tremendous proportions, swallows those caught in the open water, dragging them down to the lands of the sunless sea. Upland legends tell a different tale of Quag, describing a mist-shrouded isle far from shore. Therein are said to dwell beings of great antiquity who know all that has passed in the Flanaess since the dawn of time.

HISTORY: Flan oral traditions speak of times when the Flanaess was a warmer place and the region known today as Perrenland was a distant colony of a powerful empire of the Griff Mountains. It was said that a majority of the transportation and communication between this far-flung province and its motherland was achieved by the use of massive ensorcelled chambers in a citadel, the ruins of which are purported to lie in the Mounds of Dawn. Cultural similarity between the Flannaes of modern day Perrenland and those of Tehn and the Griffs tend to support such rumors. These people were of fierce disposition and excelled at both agriculture and stone working, the latter trait drawing the attention and respect of the dwarves of the Yatils. In exchange for foodstuffs from the plains and fish from Lake Quag, the dwarves trained these people in the art of metalworking and sharpened their skill at war craft, introducing the use of both pike formations and the crossbow. What caused the downfall of this mythical empire is shrouded in the mists of time, known perhaps only to some of the most venerable members of the longer-lived races of the peaks. All that can be said for certain is that by the time of the great migrations, the folk of both the Griffs and the Yatils had fallen back to a simpler existence, primarily living as herdsman, farmers and fisher folk. Eventually, when Oeridian tribes pushed into the lowlands, the Flannaes, with dwarven allies, were able to hold all territory south of the Mounds of Dawn against the invaders.

Ultimately, the Oeradians were allowed to settle the lowlands, leaving the foothills and mountains to the original inhabitants.

Thus were cordial relations maintained between the two groups, and with the influx of culture and energy, a new era of prosperity settled upon the land. It was during this time that the concept of "cantons", the small autonomous regions that are the governmental foundation of modern Perrenland, came into being.

During the Great Kingdom's expansionist phase, the territory was dominated by bureaucrats from the Viceroyalty of Ferrond, representing Aerdy interests. Initially, the governors ruled the farmers and fisher folk of the lowlands with a light hand and left the uplanders to their own devices.

As the viceroyalty became independent, competent northern governors were drawn south, to the fledgling nation of Furyondy, there to aid in the forging of a new land. Those that remained sunk into decadence and inefficiency. Furyondy initially staked no claim on the northern territory, and its rulers paid it little mind, allowing a climate of unchecked oppression.

In this climate a hero of truly legendary stature arose from one of the upland cantons. Vartum Perren was a ranger knight in the service of Beory who began a guerrilla war against both Kettite interests and the minions of the governor in 389 CY. As the rebellion (now known as the Yatil Uprising) gained momentum, more cantons joined Perren's burgeoning force until the uplands were liberated in 394 CY. During Perren's war of attrition, the governor, one Ivixius the Proud, was sorely pressed for funds and bled the lowlanders white trying to finance the war. Those who complained sorely to their lord were judged guilty of treason and were drawn and quartered, their families enslaved and their property confiscated. Sadly, the nobles of the court in Dyvers viewed the uprising as a "local problem," and much blood was spilled for their ignorance.

Perren was quick to offer aid to the oppressed and the lowland campaigns ensued. Vartum proved himself as able a general in the plains as in the mountains and, with the aid of mercenaries who could no longer bear Ivixius' atrocities, defeated the governor's forces in battle after battle. In Harvester of 399 CY, the final engagement was joined, culminating in the death of Ivixius at the hands of Perren, a battle of which the bards still sing. By 400 CY Voorman Perren had united the cantons into the nation which today bears his name.

Over the next several decades, the fledgling nation was subjected to the designs of several of its more powerful neighbors, briefly falling under the dominion of Furyondy in the years between CY 437 and CY 443. The final invasion occurred in the 470's when the Witch-Queen Iggwilv, with the aid of Kettite troops and fiends summoned from the netherworld, conquered Perrenland. After nearly a

decade of bloody rule which came to be known as the decade of tears, Iggwilv attempted to force the aid of her one-time consort, the Demon Prince, Graz'zt, and was stripped of her powers. Without the supernatural aid of Iggwilv's demonic hordes, her Kettite soldiers were no match for the Perrenlanders and were driven from the land in short order. After these difficult times, the once open Perrenlanders became insular and closed their borders in CY 490 to all except mercenaries. These were permitted charters in recognition of their aid and sacrifices during the occupations. To this day, mercenaries of all nationalities consider Perrenland a kind of haven and homeland; any invader should be warned that they consider an attack on that land an attack on themselves and would react accordingly.

At the outbreak of the Greyhawk Wars, Voorman Franz carefully maintained neutrality, refusing military assistance to Iuz while quietly providing non-military aid to Highfolk, the Vesve forces and the gnomes of the Sepia Uplands. He took special care to fortify his borders (most notably with expansionist Ket) and, through rigorous diplomacy, built tenuous alliances with both the Wolf and Tiger nomads. As a result of these actions, Perrenland has emerged from the conflagration as one of the strongest nations of the postwar Flanaess. The current voorman, Karenin is an equally deft statesman and has been cultivating the strength of the realm by careful maneuvering in the economic, political and military arenas. Meanwhile, his predecessor, Franz, has been building a formidable intelligence network, sharing information with many different ranger and druidic orders throughout Oerth to ensure the security of the cantons.

POLITICS: Governmental duties in Perrenland are divided between the confederation and the cantons. The confederation oversees the affairs of the land and is responsible for coordination of relations between the cantons, protection of the country and its citizens, regulation of trade and the monetary system, diplomatic relations, and country-wide public works. Three branches comprise the confederation: the house of cantons (legislative), the council of hetmen (executive) and the assembly of judges (judicial). Power is balanced equally between these entities and they are often advised by three unofficial groups: the merchant men (including guilds and farmers), the swords (representatives of the mercenary companies) and the scholars (including priests and spell weavers). Presiding over all is the Voorman of all Perrenland, an office which rotates between members of the hetmen. In times of emergency (i.e. war, famine etc.), the Voorman can rule with emergency powers over all

The cantons are semi-autonomous and governed by a strange system in which the citizens elect the leaders of their local governments and representatives to the national house. Although voting rights vary with the local laws, in general, all have a say and therefore a stake in the government which has resulted in one of the most united nations of the Flanaess. Cantonal duties encompass local

public works, social institutions, legislation, and law enforcement. Within its borders, the authority of a cantonal government is nearly absolute and while citizens of different cantons have little difficulty adapting to the local mores, outsiders often find the wide variety of local customs confusing at best. Travelers are warned that ignorance is not deemed an excuse for lawbreaking.

RELIGION: Perrenlanders, especially the uplanders, are a religious people and their most commonly revered powers reflect the cultural influences of both the dwarves and the Oeridian settlers on the original Flan inhabitants. At the core of these powers is Beory the Oerth Mother who is venerated as the mother of all living creatures of Oerth. She is believed to take the shape of a huge, black she-bear and sometimes appears as such to lead lost children to safety. Among the lowlanders, she is the patron of the farmers who harvest the bounty of her body. Beory is served by druidic circles in matters spiritual and by a corps of ranger knights who see to the safety of the druids and serve as guardians of the wilder lands. Along with Beory, most other nature deities are venerated. Among these, Atroa, "Lady East Wind", goddess of spring and renewal Velnius, "Master of the Ernes, the Great North Wind" and Ulaa of the mountains are especially important to the highlanders. In the lowlands, temples and shrines to the goddess of agriculture, Berei, and Obad-Hai (especially in his aspect as the god of freedom) abound. Finally, Zilchus the god of money and business and Kord the Brawler find large followings among the merchants and mercenaries respectively.

CULTURE: Several generalizations can be made about Perrenlanders. The inhabitants are very law abiding. Due to past struggles, these once open folk have become isolationist and nationalistic. This is particularly manifest in the national attitude toward mages and merchants; those not of native origin are, at best, treated with extreme suspicion and are more often greeted with outright hostility.

A notable exception to this lack of hospitality is the attitude toward foreign mercenaries who are treated with grudging respect as long as they adhere to the laws of the land. Since all are required to serve in the military and many of these veterans form sell sword companies themselves, this has become a tradition of professional courtesy. For mercenaries of all alignments, this land has been declared a neutral ground where rivalry and conflict can be put aside in favor of sharing war stories over a tankard or two.

Most Perrenlanders are religious, and while not as reverent as the zealots of the Pale, are not overly tolerant of religions other than the established norm. A particularly unusual aspect of society are the merchants who, out of necessity, do not share the xenophobia of their countrymen. These worthies are the best in the Flanaess and are said to be able to sell salt to a man in the Sea of Dust. Honesty and industry are highly prized and those who display laziness are exiled to the fringes of society.

The most common language is Old Oeridian, but especially in the highlands, a dialect of Flan is still used. Most folk in the highlands are either sheep herders or farmers while those of the plains count a large percentage of craftsman among their number. The people of the highlands maintain the traditions of their Flannish forebears while the lowlanders are a mix of both the Oeridian and Flan races. The upland cantons tend to be matriarchal in nature with deference given to the guidance of priestesses of Beory. Lowlanders tend to follow their Oeridian roots with regard to social institutions.

MILITARY: A vigorous standing military force is maintained to patrol Perrenland's borders and guard against the designs of neighboring lands. This army consists of three major corps: heavy and light cavalry from the plains, medium lowland infantry/crossbow men and mountain pike men. This formidable army of more than 8000 troops is supplemented by dwarven heavy infantry, crossbow men and bear riders, by the more than 40 mercenary companies who call Perrenland home and by a well-trained and armed militia. In times of dire need, companies of gnomes, wolf nomad horse archers and even some mages can be summoned to defend the land.

Adventurers are more likely to encounter either the canton constabularies while traveling within the nation or the ever-vigilant border patrols if seeking entry. The former are composed of 2-4 lightly armored quarter staff specialists who are on the lookout for suspicious looking outsiders. The latter are invariably mounted and can range in numbers from 10-40 medium troops armed with both missile and melee weapons and usually accompanied by a spell caster of some sort, more often of a priestly than wizardly nature.

PERSONAGE: Jürgen of Traft is a nondescript man of medium build in his mid thirties. He is of tan complexion with jet black hair and wears the diving eagle symbol of his company somewhere on his clothing at all times. A straight white scar runs from his forehead to his chin which is whispered to have come from a close encounter with a giant deep within the Yatils. A veteran of Perrenland's military and many mercenary campaigns, he carries himself with a quiet dignity that commands obedience in subordinates and respect from his peers.

He is typical of the mercenary captains hailing from the northern plains and commands a troop of medium cavalry (Jürgen's Ernes) that saw action during the Great Conflagration in southern Keoland. He has been hired for such diverse tasks as providing escort for merchant caravans to training local militia. The only assignments he refuses are those involving slaving/kidnapping or those which require the slaughter of non-combatants (i.e. the elderly, infirm and children.)

Along with the more overt services he provides, Jürgen is renowned throughout the southwestern Flanaess for being able to muster just the right group of specialists (i.e.

adventures or even members of local thieves guilds) for smaller actions. These bands are always accompanied by representatives from the Ernes to ensure that the terms of service are honored to the letter and trust maintained between the employer and his company. Jürgen is known to have seen to the destruction of at least one such band that sought to "re-negotiate" their contract.

Tales from the Green Dragon Inn

Robilar Remembers: Erac's Cousin

by Robert J. Kuntz with Douglas J. Behringer
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The following information is derived from the "Original" Greyhawk campaign, as conducted by E. Gary Gygax and Robert J. Kuntz. This information is presented for background trivia's sake and may not in some instances completely "agree" with the "Official" Greyhawk setting as published by TSR, Inc. Only TSR, which owns the rights to the Greyhawk setting, can decide what is "Official" Greyhawk lore, but hopefully others will find this information from the "Original" Greyhawk campaign of interest.

Dungeon module S4, *The Lost Caverns of Tsojcanth* (TSR, 1982), saw the introduction of a new demon prince, Fraz-Urb-luu (spelled "Fraz-Urb'luu" in *Monster Manual II*). In the description of this powerful fiend, it stated that: "For centuries, he was imprisoned in a bas-relief visage (described as a stone prison in *Monster Manual II*) in the dungeons beneath Castle Greyhawk. Many unwary adventurers were destroyed after speaking to the visage, but eventually he duped a mighty cleric and a powerful magic-user into performing several heroic deeds that freed him from his carved prison. The Prince of Deception then carried the unwitting tools into slavery on his own plane in the Abyss."

The description also notes that: "The only two individuals who have journeyed there (Fraz-Urb-luu's abyssal plane) and returned also report that magical items taken there lose their magic. They themselves lost swords of the utmost power. It therefore seems almost certain (90% chance) that magical items taken there, short of artifacts or relics, will be ruined."

The following is the story behind these cryptic entries in the description of Fraz-Urb-luu. In the original Greyhawk campaign, the fighter/magic-user known as Erac's Cousin (played by Ernie Gygax) managed to acquire two powerful vorpal swords. Both Gary and Rob decided that his character had become way too powerful, especially considering the fact that he possessed the ability to use both weapons at the same time. Erac's Cousin had learned how to fight with both weapons at the same time when he was teleported to Mars in an adventure patterned after the *Warriors of Mars* series. It seems that Mars (in Gygax's early conceptualization) was located within Oerth's solar system, so Erac's Cousin was able to teleport home when he finished adventuring. This adventure was created for Ernie, who loved the *Barsoom* books. So with both Gary and Rob Co-DMing, Erac's Cousin and the 9th level fighter Ayelerach (played by Mark Ratner) entered the dungeons beneath Castle Greyhawk.

The co-dm's "directed" the characters toward a dungeon level that contained a bas-relief visage of a demon face embedded in the floor. This "face" served as an entryway to *DemonWorld(tm)*, an adventure locale created by Rob Kuntz that served as a "jumping off" point for demons in their planned invasion of Oerth. While tinkering around with the visage, they managed to release the demon prince, Fraz-Urb-luu. In desperation, Erac's Cousin used a Gate scroll and actually managed to gate in Zeus, the Greek god. Unfortunately for Erac's Cousin, a die roll of 5% ensued and Zeus decided to ignore the situation (see *DM's Guide*, first edition, TSR, 1979, pg 43 for a full explanation). Erac's Cousin and Ayerlach were whisked away to the demon prince's home plane and the vorpal blades were destroyed by the strange magical emanations of the demon's home plane. Thus ended the double-bladed reign of Erac's Cousin.

Note: For a full description of Erac's Cousin, see *The Rogues Gallery*, first edition, TSR, 1980. No description of Ayelerach has ever been published, but he was a 9th level fighter. This adventure was apparently inspired by the *Face in the Abyss*, a novel by A. Merritt.