

Fobin

An Alternate Army Module

First Draft

Written By

Rebecca Ann Downey

Original Maps

Patrick Nilsson,
Jonathan M. Davidson

NPC Art

Gérald Beaudoin

Editors

Andreas H. Nicoletti
Jonathan M. Davidson
Jarold Holland-Hibbert

Copyright 1999, Rebecca Ann Downey

The Scarlet Veil Compound map and design © Jonathan M. Davidson

Hâm, HâmMaster, Tharda and HâmWorld information is © N. Robin Crossby and Columbia Games.

The Alternative Army is © Jonathan M. Davidson

No breach of existing copyright is intended by this module. All characters presented here in are fictional. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, is purely a work of your own imagination. Please do not distribute, modify or quote from this publication without first contacting the author, she's the curious type you see...

Introduction

Where do I begin?

Fobin is a powerful place. It is the last keep between the Thardic Republic and Themeson Keep--disputed land between the Coranan Senate and the Crown of Rethem. It could be the focal point of the next great war. The legion is always on the move, out to the border to repel raiders, on gargun hunts or just repairing the local roads.

The people of Fobin are nice, even respecting of strangers like us. They don't welcome us, but neither do they gouge us in barter and trade. The people of Tharda are very money oriented. (That's a polite way of saying they're greedy.) But otherwise they are very much like you, or me.

What you hold in your hands is a collection of the lore, notes on the people and the places around this legion fortification. I hope it helps you as much as it did me.

The Date

The year is 720TR. The last update made to this information was in 718TR, but I suspect much has changed in the last two years. Certainly much more will change in the coming two.

The year is broken up into 12 months. They are:

Spring	Summer	Autumn	Winter
1 Nuzyael	4 Nolus	7 Azura	10 Ilvin
2 Peonu	5 Larane	8 Halane	11 Navek
3 Kelen	6 Agrazhar	9 Savor	12 Morgat

Each month has 30 days. Each day has 24 hours.

The HârnMaster System

This supplement is written with the HârnMaster system in mind. To fully use this supplement you need only what you have in your hands. If you wish to expand upon its knowledge, the following publications from Columbia Games are helpful: HârnMaster Rules (version 1 or version 2), The Thardic Republican Module, The Rethem Kingdom Module, The Kandian Kingdom Module. Castles of Hârn (for Geishteï castle) and Cities of Hârn (for Coranan, and information on the red guard and the senate). You will also need a copy of Jonathan M. Davidson's Alternate Army.

Contents

The articles in this supplement are:

Fobin

A general introduction and overview to the legion town and keep, its economics, staffing and other such details.

Caer Fobin

The caer, its buildings and inhabitants in some detail.

Fobin Town

The town of Fobin. A thriving, yet small, center of business that has been growing these last 300 years.

Navehian Temple

There is a small band of Navehians in Fobin who have yet to do anything to cause their destruction...yet.

The Red Guard Cairn

A cairn that holds the bodies of the Balshan Jihad, it is also the source of a great number of rumors and mystery.

Scarlet Veil Compound

Home of the heretical order that promotes motherhood and prophecy while praying to Agrik.

The Riverside Chapel

A brief article on the Pennon place of worship in Fobin.

The Green Gate

The officer's bar in Fobin.

Adventures

A series of rumors, mysteries and adventurous tales told in and around Fobin are the great start for anyone seeing adventure.

NPCs

All the NPCs mentioned throughout the article.

Fobin

Established	345 TR
Location	Geshtei District, Gerium Province, Thardic Republic
Status	Seat of the District Legar of Geshtei, home of 4 Cohorts of the Gerium Legion
Population	625 + legionnaires

Fobin lies between Geshtei and Techen on the river Thard. It is a small settlement that gains its life from both the land and the soldiers stationed here. The surrounding towns are mostly populated by farmers and craftsmen as the river at this point is too deep and swift to fish. Traffic flows around the small towns and the caer seasonally by caravans travelling from Coranan to Golatha.

History

Lobir founded the town in 345 on an empty plateau near the river's edge. In 350 the river Thard flooded, destroying the crops south of the unfinished caer and eroding the natural harbour. The local fishermen moved north and south of Fobin. The caer was finished just in time for the harsh winter of 365.

Arosta, the son of Raelan, the fourth emperor, organized the men of the region and defeated the tribes at the battle of Osten in 367. Within two years of fighting the Hefiosa tribes dwindled to almost nothing. As his armies moved north, the men of Fobin returned to their cultivated fields and families. The attitude of an armed encampment never seemed to leave the area.

In 521 the river Thard flooded again and this time nearly destroyed the caer. Imperial troops moved quickly to sandbag the breach, wherein over 900 settlers were hiding. Two hundred drowned.

With the founding of the Theocracy of Tekhos, Fobin obeyed their new rulers in installing the religion of Morgath. Those who would not converted were arrested by the priests of Morgath. Most of the captives fled. That night the town burned to the ground. Only the caer the riverside Peonian temple survived the fire. Those that resisted the religious change were sold into slavery or sacrificed to Morgath. The horror ended along with the Theocracy in 588TR.

A large part of the caer's foundation washed away in the flood of 521TR. The caer remained in disrepair until 635 when the caer was attacked by Rethem forces. The town was put to siege, but was saved within a month's time by the arrival of a maniple from Geshtei. In memory of the fallen, the Red Guard Caern was built.

Lepral of Telen led the cohort against the bandits in the region. The legions began regular patrols along the roads and through various small towns. When the war with Kanday began, the legion stationed at Fobin dwindled down to a mere cohort of retired legionaries. Throughout the Five Year

War taxes were raised twice yearly for the war effort, but soon dwindled back to normal rates after the Peace of Quivum in 666.

Fobin was one of the first caer-towns to swear allegiance to the newly formed Republic. A district legar was sent from Coranan in 710TR.

Government

The river valley is home to the District Legar and the commander of the Geshtei Cohort.

The District Legar, Braen Wytel, is in charge of all taxation and assures that the soldiers are paid on time. There are no legates, per say, for anyone accused of a crime. The guilty present their story and the investigating officers present theirs. All trials are held in the center of the caer. The District Legar offers his spin on the events and the ruling is taken either from a panel of citizens or from the District Legar himself. Trials tend to draw large crowds and merchants often hawk their wares nearby. Hawking during a trial without a permit is an offense punishable by a 50d fine payable on the spot or 10 days hard labor.

Although Horik Baral should be stationed in Geshtei, the local leaders prefer to have the legions leadership spread out. Officially the reason is that this makes it more difficult to destroy the legion, unofficially it also makes it more difficult to control the legion. Horik Baral tries to stay out of the District Legar's way. Any infraction against Legion Law is dealt with by him, or one of his underlings long before it reaches the District Legar.

Legion Outpost

The Thardic Legion has 4 companies (approximately 80 men) stationed at Fobin from the Gerium Legion. This large number is mostly to protect the caer-town and more importantly the road between it and major settlements from banditry.

Banditry is still heavy in the area, even with regular patrols and escorts. In the past five years the bandits have grown bolder and better organized. Most suspect either Rethem or Kanday are once more supporting troublemakers in Tharda. The rare incursion of gargun or other bizarre beasts make for good storytelling during the winter months.

In their off time the legionnaires are working to pave the roads around Fobin. Currently they are working at a rate of 65 man hours per 100 meters. Six days out of each tenday have 32 man hours each. The main road in front of the caer is nicely paved, but the paving ends at the mill to the east and the Wooden Tankard Inn to the west.

There are no tribal settlements near Fobin, but tribesmen do wander in to town to trade or exchange information. Occasionally they bring gargun heads to Fobin to cash them in at the rate of 1d/head. A queen, or princess's head is worth a gold crown. No one at the fort is willing to admit they have no idea how to identify a female head from a male head. The

Fobin 2

general consensus is that, should anyone ever bring in a female head, that person will be sent on to Geshtei, in the hopes that the district's headquarters can solve the dilemma.

Merchants are frequent visitors from the month of Nulus to Halane. Caravans often stop overnight in Fobin before entering Rethem. Occasionally soldiers will escort a caravan to the border, but will not enter Themeson's territory, much to the merchant's dismay.

Fobin has room for three companies in the best of circumstances. A fourth would have to contend with sleeping in storage rooms and doubling up with other soldiers.

Economics

The caer exports grains, apples and honey. The local produce (turnips, carrots, peas, beans, radishes and lettuce) suffices to feed the populace and the legion.

Fobin's apples are packed in large barrels and shipped to both Golatha and Coranan. The river currents are too fast in the area to make either fishing or polling reasonable.

Land Use	
Gross Acres	1340
Village, Manor house	95
Freehold Acres	342
Unfree Acres	520
Demesne Acres	383
Unusable Acres	61
Woodlands	13
Orchard	18
Meadow	57
Arable Fields	234

Taxes

Property	6% per annum (residential), 3% business
Hawking	8% of goods value
Bonding	2% of goods value per month

Strangers in Town

As one of the last legion fortresses before the border with Rethem, it is a common layover for merchants, travellers, wanderers and mystics. A few visitors may come to Caer Fobin to pay their respects to the District Legar, but the majority prefer to stay at the Green Gate or the Wooden Tankard Inn.

Caravans park in the commons arriving in time for local festivals. Entertainers, actors and bards become common as the weather improves. Surprisingly the town is quiet during the feast of Halane. The majority of the caravans and those with free time travel to Geshtei or Coranan for the festivities.

Guilds in Fobin

The Guilds are well represented in Fobin. Temporary stalls and carts are doubly taxed. Non-guild workers are unwelcome. Members are expected to pay their dues yearly to the bonding house.

Two of the three taverns in town are also breweries. The best apple brandy in all of Tharda is made here. Kegs of it are shipped twice yearly to both Coranan and Golatha.

Religion in Fobin

Halea's worshipers consist of most of the local nobility. There is a large temple to her worship in town. Most of the locals accept the temple not as a den of drunken debauchery, but as a common place for meeting and discussing business. The temple keeps a subdued appearance to keep the locals happy. Most every soldier and merchant or craftsman pays at least lip service to Halea.

The Compound of the Scarlet Veil is treated as an Agrikan Monastery and many pay tithe to it. Its members are easily recognizable by their shaved heads. There is a small Agrikan temple in town, who's priest is also the local hangman. The religion of Agrik is accepted here because of its staunch opposition to Morgathianism. Agrik's staunch opposition to Laranianism is seen as a distrust not of the goddess, but of her Kandian worshipers. There are a few devout Laranians hidden in the legion.

The Peonian Riverside Chapel is more of a place to come and eat than a place of worship. It is said the Peonian chapel will never turn anyone away.

Naveh has its own chapel somewhere in Fobin town, so the rumors say. Morgath has no temple, neither does Siem, or Sarajin. These gods are not forbidden, just not openly worshiped by the locals. Morgathian worshipers tend to be attacked by the locals, or the agrikans, when they are discovered.

The Legionnaires

The legionnaires work and live in the caer. Their interaction with the villagers often causes more trouble than it may be worth. The legion tries to keep the peace with patrols - but the best results to date have come from shipping troublesome legionnaires to other fortresses.

Permanent Staff

There are 40 legionnaires and staff at permanent station here in Fobin. The legionnaire soldiers permanently on duty are those of the first squad of each company. This totals 30 men and women. The people who live and work in the caer are not all legionnaires. The servants are slaves, where as clerks and journeymen are freedmen. Masters must be citizens.

The staff of the Caer are: 5 clerks, 3 master cooks and 8 assistant cooks, 15 servants, 1 master ostler, 4 journeymen (all bonded), 1 master metalsmith, 1 master weaponsmith and 6 apprentices.

Reservists

There are a total of 135 reservists, roughly $\frac{1}{4}$ of which is serving at any one time in Fobin. When the reservists are not serving their time in the legion, they are deemed **out of season** and thus can neither be pestered nor ordered about by

the commanding officers (during times of peace). When the men are **in season** however, or if war is declared, every one of them is fair game.

Most reservist officers are mounted. A stable stall for their mount and the mounts daily feed is included in their daily rations. When an officer's tour of duty ends, he takes his horse with him. Each equestrian is responsible for his own horse. If it should sicken, die or otherwise be unavailable during the officer's tour of duty, he must replace it out of his own pocket.

There are: 12 Sergeants, 64 Soldiers, 15 Calvary, and 64 (32 skirmisher, 32 archer) Reservist Soldiers.

The reservist soldiers come from the various towns and villages throughout Gerimost province. A few occasionally come from other neighboring provinces as the need arises.

Fobin has sufficient forces that each cohort has a unit in rotation. This helps keep the number of forces in Fobin constant.

Horses

A maximum of 48 horses need stabling, but only 24 horses would theoretically be in residence at any one time. Currently the stables can hold only 22 horses. The legion must provide 4 draft horses and a fleet of 24 mules when all four cohorts are on the move. Currently there are 16 mules and 4 draft horses in residence.

Saddles, bridles and other equipment is the responsibility of the equestrians. The Master Ostlers can shoe a horse, but will charge the equestrians for the duty and not the legion.

Food is provided to each horse who's equestrian is currently serving his tour of duty. Stabling fees are charged for each day that a horse remains in the legion's stables after the tour of duty is done.

Reserve Arms & Equipment

The legion has twenty gross of arrows, a dozen bows, five score javelins, two score hatchets, two score spears, a dozen low-quality swords, tower shields and bucklers. The legion makes each legionnaire responsible for their equipment. They rely on local guildsmen to be able to produce any new equipment as needed.

Food

Fobin has a maximum of 7,200 man-days of food and 3600 horse-days of fodder in storage. Taxes and tributes are often paid in kind to Fobin to help keep the legion fed. Wagons of tribute arrive once every ten-day through the spring, summer and fall. Bread and milk are delivered from town each morning year round.

The food at the Caer is free to all who request a night's lodgings. Unfortunately, while it is filling and hot, it tends to be quite tasteless. The soldiers add their own salt and spices to improve the meal. Sometimes they even provide their own

vegetables or meat. The officer's are served a higher quality of food cooked in the same kitchen. The Wytel family shares the same fare as the officers.

Tour of Duty at Fobin

At Fobin, each Cohort has its own season in which serve. The year is divided into 4 seasons of 3 months each. A star in a column, means that members of the listed unit are serving during that season.

	Fobin I				Fobin II			
1st Squad	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
2nd Squad	\$					\$		
3rd Squad		\$					\$	
Calvary			\$					\$
Skirmishers				\$	\$			
Archers	\$					\$		

	Fobin III				Fobin IV			
1st Squad	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
2nd Squad			\$		\$			\$
3rd Squad				\$	\$			
Calvary	\$					\$		
Skirmishers			\$			\$		
Archers			\$					\$

Manors of Fobin

There are 22 manors who pay tribute to Fobin, of these eight are directly protected by the forces in Fobin. Each of these manors is looked after by either an equestrian clan member and/or a bailiff. There are four manors belonging to Knights of the Eight Demons along the border. While technically on Thardic soil, the knights are not currently taxed. Legionnaires on patrol are asked to give these lands a wide berth. In return the land-holding knights do not cause trouble. Still there are many horror stories about the freemen trapped on those lands and forced to work as slaves for their new masters.

Town	Clan	Acreage	Land Quality	Families
Wyne	Yemala	1010	1.07	24
Ianda	Yemala	940	1.07	20
Urdran	Yemala	930	1.08	20
Sipazer	Kosawhyn	1430	1.05	28
Evern	Wytel	1160	1.05	23
Terin	Wytel	1220	1.06	23
Dodna	Wytel	1330	1.07	26
Gemna	Wytel	1290	1.05	25

Fobin 4

Laws

Fobin abides primarily by the laws and charters of the Thardic Republic. It is legal to own a slave in Fobin, but it is illegal to sell or barter slaves without a permit from the District Legar.

Type of Crime	Description
State Crimes	Brought to the court in Geshtei, or even Geminost.
Privilege Crimes	Tried by the District Legar of Fobin.
Social crimes	Tried by the District Legar of Fobin
Economic Crimes	Tried by head of the Guild against which the crime was committed. The District Legar of Fobin in association with the head of the guilds involved.
Temple crimes	Tried by the leading priest(ess) of the Religion against which the crime was committed. District Legar acts as an official witness.

Forts of Fobin

There are four outposts in the district. All are staffed by local reservists, but they are visited regularly by patrols out of Fobin and the physician at least once each month. These forts create a network that guard the roads that lead into Rethem.

Each outpost is assigned a list of nearby manors which they must protect. The commanding officer at the fort negotiates all problems. Those he cannot solve are brought to the District Legar in Fobin on the fifth day of every tenday. Tribute is always paid directly to Fobin and it is divided evenly among the forts in the Northern Geshtei district.

There are several sets of ruins in the Fobin region. The legion must keep special watch on these deserted areas for they are often used by bandits.

Sitarny

A relatively new outpost, Sitarny sits on the Rethem border along the High Coranan Road. As the first defense against bandits and raiders, they are slightly over manned. Locals are all either retired legionnaires, or family of retirees. Sitarny has an inn and one very small temple, but neither would hold visitors interest for long. Ruins in the area only add to the ghost tales that are, no doubt, used by raiders to hide their real activities.

Town	Clan	Acreage	Land Quality	Families
Rusna	Morlorn	1380	1.09	26
Onrein	Morlorn	1050	1.08	23
Loru	Morlorn	1050	1.07	23

Wellen

Wellen was rebuilt from the remains of a Kandian keep that fell to Thardic forces in 710TR. It now houses a maniple that is oppressed by bandits and Gargun.

Wellen is neither known for its cleanliness nor its adherence to discipline. Its troops always appear slovenly and lax. But no one can say Wellen's been unsuccessful. To date they have managed to repulse any attack or raid upon them.

The locals have fled the area for safer ground, the inn stands empty as do many other free craftsmen's shops. But the soldiers refuse to leave and their families now live in the cramped outpost. Two additional temporary fortifications are in the process of being built to provide further defenses against the current defenses. Horrik Barral has already sent two requests this year to the Senate for approval to increase Wellen Fort into a proper keep. The senate will debate the issue in the fall of 720TR. But general consensus assures the Senate will decline the request until Wellen becomes peaceful enough to provide safety to the workers.

Town	Clan	Acreage	Land Quality	Families
Oseme	Yemala	1150	1.08	22

Gemelot

Gemelot was built with the stone quarried from the nearby ruins. The people at Gemelot still tell tales of what a catapult can do to stone in its prime. The legionnaires at Gemelot are mostly reservists drawn from the region.

Off-duty soldiers from Fobin and other local forts attend carnivals at Gemlot and vie for the honor as well as the prize purse. In the past, a few Kandian nobles have attended and performed jousts for the amusement of the locals.

Town	Clan	Acreage	Land Quality	Families
Buzon	Baral	1440	1.05	28
Sadiz	Kosawhyn	1180	1.07	23
Edale	Kosawhyn	1320	1.06	25
Keddelis	Kosawhyn	1430	1.05	28
Vafeh	Morlorn	1130	1.06	22
Quarry	Morlorn	1130	1.06	22

Then

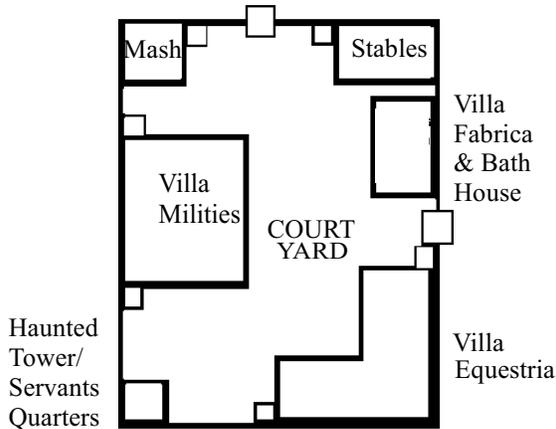
Surrounded by haunted ruins and close to the Rethem border this sleepy outpost never seems disturbed. There's a tiny inn and two small temples, a half a dozen shops and peaceful free-farms.

This outpost is almost completely slave free, with poor freemen doing the work of slaves wherever possible. Then is quite a contradiction in comparison to a standard outpost. Still it is the preferred serving place of most full-time legionnaires on rotation.

Town	Clan	Acreage	Land Quality	Families
Rasivar (+)	The Eight Demons	1540	1.03	26
Nom	Sosaldas	1430	1.04	27
Carmeny	Morlorn	1450	1.05	27
Kelmeinar (+)	The Eight Demons	1380	1.05	24

Caer Fobin

The fortress is located on the bank of the River Thard. It has two gates, one facing north, the other east. Inside its 20 foot walls there are 6 buildings. The wall has a 4 foot palisade with manchions every 5 feet.



The Gate Houses

Atop each gate is a gate house from which those entering can be observed through arrow slits. The 5 foot walk through the gate house leads visitors directly below 4 murder holes. There are between two and six men stationed here or walking along the walls.

There is always at least one Militias Linari standing just inside, or just outside the small door in the 12 feet high, 8 feet wide gate door. The door swings easily open (inwards) on three well-oiled hinges. Two tree trunks (4 feet and 10 feet from the ground respectively) bar the door closed. A small door opens in the far western side of the gate. It cannot be opened if the gate is barred.

Courtyard

In the center of the courtyard is a 4 feet wide, 15 feet deep well that dips into an underground stream that vents into the river Thard beyond the fortresses walls. The jacks empty 5-10 feet beyond the well, into a separate stream. Both streams join the river Thard below the ground.

Haunted Tower

The haunted tower is in the far south-eastern most corner of the fortress. Few soldiers enjoy standing atop the fourth story of the tower on guard duty. Nevill and the soldiers of Fobin drove over 40 seasoned tree trunks into the river bank and rebuilt the flood and tide damaged area. The tower is perfectly safe according to Nevill, but no one believes him.

Nevill intends to expand the tower to three times its size and turn it into the new stables. Additional housing for slaves and servants will be available in the third and fourth floors, with room for guests on the second. The construction is planned to begin in the spring of the year 720TR. Currently the tower is occupied by the slaves who live and work in Caer Fobin. A majority of the first and second floors are used for excess storage of tribute.

Villa Militias

This is the barracks for the common soldiers of the Thardic Republican Legion stationed in Fobin.

This three story structure was finished in 718. The third floor was added to the initial 45 year old wood and stone construction. The stone walls reach up to a height of 24 feet. Atop the wall sits a 3 foot tall roof palisade wall with manchions every 4 feet.

A & B Stairwells

To the north (A) and south (B) of the villa, are stair towers that lead to each level and the roof. The stairs are wooden, and straight. A landing allows climbers to continue, or take a break at every 1/2 level.

On the far side of each stairwell is the jacks. Each one allows waste to fall into a long stone tube that empties out just south of the well. The seat is made of rough planking over which a piece of canvas was thoughtfully spread. The door latches from the inside. The ground floor has two sets of doors that lead into the main courtyard. One set swings outward, and the other swings inward. Both doors are iron bound, and come with locking mechanisms to brace the doors shut.

All three levels are built on the same architectural design. Originally each cohort was suppose to have its own floor. Should all four cohorts be required to remain in the caer at the same time, the Fobin units would be 1/4 short of the beds it needs. Currently men are assigned beds as they come to serve. Occasionally cohorts mix on the same floor if deemed convenient by their commanding officers.

The Roof

The roof is capped by an empty structure called the Falcon's Roost. Eight feet above the third floor's ceiling, it could house between 20 to 30 men. Nevill is examining its use as housing for the fourth cohort. He has already strengthened the third story's ceiling and is now beginning to plan an opening in the roof. Until then, ladders are used to climb up to the falcon's roost. Originally intended and braced as a place for a signal fire, the fire pit has not yet been built. Nevill is waiting for the money and the stone to arrive. He expects it by mid summer of 720TR.

The ladders are removable, and can be hauled up, or down from the Falcon's roost as required. There should be at least one guard up on the Falcon's roost at all times, but when the weather is bad, or the wind cold, often men are excused from the duty.

Villa Equestria

This is the home to the District Legar, his family, and the mounted officers of the Fobin Cohorts. This four story structure was completed in 698TR, with the re-organization of the various rooms for the officers.

To the east (A) and the west (B) of the villa, are stair towers that lead to each level and the roof. The stairs are wooden, and straight. A landing allows climbers to continue, or take a break at every 1/2 level, at each level there is an iron bound door, leachable (and bearable) from the inside) that gives access into the stairwell.

Caer Fobin 2

On the far side of each stairwell is the jacks. Each one allows waste to fall into a long stone tube that empties out just south of the well. The seat is made of rough planking over which a piece of canvas was thoughtfully spread. The door latches from the inside.

The ground floor has a sets of double doors that lead into area #2. The doors are iron bound, and come with locking mechanisms to brace the doors shut.

Guards are stationed throughout the levels. This symbol denotes where they are stationed. The number on the right denotes the number of guards in the area, and the number on the left denotes the % chance that each will be there.

Unlike the Villa Militaries, there is no lack of room here. Each officer has his own proper suite and office. The District Legar and his family live on the fourth floor.

Cellar

The cellar is accessible only by the stairs that descend from the center of the L of the Villa Militaries building. The stairs are completely exposed to the elements, and the courtyard. The stairs are made of stone, and the well into which they descend has been strengthened by masonry block.

1. The Cells

There are 7 cells in this corner of the cellar. The doors are iron bound, with large external locks that hang 3' down from the windows at the tops of the doors. The key is carried by the District Legar, the Triberties Linari, Horik Baral and the head guard on duty.

The cells are divided from the rest of the cellar by two iron-bound doors that lock together with an oak bar from the outside. The cells have waste grates (1' wide, 4 per cell) that drop into narrow channels that mix with the jacks before dumping into the river Thard. Occasionally the cells partially flood. Nevell is working on it.

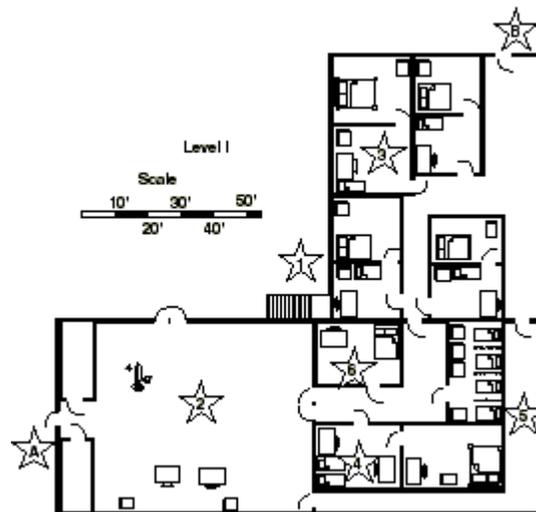
2. Storage

The caer stores meat, meads and other spoilable goods for the officer's mess and District Legar's kitchen. River ice, taken from the river in winter, is stored here in hay covered sacks. Some years the ice can last until almost mid summer.

3. Guard Post

The guard post consists of two rooms. The one marked #3 is the Fobin interrogation area. The room contains a rack, as well as several types of whips, and flails. There are 8 sets of shackles bolted into the masonry around the room. Nearby is a room with two cots and a large table.

First Floor



The first floor is accessible through either stairwell A or B, and a set of double doors leading into room #2. Each exterior wall of the first floor is pierced by arrow slits roughly every 10 feet. There is a 1 foot tall, 1/2 foot wide gap every 2 feet along the interior walls to provide ventilation. This gap is 9 feet from the ground.

1. Stairs Down

These stone stairs lead down to the cellar. They are the only access to the lower level.

2. Commons Room

This is the commons room for the legionnaires. Men gather here to be paid, receive non-denominational prayers and for dances and receptions. The two desks and lockable trunks along the south-most wall are often removed if it is not payday.

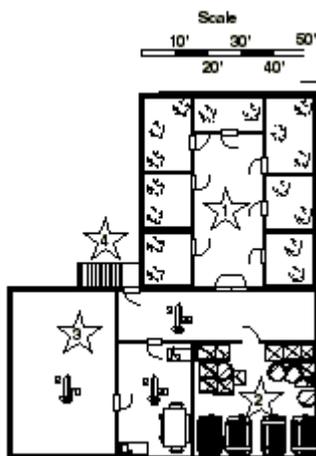
All accounting and registering is done in this room. Two lockable strong rooms cover the eastern wall. They are the only part of the structure that do not have arrow slits. The legion's pay is kept in one of the two rooms from the time it arrives until it is paid out. The keys to both rooms are kept only by Horik Baral.

3. Mani's Rooms

The rooms in this corridor are identical. They are given to the commanding officers of each squad in the legion. Each set of rooms has a double bed, a lockable box, and an armour stand (not depicted) in the bedroom. In the office, there is a second lockable box, a cot for a squire or servant and a desk. All exterior walls are pierced by arrow slits every 10 feet. The fourth room, across the hall from the other three, is for the leader of the calvary troop.

4. Triberties Rooms

These two rooms belong to the company commander. The rooms are slightly larger than those of the Mani. The bedroom houses a large bed, a lockable chest, an armour stand (not depicted), a private lockable desk and a brazier. The office there is a second lockable box, two cots and two desks.



5. Clerk's Bedroom

This room has room for four men. Each bed is divided from the others by a curtain that hangs down from the ceiling. Along the opposing wall from the bed is a lockable trunk in which each clerk may keep his personal belongings. Occasionally one of these beds is used by a legionnaire/ messenger who needs to catch a little sleep between runs.

6. Physician's Bedroom

This room is used by the Physician of the legion, Jamus of Fobin. On cold mornings he's been known to perform sick call from his room. He uses the South-Eastern tower as his hospital, but knows its reputation. He carries a few instruments and herbs in a leather satchel. Often he can be found in the early morning making the rounds of the Villa Militaries. When not performing duties, he is of riding (his favorite pastime) or cloistered with Horik Baral. The two seem to be close friends.

Second Floor



The second floor is accessible through either stairwell A or B. Each exterior wall is pierced by arrow slits roughly every 12 feet. Its freshly painted shutters are open in good weather to catch the wind off the river.

1. Ceiling of the Commons Room

The ceiling holds 4 chandeliers that hang down to the 12' level. Each chandelier can be raised or lowered using a series of ropes attached to a nearby wall in room 2 of level 1.

2. Triberties Room

3. Guest Bedroom

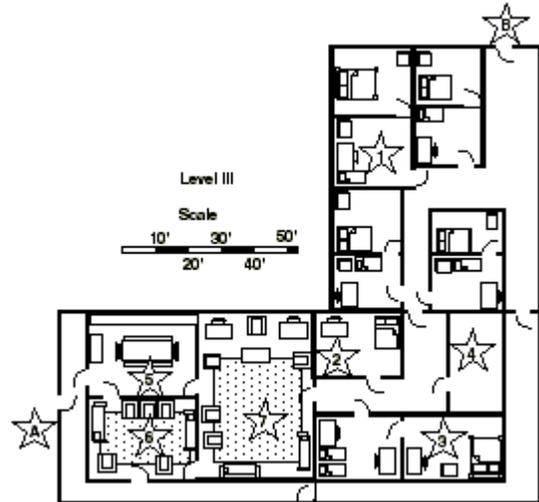
This room is reserved for a guest of the legion. Any visiting officer, merchant or visitor of equestrian (or equivalent) rank would be assigned a servant from the general staff and given this room. Usually the room remains vacant, as the legion has very few guests. Otherwise this room is identical to the Mani's room on the first floor.

4. Clerk's Rooms

Five clerks sleep in this room. Each one is assigned to an officer on this floor. The five cots are laid tightly together. The curtains are tucked up out of the way to allow what little air there is to circulate.

5. Reservist Officer Rooms

Third Floor



The third floor is off limits for most all militaries, except those visiting the Mani who commands the third company at Fobin. Most soldiers try and stay out of the way of the Wytel family, who also reside on this floor. The third floor is accessible through either stairwell A or B. Each exterior wall is pierced by arrow slits roughly every 15 feet.

1. Reservist Officer Rooms

2. Scholar's Room

This room is lavishly adorned with tapestries covering three of its four walls. A thick rug covers the floor and a large bed is pushed against the far wall. Near the door is a writing desk, a comfortable chair and a wall of scroll-shelves. The resident scholar sleeps here. He is a part time assistant to Nevill in the Villa Fabrica.

3. Triberties Room

4. Servants Quarters

This room holds three double-bunk beds to sleep a total of 6-8 servants. Here the meager possessions are stored in a narrow cabinet along the north wall.

5. District Legar's Mess/Officer's Mess

This small room has its own bar, and several comfortable seats. Technically it belongs to the Legar, but he often invites officers up for a drink. The room is staffed by a mute servant who has been in the Wytel family all his life. Occasional dinners are served here, with servants rushing the food from the Mess hall to the table. The soldiers are of the opinion that the Wytels do not eat the same things that the mere militaries are served.

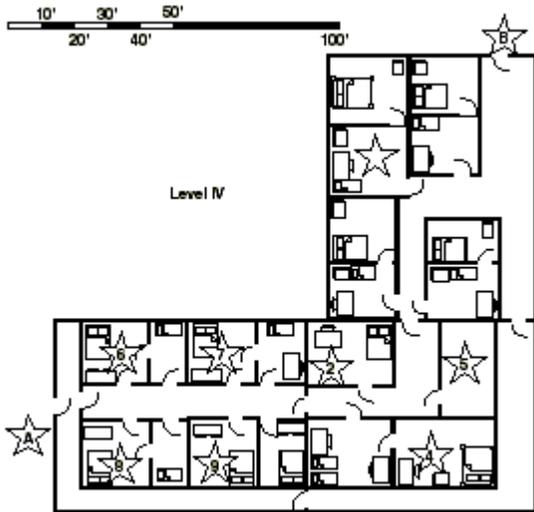
6. Officer's Sitting Room

This comfortable room has a guard at the door. The bury slave stops all soldiers from entering the officer's sitting room. Messages are passed to the guard, who then discreetly enters, and asks the officer away from his companions. The sitting room is a common meeting area where work is rarely the topic of discussion.

7. District Legar's Sitting Room

The District Legar's sitting room is where he welcomes and entertains guests not of the legion. This private room has no guard or latch. The intricately carved and painted door tends to give milities sufficient pause. The district legar is rarely in this room. Not even his clerks enter this room without his express permission.

Fourth Floor



The Fourth Floor is off limits to all Milities except those going to their Mani's rooms, or who have an appointment in the Officer's mess. The Wytel corridor is always guarded by 2 Milities Linari at each entrance (stairwell and central corridor.) The guards change every watch.

The fourth floor is accessible through either stairwell A or B. Each exterior wall is pierced by arrow slits roughly every 12 feet.

1. Reservist Officer's Rooms

2. Guest Room

The guest room is adorned similarly to a Mani's Room on the third floor.

3. Triberties Linari's Room

4. Storage

This room contains light storage (extra blankets, straw ticks, pillows, lamp oil, etc.) that the legionnaires may require. It also contains the extra linens for the men and women stationed on this floor.

5. Servants Quarters

6. Jacob Wytel

This room is spartan but for his plush bear and a box full of wooden blocks. His bed and his chest are the only other furniture in the room. A personal servant sleeps right next door.

7. Matthew Wytel

A wooden practice sword and half-sized tower shield hang on his wall. His room has a bed, chest and a small desk. A personal servant and tutor named Martin sleeps right next door.

8. Guest Bedroom

This room is for private guests of the Wytel family. It is furnished similarly to other guest rooms in the building.

9. The Wytel's Bedroom

Susanna and Braen Wytel sleep in this room. Braen conducts all of his business on the third floor, and thus does not even have a desk in this room. Josephena, Susanna's personal maid sleeps next door.

The room is lavish. An overlarge bed has a feather tick and rich blue covers that were dyed to match Susanna's eyes. The furniture in the room is as intricately carved as the District Legar's Sitting Room door.

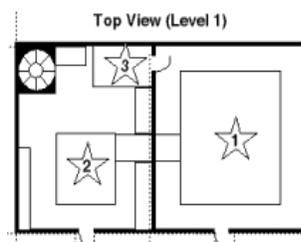
Roof (Not Depicted)

There are between two to five guards on patrol along the edge of the building at all times. While not depicted, the Villa Equestria has a flat roof upon which several braziers burn throughout the night. The roof is reinforced sufficiently to hold small blastulae and other such arms as needed. There is no shelter for those on this roof. The wind whips up the face of the caer and over the wall to strike the guardsmen clear in the face.

Villa Fabrica & Bath House

This is one of the most popular places in the fortress. The bath house can only really hold 25-30 milities. Officers and soldiers returning from long duty get first priority. All other desiring soldiers must go into town to use the local bath house there. The house is divided into the Villa Fabrica and the Bath House. The Villa Fabrica is run by Nevill and Merian.

First Floor



1. The Bath

The water is pumped in by slave hands from the river some 12 feet below. As the water fills the bath, a second pump is used to pull the water towards the furnace of the Villa Fabrica, through

tubes beneath the tile floor. When the bath is full, the pumping from the river stops and the slaves verify the temperature. When the temperature is just right, the access to the furnace is shut and that pumping stopped.

About twice a day the bath is drained (through a drain in the floor) and refilled with fresh water. Slaves wipe down the bath in-between fillings. When slaves are not busy pumping water or heat into the bath, they are busy doing the laundry (legionnaires generate a lot of towels) or serving the bathers.

2. The Villa Fabrica

The forge is busy from dawn to dusk. Often there are detailed schematics drawn in thick pencil and tacked up to the wall of the latest sword design, or ballista.

Nevill and Mariam are both bonded master craftsmen. They share quarters above the shop. Mariam has three apprentices. Nevill has none. The apprentices work the bellows, run messages and help organize the unskilled labourers (Milities Linari in their work/repair watches).

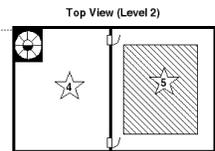
The Villa Fabrica consists of a large hearth in the center of the building. It is backed against the wall of the Bath. To either side of the hearth are two large bellows, that are worked whenever either Nevill or Mariam are present. In front of the bellows are two large anvils sitting atop large oak-stumps. Tools and other equipment line the left-side wall of the shop. Tables lay against the left wall and are covered with half finished objects, plans and more tools. Apprentices sweep and dust the shop regularly.

Three giant rain-barrels sit just outside the entrance to the shop. The rain-barrels are filled either by the seasonal rains or by an apprentice drawing water from the well in the center of the courtyard.

3. Bins

This area holds three bins. The first is for charcoal. The second is for seasoned wood, the third is for iron. The bins are topped off as needed, but are never allowed to go empty. Nevill is always asking for more metal to work with, but he is really never lacking. Occasionally Merian will spend a few days melting down broken swords and shield edging into slag for reuse.

Second Floor



4. Sleeping Quarters

There are four cots in this area. Each cot lays against a wall with a locked chest at its foot, and a small table by the bed side upon which a lantern sits.

On the north wall is Nevill's cot. It is always neat and well made. His trunk has a complex lock on the front. The metal bound trunk contains his clothes and personal effects as well as about 200d. There is usually a book on his table.

On the south wall is Merian's cot. It is made, but often wrinkled. The metal bound trunk at the foot of the bed contains his clothing and between 40-50d at any one time.

On the east and west walls are bunks for two apprentices. Their trunks are locked by legion-issue locks, and contain only a few pieces of clothing and a spare dagger. Any money the apprentices earn is sent to their families. They receive an allowance from Merian, and often have spent it within the day.

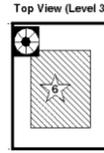
5. Bath Ceiling

This area is open to the floor below. The idea was to install large cloth fans that slaves could pull a cord and keep a steady breeze blowing into the bath. Nevill removed them after they

broke down for the second time in a row (their cords were cut.) Instead he installed vents in the walls. The wind of the river Thard now does most of the work.

Third Floor

6. Roof

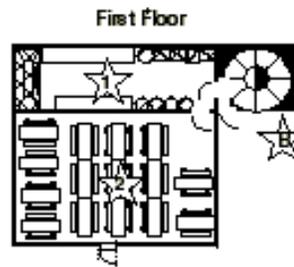


The roof is patrolled, as are all other roofs in the compound. The legionnaires patrolling the east wall walk around the outer edge of the Villa Fabrica. The roof to the bath house is 7 feet below the roof of the Villa Fabrica.

Mash House

The mash house is in the far north-eastern corner of the fortress. It serves as the common cafeteria, and cook house. Foods cooked for the Wytel table and the Officer's Mess are prepared here and carried across the courtyard and into the Villa Equestria.

Fobin has a maximum of 7,200 man-days of food and 3600 horse-days of fodder in storage. Taxes and tributes are often paid in kind to Fobin to help keep the legion fed. Wagons of tribute arrive once every ten-day through the spring, summer and fall. Bread and milk are delivered from town each morning year round.



First Floor

There is a large double door that opens into room 2 from the outside courtyard.

1. Kitchen

Renny and Terry are master cooks who share their kitchen with a master baker, Sandra. Up to eight

assistants can be found in and around the kitchen. The assistants are kept busy, ferrying food to Villa Equestria (to be served to the Wytel family, and the Officers mess) and working the cafeteria line to feed the Soldiers.

Meals are served at 3 standard times a day, from 6-7, 11:30-12:30 and 18:30-19:30. Renny specializes in taking the standard fair and making it edible for the soldiers. His specialties include Goat Stew, Rack of Lamb, Pork sausages, and Suckling Pig. Terry cooks for the Officers. His larder is kept under lock and key in the cellar.

The assistants man the kitchen throughout the night. A constant soup pot and sib pot are kept warm and added to daily.

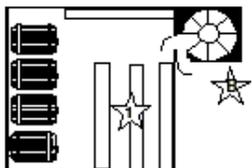
2. Cafeteria

This area seats over 150 people on 15 long tables. Legionnaires either take breakfast or lunch in the Cafeteria. Each legionnaire has their own cutlery and bowl and are expected to bring it to the cafeteria. The Wytels and officers keep extra sets of nef in or near their dining rooms. A few extra sets are kept in the Cafeteria for guests.

Caer Fobin 6

Cellar

Cellar



Four giant casks of ale are stored here. The legionnaires are provided with up to two pints of weak ale a day. This store is just under a year's supply for the men stationed at Fobin.

The shelves contain much finer vintages. Fobin has several smaller kegs of cider, strong ale and even a few brandies and wines. Terry use to brew his own ales, but he's run out of storage. Now he buys them from the Wooden Tankard and the Green Gate as needed. Terry also has a locked larder stored in the far south-western corner of the cellar. It contains finer smoked meats and a few delicacies.

The shelves in the north of the room are filled with an assortment of fruits, nuts, vegetables and a few herbs. Meat is hung just beyond the shelves to the west. Few foodstuffs are ever down here long enough to spoil.

Second Floor

Second Floor



This small area is kept warm by the kitchen below. There are a few candle scones in the walls, but it is usually kept dark.

1. Roof of Cafeteria

Smells, smoke and noise rise up. There is a large candelabra in the center of the ceiling. It can be raised and lowered by ropes and pulleys attached and tied off near the entry to the cafeteria from the outside. One of the assistant cooks keeps it relatively clean and stocked with fresh candles.

2. Sleeping Nook

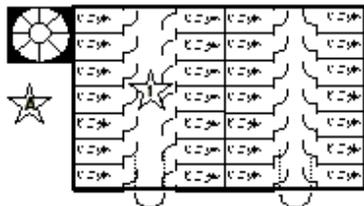
This area has six beds. Eight assistant cooks share three beds. Beneath each bed is a locked box containing clothing, a few personal items and the money of the bed's owner. The assistant cooks each have their own locked box.

Roof (Not Depicted)

This roof is identical to the one atop the Bath house.

TOP VIEW (Interior Level I)

Stables



The stables are too small to house the full strength requirements of the legion at Fobin. Often they are not even big enough to house the number of

horses and mules present. Nevill has promised the stablemates that the stables will be the first thing to be rebuilt if only they will leave him alone. Unfortunately they don't believe him.

First Floor

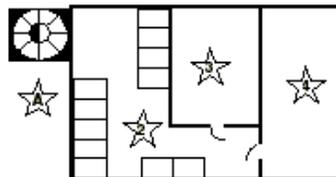
There are stalls for 28 horses here, but Destrier (War-horses) are usually stabled with the Ostler in town. Carts and other necessitates of travel are also stored in town. A fair number of

animals will be lost should the caer be besieged. Nevill regularly bemoans the fact, but to date he has not received permission to begin the expansion.

Second Floor

The second floor smells of straw and wood chips. The wooden stairs creak loudly when even the dogs walk upon them.

TOP VIEW (Interior Level II)



A. Stairwell

This stairwell leads up to the roof, and down to the ground floor. The stairs down are elongated (long treads) to allow the dogs easier access up and down.

2. Kennels

This can hold up to 11 dogs at any one time. There are currently six dogs in residence. They are more apt to be found in the sleeping room, than in their cramped cages. Three of the cages were removed last year and replaced with straw nests.

The dogs are occasionally used to patrol the courtyard late at night. More often they are called out to help track down the lost, the missing or the escaped.

3. Tack Room

This is where all the saddles, bridles and other horse gear is suppose to be cleaned and kept. The stable hands hate having to lug everything up from above, and the room is far too small to keep everything hung and poorly organized. Usually the majority of the tack is kept in an empty stall below.

4. Sleeping Room

This room holds five beds, five locked chests and a small table near the door. Galther, the master ostler and his 4 journeymen (Rithu, Sanstre, Theru, and Mikeal) sleep here with their six dogs.

Roof (Not Depicted)

This roof is identical to the one atop the Bath house.

Note: the names, and other statistical information about the 125 households in the town of fobin are not given in full. The town breaks down into the following population:

Craftsmen	25
Yeomen	3
Free Farmers	13
Villeins	24
Half-Villeins	35
Cottagers	25
Total:	125

This article only describes the Craftsmen/Yeomen and Free Farmers. For the names of the Villeins, Half-Villeins and Cottars, please refer to the **Manors Information** provided at the end of this supplement.

Town of Fobin

1. The Caer

Located on the far western side of the town, the Caer is the home of the Geishteil Legion. Refer to **Caer Fobin article** for more information.

2. Temple of Agrik (Gathar of Valum)

Size	4	Quality	⚔️	Prices	N/A
Struct.:	Stone	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2+1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	3
Family:	N/A	License:	N/A	Rent:	14d
Fees:	20d	Labour	N/A	Surplus:	N/A

This small temple upholds local feast days and the like of the religion. The temple has only one priest, and four assistants. The priest, Gathar of Valum, is the town's hangman. He is a religiously sensitive man, and promises all those he hangs, he will only send their souls to Agrik, if they convert. He then asks them how quickly they wish to die.

The assistants are young boys from the **Order of the Scarlet Veil**. They serve with Gathar from the ages of 12 to 16. At 16 they join the legion, or are accepted into a guild. This year Gathar has six young boys ages 13, and 14. (Jaradin M:13, Nibolias M:13, Catus M:14, Lecia M:13, Stannupian M:14, Plaerius M:13) There is a small herb garden behind the temple. Gareth trades the herbs with the locals in return for fresh produce.

3. The Green Gate (Gallius & Metha of Aeben)

Size	5	Quality	⚔️	Prices	High
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Excellent	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2½+1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	3
Family:	2+1	License:	216	Rent:	14
Fees:	20	Labour	Retired	Surplus:	N/A

A local inn of reasonable quality. Their prices are slightly higher than average. Metha and her husband Gallius, treat most of their patrons to their singing. The inn has 8 beds for sale and has become the preferred drinking establishment of the Officers from Fobin. Soldiers may come to dine but they are rarely welcomed by the patrons in the bar. Metha and Gallius work at the Inn along with two slaves (Quetius M:22, Palagus M:28) and their daughter Sylitia (F:14). Refer to the **Green Gate Inn** for more information.

4. Sharley's General Store (Sharley of Suelis)

Size	5	Quality	⚔️	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	1
Family:	2+4	License:	216	Rent:	7
Fees:	20	Labour	Retired	Surplus:	Vetran

The store holds most anything a traveller will need; both used and new. The store is filled from floor to ceiling in shelves and racks. Sharley, and his son, Max, are the only two who can find anything. His prices are only slightly higher than average. Sharley is an old man and claims to remember when the town was founded. He will personally assure the quality of the item. *"If ya bring it back, I'll buy it back. I'll remember ya."* Sharley's memory is not that good, so his business is doing quite well. Sharley and his family live above the Inn. His wife Ruvoria is well liked about town. Her four children (Galla (F:16), Aulens(M:16), Somber(F:18) and Max(M:24)) are all engaged to be married to other local children. Max, as the oldest will inherit his father's business. Somber is currently training in the legion, Aulens should be joining in the spring of next year.

5. Bath House (The Fobin Legion/Triandir of Thay)

Size	8	Quality	⚔️	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2+1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	3
Family:	2+3	License:	127d	Rent:	11d
Fees:	22d	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	N/A

The Bath House supplements the small bath house inside the Caer. The legion makes a small income from charging 2d per non legionnaire who wishes to use the facilities. Eight slaves work here under the legion's guidance. They also offer a laundry service at 1d per pound of goods to be boiled and pressed. Refer to the **Bath House article** for more information.

6. Chandler (Remis of Fobin)

Size	38	Quality	⚔️	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2½	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	5
Family:	2+3	License:	127	Rent:	20
Fees:	0	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

Remis provides most of the city's candles and lamps. His large candle making racks are always at work. His wife and three children live above the shop. The wife, Martha, is

Town of Fobin 2

considered quite gregarious by the townsfolk. Remis, however, is not well liked for his brisk manner, nor for his high prices. Maisart (M:8), Sailacë(M:10), Patricia (F:12)

7. Potter (Kasir and Maji of Geishte)

Size	8	Quality	>=<	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1½	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	5
Family:	2	License:	120	Rent:	20
Fees:	40	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

Kasir once had a family. He lost everything to a fire in Geishte three years ago in the fall. His brother, Maji, owns the shop, but is currently serving in the Geishte legion. While he's away, Kasir looks after the shop and designs the best beer mugs in all the republic. He is renowned for his artistic ability for religious art.

8. Five Families

Size	2*5	LS:	8 sheep, 1 ram, 6 chickens, 4 pigs		
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1*5	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	75
Family:	9+19	License:	0	Rent:	243
Fees:	90	Labour	Veterans	Surplus:	100*10

Puspeius of Darre, Nontus of Quarphain, Rugenaeus and Ursele of Cosele (and their 12 children [3 natural, the rest are adopted]: Dorrita (F:16), Dairt(M:16), Johnnas(M:16), Atena (F:2), Haddela (F:3), Diena (F:6), Hregulf (M:4), Roleling (M:8), Wusfrid (M:9), Leswig (M:12), Liedrid (M:14), Idelia (F:14)), Carteius and Illia of Lorhenya (and their 7 children: Elta (F:12), Bylli (M:12), Filic (M:10), Draec (M:10), Aeda (M:9), Aecci (M:6), Caeta (F:8)) and Lunallius of Khorel and their families all live in this tiny settlement. Just behind each building is a vegetable garden. Their crop land is located to the north of the settlement. The animals are owned communally with Puspeitus taking care of them. All five of these families are free farmers who rent the land from the Legion. In return for a slight reduction in their taxes all the members of the family work at a legion fortification as veterans. The triplets (Dorrita, Dairt, Johnnas) are severing their four years in Caer Fobin.

9. Apothecary (Corrin of Gathas)

Size	8	Quality	>=<	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	2
Family:	1	License:	120	Rent:	7
Fees:	40	Labour	100	Surplus:	100

He is said to sell anything and everything as a cure for whatever you have. He preys gladly on the few hypochondriacs in town. Corrin's prices are higher than they should be, but for each herb sold to a traveller, he packs it in a waterproof pouch. Corrin is currently courting Dorrita, Rugenaeus of Cosele's oldest daughter. She's 16 and comes with a small dowry. Corrin is 21 and is considered an eligible

and handsome bachelor. Rugenaeus has allowed the courtship to commence, but has not yet given his answer -- he's waiting to hear Dorrita's opinion of the boy.

10. Clothier (Gynass of Hardas)

Size	3	Quality	>=<	Prices	Low
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	4
Family:	2+4	License:	216	Rent:	18
Fees:	50	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

A fair price for a fair garment. He will quickly correct anyone who comes looking for either leather or armor. *"I make garments. Works of art!"* he'll proclaim. His four sons are currently serving in the Fobin legion. His wife Shelia, a shy woman, lives above the shop. If you pause for casual conversation, they will both gladly tell you all about their children's adventures. Thommas, their oldest, has promised to wed Patricia, Remis of Fobin's oldest daughter. They hope Remis will apprentice Thommas in making candles. Their second son (Dari) has said he's in love with Sylitia, but she's currently being courted by Max of Suelis. Mundian (M:14) Riprian (M:12).

11. Mercantylor (Biron of Chefal)

Size	3	Quality	>=<	Prices	Medium
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	5
Family:	2+7	License:	216	Rent:	19
Fees:	30	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

She is a kindly woman of middle age. Her husband, Crolan Mariam, is a Militias Primus at Fobin. Her shop sells variety of goods. Her daughter, Susan (F:14), is of marrying age and she's apt to try and convince any male adventurer that her daughter is a worthy prize (comeliness: 15). Her prices are fair, but she has less to sell than Sharley. *"At least my rope won't break when you'll need it!"* she'll declare. Her other children are: Dadda (M:10), Cogel (F:8), Cerp (F:8), Bafuca (F:7), Cusel (F:6), Cyddi (M:4), Corra (F:4).

12. Physician (Edalin of Fryel)

Size	5	Quality	>=<	Prices	High
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	2
Family:	1+3	License:	216	Rent:	11
Fees:	50	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

He has three apprentices. [Jarlee (M:21), Alla (M:2), Caebbel (M:28)] They will administer various levels of first aid, but they are never above calling in a peonian priest or their master as needed. Edalin is a fyvrian mage of some minor ability; although he does have the regenerate spell at ML 118. Brisk, but friendly, his place is always homey yet chaotic. A good cook and relatively young (27) he works with the physician at Caer Fobin 3 months out of the year as part of his legion service. Several ladies in town consider him a

worthy catch. He is gaining a reputation as being quite a lady's man, although many of the ladies with whom he's dealt claim he is a perfect gentleman.

13. Riverside Chapel of Peoni (Sheil and Jarrel)

Size	2	LS	2 sheep, 1 goat, 2 chickens		
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	3
Family:	2	License:	169	Rent:	14
Fees:	30	Labour	100	Surplus:	100

The two priests here are married to each other. Sheil and Jarrel will welcome anyone who comes into the temple personally. If you're new in town, you're apt to get an invitation to dinner. They won't try and convert any adventurers, but they are always interested in what's going on in the rest of the world. Jarrel is an enthusiastic amateur when it comes to baking. The back of the chapel was recently converted into a bakers oven. Jarrel provides the legion with a cartload of bread once every ten-day. Jarrel pays the local miller 10d for the right to bake bread and sell it as part of the taxes he owes the legion. Leftovers are suppose to be sold to the townsfolk, but more often than not Jarrel tends to give it away. Sheil travels a lot through the surrounding towns and fortifications, ministering as needed. She is considered a master matchmaker.

14. Ostler's Common (Gallan of Tarsal)

Size	8	Quality	><><><	Prices	High
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatched
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	5
Family:	2+4	License:	144	Rent:	19
Fees:	0	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

This is the only place in town to store your horses. The owner, Gallan of Tarsal, is quite proud of how well his four sons do the work. He lost his wife several years ago. He's a very talkative fellow. He's obese and will sit there and talk, and talk, and talk... His sons do all the work. Tathanbert (M:4), Wugerulf (M:6), Tuswinë (M:7) and Ordrulf (M:9).

15. The Horses' Hide Tavern (George of Fobin)

Size	4	Quality	>	Prices	High
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	4
Family:	1	License:	240	Rent:	16
Fees:	30	Labour	100	Surplus:	100

A tavern of relative quality. If you're there to get drunk, this is the place. If you're there for anything else forget it, it's a dive. The proprietor is shifty. Both the staff and the patrons rotate so often, it's hard to tell who's a regular, and who's not. It is suppose to be the headquarters of the Lia Kavir.

16. Temple of Halea.

Size	8	Quality	><><	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Stone	Cond.:	Excellent	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	2½+1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	2
Family:	11	License:	169	Rent:	7
Fees:	20	Labour	0	Surplus:	0

This order is involved in politics. The district legar, and his family, are part of the congregation. The building is filled with large rooms and wide corridors draped in silk and gauss. The priestesses here only do good business when there are visiting dignitaries in town. The order pays scuttage to assure neither the Priestesses nor the Solori have to serve in the legion.

Priestesses: Celina (F:30), Sirtolus (F:28), Aurius (F:26), Barcecia (F:22), Atria (F:17).

Solori: Riscius (M:21), Virdunnian (M:27), Miatius (M:28), Purenis (M:23), Villallian (M:27), Gantus (M:38).

17. Mason (Kalamo of Geishte)

Size	3	Quality	><><><	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Stone	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	6
Family:	1	License:	216	Rent:	19
Fees:	20	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

He is available by contract only. At 30 he is still considered a good catch, although Sheil has yet to find him a good match. He is a large, strong man who is a devout Peonian. He serves under Nevill in the Fobin Legion during his 3 months of duty each year.

18. Metalsmith (Joack of Fashal)

Size	6	Quality	><><	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	4
Family:	2	License:	144	Rent:	14
Fees:	19	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

A large man of quiet disposition, it is his wife, Julie, who does all the bartering. She talks a good sale, and is a good looser. They have no children, but are looking for an apprentice. Joack serves under Merrium in the Fobin Legion during his three months of duty each year. Julie serves as a regular vetran legionnaire.

19. Burnt out Bakery

There is no building #19, it was a bakery, but destroyed in a fire some three years ago (across the road from 29, not depicted.) The family was killed in the fire. The local legionnaires have cleared the spot, and the district legar is in negotiations with Biron of Chefal and Gallan of Tarsal who are bidding against each other for the land.

Town of Fobin 4

20. Tanners (Lilliam of Fransom).

Size	6	Quality	⌘⌘⌘⌘	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	4
Family:	2+5	License:	216	Rent:	19
Fees:	20	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

He's not use to company. Usually the smell keeps people away. His wife, Clena, helps her husband. They are both vetran legionnaires who retired here from their service at Geishte. They pay their taxes in waterproof cloaks for legionnaires who want something better than the worsted cloth cloaks given to them for free. Their children are: Rabo (M:6), Celens (F:8), Lusinnius(M:9), Facrian (F:12), and Sausa (F:2).

21. The Wooden Tankard (Samson the Younger)

Size	8	Quality	⌘⌘⌘⌘	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood/Brick	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Tile
Floors:	2+1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	6
Family:	2+1	License:	216	Rent:	21
Fees:	40	Labour	100	Surplus:	100

The Wooden Tankard is an inn just outside the small fort-town of Fobin. It caters primarily to the traveling merchants and the off-duty legionaries of the region. The Fobin Maniple has dubbed the inn to be its own. The maniple's colors can be seen hanging from the entry way. The Wooden Tankard shares its land with an ostler and a blacksmith thus offering its clientele fine service of their horses as well as their persons. The Ostler, Jarid of Gredar, can be often found in the Legionaries' bar. The blacksmith is more work-minded, and is usually inside his small shop from dawn to dusk. Travelers to Fobin along the river road down from Coranan can not miss the large wooden structure by the roadside nor the fresh smells of baking pies and roasting fowl.

22. Private Villa (Lerime Benat)

Size	12	LS	8 sheep, 8 pigs, 4 goats, 2 horses		
Struct.:	Stone	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Clay Tile
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	25
Family:	1	License:	0	Rent:	79
Fees:	20	Labour	Retiree	Surplus:	50

Located outside the influence of the caer, Lerime Benat is a quiet man in his late forties. It is said he welcomes visitors gladly, but they are forced to listen to an old man's war stories. He only visits his villa in the hottest days of the summer to escape the heat of the city. The villa consists of four small buildings around the house itself, a few hedge rows (to protect the garden plots) and a dozen servants and 12 cottars. Lerime is a retired legionnaire, having served 8 terms (32 years.) He is independently wealthy, and a

widower. His children are now grown and moved away.

23. Private Villa (Xerla Utreth)

Size	12	LS	10 sheep, 2 horses		
Struct.:	Stone	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Clay Tile
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	20
Family:	2+7	License:	0	Rent:	64
Fees:	30	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	200

A young man, he inherited his father's lands and title. His father received his land grant from the legion. The youngest ever to acquire such a title, Publius (Xerla's father) was a man of the public. He loved to frolic and party. Through lucrative ventures, he has managed to stay financially sound. Xerla is much more land bound. He serves his part time duty in Fobin, or Geishte as a Mani. His wife, Areri, tends the house and lands when he is away. They have 8 slaves, and 13 cottars in residence near the villa.

24. South Commons

Usually this is where caravans and the like set up to display their wares to the town. Carnivals are also held on this ground in the spring/summer months. Since they're so close to the various kingdoms, jousts and other feudalistic game occur here yearly.

25. The Miller (Horel of Krevelos).

Size	5	Quality	⌘⌘⌘⌘	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	6
Family:	1+8	License:	240	Rent:	23
Fees:	50	Labour	Retiree	Surplus:	100

Horel is an elderly man, and his mulerun mill is even older. A friendly chap, he's there at work with Bessy (his mule), from dawn to dusk. He's never married, but has adopted eight children from the Order of the Scarlet Veil. He'll tell you all the gossip in the area, and about his son, if you'll sit with him in the sun. He does not get much company. His children work the mill. Their house is in the process of getting a stone bakery built nearby. The local mason, Kalamo of Geishte, should have the work done by the end of the year 720. The children look forward to being able to bake bread closer to home. Currently they go to the Peonian Riverside chapel to help Jarrel. Aegaruus (M:12), Traces (M:11), Olcenolius (M:6), Dalvus (F:10), Mentius (F:9), Punia (F:7), Mareius (F:4), Cinia (F:9).

26. Legion Outpost

There are always 5 to 10 men here. Their wood-walled fort is made to legion specification. And every man serving there can not wait to get back into town. The legionnaires watch the river and the roads for signs of trouble. They have horns made from bull's horns to blow should they see danger approaching.

27. Thatcher (Clolgus of Werverim)

Size	8	Quality	⌘⌘⌘	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	2

Family:	1	License:	177	Rent:	11
Fees:	20	Labour	Veteran	Surplus:	100

Clogius's father is Lerime of Bernat. Clogius and his father had a severe disagreement over whom Clogius should marry. Because the son refused the father's choice, the son was disowned. Clogius is a fair thatcher, and has taken the job primarily as a source of income. He's 24, and looking for a wife. Sheril promises to have him married by years end.

28. Woodcrafter (Collons of Phillipus)

Size	5	Quality	⤵⤶	Prices	Average
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	2
Family:	2+2	License:	120	Rent:	9
Fees:	50	Labour	Veteran	Surplus:	100

Collons buried his parents last fall. He is to be wed to Idelia when she turns 16. Collons serves three months of the year at Geishtei, but is in the process of trying to get himself transferred to Fobin. He does reasonably well but hopes to be able to sell his services to Nevill at Caer Fobin when the expansion begins. Collons has a limp from a 3 year old battle wound. He occasionally buys medicines from Corrin of Gathas (Apothecary), but has recently begun going to the Peonian Riverside chapel for treatment. Corrin takes this as an affront and often tries to corner Collons about it in the central square. To date Collons has not yet been caught - but there have been some close calls.

29. Hunter/Trapper (Biulpulius of Elernin)

Size	4	Quality	⤵⤶	Prices	Average
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	2
Family:	1	License:	121	Rent:	11
Fees:	20	Labour	Veteran	Surplus:	100

Biulpulius is a veteran legionnaire who retired to Fobin two years ago. He is currently looking for both a wife and a few willing apprentices. Rugenaeus's oldest boys are all vying for the job. While Biulpulius is willing to take them on, Rugenaeus cannot afford to apprentice them all at the same time. The oldest three are the most likely to gain the position. Sheril has introduced Biulpulius to Galla, Sharley's second oldest girl, and hopes the match will be successful. Only time will tell. Sharley approves but Gala has yet to say.

30. Salter (Spulius of Meroven)

Size	3	Quality	⤵⤶⤷	Prices	Average
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	5
Family:	1	License:	120	Rent:	19
Fees:	10	Labour	Veteran	Surplus:	100

Spulius came to Fobin in 718TR to retire here as the legion's salter. He pays his taxes in salt to the legion and can often be found at the Hideworkers (Lillian of Fransom). Facrian has a crush of Spulius, but both her parents and Spulius are

working hard to break it. Spulius is currently courting a very willing Somber (Sharley's eldest daughter). They met in the town square and everyone (except Facrian) seems to approve.

31. Tentmaker (Melvus of Ontel)

Size	4	Quality	⤵⤶	Prices	Avg
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	3
Family:	2+6	License:	120	Rent:	10
Fees:	40	Labour	Veteran	Surplus:	100

Melvus is a veteran legionnaire, as is his wife Patricia. They, and their six children [Arnas (F:6), Airvet (M:7), Bonkin (M:9), Assieu (F:9), Samy (M:12), Souni (M:14)] came here from Geishtei in 712TR. He pays his taxes in tents directly to the Fobin Legion. He gains income from selling waterproof cloaks, through Gynass of Hardass, to local legionnaires. Samy and Souni are excited about joining the legion. Their parents have yet to find marriages for their oldest boys, and have already refused two advances on Assieu this year.

32. Free Farmer (Manius of Udantias)

Size	3	LS	2 hens, 8 sheep, 1 goat		
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Freeman	Acres:	25
Family:	3	License:	0	Rent:	81
Fees:	10	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

Manius inherited the land from his father, who died during a bandit attack on the road in 710TR. His mother, Thelap (F:40), and his sister Marth (F:20) still live in the house with him. Thelap does dye work for Gynass of Hardass, while her daughter does embroidery. Manius knows he should get married, but has not yet requested Sheril's help. Thelap and Sheril speak regularly about finding a husband for Marth, who while still pretty, is becoming an old maid.

33. Free Farmer (Alfiusus of Swarend)

Size	8	LS	3 goats, 8 hens, 8 sheep		
Struct.:	Stone	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Shingle
Floors:	2	Status:	Citizen	Acres:	5
Family:	2+4	License:	0	Rent:	17
Fees:	30	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

One of the richer farms in the region, Alfiusus is popular with the older folk in town for his generous nature, and kind spirit. While Alfiusus tithes to Halea, he is really a Peonian and prefers to spend lazy summer afternoons with Jarrel whenever possible. Alfiusus's wife, Witha, tends to their four children (Dairt (M:4), Amalric (M:8), Renout(M:9), and Jedard (M:12) when not on duty with the legion. Jedard is old enough to help his father with the field. The other boys are in charge of both Alfiusus's and Tresulius's live stock and occasionally help with planting. Witha is good friends with Horel and his adopted family. She acts as surrogate mother to his girls.

Town of Fobin 6

34. Free Farmer (Tresulius of Uma)

Size	7	LS	3 hens, 6 sheep, 2 goats		
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	
Floors:	2	Status:	Freeman	Acres:	20
Family:	3	License:	0	Rent:	63
Fees:	40	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

Tresulius only recently inherited his father's land. His mother Anier, and his new wife Ederieda live together. Ederieda does occasional embroidery work for the local clothier. Tresulius is a quiet man of average build and height. His wife is one of the most beautiful women in the town, and they are truly, madly, deeply in love. Only Anier is jealous. Anier is quick to chase off the various legionnaires that may linger around their home.

35. Free Farmer (Lassician of Chaet)

Size	4	LS	3 goats, 2 sheep, 1 hen		
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Freeman	Acres:	20
Family:	1	License:	0	Rent:	63
Fees:	40	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

Lassician recently buried his parents and has inherited their land. He is seeking a bride, but has only just meet with Sharl this past month. Lassician is a lanky fellow who's calloused hands seem better fitted for a quill than a sword or a plough. He can read and write, having spent time in the Shek-P'var priesthood. He returned home two years ago when he learned his father was sick. Now he's unsure if he should continue as a farmer or return to the priesthood. He seems to be leaning towards the former.

36. Free Farmer (Vusius of Neset)

Size	5	LS	3 sheep, 2 goats, 1 hen		
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Freeman	Acres:	20
Family:	1	License:	0	Rent:	63
Fees:	50	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

Vusius is a recently retired legionnaire. Prior to his ownership, the land laid fallow for 8 years. The previous tenants were attacked and killed while travelling to visit family in Sitarny. Vusius is a large man who seems to enjoy his veteran status. He is clumsy with a plough, but willing enough to learn. He says he likes the smell of the dirt and takes as much pride in his neighbor's success as his own.

37. Free Farmer (Scripania of Kasbail)

Size	6	LS	9 goats, 2 hens, 1 mule		
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Freeman	Acres:	20
Family:	1	License:	0	Rent:	63
Fees:	10	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

Daughter to Alfiusus of Swardend, she took the majority of her father's lands when she came of age. At 23 she is still unmarried and is quite content as a farmer. She lives with

Dallia (F:32) and Dairune (F:28) both veteran legionnaires who also help out around the farm. The town has come to accept the three as sisters, and is now use to seeing the women working their land alone. But initially they were ostracized for their lack of interest in husbands. Sharel occasionally drops by for tea, but even she has stopped trying to find them their perfect match.

38. Free Farmer (Lolcerus of Paranoal)

Size	4	LS	9 hens, 1 goat		
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Freeman	Acres:	10
Family:	1	License:	0	Rent:	32
Fees:	30	Labour	Retiree	Surplus:	10

Lolcerus of Paranoal is a very old man. He has 2 slaves that work his 10 acres of land. Racin (M:28) and Gratier (M:30) were purchased by Lokcerus when they were babies. Lolcerus lost his wife and two children to the fever. Lolcerus catches the fever each winter and everyone is sure next year it will kill him. Lolcerus has already filled his will with the District Legar, it gives the land to the District Legar conditional that his freed slaves may rent it for a reasonable rate.

39. Free Farmer (Scisius of Arathor)

Size	4	LS	2 hens, 2 goats		
Struct.:	Wood	Cond.:	Average	Roof:	Thatch
Floors:	1	Status:	Freeman	Acres:	30
Family:	1	License:	0	Rent:	93
Fees:	40	Labour	Vetran	Surplus:	100

Scisius is new to Fobin. He inherited his land from his uncle upon his death. His family is all in Geishte and he makes fortnightly trips to visit them. The locals say he's not much of a farmer, but that he's courting a woman in Geishte. There are rumors of a wedding in the spring.

The Green Gate

The Green Gate is the Inn of choice for the officers of Caer Fobin and the equestrians of Fobin. The Inn became the officer's club sometime within the last decade, and now flies the legion's colors proudly above its shingle.

Gallius Weijek's prices are higher than the average, which only helps with the Inn's exclusivity. Usually merchants stay further down the road, at the Wooden Tankard Inn or within the Caer. Still Metha's cooking is reason enough to hike over to the Green Gate for a meal.

The inn does not have an ostlery nor a stable, but is within walking distance from an ostler's common. A guest can stable his horse at the ostler's common, and Gallius will have one of his slaves fetch the horse at the guest's command. All fees for stabling must be negotiated with the ostler directly.

The inn is flanked by two buildings. To the east lies the alehouse, and to the west lies the chicken coop and barn. Surprisingly both are about the same size.

The Business

Size: 5	Quality: \$ \$ \$ \$	Prices: High
---------	----------------------	--------------

The Green Gate Inn is a common meeting place for the movers and the shakers of the Gerium Legion. While its official headquarters is in Geishte (a town X miles away), the legion's officers and mass are stationed at Fobin. The Weijik clan and clan Wytel are close allies and frequent clan affairs are settled in the private back rooms of this very inn.

Priestesses of the local Halean temple ("Temple of Halea." on page 3) frequent the Green Gate for a drink to settle business affairs before returning to their more spirited work. Usually one or two scribes can be found running from the bonding house to the inn with barely-dry contracts tucked in their scripts.

The Green Gate was built in 694TR, by Inran's father. The inn has seen several changes (including a few name changes) over the years, but has always been popular. Locals say Metha is a rival to Halliana, Inran's dearly departed mother.

The door to the Inn is guarded by two burly slaves. Quetius and Palagus were once gladiators in the Pamesani Arena of Coranan. Inran received the two as a "gift" from his patron, Theodor Weijik. The gladiators know, at a glance, the difference between an officer and a soldier. They are polite when dealing with visiting soldiers, but insistent.

Soldiers can stop by for a bite to eat, or if looking for their officers, but they are not welcome at the bar.

The Inn's Staff		
Gallius Weijik	Master	Innkeeper
Metha	Journeyman	Innkeeper/Cook
Quetius	Slave	Bouncer
Palagus	Slave	Bouncer
Sylitia	Apprentice	Maid/Server

Rate of Charges

The Inn constantly smells of fresh baking. Metha occasionally hires extra hands when the inn is full, or if someone has planned a special dinner. Gallius has two rooms for rent.

Baths are available, but it is cheaper to retire to the local bath house. Gallius often asks either Quetius or Palagus to help lug the water upstairs. The two slaves have made a game of trying not to spill the water. Occasionally the officers at the bar join in the high spirited betting.

Gallius does not like people sleeping in his Commons room, which is why the price is so high. He will allow minstrels to bed down in the commons for free. During foul weather he will not refuse travellers who have no where else to go, but he is obviously put out when they come asking.

Rate of Charges	
Room/Night	8d/head
Bath (includes soap and towel)	4d
Use of a Lantern/Night	2d
Laundry Services	2d/lb.
Renting a strongbox/Night	5d
Sleeping in the Commons/Night	3d

Metu is a fair cook with a good imagination. While she never quite makes the same dish twice, it is still the best food to be had this side of Coranan. She welcomes anyone who enters her kitchen with a morsel or a spoonful for them to taste. She appreciates both criticism and compliments equally. Those who are abusive will not be invited back.

Menu	
Fresh Bread and Cheese or Bread and Soup	1d
Beef Pot and Old Bread	3d
Port Pot and Old Bread	1d
Baked Chicken and Apples or Apples in Honey	2d
Pie (usually apple or berry)	1d/slice
Roast Pig (serves 4) with apple sauce	10d
Rack of Pork (serves 2)	6d
Apple Pastry or Custard	1d
Berry or Apple preserves served with bread	1d
Berry Pastry or Custard (in season)	1d

Drinks are served with the meals and at the bar. The Green Gate is not as renowned for its brews as the Wooden Tankard, but its own blends have a unique flavour to them. Gallius is never upset when a patron brings his own drinks (usually either from the legion or the Wooden Tankard), but still charges 1f for use of his cups

Bar Tariffs	
Pale Cider or Apple Ale	1f
Apple Mead or Pale Ale or Dark Cider	1d
Brown Ale	1d 1f

The Green Gate 2

Gallius works the bar whenever he can. Often he spends his days down in the cellar working on his brews. He has a few bottles from the Wooden Tankard Brandy carefully stored beneath the bar for special patrons. They bought the bottle and he keeps it for them. Local rumor says he has 25 and 50 year old brandy in his cellar. But if it's there it is definitely not for sale.

Drinks

Pale Cider A mild drink served best with a meal. Barely alcoholic this "cloudy" cider is refreshingly sweet.

Apple Mead Think to the point of cloying, this honey-drink tastes strongly of apples thanks to Gallius's secret recipe. Best served hot.

Apple Ale The ale smells of apple blossoms, and has a slightly sweet taste, but otherwise it's a beverage of medium bite.

Pale Ale A cloudy ale that is only passing sweet. Stronger than Apple Ale, it is best drunk with food. Otherwise it's very sneaky.

Brown Ale A standard strong brown ale. Dark in color, thick in taste.

Dark Cider Aged cider this drink is actually almost colorless. It smells pleasant, but has a real kick to it.

Description of the Inn

The inn lies north of the Caer within the town circle. Neither Gallius nor Metha mind the proximity to the local Agrikan temple.

The Inn is well cared for. The walls are a whitewashed fill above a fieldstone foundation. The roof is wooden shingled, regularly repaired. The pale yellow of the new shingles contrasts greatly beside the grey older ones. There are several shuttered windows on both the ground, and second floor. All the shutters, roof trim and doorways are painted a deep green. There are two doors to the inn. One leads out to a path that reaches the road, and the other opens into the kitchen garden at the back of the building.

A pretty little green picket fence runs between the front of the inn and the cobbled road. The gate to this fence disappeared seven years back, when a bunch of departing patrons left it open during a wind storm. The gate banged itself to pieces and has not been replaced since.

Cellar

The cellar is the place where most of the smoked meat, and vegetables are stored year round. The cellar also houses several cord of chopped wood and barrels of ale and cider. All these provisions are lined in neat rows from north to south. Gallius keeps careful count of what's in his cellar-larder, and is now teaching Sylitia how to tend the stocks.

Ground Floor

The ground floor divides into three sections, all of which share the central hearth. When you enter the inn by the front door you enter into the commons room. To the east is the bar, and to the west is the kitchen.

The commons room has seven long tables surrounded by sturdy benches. Lanterns hang from the ceiling above to light the area below.

The bar takes up most of the north-eastern wall. Behind it Gallius tends to orders, and tries to keep patrons happy. Gallius is not a good listener, and quickly bores of listening to patrons who do not want to hear his opinions or stories. And so, he tends to start to wander away from the bar, only to reappear whenever someone calls his name, or a new patron arrives.

The kitchen is Meda's domain. Something is always cooking or baking or rising. When she's not cooking, she's out in the commons room to tell a story or sing a song. Gallius is fair accompaniment, but he tends to shy away from playing for large crowds.

Second Floor

At the top of the stairs is a short corridor that has four doors, two on the north side and two on the south. The two on the south lead into the rentable rooms. These rooms have a large bed (sleeps 4), a wash basin with pitcher and night-soil pot, and a desk in the far eastern corner. These two rooms share a common fireplace that is divided by a thin sheet of metal.

On the south side of the corridor are Gallius and Methas room and Sylitia's room. Half of Sylitia's room is filled with extra blankets and linens for the guest rooms as well as candles, and an extra water jug. Sylitia is responsible for assuring there is fresh water in each room when a guest arrives. After a room is rented she leaves a fresh pail of water outside the room before dawn each morning.

Ale House

The ale house is Gallius's domain. It is a one-room structure that houses all the equipment and paraphernalia Gallius needs to prepare his latest batch of ale. He is trying to perfect a recipe and sell it to the legion. The officers who frequent the Inn have stopped testing his latest brews. The ale house always smells of rich yeast and other questionable flavorings.

Animal Barn

The animal barn has 8 hens who lay the eggs for the Inn and two goats. The goats are mated yearly with a local ram to keep them in estrous. Their milk helps Metha keep the kitchen bills down. The baby goats are given to the legion as part of the Inn's taxation.

The Riverside Chapel

The Peonian Riverside Chapel is just off the Coranani High road, just north-west of Fobin. There is a well-beaten track down a slight slope towards a building at the edge of the river Thard. According to rumor no one has ever been turned away from the Chapel, not even Morgathians. The chapel has a shingle that shows the five-petaled peonian flower of the western church, as well as a loaf of bread and a sprig of green crossed behind it.

A married couple tend to the chapel as well as the towns baking and basic herbal needs. The chapel is a common meeting place for farmers, families and strangers who need a cheap place to stay. Usually one or two legionnaires can be found here either performing penance or just relaxing in the friendly atmosphere.

The small inn also holds the town's bakery and a large garden of spices and flavoring herbs. Both services bring in a small amount of money, usually just enough to keep the businesses going. The chapel pays for its supplies in coin from local farmers and the mill, refusing to accept gifts or extras when dealing with the business aspect of their duties.

Services and Duties

Staff

The Temple's Staff		
Jarrel	Master	
Sharl	Master	

Description of the Temple

The temple takes up the majority of the land just south of the road. This four room, single story stone structure is kept warm with the bakery on one side and a large fireplace inside the temple itself. The rooms are sparsely furnished, even for a Peonian temple.

A well sits just outside the temple. It was recently masoned and now provides a pleasant place to sit in the summer. The birds appreciate it so much Jarrel is trying to get Nevill to build a bird bath just off the square.

The double wooden doors lead into a wide hall that branches into the five rooms. Straight ahead, down the hall lies the temple proper. The floor has a mosaic design of the Western Peonian five petaled daisy in white and yellow on a green background. The windows are covered in greased paper and can be shuttered from the inside. There are 12 benches, and a small raised dais at the Eastern most end of the building. On the dais sits a pulpit and low table.

Directly to the north upon entering the temple is the kitchen/bakery. To the south is the hospital. It has 12 beds, each neatly made if not occupied. The linens, of various shades and states of disrepair, are starched and pulled tight. Well patched legionnaire blankets are used in the winter. There are several braziers stacked against the south wall.

The second door to the north leads to a small bedroom that backs against the bakery's oven. This is Sharl and Jarrel's bedroom. Their single bed is well used, and all their worldly possessions sit in single small trunk that lays unlocked at the foot of their bed.

The Bakery

The town's bakery ("Burnt out Bakery" on page 3) was destroyed by fire three years ago. Only the two children survived and they were sent to Geminost where they had relatives. Jarrel offered to take up the baking for the legion until a new baker could be found. Initially he worked in the Mash house.

In the fall of that year **Kalamo of Geishte** ("Mason (Kalamo of Geishte)" on page 3) built a large baker's oven into the north side of the chapel at the request of Horrik Barral. The Mash house was just not large enough for Jarrel's baking as well as the preparation of the legionnaires foods. Since then Jarrel has delivered a cart load of breads to the Caer in the morning every 3-4 days.

The Business

Size: 9	Quality: IIII	Prices: Low
---------	---------------	-------------

Of all the places in the chapel, the kitchen is the most preferred. Jarrel attends to his duties as a priest often with either his apron trailing, or flour on his hands and clothes. The locals seem to appreciate this stranger from Kaldor more since he's begun baking.

The kitchen does not have a door, and is just off the main entrance to the chapel. Large shuttered windows are kept open whenever Jarrel is at home. A small door in the kitchen's east wall is kept closed except for when Jarrel is filling his hand cart with bread. The handcart is kept by the door just beneath the protection of the covered porch.

The Bakery's Staff		
Jarrel	Master	Baker/Peonian Priest
Traces	Journeyman	Miller's second Son
Olcenolius	Assistant	Miller's child
Dalvus	Apprentice	Miller's first Daughter
Mentius	Assistant	Miller's child
Cinia	Assistant	Miller's child

Rate of Charges

The bakery fills a need in the town, but even so Jarrel is the talk of the Western Temple of Peoni for his taking up a business venture. Jarrel charges only enough to keep producing the breads he loves so much to bake. He has been known to make cakes and even cookies on the rare occasion, but usually you have to ask him a day or so in advance if you want something extra.

In return for training and employing five of the miller's children ("The Miller (Horel of Krevelos)." on page 4), Jarrel gets a discount on the flour he buys. Still he insists on paying

The Riverside Chapel 2

cash for his purchases. He does not want to contribute to anyone's business failing because they've been too generous towards their religion.

Rate of Charges	
Small Loaf of Bread	
Large Loaf of Bread	
Cake	
Small Loaf of Bread and Jam	
Small Loaf of Bred and Meat	
Pies	
Requests	Variable

The Herbarium

Sharl keeps a small herbarium just north of the Chapel. Originally intended to help make Sharl's job as a healer easier, its become a common spice garden. Sharl barter her dried herbs away for foods, or other crafts when the locals have excess and gains a few pennies from legionnaires intent on improving their dinner. The Herbarium keeps Sharl busy half the time she's in residence. If she's not mixing up some foul concoction to cure whatever ails someone in the village, she's mixing herbs for Jarrel's baking.

The herbarium is a rough shack insulated only by its racks of drying herbs, seed beds and a small brassier that is kept lit throughout most of the year. It is never locked nor has Sharl ever reported anything stolen.

The Business

Size: 1	Quality: ><><><><>	Prices: Low
---------	--------------------	-------------

When Sharl is not with Jarrel, in temple or doing her rounds as the town's match maker, she can be found here tending the herbs. From early spring through late fall the area around the herbarium is well cultivated. A few penitents add their labour to Sharl's as needed throughout the year. Through the winter all the preparations occur within the herbarium.

Rate of Charges

Sharl makes up a variety of pills, poultices, syrups and plasters. Whatever her patients require she will try to make. For those rare items that are beyond her herbalists skills, she confers with the apothecary ("Apothecary (Corrin of Gathas)" on page 2) in town.

Charges vary greatly, depending on what is asked for as well as how much money (or goods) the patient has. Sharl is not in this for the money, but understands that most of her patients need to pay her something for her efforts.

The Bath House

Until recently this was a caravan warehouse that was left vacant for most of the year. In 710TR Triandir and his wife, Lasa, moved here from Thay and converted the existing warehouse into a bath house mostly for the local legionnaire's use.

Description of the Shop

The shop has two floors although guests are rarely allowed upstairs. As time goes by more and more locals are coming to the shop to bath, especially in the winter.

The First Floor

1. The Entrance

The Entrance is a grand affair, opening into a room filled with lounging couches and several baskets of perfumed soaps, soft towels and other good for sale. The proprietor, Triandir of Thay, greets each guest personally. He makes recommendations as to the type of soap they should use and offers haircuts and shaves to the legionnaires for 1f apeace. Non legionnaires are charged 2f.

2. Change Room

Just inside the main door is a long change room with various hooks and shelves to stack arms, armour and clothing atop. An attendant greets each bather at the door and guides them to a hook. In the change room there are three burley guards who make sure no one takes anything from someone else's hook. Fortunately for the bathhouse's patrons, the guards have good memories. Jusuris (M:32) and Stlena (M:28) are both young gladiators purchased in Fobin. They like their new jobs.

3. The Bath Room

There are three large tubs of hot water in this room. Each tub is a few feet up off the ground. Wide ladders lead up to the tub's lip. Each tub can hold 6 bathers comfortably. The proprietor prefers never to have more than 10 per tub. There are buckets and scrub brushes available upon request. Soap costs 1d per bar, but most Legionnaires bring their own. The tubs empty out by a plug near the bottom, just below the floor. The building was built on a gravel bed, and has several drainage ditches that lead down towards the river. There is one slave responsible for each of the four tubs.

4. The Water Room

This room surrounds a deep well and two large hearths upon which water is boiled to bring it up to temperature. The slaves balance large black cauldrons of water on staves and carry them into the bath room. There is always a slave here tending to the pots. Lasa uses this room to make her soaps.

The Second Floor

Rickety stairs lead up from the Entrance to a small landing with four doors.

1. Triandir's Bedroom

The largest room by far on the second level, it holds their bedroom as well as their stock room. Extra soaps and towels are stored here.

2. Triandir's Office

The office has a small locked metal box hidden in the top drawer of the desk. It is cluttered with boxes of supplies and paper work. Three books sit proudly along a shelf running the breadth of the room that is otherwise filled with scrolls.

3. The Children's Bedroom

Tadesus, Vetis and Calvaria all sleep in this room. Tadesus in the top bunk, Vetis in the lower and Calvaria has a bed to herself. Each child has a chest that contains their extra clothes and few personal possessions. Tadesus sleeps with a dagger beneath his pillow.

4. The Slave's Bedroom

Eight slaves sleep in four bunk-beds in this room. They share two lockable chests among them.

The Business

Size:	8	Quality:	\$\$\$	Prices:	Average
-------	---	----------	--------	---------	---------

The Bath House supplements the small bath house inside the Caer. The legion makes a small income from charging 2d per non-legionnaire who wishes to use the facilities. Eight slaves work here under the legion's guidance. They also offer a laundry service at 1d per pound of goods to be boiled and pressed.

Triandir of Thay is the master of the shop. While he is, technically a legion employee, he does not earn a wage. Instead he keeps three-quarters of all profits from the shop. The legion in Fobin found this to be a far cheaper solution than trying to rebuild the fort to allow larger bathing facilities.

The Shop's Staff		
Triandir of Thay	Citizen	Master
Lasa	Journeyman	Makes soaps
Tadesus	Apprentice	
Vetis	Apprentice	
Calvaria	Apprentice	
Jusuris	Slave	Bouncer
Stlena	Slave	Bouncer
Nertienius	Slave	Mans the Water Room
Sapus	Slave	Mans tub #1
Mancterius	Slave	Mans tub #2
Scrato	Slave	Mans tub #3
Colius	Slave	Mans tub #4
Colliquilous	Slave	

Navehian Temple 2

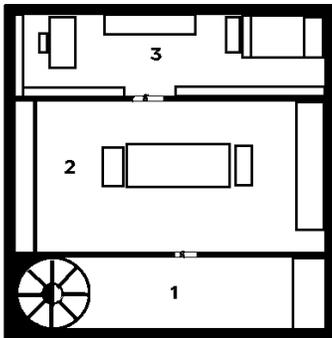
Rate of Charges

Without some competition it is hard to say if Triandir's prices are fair, or not.

Rate of Charges		
Item	Legionnaire's price	Non-Legionnaire's Price
Soap	1f	2f
Laundry	1d/lb	2d/lb
Brushes	1f	2f
Towel (1)	1f	2f
Bath	1d	2d

Navehian Temple

It is not illegal to worship Naveh in the Thardic Republic, but it is publicly frowned upon. The cult of Navehian worshipers meets every 10th day beneath the Bath House for services and animal sacrifices. It has five devout followers and one priest who are all hidden in and amounts the township of Fobin.



The town does not fully know of this small sect's presence, but the local legionnaires are beginning to suspect that either a chapter of the Lia-K'avir or a Navehian temple must be in the area. The Navehians do not directly associate with the Black Market operations in town, but they know of their activities.

1. The Entry

These rickety wooden circular stairs lead down from the north-western corner of the Bath House (area 6). The floor is a dark stone, and somewhat uneven. Opposite the stairwell is a stove that is always lit to help keep the cellar dry. The small area holds a few nick nacks, empty boxes and a little dust. The wall to the north of the stairwell is made of rough stone.

To open the secret door one has to push on the two stones that are in the direct middle of the wall. If only one of the two is pushed a trap from the south wall slides open and a poison dart (10points 75ML to hit) fires. There are 10 darts stored here, so the trap will resping with each failed attempt to open the door.

2. The Temple

The walls and floor here are adorned with mysterious symbols and sygils that denote Navehian worship. The walls are painted a blood red, and the ceiling is black from candle smoke. The shelves are covered with a rich velvet tapestry that depicts the Navehian destruction story. Additional candles, knives and sharpening stones each have their own

shelf and corner in the shelves either side of the room. The shelves are divided into three columns where robes, knives and other personal oddities of the religion are stored.

In the center of the room is a six foot long table with an indentation into the wood six inches deep. The indentation resembles the outline of a full grown man. At waist level there is a small drain that allows liquids to flow down into the alter. Inside the alter, below the drain, is a large black bowl. At either end of the alter is a solid oak cutting block. Many knives have left their mark here. Hair and skin can be found embedded in the blocks.

To go back to the stairs, the same two blocks must be pushed. If they are not pushed simultaneously another trap opens and a crossbow bolt is fired across the room into the back of the person pushing the stones (10points, 85ML to hit.)

To get into the office there is a circle with three triangles painted on it. The triangles must be pushed in one at a time, in a certain order. If the PCs look around they will see the order is mapped out on the pentagram on the floor. The topmost triangle is number 1. The left and the rightmost are number 2 and the bottom two are numbered 3. The numbers are depicted by vertical bars (I for 1, II for 2, III for 3.) If the PCs fail to notice this, and try just pushing any combination, a small clay vial of liquid will fall from above and quickly fill the room with a sleeping gas. If inhaled it will put everyone in the room for 5d6-END turns to sleep. (Resist = 4d6 vs END, -1 end / round).

3. The Office

This area is divided into a desk, with three stools, and bed and chest. The desk has no drawers, and atop it sits an ink pot, a few pens and a black-leather bound book. The book is locked (lockcraft:78%). If opened it is written backwards (right to left instead of left to right) in lakeese and denotes the true story of the BarrowWright and their intentions to raid Sharley's general store. The book also speaks of killing Lothar (a Legionair), but gives no motive.

Clues to the Location:

- A painting, in the District Legar's home, depicts the town in great detail. A careful examination of the sides of the buildings will result in someone noticing a shadow in the form of a skull's head on the wall of the bath house (area 6).
- The followers are not as careful as they once were in entering, or leaving the Caravan Warehouse and could be caught by a sneaky PC.
- The local constabulary (legionairs for the most part) have been on the lookout for a small group of thieves that have been raiding various barns and storage sheds in the area. They suspect a small group of locals; but currently have no clues.

Scarlet Veil Compound

Fobin accepts the Order of the Scarlet Veil and their description of Agrik as the cleanser and comforter of the hearth. He is the last defender. The Order's lay masses and combats are host to numerous songs and stories about how, while no one wants to rely on him, Agrik is the only one who will defend all who call him, champion all who ask. He is given credit for a warrior's second wind and a peasant's sudden surge of adrenaline to fight against impossible odds.

Plagues, famine and squalor are seen to be his trademarks of his displeasure. The Order of the Scarlet Veil ritualistically burns and purifies fields hit by blight, and houses by plague. Those who lived in squalor are staked and either burned or allowed to die under the sun. This purifies them and the town and stops the disease from spreading.

There is only one temple for the Order. It is five miles north of Fobin, Gerium Province in the Thardic Republic. No shrines exist elsewhere in the Order's name.

While the Order takes its gist from the Church of Agrik - they differ greatly from other orders in the details and methodology of how they worship the evil god of war.

Services and Duties

There are three forms of service performed by the Order of the Scarlet Veil

Monthly Public Masses

Public masses are held once monthly for any who wish to attend. There are three parts to each grand mass - called a Grand Combat. No one regardless of faith or intention may be banned from these Grand Combat.

A lay service begins with the Ritual of Blessing the Battlefield. This is followed by a blessing of the Warriors before the Ritual Battle begins.

Most of the peasantry and the merchant classes attend the Lay Masses openly. Several of the stronger members of the community bear a red streak painted from their hair line down to their groin. The paint, renewed almost monthly, never fully wears off.

Occasionally legionaries will attend the Lay Mass and fight for the right to perform the Ritual of Mating with a willing Warriors of the Bloody Mace, or priestess. If they win, they gain the right and disappear into one of the buildings in the Compound. Few non-legionaries are willing to fight for this opportunity after seeing the "lucky" legionnaire come stumbling home a few days later sporting numerous bruises, bites and broken limbs.

Weekly Services

Weekly lay services are performed inside the compound and consist of animal sacrifices or the occasional Morgathian priest/worshiper. This communion with the Reasonless Reaper is open to any adherent who can enter the temple.

The service begins with the Blessing of the Warrior and then the goods to be sacrificed are brought to the altar. The priestesses perform a long slow session of butchery. The first item removed is its tongue so it can make no sound. And then its teeth one by one. Prayers and chants are performed throughout the spectacle.

At the end of the service all retire to the arena to watch battles to the first blood between the Warriors of the Bloody Maces, visiting legionaries (if any) and any willing adherents. Occasionally this includes criminals from Fobin.

Often nobles attend this weekly service and may even bring servants destined for punishment for the arena. Some merchants attend as well. This is the easiest time for anyone to request a private meeting with the Oracle, or to ask a favor.

Private Services

Daily services occur in the temple through prayers and private battles between members. These battles are most often regarded as practice sessions and rarely are fought to the death. If there is a sudden plethora of criminals or servants to be punished, the daily service becomes similar to that of the weekly service.

This private service is longer than the weekly service and tends to be more graphic if there is indeed someone/thing to sacrifice.

Prayers/Songs

There are about nine different songs and prayers offered commonly to Agrik depending upon the situation, ritual and day of the year. Most are sung in other languages with any common adherents joining in for the chorus in Hârníc.

Offering/Sacrifice

Agrik accepts sacrifices only from the battlefield. Whatever is killed must be killed while trying to fight - their skill, weapons and armor is immaterial to the ceremony. Once slain - the body is set afire. If the sacrifice is not still somewhat alive at the time of being set alight - it is deemed a bad omen. If, however, there is a full pitched battle going on - only one partially alive person need be sacrificed by fire to make all other deaths that day proper sacrifices.

The holy place need not be blessed, and the common prayer to send a soul to Agrik is known by all members of the Order (even though it is in high Azeryani) and used regularly on the battlefields.

Occasionally animals will be burned for small offerings or supplications in the name of Agrik. It is believed that a priest will see the person Agrik wants killed in the smoke of a burning beast. The beast's jugular is cut, and it is set alight before it can die. Its screams are said to be music to the ears of the V'Hir.

Scarlet Veil Compound 2

The Scarlet Veil's Staff

There are 8 priests and some 23 knights in service at the temple. Another 6 priests and 12 knights are currently journeying. There are 12 locals who work here as servants.

The Compound

The Compound is built at what once was the edge of the wood in which the Daughters of the Holy Fire led the faithful to hide, and plot revenge against the Morgathian invaders. The compound is surrounded by a palisade of stout trunks (18-24" diam.) which range in height from 12 to 15ft.

The compound wall (surrounding areas 21-29) is roughly 3ft thick of local field and river stone and is about 7ft high. The wall facing the arena suffers from slippage, hence the buttresses.

1. Gate House to the Compound

A wood two story construction, it houses two guards at any time. The gate is normally closed, except for the hour of sunrise and of sunset. The Gate is comprised of two thick wood doors with metal reinforcements. They are locked by a stout beam falling across a lock on the compound side. One guard remains at the upper level to watch the road.

The guardhouse has a small fireplace, and two beds in the upper level, a large table and six chairs in the lower level. It is a recent construction, built in 718TR, to replace the stout trunk-door that was destroyed by fire when a maddened priest forced his way through.

2. Porter's Lodge

This small, single story dwelling is a small house designed and kept ready for messengers or guests servants. The home originally was built for the Lady Riacyr, when she came to the Order to look after the children in 651TR, just after her husband's death. Since her passing in 662TR it is kept in a perpetual state of readiness.

3. Temple Store

A half-frame construction it is used to store and protect winter cut fire wood for the Oracle chamber.

4. Oracle Chamber

Stone building 44ft across flats (11x8/2ft) with a domed ceiling. It accommodates an audience of between 30 and 40.

A) *Spire of perpetual flame.* A octagonal spire, about 35ft high, consisting of a spiral stair round a central dumb waiter type of lift (for raising fire wood), which leads to the *Chamber of the Flame.* The *Chamber of Flame* is a perpetually burning flame, which uses very little fuel due to a long term invocation which is refreshed at sunrise by a special ritual.

5. Temple of Agrik

A stone building, 88 x 44ft of the late thardic-jaraneese (roman-Celtic) pattern. The central first story roof is supported on columns. The central area under the roof is screened off from the rest of the temple and used for the main rituals. The remainder of the temple is divided into

two, the end towards the main entrance is used by the laity to watch the rituals within through the screen. The further end of the temple is divided into chambers, some used for rituals, some for storage others offices.

Offices of Scribes of the Word - in this small room any who have received a prophecy meet with the Scribes to hear their private reading. Public readings are done in the temple beyond. This office also houses their supplies and the more recently made copies of their prophecies.

Offices of the Teachers of the Masses - this room houses the headmistress and her work.

Offices of the Punishers of Deed - at times the Punishers of Deed need a quiet place wherein they can discuss punishment and justice with their clients. This room has a stout iron-reinforced door and has only a long oak table in its center.

6. Tithe Barn

This barn is used for storage of the Fobin tithe as well as for the order's own feed, animals and agricultural tools.

7. Stables

These wood on stone plinth stables are used primarily for visitors mounts, or occasionally those of the Followers of the Daughters of the Holy Fire.

8. Guest Accommodations

Originally, at the time of their construction, these buildings were the housing for the master craftsmen and their journeymen used to construct the compound. When the construction was completed the buildings were cleaned and redecorated to be home to up to six visitors each. Often used by knights of the Order who arrive for yearly festivals or events, they are sometimes offered to visiting dignitaries.

9. Orphanage

This wooden building houses the orphans, and their teachers and guardians. It is a two-story wood structure that has beds for 50 children and 10 teachers. The children sleep 10 to a room, and the teachers 2 to a separate room. The lower floor consists of a private kitchen, eating room and teaching room. Legend has it that eight Morgathian priests were buried alive below the structure. To keep the sacrifices below the earth, eight sword shaped stones surround the orphanage. As the stones become more red, it is believed that the sacrifices are turning towards Agrik. It is said that when all the stones turn fully red they can be removed and the order will have eight warriors of untold strength and power. The children are sternly cautioned about removing these swords.

10. Maternity Hospital

This one story structure has 20 beds and is used either for the pregnant women of the order, or as guest accommodations, as the needs arise. Usually it is used to separate the pregnant women from the rest of the order to try and give them quiet and comfort in the final months of their term.

11. Baths

A stone building, it consists of two large rooms. The first is the vestry where clothing, armament and equipment are hung. The second is a room filled with 3 large wooden tubs, each sitting atop a grillwork over fire pits. The pits are tended by one elderly servant, and a fifth circle priest. Each tub can seat 10 people comfortably. Unless some special event is occurring, only two tubs are filled with water and warm at any one time. The first tub is for scrubbing, and the second tub is for soaking. The third tub is often used for soaking, or warmed up to replace one of the first two should the water get too dirty, or the tub itself damaged.

12. Main College building

This building is used as a training center for novices as well as a school for the older orphans and Fobin's young scholars. Classes are held at different times of the day by the Teachers of the Masses on all manner of subjects.

13. Cloister

A stone an area for study and contemplation. The building has a central square which is a herbarium, where local healing herbs as well as the hallucinogens are grown. This square is carefully guarded by a Punisher of the Deed whenever guests occupy the compound. In the center of the square is a large well. The main entrance faces towards the temple and the knights of the Order's compound. A half octagon portico supported by carved marble statues of the three heroes of the order. Each wall of the main cloister has 8 openings in to the central square. The portico is supported by 36 columns. The cloister can be entered directly from the Main college building (area 12) and the accommodation block (area 14).

14. Hospital

A stone building that houses 25 beds. Two teachers of the Masses work here to bind and tend wounds as needed. Often apprentices and squires can be seen lugging water from the well (near area 16) to the hospital in the morning and evening.

15. Villa

A stone building of two stories - this villa is the home of the high-priestess, and her personal servants.

16. Kitchen

A stone building who's great hearth is the compound's main kitchen. Store rooms and cold rooms are attached, and just outside, (between area 16 and 17) is a medium sized well.

17. Great Hall

A dining hall and general assembly area. This one-story half frame wooden structure contains one giant room. Its southern-most wall is made up almost entirely by the chimney for the large fireplace that is used both to warm food as well as the entire hall. A 2 foot raised stage allows nobles to sit above the rest of the diners. Food is brought from the kitchen (area 16) through the main doors of the Great Hall. This area is also used as a meeting place amongst members and non-members (like the legionnaires).

18. The Arena

An earth bank construction with wooden seats, though there are plans to rebuild in buttressed stone. It has a central area of roughly 80 x 50ft, covered in gravel. It will seat approximately 350 people.

A. Knight's Gate

Knights, and other combatants, enter through the Knight's gate which leads directly into the arena.

B. Lay Gate

Spectators enter through the lay gate, and take seats on the stalls nearest the main avenue. When 'battle' is to commence the military and clerical orders would through their own gates and occupy the two remaining sets of seats.

C. Cleric's Gate

The Cleric's gate leads to a stage above the knight's gate. There is a set of retractable stairs that lead down from this stage into the arena. Traditionally the oracle presides from this stage.

D. Slain Gate

After combat, (sacrifice etc.,) the dead (or partially incinerated) bodies are moved to the mortuary chapel via the Slain gate.

19. Mortuary Platform

Two sets of stone stairs lead up from the paved area to the platform. Between the stairs is an octagonal pyre and beyond is a mortuary chapel. All the Agrikian faithful dead are cremated here. Those expelled from the church are buried in unmarked graves beyond the compound.

20. Ash Ground

The ashes of the normal Agrikian followers are scattered on these grounds. If the faithful died during the day, his ashes are scattered on the south most grounds. If the faithful died during the night, his ashes are scattered on the northernmost grounds. Ashes of the knights of the Order are stored in the Chapel of the Slain, where the founders of the knights are also buried. Clerics of the 4th circle and higher have their ashes interned in the crypt of the temple.

21. Gate Houses to the KSV compound

See Gate house (area 1).

22. Forge

A stone building of one story, this is the residence and workplace of a bonded armorer. His residence is behind the shop. While not married, he often sports the bruises of the Ritual of Mating, and since the spring of this year has been favoring a certain priestess. He is Seathor of Fobin, and has brothers and sisters both in the town of Fobin.

23. Armory

A two-story stone structure, this is the meeting hall and armory for the Knights of the Order.

Scarlet Veil Compound 4

24. Chapel of the Slain

Herein is housed the various war banners, and shields of the fallen members of the Knights of the Order. Each major battle the Order has been in has had its war banner retired here. The Maiden shields are decorated with silver around their edges and emblazoned with the names of the fallen. There is an altar to Agrik, and a sandstone statue of a pillar of flame at the far end of the building. Several stones on the floor are emblazoned with the names of the fallen, and below them are stored the canisters that hold their ashes.

25. Stables

Outside these stables is an octangle pillar on which are incised the rules of chivalry for the order.

26. Stables

Both these sets of stables are used to house the horses of the Knights of the Order.

27. Weaponcrafter

Jarel of Geisteil is housed here. She is a master weaponcrafter who was once a Knight of the Order. While in battle with another knight, she broker her hip. The wound did not mend well, and although she did dispatch her opponent - it was obvious she could not fight again. Returning to her birth-name, she began repairing and making weapons for the order out of duty, and assisted Thomas of Fobin in Fobin proper. At his death some five years ago, the weaponcrafter's house was built in her honor and she now lives and works in the compound. While she no longer shaves her head, she still attends masses and combats as a spectator.

28. Ostler

Remis of Saljon is a bonded Ostler living in the compound. He, like his friend, Sethor, is from Fobin originally - and is a devout Agrik. He moved in with the Order in 719TR when the Order purchased his last breeding mare. He also instructs the squires and apprentices in the care and treatment of their horses as well the basics of how to ride and fight on horseback. While not married, he is the father of three children currently in the orphanage, and his lady of choice is amongst the Punishers of Deed. Members of the Order respect his wishes, and rarely proposition him to perform the Ritual of Mating.

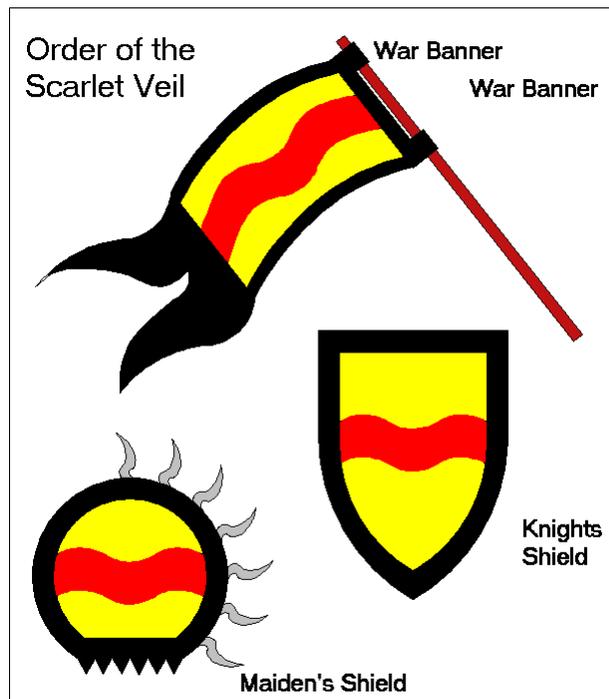
29. Keep

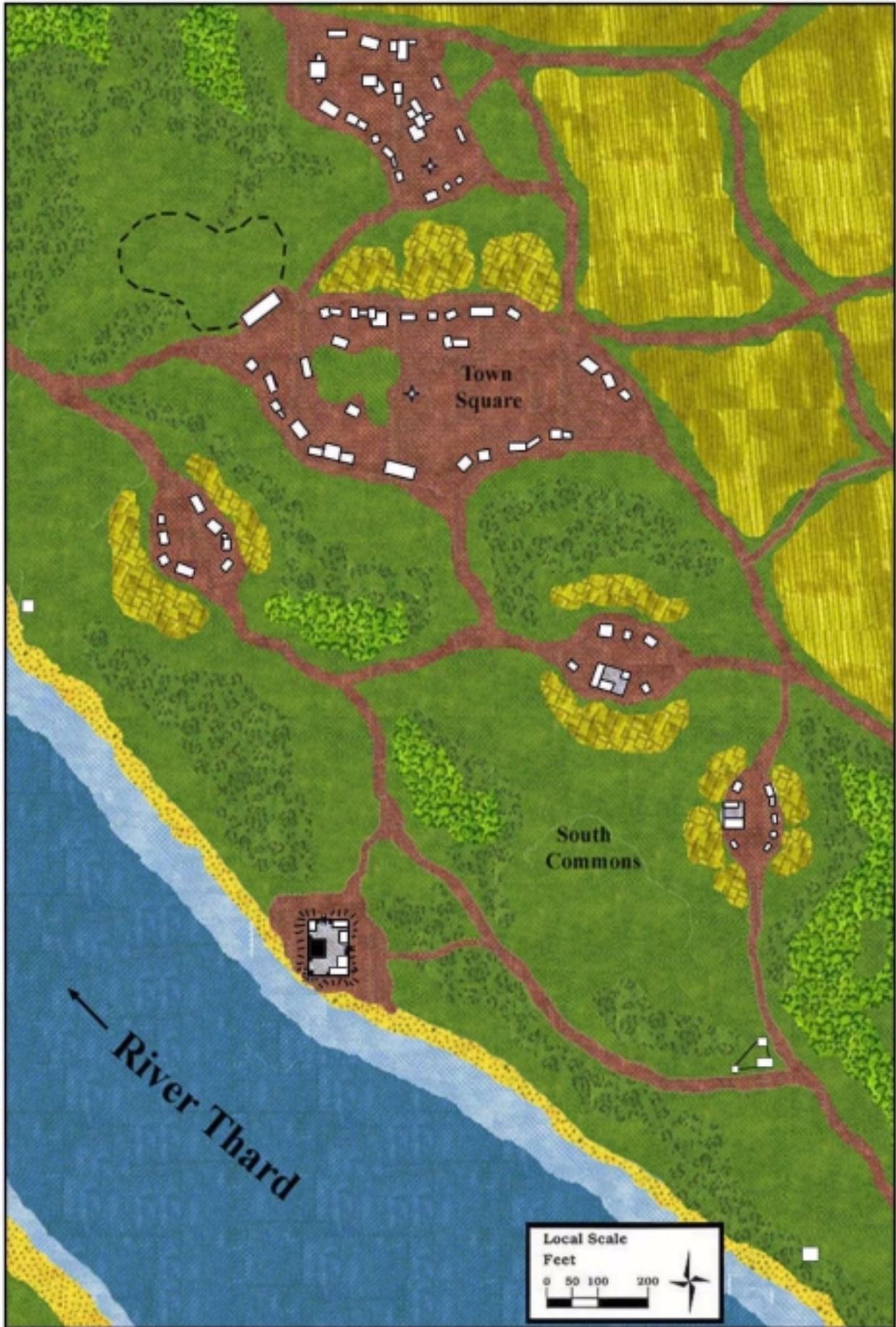
This two story stone structure is little more than an eight rooms used to house additional armaments, wealth and the children in times of trouble. Its basement is used as a storage place for surplus food supplies kept dry through prayers and careful planning. Its rooftop makes an excellent lookout and archer's stand. To date, the keep has only been used as a storehouse.

30. Peonian Guest House

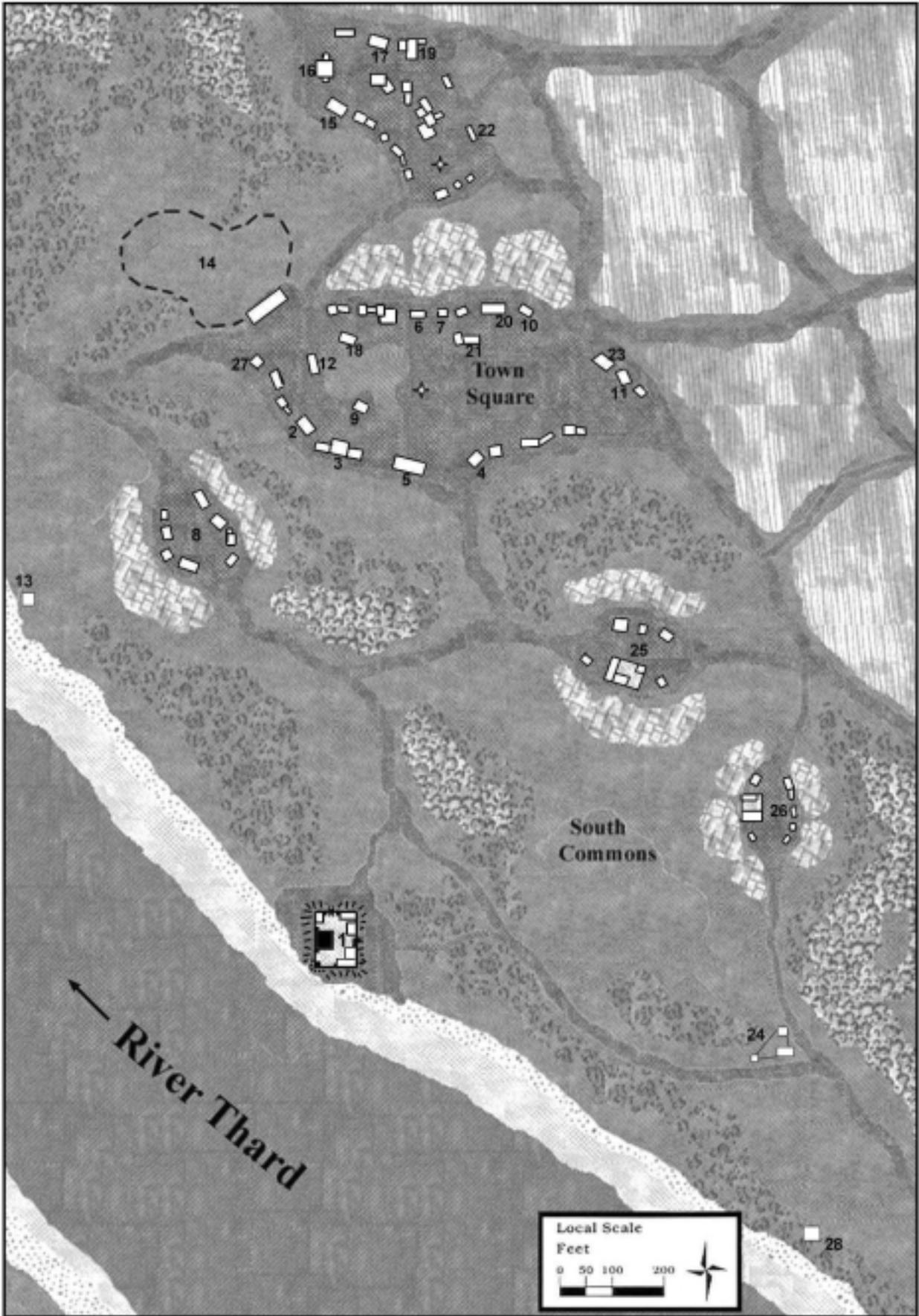
When a member of the order, a mother or a child is sick enough to warrant it, a Peonian is welcomed onto the grounds to tend the ill. The Peonian priest is expected to

only visit the hospital and his own home while being a guest. Occasionally non-Agriks are housed here, should they visit but not be considered honored guests.

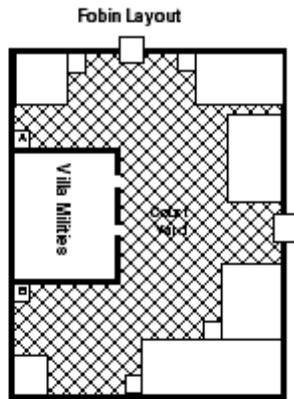




Fobin Maps 2



Soldier's House (Villa Militaries)



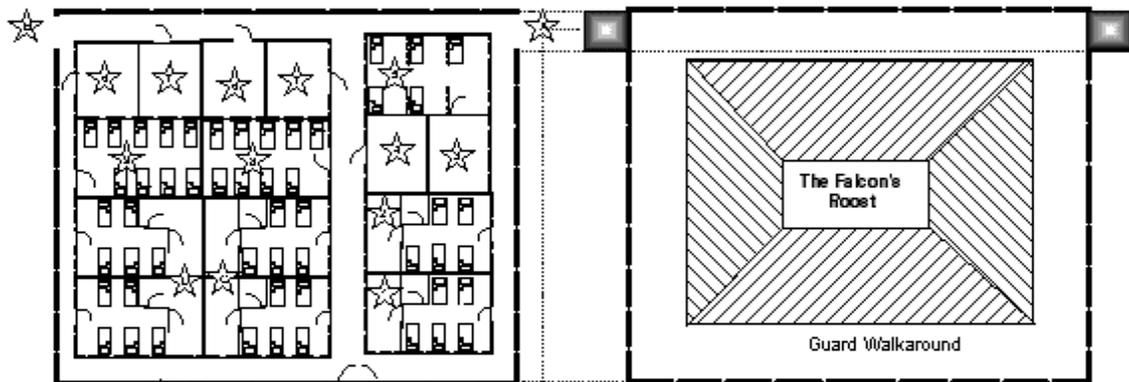
Key			
☆	1st Maniple, 1st Tenebris	☆	Leads south into the Eastern Wall - Connects to the Haunted Tower.
☆	1st Maniple, 2nd Tenebris	☆	Leads north into the Eastern Wall - Connects to the Wash House and Kitchens
☆	General Storage	☆	3rd Maniple 1st and 2nd Tenebris
☆	Talis Storage	☆	2nd Maniple 1st and 2nd Tenebris
☆	Militias Tale		
☆	Miscellaneous Storage		
☆	Militias Auxilia Storage		
☆	Skidishes		
☆	Ashtrays		

Scale
10' 20' 30' 40' 50' 100'

Note: There are 3 floors, and 4 cohorts saving here in times of war. The shortage of beds is known - but short of doubling up there is no current solution. Plans are to rebuild the south tower to accommodate 1 cohort a round the year 1722TR

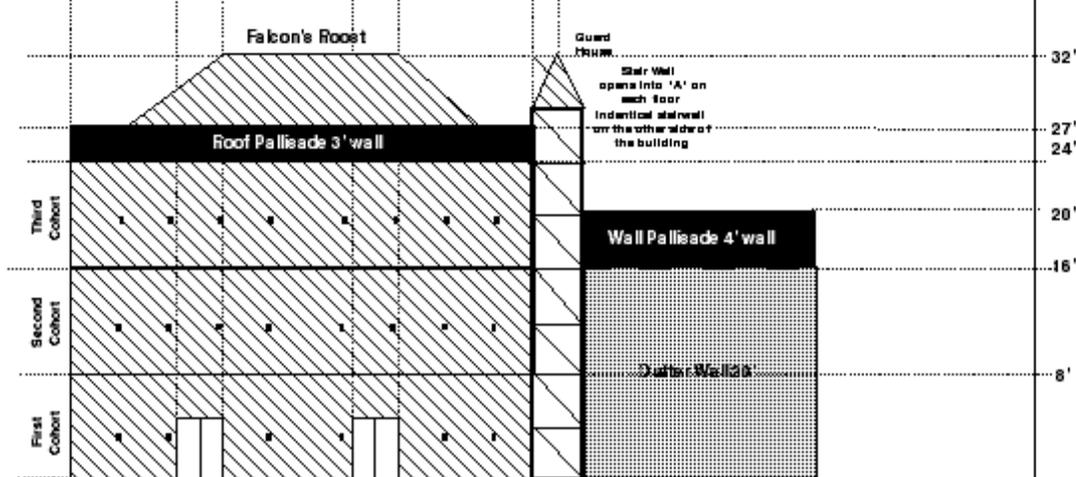
Top View (Interior)

Top View (Exterior)

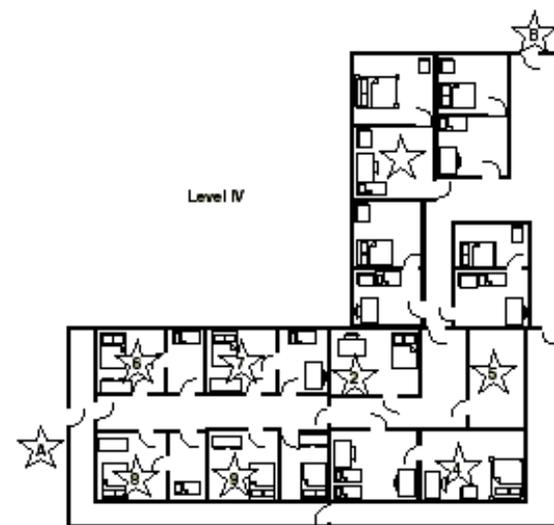
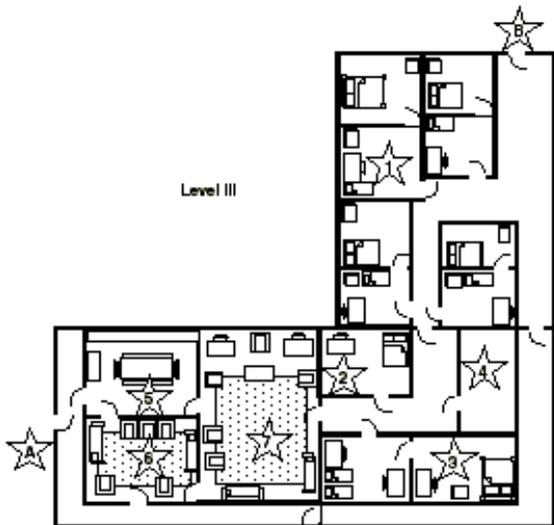
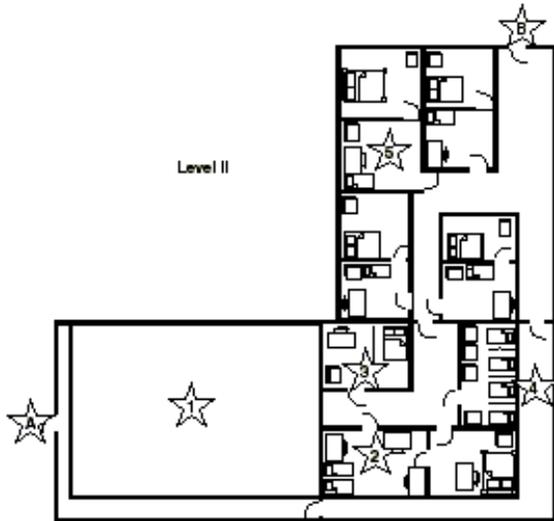
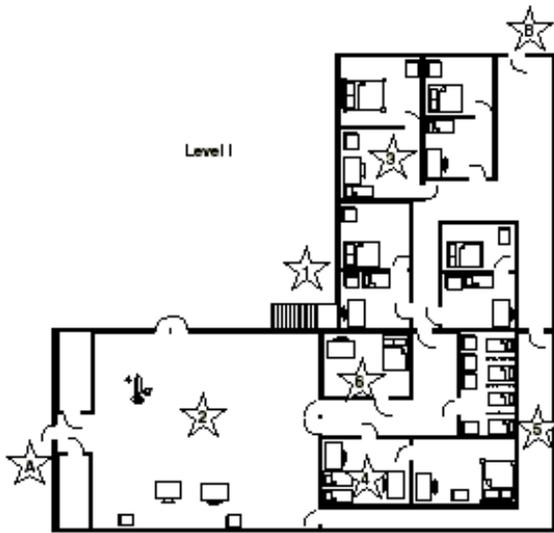
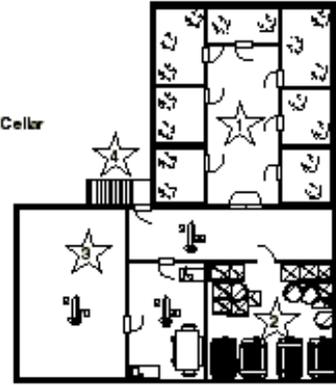
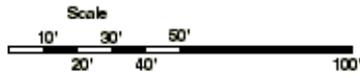
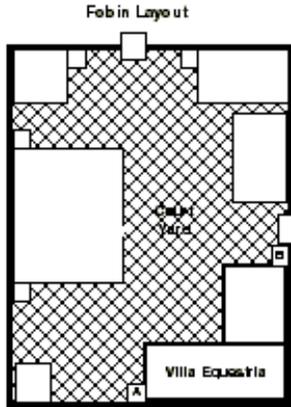


Side view from Courtyard

Elevation

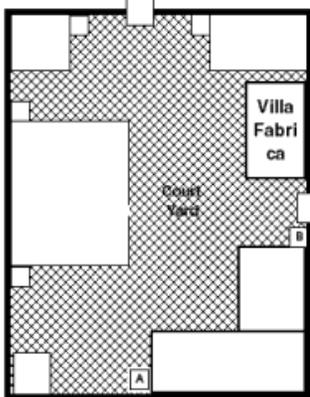


Villa Equestria



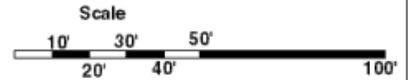
Villa Fabrica and Baths

Fobin Layout



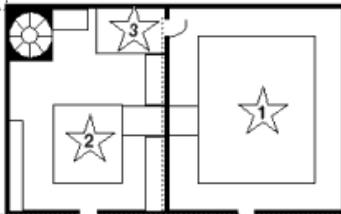
Key

- ★ 1 The Baths
- ★ 2 The Great Furnace
- ★ 3 Storage (Towels, baskets...)
- ★ 4 Storage for the Workshop
- ★ 5 Guard Walk-around
- ★ 6 Guard Walk-around

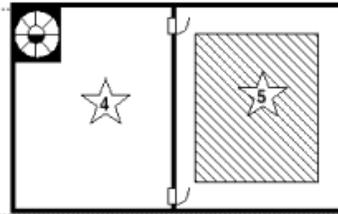


Note: The stairs at the back of the workshop are for emergency purposes only. A Block and tackle system is set up in times of war to bring war machines up from the ground floor along the terraced Villa Fabrica.

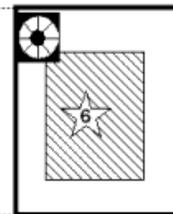
Top View (Level 1)



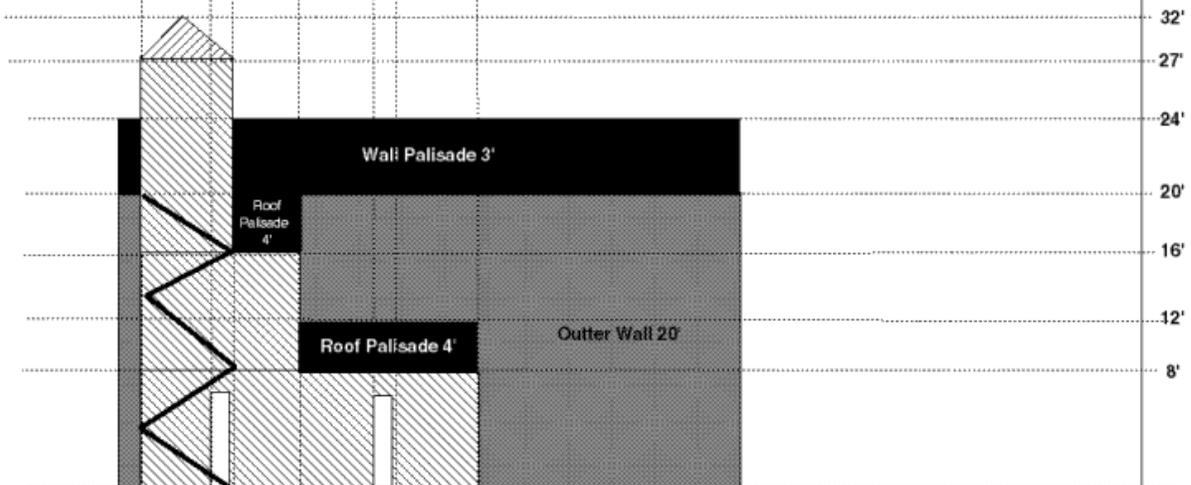
Top View (Level 2)



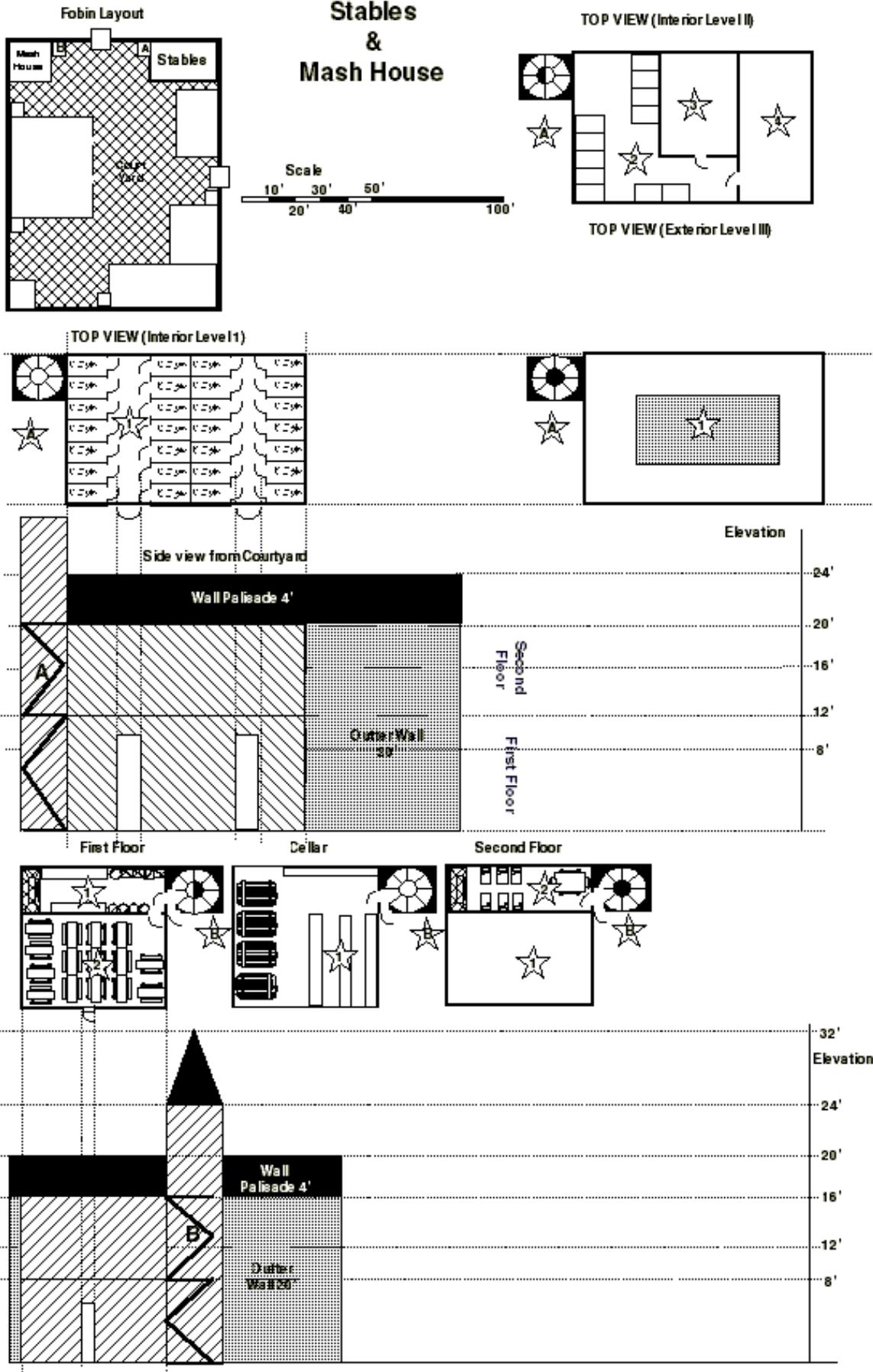
Top View (Level 3)

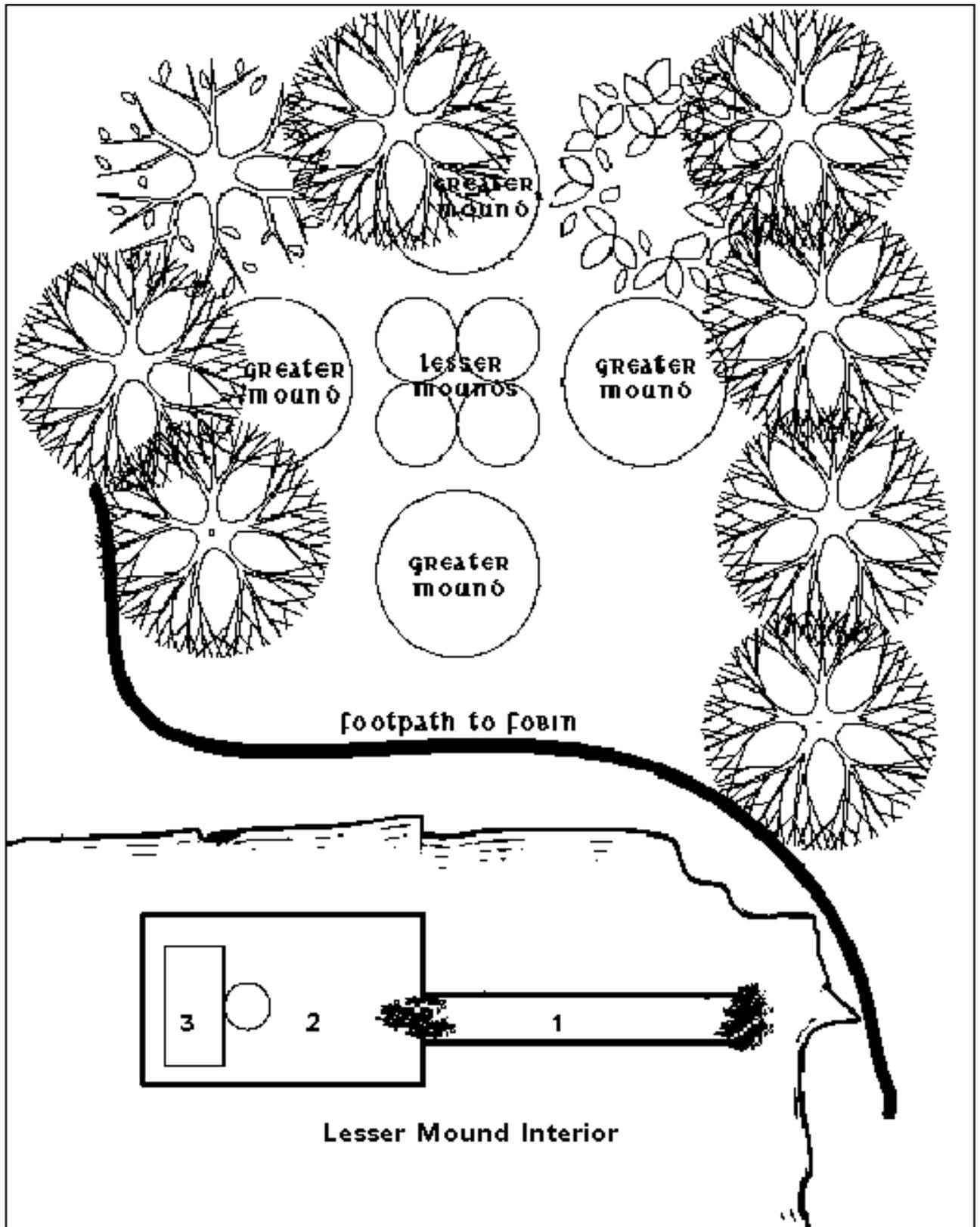


Elevation



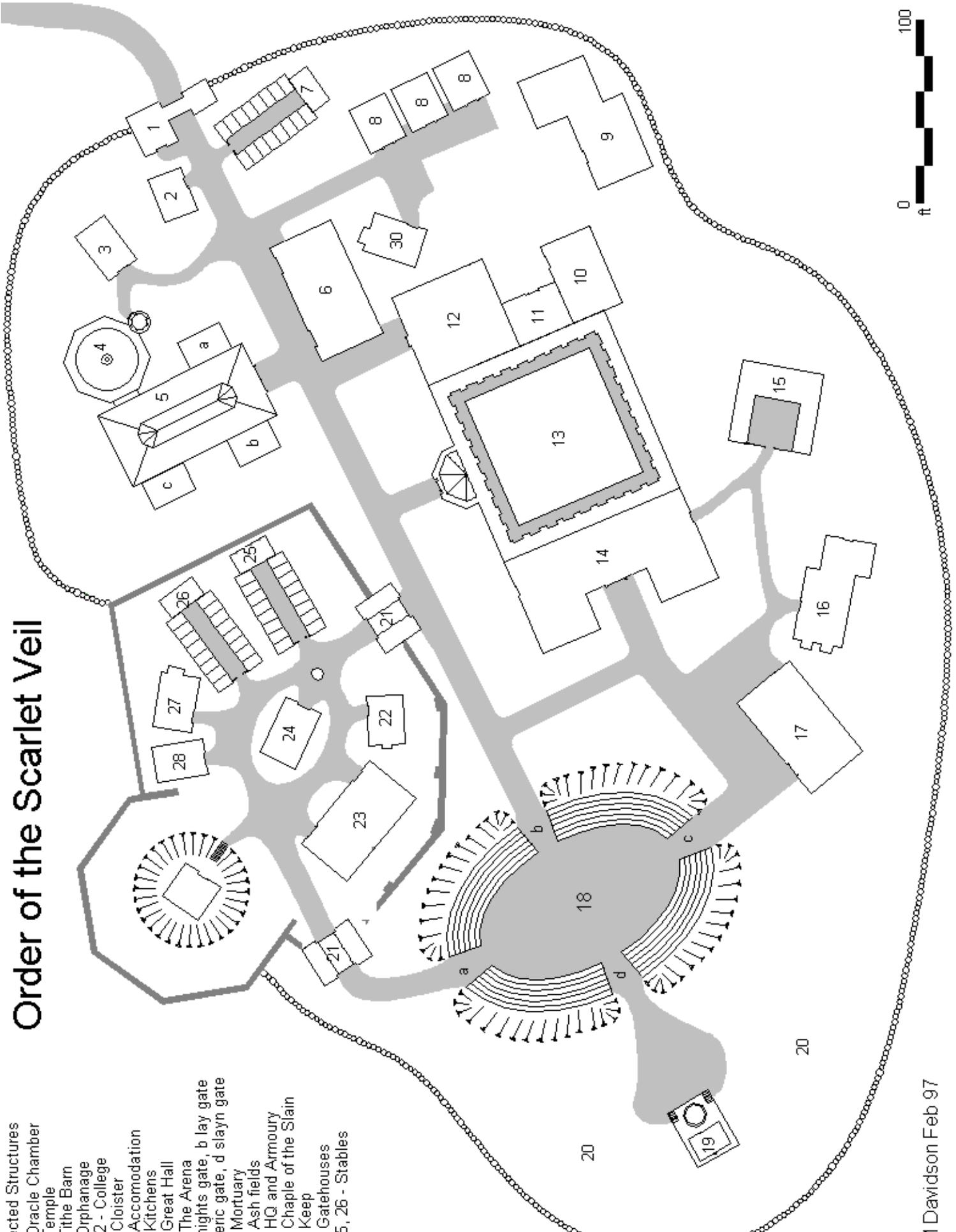
Side View from Courtyard





Order of the Scarlet Veil

- Selected Structures
- Oracle Chamber
- Temple
- The Barn
- Orphanage
- 2 - College
- Cloister
- Accommodation
- Kitchens
- Great Hall
- The Arena
- Light gate, b lay gate
- Entric gate, d slayn gate
- Mortuary
- Ash fields
- HQ and Armoury
- Chaple of the Slain
- Keep
- Gatehouses
- 5, 26 - Stables



Fobin Adventures

There are a variety of ways of using the information presented here. A good adventure requires background, NPCs and tons of preparation. Two of these three things are presented herein. The characters and background story ideas are presented for your (mis)use and enjoyment. In HårnMaster tradition, the story ideas have been kept reasonably vague.

The Haunted Tower

SETTING	Caer Fobin
AIDS	HM: Religion, Ghost Stories, Cinderella
SUGGESTED READING	Thardic Republic Kingdom Module, Alternate Army

Everyone knows the southernmost tower at Caer Fobin is haunted. A few have seen the ghostly female form haunting the battlements of the tower, and an unlucky few have even heard her crying and running forlornly along the upper most corridors. This tale is reserved for the darkest and stormiest nights.

Her name was Elise Dubrak, and she died in that very tower.

Long before the founding of our Republic there was another Empire. And where that tower now stands there was a small keep. The residents in that keep were minor land owners who made a good living between fishing the river and farming the land. River Thard ran deep and fast but not so fast that it could sweep away the boats, as it does now.

She was the only child of a landed equestrian family that inhabited the little keep. And by all we know her life as a happy one. Then one very cold winter her mother took the fever and died. A pall fell over the house, and everyone mourned. Elise became the woman of the house and worked hard to fulfill her mother's duties. Her father was away most of the time, negotiating trade and good prices for his wares. One day her father brought home a new wife.

The new wife was as beautiful as the old, but there was something cold and dark about her. Elise tried to obey her new mother in all things, but her step mother was strange, and from a different land. The marriage would forge a strong bond between her father and another group of merchants to the far west. Some say the new wife worshipped the dark, or perhaps just the mysteries. REgardless of whether it was just a difference of lifestyles or one of religions, a rift began to form between new mother and daughter. At first it was just a mild dislike that made them seek other company.

When her step mother gave birth to a son, her father insisted Elise marry. Being a dutiful daughter she agreed. Her husband called for her the next morning and caught Elise at prayer. Her fiancée flew into a rage. He tore the symbol of the Restorer from her hands and backhanded her so hard her lip split. She cried out, but none came to her aide. Her step

mother had cleared all the servants and her husband out of that part of the keep so that the new couple could be better acquainted in peace.

Her fiancée stayed for a fortnight and got along famously with her parents. But she and the family servants quickly became wary of the man's temper. When a servant died under his hand, the father accepted the excuse that the servant deserted it. And when another died from a mysterious fall, it was an accident. And Elise began to worry for her life.

The marriage was to be a grand affair and the planning began early. Elise was seen less and less. Servants avoided her to avoid her fiancée, but late at night they could hear her crying and walking the halls of the keep. She always ran away when ever a servant tried to stop and talk to her. Her father went away promising to return before her wedding. She begged him not to go, knowing in her heart of hearts that she would never see him again. But away he went - for he had business to conduct, and she, as a dutiful daughter did not detain him.

With her father gone the fiancée became more reckless, beating slaves without reason or intent, but just because they were there. His hand rose regularly against Elise too, even though she did everything to try and please him. Her step mother never interfered. Instead she counseled Elise to obey him in all things. If she was beaten, the step mother concluded, it must be Elise's fault.

The night before her wedding, the fiancée broke into her room. He was furious to find the bolt thrown and began breaking things in her room. When Elise tried to escape he grabbed her and threw her to the floor. His hands ripped away her clothes. She screamed, and he collapsed atop her with a crack.

A storm, brewing all day, broke at that instant - hiding the sound of a solid oak chair breaking against the fiancée's back. Elise looked up to see a fearful servant, one who'd been her companion almost since birth. She took the servant's hand and raced from the room. But the fiancée was up and upon them as they reached the doorway. He grabbed the servant and spun her away into the door. Her head smacked the frame and she fell in a pool of blood.

The fiancée roared his anger as Elise cried.

Servants say they saw Elise later running in a torn night gown along the corridors, heading for the roof. Her hands and feet were bloodied and her hair was matted. As if she'd been made to lie in a pool of blood. Shaking she climbed to the top of the tower.

There, amidst a spring storm, she flung herself off the tower, begging both the Restorer's and her father's forgiveness. Soon after her death the servants fled like rats from a sinking ship. And the fever returned.

Fobin Adventures 2

When Elise's father returned home he found a dark and empty tower. He never entered, but rather set the place aflame. For news of the fever reached him in his journeys, and he thought everyone dead. When the fire was at last out, her father rode away, never to be seen again.

It does not matter that fire, famine, plague and war have ravaged her place of death. Elise walks the halls still - waiting for her father's return.

Elise Dubrak's ghostly form walks the halls of the tower each full moon. She has approached elderly or fatherly looking men in the past - her ghostly visage full of hope. But as she approaches the face becomes more and more sorrowful, and she turns into a bitter wail that makes even the bravest of men run from the tower.

Legends say ghosts can be put to rest, but for each ghost it is different. To put Elise to rest, first someone would have to speak to her, and then try and fulfil the quest she puts before them. But such things are dangerous. For if they fail Elise may become angry and begin haunting the failed questors instead of the tower.

Chronicle of Tears

SETTING	Red Guard Cairn, Fobin
AIDS	Red Guard Cairn article, Navehian Temple Article
SUGGESTED READING	Thardic Republic Kingdom Module, Alternate Army, Lia-K'avir Article

Local Lore

- Martha (Chandler's Wife)

"Didn't cha know dearie? Well, don't be going up there. No. For now that holy place holds a barrow wright."

Sharley, owner of the general store
- and general rumor monger.

"Ah yes well. The Burial mounds have a new inhabitant. It will sneak down the overgrown paths and spy on all you youngsters. Any of you out past yer bedtime - it will come hobbling along, with its long arms and big white teeth. As fast as you can run - it can run faster. As small a place you can crawl into - it can reach with its great long arms. And once it catches hold of ya, ye-ll never get free. It will rap its great long arms around you and eat you all up in one gobble.

...

"Nah - that's just the story I tell the little one's to keep them away from da place. But there is something up there. Gallen of Talen claims to have lost a mare when it wandered in there. He spent three days looking for it. Its prints went in, but never came out of the area. Claims to have searched amongst the burial mounds - but I wouldn't call him a coward for lying. Dogs, beasts and even a few travellers have

been lost to that place. The priests may claim it's just the souls of the restless dead in there, but I say there's something more. And you couldn't pay me enough to find out what!"

Lordai, Tribune of the Fobin Cohort

"Officially, we've received no complaints from the area. And since it is some distance from the local roads our patrols have seen nothing unusual. This year though, Sharl has asked that I send a few men to accompany Jarel into the area. She won't say why, but she does seem worried about something. Maybe she's been listening to Sharley too long."

Tarel, The Ostler

"Aye, I lost a mare around the burial mounds. She went it, and didn't come out. But me dogs never got no harm going through the area. I've hunted round there a few times. 'Taint no game. Deeper into the woods, away from them mounds there is, but not nearby. Go figure. I aint the superstitious sort mind, and so long as Jarel says there ain't nothing to worry about, I aint gonna start a worryin."

Others

No one seems to trust the place. Burial grounds are usually avoided by the cautious and the superstitious - but this place is given an extra wide berth. The creature the locals claim live there is a "Barrow Wright" - something that lives in a barrow. No one, but Sharley, dares give it a description and no one's seen it. A few have claimed that the thing has been known to break into local cellars and steal alcohol (specifically apple brandy); but no one will admit to having their own cellar robbed (*Sharley said it was mine? No, no - he must have meant Madia's cellar. Mine's not been robbed.*)

The tale makes a good ghost story; but no one's particularly enthused (or worried enough) to find out exactly what is living there. No group's been organized to route it out, nor kill it.

Unrelated (?) Goings On

Someone has broken into Sharley's General store twice, the local jewelsmith's once and the ostlery once in the past month. Everyone's begun locking their doors, and the rumors are flying fast and furious. Some are blaming the thefts on the mysterious resident of the Red Guard Cairn, others on a new group of Lia Kavir, or perhaps wandering bandits. A few claim there must be a Night's Their temple in the area - but this last suggestion is often met with nervous laughter.

As mentioned previously, the tale does make a good ghost story. There is a creature living up there, but it's primarily in hiding from the locals. The creature is the Barrow Wright. See the Red Guard Cairn article for more information.

The thefts are caused by the Navehians in town. Refer to the Navehian Article for more information.

The Curse of the Stinking Sword

SETTING	Fobin
AIDS	
SUGGESTED READING	Thardic Republic Kingdom Module, Alternate Army,

The Story of the Sword

The following tale is commonly told around the campfire whenever Legionnaires are on the move near the ruins along the Thardic Republic and the Rethem border.

A few years back the patrol was attacked one evening, much like this one, by a band of Rethem brigands. While not too skilled, they were numerous and soon had the legion's patrol surrounded. The legionnaires kept to their nightly fort and held off the brigands until dawn, but during the night their mani was struck down when an the captain of the brigands grew so angry at his losses that he threw his sword and it struck the mani square in the chest.

The sword was made of solid gold, but was so firmly stuck in the mani's body that the legionnaires could not remove it. buried the mani where he lay, intent on returning for his body and the sword with a much larger contingent.

The patrol never returned to the keep. It was only much later that the diary of the primi was found and this story learned. They say the mani lies somewhere around here, with the golden sword clutched firmly in his bony hands.

The Truth

There is a golden sword and there was an unbreakable sword that can cut through anything but they are not the same sword, nor are they the one featured in the story.

If the PCs go looking, they may find the freshly dug spot on the top of one of the greater mounds. They will have to dig down 10 feet to find it. And they will probably smell it first.

The sword is cursed. It is a large bastard sword that only fits comfortably in huge hands. It also smells like a ripe skunk. The smell permeates the ground in which the sword is buried. It lingers like an oil on anything that gets within 5' of the blade. The smell will wear off, after a few days of harsh scrubbing, but only if the blade stays away.

Every Which Way But Loose

SETTING	Fobin
AIDS	Clint Eastwood movie of the same name
SUGGESTED READING	Thardic Republic Kingdom Module, Alternate Army, Nasty, Brutish and Short

There are a few tribes of White Orcs with small agrarian communities set up along the Thardic-Rethem border. These White Orc tribes promise to raise the alarm should they ever see strangers, and trade agrarian produce for meat animals and other necessitates. The White Orc queen has made a promise to her human land-lords - that should a Black Orc ever come

to her settlement she will send one white orc in legion livery to the nearest outpost with a plea for help. In return the legion will arrive and kill the Black Orc.

This agreement was forged just a few years ago and most people believe it's just a rumor. Others say, should a Black Orc try to take over the White Orc tribe, the legion will arrive to wipe it all out and be-dammed the agreement.

One sunny day, just after dawn, a small white orc comes running down the road in legion livery. He stops before the gates of Fobin and calls out "Peace. Queen Say Come Quick!"

The orc refuses to say much else (in fact he can't say much else, not being that fluent in Hárnic.) He knows only that his Queen gave him the message and sent him out of the colony by a secret back door. The orc knows he's special because he gets to wear the special robe. The "robe" is a thread-bare legionnaire's blanket with the Geishteil legion insignia painted on one side, and a hole cut out for him to put his head through.

His tribe is somewhere north of the highway and he will make motion/or tell (if anyone can understand him) that he is to lead the Queen's rescuers back to his tribe.

The legionnaires sent are told to find out what's going on and try to keep the relations good between the tribe and the surrounding lands. White orcs are not known for their violence so a tenaci should suffice.

The White Orc was sent to Fobin and not one of the surrounding legion forts because the Queen remembered that the man who founded the deal with her was from Fobin. She wants to renegotiate because she now has a daughter who will eventually need her own place to live.

Unfortunately, while the orc was sent to fetch the Queen's land lord, her daughter was stolen by (surprise, surprise) a black orc. He came into the camp and beat up the king and all comers. When he met the Queen he found the princess and left with her instead.

If the PCs visit the nearby forts they will hear of a Black Orc with one White Orcs in tow. The Black Orc challenged the fort, calling (in very broken Hárnic) for someone to come out and fight him. "Me win, you feed." he offers. None of the forts took him up on the deal.

The Black Orc's trail should be relatively easy to follow as he goes deeper and deeper into the woods. Eventually he will find his "friends" (5 black orcs and the 30 or so white orc slaves) and their colony. If caught before they reach their destination - the Black Orc should be easy to overpower and kill. In the settlement the Black Orcs will be the only danger. The White Orcs will run away from the PCs and try to hide.

Village of Stone

SETTING	Runes outside north of Then
AIDS	Willow (the Movie),
SUGGESTED READING	Thardic Republic Kingdom Module, Alternate Army, Nasty, Brutish and Short

Before the founding of the Republic, there was a small agrarian village that did quite well. Legend says that the village used magic like water to increase their crops 10 thousand fold. And that starvation, fever and hunger never once touched the populace for a generation. Then, one day, the mage that had made all this possible asked for help and was refused. The mage grew angry and threatened the people with the removal of his magics. So the populace rose up and burt him and his tower to the ground. With his dying breath he yelled out a curse that turned every one and every animal within the walls of the village to stone. The moral of this story is - when a mage asks for help, you give it. Willingly, less he die and remember your name.

GM Lore

The stones are pale grey and with the right refecton there appears to be a shadow of darker stone in the lighter material. If the legend is true, there should be one or two individuals in the stone who can speak through mediums or at least set off people's sensitivity. Perhaps one of these gifted individuals can tell the adventurers what they need to know.

If the story is false, there is something in the region that is making sensitive people wary of the place. It may be restless ghosts, or other creatures not quite of this place.

Using the Order for Prophecy and Profit

SETTING	North of Fobin, Thardic Republic
AIDS	
SUGGESTED READING	HM:Religion/Gods of Hårn, HRT: Agrik, Order of the Scarlet Veil article, Thardic Republican Module, Rethem Kingdom Module

"The Order of the Scarlet Veil seeks messengers of honorable bearing to deliver various messages to all of known Agrikdom and beyond. Any interested parties should apply to the compound of the Order of the Scarlet Veil at dawn or dusk, five miles north of Fobin, in the realm of the Thardic Republic. Please bring your own transport."

The Order often requires messengers to find people destined for their prophecies in places where it is perhaps not politically correct to send an armed and armored Warriors of the Bloody Mace of the Scarlet Veil; and even less so a Order of the Scarlet Veil. In these cases they will gladly accept the services of the faithful. At least one of the applicants must be faithful (at least give lip service to) Agrik so that they can be sworn and bound on their faith and their word before receiving the message. The messengers are encouraged to travel quickly, and in groups.

The messengers must swear never to open the prophecy themselves, nor offer it up to anyone but the receiver named and described by the Order. Speed is always of the essence, and the Order of the Scarlet Veil are quite willing to dicker over fees. If the receiver turns down the prophecy, or is dead - the messengers are expected to return the message to the Order. If they deliver it, they are expected to return with word of the receiver's reaction and actions immediately thereafter (the time is specified by the Order in the messenger's contract). If there is a return message, they are expected to return with it.

Payment is offered half in advance, and half on return. Equipment and supplies are offered at a discount from the Order's own stores, otherwise whatever can be purchased from Fobin will have to suffice. Not all receivers of prophecies are glad of the news, and it is still the custom in some places to kill he bearers of bad news, so the Order recommends all messengers go armed and on a fast horse.

Acceptability via the Agrik Church

Rumor has it that the Order of the Scarlet Veil will do almost anything to truly ingratiate themselves with the Agrik church. That is not entirely true, but it comes darn close. The Order knows it will be the pawn or puppet of the other Agrik orders for quite some time to come, and are therefore determined to make as many high placed friends as they can. Each year, on the highest festival of Agrik, certain nobles are invited to a private (and free) prophecy session with the Oracle herself. All questions will be answered to the best of the Order's ability during the hours of dawn and dusk when the sky boils red.

The first of such chaotic sessions is to occur this year. There are invitations to pass out, and accommodations to prepare. Imagine the number of nobles and powerful merchants to be present - each with their own entourage of sycophants, bodyguards, servants and slaves. Also - all questions will be asked in public. How many secrets are the various dignitaries willing to give away, and how many answers are they willing to let the public hear? The mixing of religions and politics is never a safe affair. So the day promises to be highly interesting.

In addition, the Oracle's history has been leaked to a few members in the church. Her history (see characters, oracle) was originally sealed when she became the Oracle of the Order - but someone (Jamie perhaps) has sent copies to several of the powers that be. Could an avatar be coming? If so, of which religion - and what would lure him to Fobin? Perhaps he'll be at one of these meetings.

In such a highly volatile situation...

SETTING	Fobin, Thardic Republic
AIDS	
SUGGESTED READING	HM:Religion/Gods of Hârn, HRT: Agrik, Order of the Scarlet Veil article, Thardic Republican Module, Rethem Kingdom Module

Whether the player-characters play a member, a visitor or an enemy of the Order - one thing is certain. Anything could happen. Using dreams and prophecies is a common way to start adventurers out on their quest. All prophecies from the Order will be vague, yet somehow meaningful to their intended target. This is intentional - as a means of keeping the hidden message from any other prying eyes that might see the message. Disbelievers claim this allows the target to read his own meaning into the future, and by his very belief in the ruse, forces the prophecy to come true.

Occasionally, when the Order has predicted bandit attacks on passing nobles, or towns - the Order has been immediately accused of either setting up the raids - if not committing the acts of banditry themselves. The Order blames such accusations on a lack of faith and fear. They are always willing to bow to the laws of the Senate of Tharda - but the Senate themselves is having sufficient problems selecting warders and government officials. The Senate is bogged down with legislation, arguments and petty rivalries. The local legionaries' claims the Order has done no wrong, but everyone knows that the Order's compound is just a fancy name for the Legionaries whore-house.

A senator of the Monarchist faction of the Thardic Senate hires the PCs to debunk the Oracle and her merry band of charlatans. They are to witness an oracle in action - whatever it takes, and report back what they saw, and the truth of the prophecy. The PCs may try to walk in and demand satisfaction from the Order, using the senator's family name, wealth and position as bartering tools. Or they may come in for a seasonal prophecy and find Jamie in the courtyard. The senator knows of Jamie, but may not have revealed this to the PCs (GM's choice).

The Order will not allow anyone (knowingly) to see an Oracle in action. Jamie has glimpsed part of the ceremony and can tell the PCs the basics (as explained by this article). He's even seen the current Oracle slay her predecessor. Blinding the Oracle is often a public ceremony - but the current Oracle blinded herself before the ceremony (although her eyes were cauterized while she hung between the posts. Jamie believes reverently in their ability to prophesies the future but can not explain why he's been left in place. He is sure the Order knows about him, and who he works for.

The prophecy they hear may concern a plague of insects infesting a field nearby, or of more bandit attacks - something the PCs can easily follow and try to debunk. Success, or failure, of their debunking attempts should be left up to the PCs. The prophecies will be believed by the locals -

but not necessarily by the nobles; and the type of precautions taken may influence the outcomes (i.e. no bandit in their right mind would attack a legionary-guarded noble while traveling).

The Ukhila

SETTING	Somewhere in Rethem
AIDS	HRT: Agrikan Page
SUGGESTED READING	Tournament rules (from the HârnPage, HRT: Agrik), HM: Religion/Gods of Hârn

Every 8 years the various Terani, priests and laymen gather for Ukhila: The Octennial Games (the last was in 714). It is suspected that at one such set of Games, the Order has the best chance at gaining legitimacy. Groups of the Terani practice daily with the hope of being selected to represent the Order at the next Ukhila. If one of them could be named the best Agrik fighter the Order would have to at least be acknowledged by the Agrik church as a whole.

Unfortunately, any member of the Order who won such a title would probably live a very short life - as they would be challenged repeatedly by other Terani from other orders. This is considered an acceptable price to pay for the glory it would bring the Order and thus their god. Any member may "try out" - but only the best 3 Terani will be considered for the games. All practice fights for the Ukhila are non-lethal, but the Ukhila itself is quite lethal.

The Order insists all Terani practice their horsemanship, mace and whip skills, and unarmed martial combat for the games. As the date for the Ukhila approaches, the training intensifies. Some Terani have asked the legionaries to mount offensives in the nearby fields so that they can practice repelling and counter-attacking. These war games are of great interest to the Thardic Senate - but so far the Fobin Maniple has willingly staged 2 such offensives. The next war-game is suppose to have the Fobin Maniple defending while the Terani attack. The current score is tied 1-1.

Guess Who's Coming to Visit

SETTING	Fobin Keep
AIDS	Fobin
SUGGESTED READING	Thardic Republican Module, Articles on The senate, Nordaka Article

Senator Amerak Nordaka is coming to tour the town and the keep. He will be in town for three to five days and requires a local tenaci to act as his bodyguards during his stay.

Before his arrival the tenaci must get red cloaks. An old woman (Ederieda #34) in town has left-over dye from a job she's just done - and is willing to dye the legionnaires cloaks at 2d each (she can be bartered down to 1d for the lot). She's already dyed 2 shirts (for the Agrikan priest, Gathar of Valum #2), a cloak (for a member of the Order of the Scarlet Veil) and two legionnaire cloaks. Throughout the day all but the two legionnaire cloaks will be picked up. A fyvrian mage and a Golden Dagger mercenary will try to pick up the

Fobin Adventures 6

legionnaire cloaks, but will be cautious if any legionnaires are snooping around the area. Ederieda knows only that "Thommas" will pick up the cloaks later today.

The senator will be travelling with a manus of men. They are Legionnaires from various places as well as a small group of mercenaries. He will, naturally, take his time in arriving; travelling more than an hour behind his advanced guard in a green and yellow carriage. By the time he arrives his camp should be set up in the commons with all his guards already installed for the night.

On his first day, he will receive only the head of the local Hlean temple. They will discuss gossip and he will pass on what little information the Coranan Hlean Church may have for her. This could lead to further adventures, if the PCs try to listen in. The senator will have lunch in the commons with the priestess.

Sometime in the afternoon the priestess will leave and the Senator will make the tour of the fort. Upon entering he will be accosted by Nevill, intent on getting his money for the upkeep of the Caer. Nevill will be relentless, but friendly to the legionnaires. He will go away just as soon as the Senator agrees to his demands (which are reasonable...)

The senator will eat dinner with the Wytels and stay in a fourth-floor apartment for the night. During the night (1st to 2nd watch) the guards (fourth cohort) will not appear, having received a note from Pled (via his squire - Thommas) saying someone else would take the duty. The guards in the corridor will be attacked by one fully armed knight and two veteran legionnaires. All the attackers are foreigners to the keep, all bear the mark of the golden dagger mercenary squad. While the fight is ongoing, a fourth assassin will slip behind the senator's room and blow dart the senator with Kurari.

Sometime before this attack, Thommas will sneak out the westerly gate and head north on foot. There is a 75% chance the slaves noticed his departure. The guard at the gate was supposed to be someone from 4th cohort who also was told by Pled that his was being replaced.

A shaken senator (if not dead) will thank the legionnaires and try to go back to sleep. Sometime around 4th watch, the Senator will join the Wytels for a dinner, then depart to the Private Villa of Lerime Benat (#22) where he will sit down to dinner.

He will stay there for the night. During the night four men in black cloth will try to attack the senator (another four from the Golden Dagger). They will be armed as legionnaires, but not armored. Two will be on horse, and will hide their mounts in the nearby bushes. Two more will sneak up from town.

If the senator survives the second attack he will gift the tenacius with a bottle of 10 year old Shiran brandy and a private audience. He will depart the next day.

Any surviving/uncaptured mercenaries will meet up with Thommas and Lucius Holta, a direct enemy of Amerak. The feud between these two men began when Lucius tried to gain Amerak's senate seat even though it was a Nordaka position. Holta recently lost a lot of money when his ship (the Machabes) mysteriously went down in calm waters. He is blaming Amerak and claiming the Nordakas have hired pirates against him. Totally absurd of course.... or is it?

Thommas can be caught by a patrol sent out by Horrik Barral the day the Senator goes to visit Lerime, but the mercenaries (if any escape) will be harder to find. Holta's presence will be discovered by the patrol, but it will take the PCs intervention to make the connection. Holta will be in the region for the rest of the tenday. If accused he will deny it, but accusation is sufficient to get him arrested. Two days after a mercenary is captured (and tortured) he may (75%) tell who hired him. If he doesn't tell then, he will on the third day. Finding Holta is another matter. He's currently in Imrum and has covered his tracks reasonably well. He can be found if the PCs are persistent in asking around. Once captured the case is essentially closed. Either the PCs could escort their prisoner to Coranan, or let him be escorted by another tenaci.

The Problems with Quartermasters.

SETTING	Fobin Keep
AIDS	Sharp's Rifles
SUGGESTED READING	This supplement and Alternative Army

Fobin is in turmoil. The legionnaires are getting angry at having to eat "standard fair" while still encamped. They've come to accept the hanging of their quartermaster, and worry for their lost members - but the food is driving them towards mutiny. Few soldiers can afford to eat out two meals a day for each day, and now food is getting scarce.

The First Quartermaster (Richard of Coranan)

Richard fell in love with Jessica of Fobin, the secret mistress of Horrik Barral. Horrik bought Jessica a room near the Hlean temple, and kept her well. When Horrik found out Richard was selling goods on a local black market to make extra money - he probed further to find out why. When he found out Richard was dallying with his mistress, and that Jessica was willing to leave him - he had Richard arrested.

Jessica has since disappeared. Richard was accused of selling goods to a group of bandits in the area (the local black market). He wouldn't denounce the smugglers and was hung on the 12th of Unionize for dereliction of duty and treason. Anyone who can read can find the court transcripts in the main clerk's office. The local peonian priest (Jarrel) can bring you to his unmarked grave.

The second Quartermaster (Michael of Coranan)

Michael was sent from Coranan along with the replacement troops. He has not spoken to his brother in 8 years, and was not surprised to hear of the man's demise. They are only ½

brothers, and as dark as Richard appeared - Michael is sunny. Michael was driving a cart with 4 apprentice cooks and kitchen workers - about 2 hours behind the forces that arrived in Fobin on the 2nd of Kelen. He never arrived.

He stayed an extra day over in Geishteï to repair a wheel - but the following day he still had not arrived. A patrol found his cart, and his supply wagon, both overturned in the mud (it was raining heavily when they found it.) Tracks lead off into the woods, and then disappear. The wet foliage did much to hid the trail.

At midnight a patrol returned, and the new Fobin I:I was awoken. They were sent out to try and find the new quartermaster (or at least his supplies, as the caer was starting to run out...) but neither search was successful. The search party found a horse in the river, its bridle rapped around a fallen tree. The beast must have been swimming for hours - yet it was still resilient.

Where are they now?

I can't answer for Richard, but Michael is about 20 Km (4 leagues) away. He is alive, but unwell. He and one assistant were the only ones to survive the bandit attack. Michael is refusing to help the bandits - and thus cannot be trusted to be released. He will die in 4 days if the bandits do not find him medical attention.

The Missing Tenaci +

Contrary to other rumors the bandits are the missing tenaci as well as 6 reservists from various other fortifications. All legion trained their encampment is a small fortress among the trees. They are trying to join up with another group of bandits who have been the real troublemakers in the area.

They raided the cart and covered their tracks, but have no clue about he unicorn they scared off in to the river Thard.

The Other Bandits

The other group of bandits who had the legion's dispatcher killed - were hoping to find and steal the unicorn the dispatch mentions. They wanted to sell it to the Black Market for a pretty penny. They believe the beast to have been slaughtered by these new "bandits." There for the "bandits" will be turned in by the real bandits in the area to the legion. Confused yet? No? Good.

The bandits will send word that they want to meet the new "bandits" to discuss joining forces, but they hope the legion will discover them instead.

There were once over 20 of them, but in order to find the unicorn they attacked a legion dispatcher and set fire to a village (Rusna) to tray and hide their intentions on the 3rd of Kelen. Unfortunately (for them) Rusna is home to several veteran legionnaires who now till their own lands.

One of the veterans (Johnas) sent his son (milar) to the local outpost to warn them. The cohort from Fobin arrived less than a candle after the bandits departed. In game 4 they were

hunted down and caught (and the dispatcher's horse found.) but the dispatches and 4 horsemen (from their tracks) were missing.

On the 4th of Kelen the captured bandits were to be tried for their crimes, but the trial was delayed by 24 hours due to the mysterious happenings on the 4th.

Jessica

She's hiding out with the bandits. She was one of them all along - trying to make Horrik Barral sympathetic to the nobles of Eidel province. But it was to no avail - which is why she successfully seduced Richard.

Mysterious Happenings on the 4th of Kelen

SETTING	Fobin Keep
AIDS	
SUGGESTED READING	This supplement and Alternative Army.

What came Before:

As the players ask around, and make friends at Villa Milities - here are the most common rumors you'll hear from others about the previous goings on in and around Fobin:

1. Smugglers are everywhere in this region, most banditry is related to the smugglers activities somehow. If there is an official chapter of the Lia-Kavir in Fobin, its not known about in Coranan nor Golatha.
2. The previous quartermaster was hung for misappropriation of goods.
3. The previous Fobin I:I:II was shipped off to Taztos for their association with the quartermaster.
4. The previous Quartermaster was secretly seducing Horrik's mistress and that's what got him killed.
5. Fobin I:I:II was wiped out along the river without a sign of struggle nor with any bodies left as proof. The tracks just stopped!
6. Bandits are really Rethem agents testing our defenses to see if the TR is ripe for invasion.
7. Bandits are all that are left of the Kandian nobles and servants that once ruled over Ramala.
8. The Wytels are testing the Fobin forces to see if they're worth hiring upon retirement. Most all of their personal bodyguards come from men and women who have served in Fobin.
9. The Quartermaster was hung for stealing from the chapel inside the fort.
10. There's a Nola in the area. It ate Fobin I:I:II.
11. Fobin I:I:II went rogue and are secretly being hunted for running off.
12. Bandits recruited Fobin I:I:II and the quartermaster was their go between. When Fobin I:I:II heard he was going to be hanged - they split!

Fobin Adventures 8

13. Bandits are actually Agrikan knights in disguise. If they kill you - Agrik gets your soul. An eternity in Ak-Syst.
14. The festival is just incredible. It's the closest thing you'll find to Coranan excitements - and as legionnaires we're really treated well.
15. Angus, the barkeep at the Wooden Tankard Inn is the head of the local smugglers. He's a big fellow, tight lipped and his limp is fake. Watch your back when he's around.
16. The local smugglers use the Hlean temple in town to contract most of their business. You can tell - just look at all the seedy folk that go in and out...er... not that I'm counting you as one of them friend.

Truth table for the rumors on the previous page.

1. T - the smugglers are part of the Black Market - an independent group who run goods from Shiran to Golotha. The local Lia-Kavir doesn't care, but the guilds in Shran and Coranan would pay much to learn when to expect shipments, and where. The Black Market has been cutting into Lia-Kavir business in the big cities.
2. F - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
3. F - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
4. T - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
5. T - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
6. F - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
7. F - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
8. T - the local district legar keeps a regular eye out to suggest people to his family's services. The Wytels are not well liked - and their political power demands a loyal bodyguard.
9. F - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
10. F - And the Nola did it. ∅ No, there is no nola in the area - but there are a lot of rumors that a "Dark stalker" roams the river's edge. It eats children and leaves no trace - spooks horses in the knight, ect.ect.ect.
11. T - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
12. T - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
13. F - See "The Problem with Quartermasters."
14. T - Yes it is a great time.
15. F - well, somewhat true.
16. F - Nope

And so it Begins...

At midnight it began to rain - throughout the day there was a dull pelting drizzle. Just enough to make everyone annoyed. By midnight that night - it was a torrential downpour with no signs of letting up. Sometime around 1:30 to 2 am on the 4th the river Thard suffered from a flash flood that - while it did no damage to the keep - still cleared men from the south tower's walls.

The storm lasted for the entire day, dying slowly on the fifth. But while the area was still under its affects a black vlasta led a pack of 20 beasts against Fobin keep. Vlasta are not suppose to be that smart - yet this pack tried prying under the walls - pushing against the doors, and trying to jump over the walls. 3 did get in through the water stream (swimming up stream from the thard) into the privy and the well. The two from the well were taken care of by the archers on the walls. The one in the privy was fireballed by the Manus on the walls.

(Call it a 75% chance that of the 10 trying to get in, 1/3 will succeed.) Lots of chaos.

The storm was so great that the court case was called off - as finding the quartermaster was deemed more important. Men housed in the cells beneath the keep suffered a little from flooding - and screamed loudly when they heard something snarl at them from beneath the grates in the floor (about the time the vlasta attacked.)

The day ends at dinner time where A message starting the adventure "Delve Deep" is given to a character.

The Fifth begins with the bandits trial inside the keep. Shortly there after a messenger arrives and the unit must go out to face the bandits - the message is from an informer, but (about ½ an hour later) when Horrik sees the message - he sends out new orders. He recognizes the hand in which it is written - it's Jessica's. He orders the woods combed for the bandit encampment.

In the sixth - Meanwhile the Militias Linari will be capturing their brethren and finding Michael only a little worse for wear.

The real bandits should be found (or at least a few of them caught.) Their trial, along with those caught several days earlier will occur in the afternoon. The bandit's ring leader (the fellow who took the legionnaire's dispatch pouch) should not be among those caught. The bandits will express their support for the Kandian nobles still in Edell province - but have marks and money from Rethem on them.

In the seventh - The group will go to the border for a long patrol (several days out) to try and see where the bandits are coming across. So it's a day of talking to locals and travel. They should find a few clues along the way.

The Storm

The storm was caused by a mage who was trying to spontaneously create a new spell. He spontaneously failed and thus the worst rain storm since 300TR was unleashed upon all of Tharda along the river. It is just a side-event that has no real play in this adventure (other than to make the PCs wet and miserable.)

The Unicorn

The much wanted unicorn is really an item requested by the Sindarin nation (Evael.) They want the beast back (claiming it was theirs and it wandered away one day, yada, yada.) Actually it's from the far north and it wandered down

through the mountains to be found (and captured) by the legion. Clan Wyjek is secretly trying to get it to Golotha (or near enough) to sell it to the Rethem Crown (Chafin III) who wants to use it to create a longevity potion (so he can rule forever Mu-ho-he-hahahahah. Ahem.)

The legion would rather see it returned to Erael and the reward paid into its coffers (2000d). Clan Wytel agrees. There are standing orders to protect the beast at all costs - which is why it was moved out of Coranan and to be hidden in Fobin for the coming months. Out of sight, out of mind right?

Wrong. The fake bandits have already passed on the information that the unicorn is hidden in Fobin. So the real bandits (if not otherwise stopped) will be trying to find the beast.

Weird Dreams and Visions

Golden balls should be seen by the PCs in their dreams. In fact -infest them all with dreams that they have to remember and retell. The golden balls are the only important vision/dream, the others were sent to try and confuse the issue by the same mage who wants the Unicorn. He's stationed in Themeson currently (as a guest.)

The Golden Balls have a meaning: The merchant's guild. They know about the reward for the Unicorn, and the elves are subtly trying to get the PCs to take the reward and return the beast. They know where it is, but have decided not to directly interfere in this matter. Future dreams should be about horses, speed and horns. But said mage is truly trying to muck things up. So the dreams could be warped (running, falling, hooves, musical horns, other beasts, etc...) This should culminate 4 days later with the following dream.

Other possible meanings of the golden balls: Halea? The Order of the Silken Voice has a single gold ball as its symbol. Perhaps the goddess is involved? No. But the PCs may involve her if they want.

The dream is sent by the elves to the PCs to try and help:

Four men hunched around a campfire.

It is drizzling rain. Miserable weather, yet the fire does not go out, nor even dampen from the rain. Beyond the fire is a chained unicorn. It's fighting valiantly for its life, but its head is chained down sideways onto a bord and steel bands hold its horn in place. Its body is wrapped in white linnens and golden chains which it cannot break. An axman (his face covered by a leather mask) stands overtop of the chained unicorn. He is looking at the campfire.

The four men are muttering among themselves. The first wears a crown of gold sitting atop a head drenched in blood. His hair is matted, his beard clotted, and his clothes are all blood red but perfectly clean. His skin is sagging and beneath the blood he looks ancient. The second is a fat merchant dressed in senatorial robes. Upon his fingers are a million gold rings - but the rings are all brass, not gold. And the

senatorial robes have been sloppily patched. The third is a legionnaire. But his belt is empty - and his weapons rusted, and dull. He's overweight, and lethargic. The fourth is a clean man in a simple robe he turns from his companions and looks evilly - directly at the dreamers, he stands and claps his hands.

At which point all PCs awaken.

The first man is the king of Rethem - Chafin III. He obtained his crown by killing off all of his competitors.

The second is Senator Toribir of clan Wejik- the ones who want to trade the unicorn for two lions which he would then give to the Pamesani games in Coranan for his amusement, and betting purposes.

The third is the fake bandits - they are not really legionnaires any more (no medallions on their belts, out of shape, etc.) The appearance in the dream is suppose to represent their fall from grace.

The fourth is the mage in question. He ended the elven dream abruptly fearing the PCs could hear what was being said. What the PCs saw was not real - rather it was a symbolic image of what has been occurring.

After this dream the mage will send a bunch of bandits over the boarder to specifically hunt down the PCs. If they are not embroiled in the "Delve Deep" adventure - then they should be dodging assassins in:

The Lion and the Unicorn

The PCs camp is trampled in the night by a Lion. The pcs then have to hunt down the two lions in the nearby woods and destroy them.

The PCs, upon arrival in Fobin are allowed to sleep the rest of the day away. Their Mani gives the tenaci the job of finding out who owns the lions. The Mani, meanwhile, will be arguing with the district legar that the beasts had to be destroyed (they were a danger to tents, if not to the general populace.)

The local merchant knows nothing about them, but the merchant in Geishte does - he's anxious to find them, and reluctant to admit that they'd been stolen. A search back along their trail (from Golotha) will result in finding an overturned cart along the edge of the woods. Bandits attacked the caravan and, inadvertently, let the beasts loose. Mass chaos ensued, and only a few men survived and fled.

The golden crown on the lions is a mark of the Pamesani games in Golotha. The lions were a gift to the Pamesani games in Coranan from one head of state (Chafin III of Rethem) to Senator Toribir of clan Wejik.

Toribir invests heavily in the Pamesani games. A representative of the games is in Geishte looking for both the lions and the unicorns. If the pcs meet him - they can learn about the missing unicorn and how it was to be part of

Fobin Adventures 10

a transaction - the lions for the unicorn - between Senator Toribir of clan Wejik and Chafin III. Now with both beasts lost, Chafin III is out a lot of money.

GM Information

This adventure idea is based on chaos. Lots of things with political ramifications occurring in rapid succession. The PCs should be forced to choose one, or two ideas and run with them, discarding anything new that comes. Each of these plots should have long lasting effects on the PCs.

Chronicle of Tears

SETTING	North of Fobin Keep
AIDS	Fobin
SUGGESTED READING	Thardic Republican Module, Articles on the Pamesani Games, Erael Module

Ballad

In 642 under skies of blue
Rethem forces invaded.
Arms and armor repelled
but stone walls were felled
and few survived the invasion.

Chorus:

Dark men a-brooding War time was near
Farewell dear mother we march on to war
With Grondos, Maltheus and Martin.
Strong stones were new
Stood proud and stood strong
Timers from wood heart were aided
Men lost their lives
but all the kings forces were abated.

(Chorus)

The doors of the castle
Kept the evil without.
And from within a hail of arrows did fall.
Rocks and great worries were thrown from above
But still the evil it came.

(Chorus)

A route to the castle
backs against stone.
Keep them doors shut fellow soldiers.
For should they be opened,
even to save my skin
Fobin will fall to the evil.

(Chorus)

And the battle raged on
from within and without
And mothers they wailed and they screamed.
For outside the walls, wood heart and all
died the red guard unaided.

(Chorus)

Rethem's king lost the day
his men went away.
And never again were they seen.
But that was the day
The Empire lost heroes
Of Grondos, Malehus and Martin.

as sung by
Llywen of Geishtei, Bard

History

The cairn was built in 642 to house the dead from the Rethem invasion of that year. Decurin Grondos of Lobar and four centurions died in the first wave of attacks. Their deaths stopped the Rethem forces from overrunning the Keep in the first few moments of the attack. They are said to have died fighting incredible odds with their backs to the door.

The song (Grondos, Maltheus and Matthew, or the Ballad of the Red Guard of Fobin) speaks of three of the four defenders. It is a well known ballad in and around the town of Fobin. The centurions were said to be of The Red Guard, the legion of Coranan and not local legionaries. The name of the fourth defender was never recorded and has been lost to time.

Four large earthen mounds were built, one for each of the defenders. Each one has a stone room connected to the outside world by a long tunnel. Huge boulders were brought from the northern mines to close off the entry-ways to each burial mound.

In the center of these four large earthen mounds, are four smaller mounds. These secondary mounds are made of earth and cover the rocks piled atop the mass graves of those slaughtered in the Balshang Jihad. There are no ballads nor stories to remember the dead of the Balshang Jihad as perhaps the memory of the tragedies that occurred when Morgathian forces swept through the area are still too fresh for even fallen heroes to be remembered.

Rumors

Rumors abound that something is still alive in these mounds. The entrances to the various tombs are easy enough to spot from the pile of broken stones that blocks each buried passage to within the Greater Mounds. The occasional animal that wandered up this way has gone missing, and now a few parents worry that their children might be next.

The following is a table of rumors to be used whenever anyone inquires about the Red Guard Cairn.

1. It's the ghost of the Fourth defender, angry that he's been forgotten. He'll take his revenge on any who enter the cairn.
2. Probably bandits gearing up to attack the salt route north of hear. They did that a few years ago. Don't know why the Legate doesn't send some of the legionaries up there to clean them out before somebody gets hurt.

3. Must be a cult or un-republican religion being practiced up there. Sacrifice is fine and good but it's just not right to sacrifice a good republican citizen to some foreign or crazy god.
4. Didn't you know? It's gargun. They're sneaking back south to try and get at the apples. Gargun love apples, and since apples don't grow so well in the mountains - they must come south to get ours. I've seen gargun stealing apples just this past week. I wonder if the Legar still offers a penny a head for a Gargun?
5. Rumors, lies and tall tales friend. If that place is haunted, I'm your mother. Nah - there's nothing up there to scare or harm anyone 'except maybe a fox or two.
6. If there were something up there don'tcha think the Legate or at least Lobar would have gone up there and investigated? Unless of course he's involved in it. If it were anyone else I'd saunter right up to them and ask for a silencing fee. With Lobar asking for such would probably get my neck cut. Brr but he's a cold one.
7. Sharley's up to something up there. I've seen him head up that way two, no three. Three times last week alone. I bet it's a bunch of smugglers or something.
8. George, the barkeep of the horse's hide, has been acting weird. Says there's gargun up there. Claims there's just one and that fellow has been trying to break into his apple-brandy stores. You ask me, George has been tasting his own mix a few times too often.
9. A Navehian cult is using those long dead bodies up there for something or other. If I was you, I'd stay far away from there unless you want to be changed into something or other. That's for sure.
10. Why are you so interested in such a dead place? Perhaps I should mention your curiosity to the Legar. After all if something's going on up there - he should know about it eh?
11. Surely you've noticed the amount of theft's been on the rise. If you go up there you'll probably find a bunch of bandits hiding out inside the greater mounds.
12. Wild animals. That's got to be it. We've seen some strange ones around here in the past. Perhaps its even something that got loose from a caravan heading towards the Pamesani games.

History According to Jarrel

Jarrel, the local Peonian priest knows the history of the place. If asked, he will gladly tell it.

"Ah, well now. There's a tale for you. Come, sit. Sit.

"Yes now. The Red Guard Cairn; few have shown interest in that place for quite some time. I'm told, shortly after the fall of the Theocracy, it was a popular place to visit. They said giving donations to the cairn would grant you luck for the whole year. We should know. Our predecessors built that

place. You see, when the Balshang Jihad (never may they come again) took Fobin, all the dead were thrown together in a pit north of the city. Those burial mounds mark the spot. For years, nothing seemed to grow there. But after the invaders left (and never may they come again), the few servants of Peoni remaining went north with the Sisters from the Order of the Scarlet Veil. Together the two groups gave services for the dead, and prayed for their souls.

"After two days of ceremony, the place finally had a clean feeling to it. Before it,... well - my predecessor, Andre DuBord, said it felt just like you were sitting in the center of a long dead campfire, with all the little pieces of ash floating about and making it hard to see and breath. Every year, as a commemoration to the honored dead, both the Sisters from the Order of the Scarlet Veil and ourselves go up there and offer donations and supplications in the hopes of freeing those poor tortured souls from the grip of the Invader (never may they come again).

"These past few years none of the locals have been willing to go with us. Perhaps they just have more things on their mind. Some have said there's now something living in amongst the burial mounds - but we saw nothing last year. We're to go up there on the 17th of Morgat this year; but I'm not afraid. It's just the resting place of some very troubled dead who should welcome our prayers and remembrances.

"Lets see now, the four heros are said to be buried in the lesser mounds in the middle. The greater mounds contain the countless dead gathered from the countryside. From what I remember some of those mounds contain animals as well as people.

"But that shouldn't matter. I suppose it could have been attractive to Gargun at one point, but all those dead can't be more than skeletons now. It was built in 642, that's more than long enough for the dead to decompose. And I strongly doubt that those skeletons have just gotten up and started attacking the living. Sure I've heard of such things, but it's very different hearing of such things and believing them.

"There's always rumors floating around. But Lordai hasn't shown an interest in the place, so I'm not going to start believing what the locals say. Especially since they haven't been up there in a while.... But I have heard of a few local animals going missing. It could very well be some tramp or bandit has set up camp near the area. Hrm. Now there's a rumor I'd believe.

Ah well - if you're around on the 17th of Morgat, I'd appreciate the company..."

The Greater Mounds

The four greater mounds may have once contained bones, but there is sufficient lime in the soil to have destroyed most of the evidence. The Greater mounds are covered in weeds and the trees press in against them. Their shape has been softened by the seasons, and the earth that forms them feels, smells and tastes like regular earth.

The Lesser Mounds

The four mounds in the center of the circle made by the Greater mounds are different. Their earth is hard to the touch, even after rains. The grass that grows there is a short-stalked sod that never seems to bloom or die off. It goes from a vibrant yellow to a vibrant green with the passing of the seasons. These mounds have retained their shape since they were built.

The center of the lesser mounds is hollow. Each one has a buried entrance facing away from the center of circle made by the lesser mounds.

The tunnel entrances are blocked with stone, clumps of sod, and arm-fulls of branches. The debris can be shifted with relative ease.

1. The Tunnel

This 10' long, 5' high and 5' wide tunnel is almost perfectly square and straight. The floor and walls are made of mud tile that was obviously laid by a master. The ceiling is some kind of wood (cedar) with a strong scent. The ceiling is spanned by two planks that are almost perfectly smooth to the touch.

2. The end of the tunnel

It is blocked by more debris that can, again, be easily shifted with patience.

The burial chamber is 15'x20'x12, and made of the same mud brick as the tunnel. The ceiling is one of large wooden beams holding up more mud brick. Against the far wall is a large stone coffin sitting upon a slab of black granite 6'x4'x4'. The coffin is made from the same material. Standing before the coffin is a statue of a man dressed for war. He wears a short hauberk of chain, and leather leggings. On his head is a helmet that hides his cheeks and his nose from view. His eyes appear to be watching you, and follow you as you move about the room. He carries a spear in his left hand, and his right holds a large buckler.

The statue is just that, a statue. But it - like the rest of the chamber is masterfully crafted. The statue is made from a softer stone and appears grey in color.

3. The Coffin

The coffin lid rests unattached to the base. The lid weighs some 400 pounds. The lip of the coffin, just below the lid, has some minute scratches that could have been there for as long as the coffin, or it could denote that the coffin was opened sometime after.

The coffin is empty.

The Barrow Wright will deny he stole or ate the bodies. They were not there when he arrived late last fall.

The coffin is clean but for the remnants of a torn burial shroud that has decayed to dust.

All four Lesser Mounds display the same things. All four have their bodies missing. The statues differ only slightly in dress and length of hair beneath the helmet.

Adventures Through the Green Gate

SETTING	The Green Gate Inn
AIDS	Fobin, Green Gate Article, Inns of Hårn, NPCs - Staff of the Green Gate.
SUGGESTED READING	Thardic Republican Module, Inns of Hår

The Green Gate inn caters primarily to officers, their family and their friends. Being welcomed into the bar means you have entered the equestrian level of society in this small legion town. Those who are not welcome are often removed forcibly and quickly. An officer, made bankrupt or at least no longer welcome at the Green Gate may hire the PCs to find out why. Perhaps someone is slandering him, or worse yet, blackmailing someone in his family. Until his cash begins to flow once more he cannot pay, but he will always be in the deepest gratitude of the PCs.

A murder in this place would cause a great deal of trouble. The accused are all officers, and it is a legionnaire who is put in charge of solving the case. How do you demand answers from your superior officers? How do you force them to speak the truth? With the two slaves fled, and the officers not talking how do you even find out the identity of the stranger who died?

Sylitia and Quetius are missing and Palagus refuses to speak on the matter no matter who demands it of him. Their rooms are empty of personal belongings and no one saw them sneak out of town. Gallius is sick with worry and willing to through money at the wind to bring them back. Metha isn't so quick to worry (after all Sylitia is with Quetius) but worries that the slave may have killed her daughter. She wants Palagus beaten until he speaks. But the PCs have been placed in charge of the matter. What to do, what to do...

Fobin NPCs

There are lots of characters worth noting in Fobin and each one has their story to tell. Each NPC presented here is designed for use with HårnMaster I. It includes a brief description of the character as well as their base attributes, skills and armour.

For those not use to HårnMaster, the information is presented in the following manner:

Name (Guild Rank, if any) Guild or Occupation.

ATTRIBUTES

Attributes are based on 3d6, with 9-12 being average. No stat should be over 18 for a human, but there are exceptions.

- **STR** - Strength - how much the character can lift/bend...
- **END** - Endurance - for how long can he do it
- **DEX** - Dexterity - for the hands
- **AGL** - Agility - for the body
- **SPD** - Speed - how fast
- **EYE** - Eyesight - how good's the eyesight
- **HRG** - Hearing - how good's the hearing
- **SMT** - Smell/Taste - how fine a sense of taste/smell
- **TCH** - Touch - how nimble/sensitive the fingers
- **VOI** - Voice - timber and quality
- **COM** - Comeliness - physical beauty
- **INT** - Intelligence - how smart
- **AUR** - Aura - how magical/how likable (works also as charisma)
- **WIL** - Will - how stubborn
- **FAITH** - Faith - how faithful
- **MOR** - Morality - based on the Harnic Scale.

<p>Diabolical: One who obeys laws only if convenient and never feels guilt. There is no act of depravity he will not commit for personal advantage.</p>
--

<p>Unscrupulous: One who is rarely troubled by guilt or influenced by right/wrong. He behaves in whatever manner suits his objectives. His ethics may be based on a principle such as "survival of the fittest".</p>

<p>Corruptible: A moral chameleon who probably ascribes to some kind of ethical code, but will do almost anything for pleasure or profit. The corruptible character tends to view law/authority as unreasonable constraints on his freedom, and will bend/break rules with little regard for moral consequences.</p>

<p>Law Abiding: One who respects law/custom and strives to maintain high moral standards, but often lapses. He will usually keep his word, try to avoid harming others, but has little difficulty committing violence in a "just" cause. He can be inspired to virtuous behavior, and suffers from guilt when he sins.</p>

<p>Principled: The character is reluctant to cause suffering. When he sins, he is troubled by guilt and will try to improve. Although he is honourable and dutiful, he is capable of vanity, greed and hatred</p>
--

<p>Exemplary: One who is motivated by the desire to be kind, fair and honourable, regardless of personal cost. May be prideful and hard to get along with.</p>

Note: The above table was taken from the HårnMaster I source book, (c) Columbia Games Ltd. and N. Robin Crossby. It is produced here without their permission.

This next group of stats comes from the above.

- **STA** - Stamina (Average of Strength+Endurance+Will)
A replacement for Endurance when dealing with things the N/PC should be able to endure (e.g.: a legionnaire walking in armour)
- **MOB** - Mobility (5*Speed) - average speed when walking.
- **DGE** - Dodge (5*Agility) - defensive maneuver
- **INIT** - Initiative (Sum of Endurance+Dexterity+Agility+Speed+Will)
- **Deity** - god the character worships
- **FAT** - Fatigue Rate

SKILLS

- **Physical:** By default everyone has the following skills: Climbing, Jumping, Stealth, Throwing. Any other physical skill is an extra learned either through a career or a hobby.
- **Communication:** By default everyone has the following skills: Awareness, Intrigue, Oratory, Rhetoric, Singing. Any other physical skill is an extra learned either through a career or a hobby.
- **Craft/Lore:** There are no default Craft/Lore skills. All are learned through either a career or a hobby.
- **Combat:** By default everyone has the following skills: Unarmed, Dagger. Any other physical skill is an extra learned either through a career or a hobby.
- **Languages:** By default everyone has the following skills: Harnic (Spoken). Lakeese (Written) is a rarity--the few that have it gained the skill through their career, or in exceedingly rare cases (like the three pcs who rolled creative writing in my campaign) as a hobby.

Armour and Clothing

This lists the armour and or clothing worn by the character and the weight of each piece. If there is no quality marked, assume Average.

Description

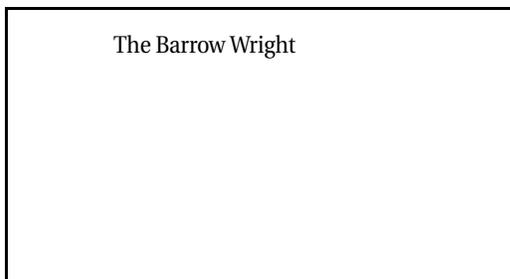
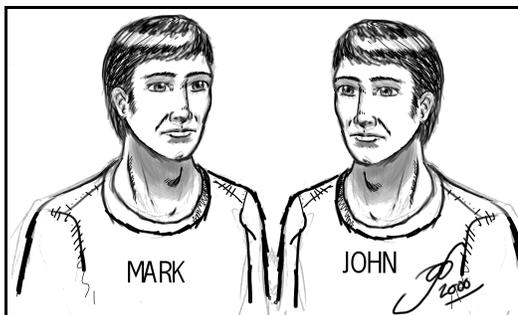
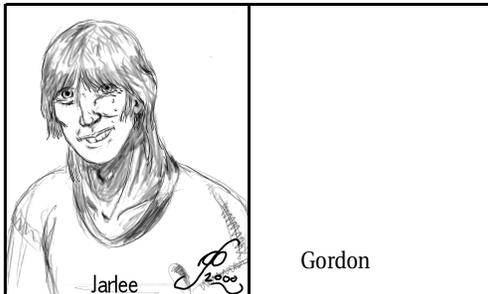
The text following the character's attributes, skills and armour is intentionally brief to allow GM's to modify the characters as needed.

Chronicle of Tears

The characters in the "Chronicle of Tears" range from the evil, to the misaligned. Each of these characters, with the exception of the Barrowwright are seen as good people by the

Fobin NPCs 2

rest of Fobin. Not even Gordon is under suspicion by the legionnaires. The Barrowwright is misunderstood by everyone but the Peonian priests.



Remis of Fobin, Master Chandler

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	11	EYE	10	INT	12	STA	13
END	09	HRG	10	AUR	13	MOB	60
DEX	08	SMT	16	WIL	15	DGE	60
AGL	12	TCH	12	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	57
SPD	12	VOI	08	Diety	Naveh	FAT	1.00
		FAITH	10	COM	12		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/65, Jumping/52, Legerdemain/34, Stealth/48 Throwing/60							
Communication: Awareness/40, Intrigue/30, Oratory/22, Rhetoric/30, Singing/33, Ritual (Naveh)/15							
Craft/Lore: Chandling/74, Alchemy/38							
Combat: Initiative/60, Unarmed/36, Club/70, Dagger/60, Nachakas/41, Taburi/42							
Languages: Harnic/80, Lakeese/70							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Cloth (4.4), Leggings/Cloth (4.8)							

(Chandler, Area 7) - His family does not know he is a Navehian follower. His wife (Machella) pays lip service to Halea, as do his two sons (Micheal and Connor). The candlestubs found in the BarrowWright's home come from Remis's shop. The makers stamp can just be made out on the bottom of the candles by someone that knows his symbol (ie a local). There is a 25% chance he is in the Navhian office, scribbling away.

Remis has always been loyal to Naveh and has led a double life ever since his father introduced him into the religion at the tender age of 7. His dark complexion and red hair come from his mother, while his heavy frame and relatively short stature (5'6") come from his father. He is the only child of his family to reach adulthood.

He spent his apprenticeship years in Coranan, learning the trade of Chandler. He was 27 when he came to Fobin and married a local girl soon after. He is suffering doubts about allowing his boys (aged 8 and 9) into the religion, and it is a constant source of argument between Gordon and himself.

Remis has no problem killing, or using poisons for the right purpose. But he is not normally a violent man. He wears no sign of his religion and keeps all of his Navehian parafanalia within the temple.

In the Navehian Temple Remis is trying to keep a written record of their doings and events. His book is written in Lakeese but is locked with a leather binding. His book often speaks of "visitations" and "portant filled dreams" from various member, and laments that he has never been so visited.

Remis is a rarity for he is truely devout to Naveh and will obey Gordon's commands as priest. Should Naveh ever actually appear to him there is nothing he will not do and no one, not even his beloved family, will be safe from his actions.

Kasir of Geistei, Master Potter

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	11	EYE	10	INT	10	STA	11
END	15	HRG	13	AUR	11	MOB	10
DEX	10	SMT	09	WIL	10	DGE	50
AGL	10	TCH	12	MOR	Corruptibl	INIT	60
SPD	12	VOI	10	Diety	Naveh	FAT	1.00
		FAITH	10	COM	10		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/55, Jumping/52, Legerdemain/48, Stealth/72, Throwing/84							
Communication: Awareness/58, Intrigue/30, Oratory/22, Rhetoric/37, Ritual (Naveh)/20, Singing/33							
Craft/Lore: Lockcraft/28, Pottery/56							
Combat: Unarmed/36 , Club/45 , Dagger/53, Taburi/47							
Languages: Harnic/80 , Lakeese/70							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Cloth(4.4), Leggins/Leather(8.8)							

(Potter, Area 8) - His brother (Maji) does not know he is a Navehian; but suspects Kasir is somehow involved in the rash of burglaries in the area. When fire destroyed Kasir's home and killed his family Kasir found his "new" religion. Highly devout, he has yet to kill for his new religion, but is sure he can do it. He is only awaiting the proper auguries. He goes to the secret Navehian temple in town once every 10 day for most of the day. His brother believes he is wandering north of town during this time.

Kasir greatly resembles his brother Maji, they both have black hair, average complexions and brown eyes. But Kasir is only 5'2 where as Maji is 5'10". Kasir has secretly hated his older brother for the difference in their height all his life. He is 27 and avoided legion service by having a bad back that tends to act up at the oddest times.

Kasir has been plagued by dreams of fire and death ever since the death of his family. He believes the fire was caused by Naveh with the intent of awaking him from his dream of a perfect life. He often forgets that his relationship with his wife was tempermental and violent. His children were more sickly and bothersom than he remembers.

While he is sure Naveh has great plans for him, he is often over eager and expectant. He has been breaking into various cellars and stealing the local animals for sacrifice on Naveh's alter. Kasir works in his borther's shop four days out of each tenday. There he seems happy, but he tends to daydream of violent fantasies about the people whom he must deal with daily.

Kasir thinks himself clever, but has been sternly warned by George not to try anything without permission. Kasir appears friendly to George in the streets, and often spends part of his time at the Horse's Hide Tavern (#15). There George seems to be Kasir's good friend, as they are often found deep in conversation.

Jarlee, Physician's Apprentice

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	14	EYE	11	INT	10	STA	12
END	12	HRG	14	AUR	14	MOB	45
DEX	13	SMT	16	WIL	10	DGE	30
AGL	09	TCH	10	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	50
SPD	06	VOI	13	Diety	Naveh	FAT	
		FAITH	12	COM	10		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/48, Jumping/40, Stealth/42, Throwing/52, Riding/52							
Communication: Awareness/56, Intrigue/44, Oratory/22, Rhetoric/33, Ritual (Naveh)/12, Singing/36							
Craft/Lore: Physicianry/20, Herblore/24, Alchemy/45, Tracking/28							
Combat: Unarmed/48, Dagger/50							
Languages: Harnic/61 , Lakeese/61							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Cloth(4.4), Leggins/Leather(8.8)							

(one of Edalin of Fryel's three apprentice physician, Area 12). Jarlee has confessed his membership to the other two apprentices (Susan, of area 11, and Maji jr.) but neither of them believe him. Jarlee wants to study poisons. Edalin believes this is to better understand the cures involved. He is only here once every 10 day

Jarlee isn't totally devout to Naveh and tries to cover this up by having visions and dreams of great portent. Jarlee is a great storyteller and usually can impress everyone except Gordon, who knows the young boy is full of it. Jarlee is 14 and is looking forward to joining the legion - perhaps as a doctor.

Jarlee is one of the boys from the Order of the Scarlet Veil. He thinks he originally hailed from somewhere to the north, but is not sure. The Order refuses to give his background or origins to anyone.

He is brash, young and headstrong. He is always right and is always willing to prove it. Edalin belives he'd make a fine physician someday - and hopes that four years hard work in the legion will make him a better man. Jarlee has no real interst in killing and probably couldn't just take a dagger and kill someone. Robbing them blind is, unfortuantely, another matter entirely.

Fobin NPCs 4

Mark, Ostler's Apprentice

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	10	EYE	08	INT	10	STA	9
END	10	HRG	11	AUR	16	MOB	70
DEX	10	SMT	07	WIL	09	DGE	55
AGL	14	TCH	14	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	54
SPD	11	VOI	11	Diety	Naveh	FAT	
	FAITH		12	COM	13		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/44, Jumping/48, Stealth/48, Throwing/62, Legerdesmains/26							
Communication: Awareness/46, Intrigue/43, Oratory/32, Rhetoric/30, Ritual (Naveh)/16, Singing/36							
Craft/Lore: Lockcraft/33, Textilecraft/10							
Combat: Unarmed/44, Dagger/44							
Languages: Harnic/61							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Cloth(4.4), Leggins/Leather(8.8)							

(sons of Gallen of Tarsal, Area 14)

He joined with his twin brother, John, after they turned 12. They have a penchant for mischief and are currently the primary source of the break-ins around town. They have yet to steal anything of note - other than the occasional bottle of apple jack. They are never here more than once every 10 day.

Mark is the leader of the two and feels a devotion towards Naveh he cannot understand. His dark eyes hide a spark of mischief and he never seems to be fully listening to anyone, but never misses anything going on around him. He is very close to his brother and at times they can communicate without speech.

Gallen and his wife don't know what to do with the boys. Mark and John should go into the legion in 2 years if they don't take up their father's craft. Gallen never knows where his sons are, although their chores are usually done. While they appear like angels, neither Mark nor John can fool their mother. She knows they're up to something, but has no idea what.

Mark is John's identical twin. They both have raven hair and dark brown eyes. Their clothes are usually neat and well cared for. Both boys take pride in their appearance. A skilled observer can notice that Mark smiles less and seems more intense than his brother John. Mark is not at all interested in his father's Ostlery and has begun to hate everything about horses.

Mark sees himself as a master thief able to do anything to which he sets his mind. In truth he's only a beginner more apt to get caught than anything else. However, this adventurer extraordinaire has found his niche with Naveh. He likes the freedom this religion allows and chaffes as George lectures him on how not to get caught, how not to stick out in a crowd and how to act appropriately. Mark has never killed anyone but has relished killing animals in Navehian sacrifices.

John, Ostler's Apprentice

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	10	EYE	08	INT	09	STA	9
END	10	HRG	11	AUR	16	MOB	70
DEX	10	SMT	07	WIL	10	DGE	55
AGL	14	TCH	14	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	54
SPD	11	VOI	11	Diety	Naveh	FAT	
	FAITH		09	COM	13		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/44, Jumping/48, Stealth/48, Throwing/62, Legerdesmains/26							
Communication: Awareness/46, Intrigue/33, Oratory/22, Rhetoric/30, Ritual (Naveh)/10, Singing/36							
Craft/Lore: Lockcraft/30, Textilecraft/13							
Combat: Unarmed/54, Dagger/54							
Languages: Harnic/61							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Cloth(4.4), Leggins/Leather(8.8)							

John is the more quiet and hardworking of the twins. He follows Mark's lead. John knows that joining this temple was probably the stupidest thing he could have ever done but he's there primarily to protect his brother. He does not enjoy thieving as much as Markus and has never become excited over the killing of the animals during Navehian ceremonies.

If anything, John seems constantly bored by it all. He fears George and tries to avoid him whenever possible. With the exception of his brother, John finds the rest of the Navehians to be beneath his contempt.

John would much rather try his hand at his father's craft and forget all about the Navehian church; but he fears what Gordon might do if he tried to leave now that both he and his brother are initiates.

Gordon, Priest of Naveh/Master Innkeeper

ATTRIBUTES									
STR	12	EYE	16	INT	13	STA	11		
END	11	HRG	12	AUR	11	MOB	55		
DEX	09	SMT	08	WIL	11	DGE	60		
AGL	12	TCH	08	MOR	Unscrupulous	INIT	60		
SPD	12	VOI	09	Diety	Naveh	FAT	1.32		
		FAITH	16	COM	07				
SKILLS									
Physical: Climbing/41, Jumping/40, Stealth/56, Throwing/40, Leger Des Mains/67, Swimming/48									
Communication: Awareness/72, Intrigue/69, Oratory/58, Rhetoric/56, Ritual (Naveh)/61, Singing/41, Harnic/62, Lakeese/31									
Craft/Lore: Cooking/29, Lockcraft/61, Astrology/48, Physician/48, Herblore/59, Brewing/53									
Combat: Unarmed/73, Dagger/61									
Psionics: None									
Armour and Clothing									
Tunic/Cloth 8.6, Sandals/leather 1.1									

(proprietor of the horses' hide, Area 15). Born on the 1st of Morgat (Masara) few in town can remember anything good about Gordon. As a child he was always into mischief and was twice caught with stolen goods.

Gordon is the "head" of the local Lia-Kavir gang as well as the Navehian church. He is in the process of schooling Mark and John on the insidious arts of "how not to get caught!"

The back room in the horses' hide holds a few clues (dark robe with red wax stains on the sleeves, a hem covered in dried blood, a Navehian holy symbol on a black leather thong), but Gordon is neither talkative nor friendly and will never willingly allow anyone into his private quarters. Nor will he casually let anyone leave his private quarters. He is almost always at the Horse's hide working as a bar-keep. After the tavern closes late at night he returns to the Navehian temple to sleep, examine Remis's writings, and to practice.

Gordon does not communicate with other Navehian sects, nor is he aware of any operating in the area. He tries to lead his small group through the knowledge provided through prayer and self-flaggilation. Gordon was born and raised in Fobin. His parents died in a gargun raid and he took over his father's tavern.

Gordon is very devout and believes what he is doing is right. He does not intend to let anyone stand in his way. He uses Lordai (legionnaire) and Samson (Wooden Tankard Innkeep) to keep his contacts with the black market. Gordon often provides whatever Lordai or Samson require to meet the black market's needs. Gordon receives little or nothing from the black market, instead in return for his works, Lordai turns a blind eye to his activities in town. George gives whatever Samson needs to Lordai. Samson is unaware that George is anything but a bad brewer and tavern keeper.

The Barrow Wright

ATTRIBUTES									
STR	13	EYE	14	INT	14	STA	13		
END	12	HRG	14	AUR	08	MOB	14		
DEX	15	SMT	13	WIL	14	DGE	70		
AGL	14	TCH	13	MOR	Unscrupulous	INIT	70		
SPD	12	VOI	13	Diety	Peoni	FAT	1.00		
		FAITH	10	COM	09				
SKILLS									
Physical: Climbing/70, Jumping/56, Legerdemain/75, Stealth/70, Throwing/70									
Communication: Awareness/70, Intrigue/48, Oratory/24, Rhetoric/42, Ritual (Peoni)/13, Singing/39									
Craft/Lore: Lockcraft/42, Herblore/47									
Combat: Unarmed/48, Club/70, Dagger/60									
Languages: Harnic/74, Lakeese/70									
Armour and Clothing									
Tunic/Cloth(4.4), Leggins/Leather(8.8)									

The creature is human, and very dirty. He stands 5'10" tall, but seems to almost always be hunched or bent over. He weighs around 150 pounds and seems to be all skin and bones and hair. His brown hair is long, his beard is unkempt and matted with grease and mud. His blue eyes are barely visible beneath all the hair.

He doesn't remember if it ever had a clan, and does not seem to care. In its cave are the remnants of a few books and fine clothes that the creature claims are his/its. The creature does not remember its name, nor where it comes from. It does remember traveling, or running away from something. It has a purse with 105 d, a few red candle stubs, and a small ivory skull on an onyx background with blood red eyes. In the corner are two gold candlesticks (worth about 200 d each.) The cave also has several weeks worth of hunting remains (torn pelts, burnt meat, gnawed bones).

The Barrow Wright was cursed for the thievery of a local Navehian temple. He barely escaped being caught and ritually executed over the alter. A priest, or devout follower, who enters the Barrow Wright's dwelling will notice a dank smell that permeates the place.

If subdued, the Barrow Wright may tell of its harrowing chase from the town of Fobin, and of its fear and hatred of humanity. But it will not be cooperative. It no longer remembers the name of the deity who's temple it tried to rob; but it does remember being a thief and fearing being caught.

He hails from Golotha. His name was Normand the Sly and his reputation as a thief is well established in both Golotha and Coranan. He is the second child of four and his parents are still alive in Golotha, although he's not kept in touch with them for the past several years. While still in good standing with his parents and siblings, the family has just drifted apart over time.

Staff of the Green Gate Inn

The Green Gate is a popular place for officers of the Fobin Legion. The Officers know the staff fairly well and enjoy having the staff recognize them and immediately present their preferred drink or food. The patrons of the Green Gate Inn will immediately know when something is wrong and want to help. The staff will, of course, try hard to keep their troubles private.

Gallius Weijik, Master, Innkeeper

ATTRIBUTES									
STR	14	EYE	12	INT	16	STA	14		
END	13	HRG	12	AUR	15	MOB	65		
DEX	13	SMT	12	WIL	14	DGE	65		
AGL	13	TCH	12	MOR	Law-Abiding	INIT	55		
SPD	14	VOI	12	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT			
		FAITH	10	COM	12				
SKILLS									
Physical: Climbing/52, Jumping/52, Stealth/69, Throwing/75									
Communication: Awareness/58, Intrigue/55, Oratory/46, Rhetoric/52, Singing/76									
Craft/Lore: Tactics/57, Survival/42, Heraldry/24, law/18, physician/29, Foraging/36, MO:Legion/78									
Combat: Unarmed/69, Dagger/60, Shield/72, Sword/84, Spear/76									
Languages: Hârníc/88, Lakeese/70									
Armour and Clothing									
Vest/Leather (5.6), Tunic/Leather (8.8), Leggings/Leather (8.8), Halfhelm/Kurbul (1)									

Gallius is both Innkeeper and brewmaster in the Green Gate Inn. There is something of a competition between him and Samson the Younger (of the Wooden Tankard Inn.) Samson makes the better brandy, but Gallius has been perfecting his Apple Ale and Dark Cider over the years. He also is trying to convince the District Legar to have his parties and celebrations at the Green Gate instead of the Wooden Tankard.

Gallius is a lean man of average build. He has long fingers and a nose that seem made for smelling the brews and mixes of his shop. He tends to lean on or over things instead of standing up straight. His apron is always spotted and dirty, and the clothes beneath are well worn, and neatly patched. His hair is a dirty blond and his blue eyes sparkle each time he sees a patron paying his bill. Gallius is very money oriented and is a regular visitor to the Hlean church.

He came from a large family in Coranan and settled in his wife's home town. He served his four years in the Coranan legion and chose to retire in Fobin. He now serves 3 months out of the year at Caer Fobin. He has no contact with his family, but is quite close to Metha's. He loves his wife and his daughter and regularly speaks to Sharl about finding Sylitia a good husband.

His own family seems to have forgotten him. He speaks rarely of a brother and two sisters. Their names seem to change with each retelling of the tale. He will admit they exist but if pressed with change the subject, or walk away. Even Metha seems tight-lipped when the topic of Gallius's family comes up.

Metha, Journeyman, Innkeeper/Cook

ATTRIBUTES			
STR	EYE	INT	STA
END	HRG	AUR	MOB
DEX	SMT	WIL	DGE
AGL	TCH	MOR	INIT
SPD	VOI	Diety	FAT
	FAITH	COM	
SKILLS			
Physical:			
Communication:			
Craft/Lore:			
Combat:			
Armour and Clothing			

Metha is a middle-aged and intelligent woman of average looks. Her raven hair is tied up behind a kerchief whenever she is working in the kitchen. She has a welcoming smile, but lost her youthfull looks long ago. She is happiest when cooking or being a mother. Anything that takes away from those two tasks is tolerated as a duty and done quickly.

Metha enjoys making specialty meals upon request but always leaves it up to Gallius to set the price for her services as cook. She can tell you how much it should cost to make the dish you want, but has no head for profits. Metha leaves the business end of the inn to her husband so she can get on with the more important aspects of feeding and making patrons feel welcome.

Metha was very ill when Sylitia was born and can no longer have children. Still, Metha seems content with her life, if occasionally melancholy around another woman's newborn children. She is trying to convince Gallius that they should adopt a child from the Order of the Scarlet Veil. To date the argument is not going well.

Metha grew up here in Fobin and knows all the gossip in and around town. She is well aware there are "special" guests coming and going from the Wooden Tankard Inn; and is willing to gossip about what these strangers may be doing. But she has no real idea what is going on. Metha is a good source of gossip and local lore. She is willing to talk to guests, but they may have to follow her around, or buy her an ale.

Metha can be found with Sharl whenever the inn is quiet and her husband is off brewing more swill. The two women get along well and Metha's knowledge of the town of Fobin is invaluable to Sharl as she tries to make matches for the village. Metha knows a fair amount about the legionnaires, especially the officers who frequent the Green Gate.

Sylitia, Apprentice, Maid/Server

ATTRIBUTES			
STR	EYE	INT	STA
END	HRG	AUR	MOB
DEX	SMT	WIL	DGE
AGL	TCH	MOR	INIT
SPD	VOI	Diety	FAT
	FAITH	COM	
SKILLS			
Physical:			
Communication:			
Craft/Lore:			
Combat:			
Armour and Clothing			

Sylitia is the daughter of Gallius and Metha. She has her father's dirty blond hair and blue eyes, and her mother's work ethic and skill in the kitchen. She is friendly and outgoing; enjoying strangers company. She does not mind that Palagus is often her escort or shaperone when dealing with strangers.

She usually works as a serving girl while Palatius works the bar. Syltia is considered pretty by most, but still too young at 14 to be much more than something to look at. Sylitia tends to keep to herself, although she is friends with several girls in the village that are her age. Whenever they tease her about her affection for Palagus, she just says they're jealous or denies it entirely.

Sylitia is considered pretty, but very flightly for her 16 years. Most of the customers tend to treat her politely and let her talk, rolling their eyes behind her back at her silly tales and dreams. Few of the customers show much interest in so young and flightly a girl.

Quetius, Slave, Bouncer

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	12	EYE	13	INT	10	STA	11
END	11	HRG	9	AUR	10	MOB	35
DEX	14	SMT	13	WIL	9	DGE	35
AGL	7	TCH	15	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	48
SPD	7	VOI	13	Diety	Peoni	FAT	1.40
		FAITH	6	COM	10		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/48, Jumping/52, Stealth/42, Throwing/56							
Communication: Awareness/36, Intrigue/24, Oratory/16, Rhetoric/21, Singing/24, Hârníc/67							
Craft/Lore: Animalcraft/18, Hideworking/42, Physician/22							
Combat: Unarmed/35, Trident/78, Dagger/67, Net/70							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Cloth (4.4), Leggings/Cloth (4.4), Vest/Leather (5.6)							

Born somewhere north of Coranan city, his village was raided by slavers and he was separated from his parents as a babe in arms. He was sold to the Pamesani Arena in Coranan where he grew to be a good gladiator. He retired early and was sold as a body guard to a senatorial family in Coranan. At the age of 21 he was sold agan to Gallius. He never talks about the reason for being resold, but Metha suspects he fell in love with the wrong person.

Quetius is a large man who enjoys his job as bouncer to the Inn. He's developped the knack of recognizing an officer (even when off duty) from a regular soldier. His blond hair is cut very short, and he wears a simple tunic that does nothing to hide his well muscled build. He is large, and yet graceful when he moves. His blue eyes always have a spark of amusement.

He always wears a steel collar as a mark of his enslavement. The collar appears seamless, but he can take it off. As a gift after his first year in the Inn Gallius had the collar modified so that it could be removed whenever Quetius wanted. Usually he goes shirtless, wearing leggings or a loin cloth and boots. He has a fine body and loves to show it off. No one in Fobin seems to mind.

Quetius is slow to speak to strangers and slower still to gossip. Quick to laugh and nodd encouragement to tale-tellers, most folk find him friendly. Palagus usually beats him in tests of skill, but he wins easily in tests of strength and endurance.

Quetius is permitted to train with the legionnaires in the Caer twice each ten-day to keep up his skills. Gallius has asked the legionnaires work on his hand-to-hand techniques as those should be more important to a bouncer than using a trident and net. Quetius provides an interesting practice partner and his skill with the pike has made him a perfect teacher and practicing partner for the Militias Primi.

Palagus, Slave, Bouncer

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	13	EYE	16	INT	8	STA	12
END	13	HRG	12	AUR	15	MOB	50
DEX	9	SMT	11	WIL	11	DGE	50
AGL	10	TCH	12	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	53
SPD	10	VOI	11	Diety	Peoni	FAT	1.80
		FAITH	10	COM	Attractive		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/36, Jumping/40, Stealth/27, Throwing/40,							
Communication: Awareness/44, Intrigue/33, Oratory/18, Rhetoric/33, Singing/33, Hârníc/71							
Craft/Lore: Animalcraft/20, Hideworking/18, Physician/22							
Combat: Initiative/63, Unarmed/60, Dagger/72, ShortSword/46, Buckler/60							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Cloth (4.4), Leggings/Cloth (4.4), Vest/Leather (5.6)							

Palagus is a tall man who seems resigned to his job as bouncer and work-slave at the Green Gate inn. The son of a slave-prostitute and a legionnaire, Palagus has dark hair and darker eyes. He stands just over 6'3" and is as lith as Quetius is large. Palagus is strong for his size, but is no where a match for Quetius.

Palagus seems charming, even to other men. He defers to the freeman or the citizen in everything. He obeys his masters, but has learned the subtle art of never quite being in view of his master whenever there are extra chores to be done. Palagus is an expert at wrestling, and fair with a staff. While Quetius relies on his strength, Palagus relies on speed and whit. It's an equal gamble to say who would win any given competition.

Palagus has the slave's ability to appear to fade into the woodwork. He dresses similar to Quetius, but never seems proud to show off his body and refuses to oil his skin as Quetius does. The two slaves practice regularly, but Palagus does not enjoy his time practicing hand-to-hand techniques with the free and citizen legionnaires.

Palagus often ends up helping Sylitia with heavy chores. She always calls on Palagus instead of Quetius, even if Quetius is closer or less busy. Many have noticed how Palagus seems prouder around her and a few have begun to worry.

Staff of the Wooden Tankard Inn

Samson the Younger Master Innkeep

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	10	EYE	11	INT	10	STA	12
END	13	HRG	06	AUR	11	MOB	65
DEX	13	SMT	15	WIL	15	DGE	45
AGL	13	TCH	12	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	63
SPD	09	VOI	14	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH		COM	11		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/48 Jumping/44 Stealth/41 Throwing/48							
Communication: Awareness/58 Intrigue/49, Oratory/37, Rhetoric/68, Ritual (Halea)/33, Ritual (Peoni)/13, Singing/30 Harníc/87							
Craft/Lore: Brewing/81, Cooking/73, Mathematics/38							
Combat: Unarmed/62, Shortsword/51, Dagger/81							
Psionics: None							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Leather(8.6), Cap/Leather(0.6), Knee-Boots/Leather(3.3)							

Born into a small free family in Tharda, Samson (the eldest) was always expected to inherit and run the inn. He is a member of the Fobin militia, but never joined the legion. He is a tall, silent man who always seems troubled or worried.

His father's death last year did not seem to phase him. Like a good Thardic son he never speaks ill of his father - but as anyone from the area knows their relationship was neither tender nor loving. The younger never speaks to his mother unless absolutely necessary and then his words, while respectful, are curt.

Samson is quick enough with a kind word or a laugh when in the presence of guests. His towering 6 foot frame and muscular build quickly become menacing when patrons don't pay their bills. He has deep set blue eyes that appear wise and cautious. He dresses in tunics and hose of earthen colors, usually wearing sandals, or boots if he must ride. His sandy brown hair is in a perpetual state of disarray, and is cut to fashion - short all around.

His dagger, at his belt, is worn but the blade is still sharp. He's been known to throw people out before remembering to open the iron-reinforced doors. He is a shrewd trader and use to getting a good deal from unsuspecting patrons who think him a country hick. His knowledge of politics and affairs of Tharda worldly in comparison to his backwater home; but he often keeps his opinions to himself. He can hold his alcohol, and never drinks to excess. He repays kindness and discourtesy equally, and in kind. The books kept in the basement show a brisk trade in 25 year old apple brandy - but there never seems to be a bottle in stock. Samson uses part of his 15% to purchase new items for the inn and claims them to be gifts from patrons. The other part is marked down as sales of 25 year old apple brandy.

Susan (wife of Samson), Journeyman

ATTRIBUTES			
STR	EYE	INT	STA
END	HRG	AUR	MOB
DEX	SMT	WIL	DGE
AGL	TCH	MOR	INIT
SPD	VOI	Diety	FAT
	FAITH	COM	
SKILLS			
Physical:			
Communication:			
Craft/Lore:			
Combat:			
Armour and Clothing			

A tiny thing, she still wears her long golden hair braided and in a bun at her neck for working. While a good cook, Maria (her mother-in-law) rules the kitchen. She can often be found milking the 2 cows, or the 4 goats in the stables first thing in the morning.

Like her husband, she understands the importance of silence. But she does like company. She would never betray her husband in any way and loves him dearly. She is a good singer and storyteller. She is the ray of sunlight in the dark inn and all who know her, love her. She is stronger than she looks and while her 5 foot frame makes it sometimes difficult to reach the upper shelves in the kitchen, she gets by. She rarely drinks, but will always share gossip and stories with her patrons and locals.

Her pale brown hair is turning grey, but her green eyes still sparkle with mirth. Susan has a good sense of humor and appreciates good stories, jokes and songs more so than the family into which she married. She loves talking to the patrons of the inn, but her version of "talking" consists of her sittind down and letting hte patron talk while she listens. She keeps the inn clean and cannot abide the idea of insects, lice or flees in her Inn. She has insisted some travelers strip behind the inn (in a small area she's curtained off) and let her boil their leathers and clean their packs before allowing them in. She has half-a-dozen robes (unbleached cloth, full length with hoods) that she will give to the visiitors to wear while their clothes are being sanitized.

Samson finds his wife's hangup a little funny, but apprecates the extra work she puts in to keep his Inn clean. He just wishes she'd get into the habit of charging more for this manidtory cleaning. She does not have a head for business, but runs a good inn none-the less.

Maria, Journeyman

ATTRIBUTES			
STR	EYE	INT	STA
END	HRG	AUR	MOB
DEX	SMT	WIL	DGE
AGL	TCH	MOR	INIT
SPD	VOI	Diety	FAT
	FAITH	COM	
SKILLS			
Physical:			
Communication:			
Craft/Lore:			
Combat:			
Armour and Clothing			

If Susan is normally quiet, then Maria must be mute. This elderly woman is always smiling, but rarely ever speaks. She dresses in straight shifts. Although her back is bent with age and her hair silver, her mind does not appear dulled.

She seems to know what's going on. A quick smile, or a wink to patrons makes them wonder if she knows their secrets already. She delivers fresh linens to the rooms, and empties the night soil pots when guests go down to breakfast. If their room is locked, she finds them later in the commons and shakes her finger at the naughty guest. The joke is often explained by a local. The old woman seems content in this life, and intending to live forever.

Heather the Scullerymaid

ATTRIBUTES			
STR	EYE	INT	STA
END	HRG	AUR	MOB
DEX	SMT	WIL	DGE
AGL	TCH	MOR	INIT
SPD	VOI	Diety	FAT
	FAITH	COM	
SKILLS			
Physical:			
Communication:			
Craft/Lore:			
Combat:			
Armour and Clothing			

A simple child from Fobin proper, this young waif has no idea what's going on. Sometimes she sees important guests come and go - and can occasionally describe the finery they wear; but knows nothing about the black market nor any of its nefarious deeds. She has long brown hair, and doe-brown eyes. She loves candy and sweets, and is quickly embarrassed. As a child of 8 she is well on her way to learning a good career.

Fobin NPCs 10

Madia the Chambermaid

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	13	EYE	12	INT	11	STA	12
END	11	HRG	15	AUR	13	MOB	40
DEX	13	SMT	14	WIL	12	DGE	40
AGL	8	TCH	10	MOR	Law-Abiding		
SPD	14	VOI	14	Diety	Peo	INIT	52
				ni			
		FAITH	7	COM	12	FAT	1.40
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/60, Jumping/48, Stealth/36, Throwing/52							
Communication: Awareness/36, Intrigue/30, Oratory/24, Rhetoric/36, Singing/33, Language/71, Script/70							
Craft/Lore: Cookery/35, Foraging/33, Heraldry/11, Physician/22, Survival/27, Textilecraft/16,							
Combat: Initiative/78, Unarmed/39, Bow/36, Dagger/52, Shield/60, Sword/60							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Cloth (4.4), Leggings/Cloth(4.4), Vest/Leather (5.6)							

Once she was a slave, but Samson purchased her 5 years ago from a group of local bandits and freed her. She is in her late thirties, and terrified of male contact still. Her nose was broken several times and she is a mute - no tongue. She dresses in earth-tone robes that are always too big for her. Her thick black hair is tied back beneath a scarf. Maria keeps a close eye on the girl, and often joins her whenever men are present. Madia is quick and efficient in her tasks, and appears to want to please Maria.

She has dark black hair and piercing brown eyes. She tries to appear stupid and slow, but both Maria and Susan know better. She is a very hard worker and strives to please the ladies of the house. She has fled male advances. Samson is quick to block persuaders and explains the situation simply. He will toss out anyone who tries to force the issue either with Madia directly, or him.

Madia enjoys Areth's company more than most, and will let him remain quite close so long as he does not make any sudden moves. Samson and Maria agree that Areth would make a nice match for the girl, since Areth seems to admire her and doesn't mind her silence. Areth will talk to Madia for hours as she works - surprisingly Madia enjoys it, prompting him to talk more with gestures and stamps of her foot when he stops.

Madia's past is a mystery, but it's obvious she was badly abused. Her body is a mass of slowly healing scars. Samson has yet to approach Areth about the match, but most believe it to only be a matter of time. Maria and Susan have both queried Madia and she seems to want such a marriage, if Areth will have her.

Angus the Barman

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	18	EYE	15	INT	10	STA	16
END	14	HRG	11	AUR	06	MOB	75
DEX	12	SMT	06	WIL	10	DGE	55
AGL	11	TCH	12	MOR	Unscrupulous	INIT	62
SPD	15	VOI	12	Diety	Naveh	FAT	1.65
		FAITH		COM	13		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/51, Jumping/40, Stealth/63, Throwing/64, Riding (Horse)/52							
Communication: Awareness/58, Intrigue/44, Oratory/38, Rhetoric/36, Ritual (Naveh)/12, Singing/33							
Craft/Lore: Physician/37, Piloting/13, Brewing/14, Coking/18							
Combat: Unarmed/84, Dagger/82, Buckler/76, Nachakas/68, Shorkana/74, Club/75							
Languages: Hârníc/72							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Russet(2.9), Belt/Leather(0.4), Leggings/Leather(6.9), Boots/Leather (2.9)							

This large-chested man is only 5'5", but weighs enough to be 6'5". He is quick with a joke, and knows all the gossip. He has piercing brown eyes and a quick smile. His black hair is shaved down to stubble, and he treats the Samson family as if it were his own.

He'll rattle on for hours about his past, and how he's a retired legionnaire with a bad leg. But his limp often switches legs. Sometimes it's his right, sometimes it's his left. The locals believe he was injured in the line of duty, but the limp is just a show for sympathy. It long ago got him free drinks from new legionnaire recruits when they first came in to hear his stories.

He has a short sword behind the bar, and appears to be quite capable with it. While he appears free with information, a good listener will realize he is careful never to speak much of the banditry in the area, nor speak loudly when Samson is in the room. Angus is the black market's point man. He makes sure the Samson family stays in line.

He's a freed gladiator and is more than capable in either hand to hand combat or with a short sword. He will gladly kill anyone he thinks may be trying to stop the black market from using the Wooden Tankard as they see fit. He set the fire 5 years ago that badly scorched the inn to remind Samson what could happen if he ever tried to deny the black markets requests. It was an act of simple malice.

Jarid of Gredar the Ostler

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	13	EYE	13	INT	12	STA	11
END	09	HRG	11	AUR	15	MOB	50
DEX	09	SMT	08	WIL	14	DGE	75
AGL	15	TCH	13	MOR	Unscrupulous	INIT	52
SPD	10	VOI	10	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	2.23
		FAITH		COM	12		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/50 Jumping/44 Stealth/42 Throwing/12, Riding (Horse)/68							
Communication: Awareness/64 Intrigue/54 Oratory/32 Rhetoric/39, Singing/36 Harnic/89							
Craft/Lore: Foraging/36, Survival/27, Heraldry/32, Physicain/38, Cooking/42, Glasswork/40, Horsecraft/88, Hidework/30, Tactics/22							
Combat: Unarmed/78, Dagger/47, Longbow/89, Buckler/51							
Psionics: Medium/16, Calirvoyance/20							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Leather Weight: 9.46, Knee-Boots/Leather Weight: 3.63, Cloak/Buckram Weight: 5.0							

An old drunk who barely manages to perform his expected duties. He always has a half-full tankard of apple-brandly that he claims to be 25 years old. But the barman will always tell you it's just a 5 year old vintage he's drinking.

The fellow's black hair is always oily and his clothes are in perpetual disarray. He's been roughed up recently and all the locals think it was probably done by a group of rowdy legionaries. He's always ragging the legionaries about how they've yet to stop the local banditry from raiding the area, and how they're ineffective as a fighting force. He thinks he was once a valiant fighting man - and his body is certainly scared enough to believe it.

He knows who Angus really is, recognizing him as one of the vilest gladiators who ever lived. He knows that Angus works for the black market and is dying to tell someone about the whole situation, as he's seen it before. He knows that eventually the inn will be the site of something very ugly - a kidnapping, perhaps a murder or maybe even become the home of some unspeakable cult, and by then Samson will be totally unable to stop it. Samson will be caught for whatever happens and used by the black market as a scape goat. And the old man feels there is nothing he can do about it. It's only loyalty to Samson that he stays on and tries to help.

He beats his son and goes into drunken fits from time to time. Samson the younger and Angus have no problem throwing the man out of the bar. Unfortunately Maleric is often the reciever of Jarid's anger. He is a broken, old man who seems to be asking for someone to kill him. The locals all know that eventually - that's exactly what will happen.

Malreic, Apprentice Ostler

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	11	EYE	11	INT	15	STA	12
END	15	HRG	17	AUR	11	MOB	50
DEX	11	SMT	12	WIL	11	DGE	50
AGL	10	TCH	9	MOR	Law-Abiding	INIT	57
SPD	10	VOI	12	Diety	Peoni	FAT	1.03
		FAITH	11	COM	Average		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/40 Jumping/52 Stealth/33 Throwing/44, Riding (Horse)/62							
Communication: Awareness/56 Intrigue/24 Oratory/22 Rhetoric/30 Singing/33 Harnic/70 Lakeese/70							
Craft/Lore: Animalcraft/24 Foraging/27 Heraldry/11 Hideworking/24 Physician/16 Survival/30							
Combat: Unarmed/39 Bow/36 Dagger/52							
Psionics: None							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic/Cloth Weight:4.4, Leggings/Cloth Weight:4.4, Vest/Leather Weight:5.6							

Maleric is the son of Jarad of Gredyar. He was born on the 3rd of Ilvin (Skorus-Tai Cusp). Currently he works as an apprentice to his father in the ostlery attached to the wooden tankard Inn. His mother, Atrusia, died of a mysterious illness in 718TR. His father is an alcoholic. Fortunately he is healthy but for a few scars on his back (from his father beating him in drunken rages since his mother's died).

Maleric is 5'7", 149lbs of average frame with dark brown hair and brown eyes. He is 15 and is anxious to join the legion as a full timer next year. When not working Maleric is either at the Red Guard Cairn or at the Peonian riverside temple as these are the only two places in town he can be sure not to encounter his father.

Maleric appears sullen and angry most of the time he is at work. He's made friends with Areth, the Inn's ferrier, but is very cautious around most grown men -- especially when they drink. He doesn't understand why his father cannot get over his mother's death. Maleric misses his mother deeply, but has managed to accept that she is gone and he will not see her again in this life.

Maleric enjoys playing games with the other almost-adults in town but has no interest in girls as of yet. Maleric is paid directly by Samson the Younger, for fear of his father drinking away the boy's wages. Maleric's few possessions are in a trunk in the sleeping loft above the barn. He bought a new lock a month ago to replace the one his father smashed.

He learned his weapon skills from various people in the village. Areth taught him to read and write over the years he was growing up. Many describe him as hungry for knowledge and yearning to be away from horses.

Fobin NPCs 12

Areth the Master Ferrier

ATTRIBUTES						
STR	10	EYE	10	INT	15	STA
END	09	HRG	11	AUR	12	MOB 50
DEX	13	SMT	13	WIL	12	DGE 50
AGL	10	TCH	11	MOR	Corruptible	INIT 54
SPD	10	VOI	12	Diety	Peoni	FAT 1.6
		FAITH	11	COM	Average	
SKILLS						
Physical: Climbing/44 Jumping/36 Stealth/33 Throwing/44, Riding (Horse)/44						
Communication: Awareness/57 Intrigue/61 Oratory/49 Rhetoric/32 Singing/36 Harnic/84 Lakeese/87						
Craft/Lore: Metalcraft/62, Minerology/48, Weaponcraft/64, Animalcraft/48, Glassworking/48, Lockcraft/71, Foraging/41, Survival/40, Physician/20, Healdry/33						
Combat: Unarmed/62, Dagger/72, Club/62, Shorshord/67, Javelin/61, Towershield/78						
Psionics: Clairvoyance/31						
Spells: Golden Eye (J1)/48, Luster of Ymar (J1)/72, Iron Sting(JII)/34, Mend(JIII)/81, Sheen of Kraza (JIII)/22, Breath of Casyl(PII)/38, Skin of Lexesh(PII)/39, Ear of Pvara(NI)/41, and Tongue of Pvara (NI)/42.						
Armour and Clothing						
Tunic/Cloth Weight:4.4, Leggings/Cloth Weight:4.4, Vest/Leather Weight:5.6						

Areth is not only a master blacksmith and a veteran legionnaire of good standing, he is also a Jmorvian mage. He is in Fobin to gathering information and trying to find out exactly who is using the inn for their nefarious deeds.

He never seems to cast any spells and wears tunics and hoes like all civilized people. He appears to be a simple, honest, craftsman who prefers to keep to himself.

Areth is a medium sized man, about 5'8" tall and not talkative. He can be friendly, but is usually uninterested in gossip or politics. Another mage may be able to sense something strange about the man, but Areth rarely uses magic. He knows Madia knows something and is trying to become her friend. His shy meetings with her for dinner, or helping out with chores is translated by the locals as him trying to court her. Indeed, over the past year he has fallen in love with the chambermaid but she is not yet totally comfortable with him. She will no longer flee his presence, but she does not yet seek it out.

His diaries explain all his suspicions, including when he next expects a black-market contact to come through the area (about once every 14-24 days). He has a few rough sketches, descriptions and names written down but has never actually seen any transactions. He keeps 2 copies of his diaries. Each month when he takes the 2 day trip down to Geishteit to get more supplies, he drops off a copy of his diaries with the a traveling mage on his way to the chantry in Golatha.

Areth has five tracts, three treaties in his personal possession as well as two spell books (written in code). He will gladly lend out the tracts or treaties in trade for other written lore (magical or not) to a fellow mage in good standing. He will not teach spells as that is not his profession.

Fobin Legion

The legionnaires work and live in the Keep. Their interaction with the villagers often causes more trouble than it may be worth. The legion tries to keep the peace with legion patrols - but the best results to date have come from shipping troublesome legionnaires to other fortresses.

The Thardic Legion has 4 Cohorts stationed at Fobin from the Gerium Legion. This large number is mostly to protect the caer-town and more importantly the road between it and major settlements from banditry. Geishteit, the district capital, has its own politics and problems and generally leaves Fobin to survive or fail on its own.

The few times the Geishteit troupes are welcomed into Caer Fobin are for pay day and the twice-yearly inspections.

Fobin Augusta

The first legion of Fobin (Fobin Augusta) seems to get all the work. Fobin Augusta is at full paper strength. These character descriptions describe the people more than their duties in the legion. They were written up primarily to ack as NPCs in my Legion campaign. Fobin I:I:II (that is the second Tenaci under Phillipus of Coranan) is comprised of PCs. Their stats and backgrounds are not included here.

Rank	Names
Compartes	Ewnian Wytel (Skirmisher) and Chrisen Musbern (Archer)
Milites Primus	Toribir of Wytel, Caius of Weijik
Mani	Judyn Mariam and Elwen Mariam
Sexton	Torbir Wytel
Manus Primus	Phillipus of Coranan.
Tribertes	Horik Barral. He is also Triberties Primus.

Who is present in Fobin depends primarily upon the season.

Fobin I	Spring	Summer	Autumn	Winter
1st Squad	●	●	●	●
2nd Squad	●			
3rd Squad		●		
Calvary			●	
Skirmishers				●
Archers	●			

Horik Baral, Triberties Primus

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	12	EYE	07	INT	16	STA	13
END	11	HRG	06	AUR	13	MOB	35
DEX	11	SMT	13	WIL	16	DGE	45
AGL	09	TCH	07	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	54
SPD	07	VOI	10	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH		COM	10		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/56, Jumping/60, Stealth/60, Throwing/69, Riding/109							
Communication: Awareness/89, Intrigue/70, Oratory/85, Rhetoric/81, Ritual /12, Singing/36, SW:Fobin/74, SW:Geishte/84, SW:Imrium/87							
Craft/Lore: Foraging/88, Physician/67, Masonry/36, Survival/65, Heraldry/68, Tactics/80, MO:Legionnaire/90, Law/72,							
Combat: Unarmed/65, Dagger/80, Lance/90, Broadsword/87,							
Languages: Harnic/87, Lakeese/80							
Armour and Clothing							
Cuirass/Plate (18.0), Gambeson/Quilted(11.4), Leggings/Leather (6.9), Superior Gauntlets/Leather (0.8), Greaves/Plate (9.0), Cloak/Leather(9.6), Knee Boots/Leather (3.3), Padded Halfhelm/Plate(3.8)							

Horik Baral leads the legion forces in Fobin. He is assisted by a squire, 3 servants and 2 clerks. Horik is an assertive man of over 20 years of experience in the legion. He has done much to strengthen Fobin for it was he who found Nevell and offered him the job as chief architect and engineer for the fortress. His squire is his cousin's son - Corin. Horik has made the lad swear an oath not to name his clan, nor wear anything that would suggest it. This has led to numerous rumors among the legionnaires - including that Corin is a foreigner, and a thus a prince of some noble household. Horik's 3 servants are slaves who perform menial tasks for the commander. His clerks oversee the vast amount of paperwork that the legion generates.

Although he should be stationed in Geshte, the local leaders prefer to have the legions leadership spread out. Officially the reason is that this makes it more difficult to destroy the legion, unofficially it also makes it more difficult to control the legion. Commander Baral tries to stay out of the District Legar's way. Any infraction against Legion Law is dealt with by him, or one of his underlings long before it reaches the District Legar.

He is of medium complexion with brown hair and brown eyes. He stands 6 feet tall with a heavy fram, weighing 170lbs. Born in Imrium, he was the fourth born to a poor land owning family. Knowing he'd never inherit he joined the legion permantly. He jokes that his long-lived mother has still never forgiven him for not settling down; but in truth he is well spoken of by his clan.

Horik hates politics and is glad that his eldest borthor is in the thick of it and not him. Still he has had his share of politics to get control of the troops in Fobin and to keep them. He is well liked, but most consider him a little strange.

Corin, Squire to Horik Baral

ATTRIBUTES			
STR	EYE	INT	STA
END	HRG	AUR	MOB
DEX	SMT	WIL	DGE
AGL	TCH	MOR	INIT
SPD	VOI	Diety	FAT
	FAITH	COM	
SKILLS			
Physical: Climbing/ __, Jumping/ __, Stealth/ __, Throwing/ __			
Communication: Awareness/ __, Intrigue/ __, Oratory/ __, Rhetoric/ __, Ritual / __, Singing/ __, SW:Fobin/ __, SW: ____/ __			
Craft/Lore: Foraging/68, Physician/37, Masonry/42, Survival/65, Heraldry/48, Tactics/20, MO:Legionnaire/40			
Combat: Unarmed/ __, Dagger/ __,			
Languages: Harnic/ __, Lakeese/ __			
Armour and Clothing			
Bezainted Quilt Habergeoun(17.2), Kneeboots/Leather (3.0), Cloak/Leather(9.6), Halfhelm,/plate (2.7)			

Phillipus of Coranan, Manus Primus

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	14	EYE	09	INT	16	STA	13
END	10	HRG	09	AUR	12	MOB	70
DEX	08	SMT	10	WIL	12	DGE	55
AGL	11	TCH	10	MOR	Law-Abiding	INIT	55
SPD	14	VOI	10	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH	10	COM	12		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/52, Jumping/60, Legerdemain/45, Stealth/58, Throwing/82, Riding/80							
Communication: Awareness/73, Intrigue/42, Oratory/30, Rhetoric/39, Ritual /13, Singing/39, SW:Coranan/88, SW:Taztos/69							
Craft/Lore: Tactics/57, Survival/42, Heraldry/24, Law/38, Physician/49, Foraging/36, MO:Legion/78, Cooking/86, Tracking/52							
Combat: Unarmed/68, Dagger/60, Broadsword/68, Lance/44, Roundshield/70, Javelin/34, Shortsword/60, Towershield/78, Pike/60							
Languages: Harnic/81 , Lakeese/82							
Armour and Clothing							
Chainmail Habergeoun (1s) (27.5), Quilted Gambeson (12.5), Leather Leggings(7.6), Leather Gloves(0.8), Plate Halfhelm(3.3)							

Phillipus leads the first two squads of the first company. He is a quiet man by disposition. He's been in the legion for 8 years (2 terms); at least one of which was serving at Taztos.

Horik Baral asked for him specifically in the year 718TR, but whether that was to remove him from the hell called Taztos, or because of his skill is a source of much rumor at Fobin.

Supposedly Phillipus has a drinking problem, but has never been seen drinking when on duty. When off duty he is watched like a hawk by his sergeants. He has a new squire, Mikeal Cosele. In public the lad is treated horribly, and is a clut. But, when Mikeal isn't looking, Phillipus assures Mikeal's skills improve along with his self esteem. No one in his squad is allowed to brow-beat Mikeal other than himself.

Phillipus often talks to his horse as if expecting answers. The wise among his squad realize he often asks the horse questions he knows his men can answer - especially in times when asking their opinions would be socially detrimental. Phillipus - so rumor says - was raised from the ranks.

Born in Coranan to a prostitute and a legionnaire who never knew of his existence, Phillipus grew up on the streets as a beggar and an orphan. He was taken in and cared for by a young Peonian priestess. At the age of 14 he got a job in Caer Coranan cleaning stables. At 16 he joined the legion and has never looked back. There was a lady in his life, but she was above his rank and is now married. While Phillipus will never say her name, many assume it is over her loss that he started drinking. Either that or perhaps during his tour of Taztos. Neither are true, he began drinking long before that. When drunk he might retell a few nightmarish tales from his childhood, when sober he'd never talk about himself before joining the legion.

Phillipus is 5'8", 200 lbs with sandy brown hair and piercing brown eyes. He is of heavy frame, but carries it well. He has calloused hands and often prefers to leave his gauntlets on his belt. Prone to headaches, he likes to be woken with a fresh cup of hot sib by his squire.

Phillipus is also a Peleahn Mage. He knows the following spells:

1. **Pilum Of Fire** (Peleahn V) SId6 damage. Damage is reduced by 1d6 for every five yards. Range is equal to SI x 5 yards. At 25 yards the flame dissipates. Fatigue: (15-SI)x3.0, Time: (15-SI)x4 seconds, Range: SI x 5 yards, Duration: InstantaneousML 76
2. **Doom Of Zhatran** (Peleahn VII) The fireball can be dodged. The explosion, however, cannot. The Burn Impact of the exploding fireball is SId6. Fatigue: (15-SI)x4.0 Time: (15-SI)x2 seconds Range: Touch/ML96+ ML feet Duration: VariableML67
3. **Finger Of Marlas** (Peleahn I) Ignites mundane fuels. Fatigue: (15-SI) x 1.0, Time: (15-SI) seconds, Range: SI x 10 feet, Duration: MS: SI mins., CS: SI x 3 mins (or until fuel exhausts)ML98
4. **Sphere Of Shanakar** (Peleahn I) The fireball illuminates a spherical area of radius SI x 5 feet, with orange/red, gently flickering light. No seed fire required. The sphere inflicts an ethereal burn of 2d6, and disappears, if it contacts any mundane/ethereal creature. Fatigue: (15-SI) x

- 1.0, Time: 15-SI) seconds, Range: Self, Duration: MS: SI x 20 secs., CS: SI mins.ML76
5. **Parch** (Peleahn II) This spell forces all water to retreat from one or more objects, totaling up to SI pounds. The caster must touch the target throughout the casting time. Fatigue: (15-SI)x2, Time: (15-SI)x30 seconds, Range: Touch, Duration: InstantaneousML63
6. **Fieron's Fireweapon** (Peleahn III) Shapes mundane fire into a broadsword. All attributes are equal to the weapon made; save for the damage (SI fire impact) and the fact that the blade can neither parry nor be parried. Seed fire required. Fatigue: (15-SI) x 2, Time: 15-SI seconds, Range: Touch, Duration: SI/2 minutesML58
7. **Lance of Meredos** (Jmorvi VII) Lance can strike with devastation force, inflicting Point Impact of SId6. After Duration, the lance corrodes away to nothing in approximately thirty seconds. Fatigue: (15-SI) x 4.5, Time: (15-SI) seconds, Range: Touch, Duration: n/aML72
8. **Putrid Hand** (Fyvria I) Speeds the decay of rotting organic matter touched by the caster. The spell affects up to a pound of dead material. Fatigue: (15-SI) x 1.0, Time: (15-SI) x 2 seconds, Range: Touch/ML71+ SI feet, Duration: IndefiniteML71
9. **Syncope Of Shalor** (Fyvria II) Causes a single animal/person touched by the caster to grow drowsy or fall asleep. The victim may test his Will to determine if he succumbs. With Marginal Success (on Syncope) test 4 x Will; with Critical Success, test 2 x Will. The effect on the victim is determined by his success as follows: CS Victim is unaffected. MS Victim accrues 3d6 fatigue points. MF Victim sleeps for 1 minute x SI. CF Victim sleeps for 3 minutes X SI. Fatigue: (15-SI) x 2.0, Time: (15-SI) x 2 seconds, Range: Touch/ML21+Si yards, Duration: see aboveML80

Mikeal Cosele, Squire to Phillipus

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	12	EYE	15	INT	15	STA	14
END	15	HRG	15	AUR	13	MOB	75
DEX	12	SMT	15	WIL	15	DGE	45
AGL	12	TCH	17	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	59
SPD	15	VOI	12	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH	13	COM	12		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/52, Jumping/50, Stealth/45, Throwing/66							
Communication: Awareness/44, Intrigue/39, Oratory/26, Rhetoric/32, Ritual /13, Singing/34, SW:Fobin/16							
Craft/Lore: Foraging/19, Physician/18, Survival/12, Heraldry/50, Drawing/23, MO:Legion/16, Tactics/10							
Combat: Unarmed/36, Dagger/23, Shortsword/10, Javelin/30, Round Shield/20, Sickle/13, Matchet/15							
Languages: Harnic/86, Lakeese/87							
Armour and Clothing							
Long Gambeson/Quilt (11.4), Half Helm/Plate (3.0), Knee High Boots/Leather (3.3) Cloak/Serge-Linnen (3.0)							

A young man, he's got sandy blond hair and already stand 5'7" tall. He has a light, wiry frame that promises to gain muscle and bulk over the years. Currently Mikeal is 13.

Vlaz of Wytel, Milities Linari

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	14	EYE	12	INT	13	STA	14
END	15	HRG	11	AUR	10	MOB	75
DEX	08	SMT	05	WIL	12	DGE	45
AGL	09	TCH	07	MOR	Law Abiding	INIT	59
SPD	15	VOI	10	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH	12	COM	12		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/52, Jumping/60, Stealth/45, Throwing/66							
Communication: Awareness/54, Intrigue/30, Oratory/26, Rhetoric/42, Ritual /13, Singing/54, SW:Fobin/86							
Craft/Lore: Foraging/49, Physician/68, Masonry/24, Survival/82, Heraldry/61, Woodworking/27, Drawing/77, MO:Legion/60, Tactics/20							
Combat: Unarmed/86, Dagger/53, Shortsword/70, Javelin/80, Tower Shield/62, Sickle/53, Matchet/65							
Languages: Harnic/86, Lakeese/37							
Armour and Clothing							
Long Gambeson/Quilt (11.4), Half Helm/Plate (3.0), Knee High Boots/Leather (3.3) Cloak/Serge-Linnen (3.0)							

Born in Geishte in the middle of winter, Vlaz lost his mother to illness soon after. His father remarried but the children never took to their new mother. Vlaz joined the legion at 12, as a stable-hand and messenger boy. Anything to get away from his alcoholic father and spinless mother. Vlaz was angry. At the world, at his siblings for deserting him, at his partents for trying to cling to him, at eveything. The legion put all that energy to use. Vlaz uses a lot of

bluster when dealing with fellow legionnaires. He's in his second term at 22, and intends to make a career out of the legion. With four years under his belt he's sure he knows it all. He's seen a lot of action at Fobin and along the border.

Vlaz loves to eat. His tenaci claims he can eat anything regardless of its color, texture or smell. He'll even eat the standard fair without griping. He saves all his complaints for his commanding officer whenever he's put to work. The tenaci still consider him to be a trainee, primarily because he's the youngest of the group.

His armour is usually a bit scuffed or dirty somewhere and he's regularly fined for it. But Vlaz just can't seem to keep his arms and armour to the legion's standard. Fortunately his tenaci help him out just enough to keep him out of serious trouble. In return Vlaz does the one thing the rest of the group really appreciates - he takes either first, or last watch whenever the unit is out on patrol. Vlaz has insomnia and most nights cannot seem to sleep at all. Still he never appears tired (unless, of course, there's work to do.)

He has dark black hair and brown eyes. He stands 5'6" tall, is of average build and weighs 150lbs. While he does eat a lot, he works out an equal amount. Even though he complains, he is never one to actually shirk duty. Every time Kalindae corrects him he is so tempted to say "Yes mother" - but he bites it back not out of fear of hurting her feelings, rather because the one time he said just that she cuffed him so hard his head rung for a day.

Kalinde of Wytel, Milities Linari

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	18	EYE	07	INT	16	STA	16
END	15	HRG	15	AUR	11	MOB	65
DEX	13	SMT	13	WIL	16	DGE	65
AGL	13	TCH	10	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	69
SPD	13	VOI	15	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH		COM	09		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/68, Jumping/60, Stealth/69, Throwing/126							
Communication: Awareness/82, Intrigue/60, Oratory/36, Rhetoric/42, Ritual /13, Singing/104, SW:Fobin/80							
Craft/Lore: Foraging/74, Physician/70, Masonry/60, Survival/80, Heraldry/48, MO:Legionnaire/94							
Combat: Unarmed/93, Dagger/82, ShortSword/115, Towershield/115, Sickle/68, Javelin/96, Matchet/60							
Languages: Harnic/74, Lakeese/52							
Armour and Clothing							
Tunic with Long Sleeves/Leather (8.6), Gambeson, Quilted (11.4), Cap/Kurbol(0.7), Knee Boots/Leather (3.3), Cloak/Serge with Linnen lining(7.0).							

Kalinde was born in Fobin to a well-off freeman family of potters. Standing 6' tall and weighing around 170lbs. when she was 16, she knew she was destined for greater things. So she joined the legion. Now at 39 she is a seasoned vetran with the right to call everyone (except maybe the Triberties)

“pup”. She’s not kept in touch with her siblings and her parents died over a decade ago during a raid through the district that they were travelling. She doesn’t talk about herself much, in fact she doesn’t talk much.

She has a smoky complexion with black hair cropped short to fit beneath her helm. Her brown eyes are so dark they are almost black. A woman of average proportion for her size she is very atheletic and when off duty can be found chopping wood or moving stones to help keep her musculature. She believes all women in the legion have to be strong, stronger in fact than most of their tenaci. Kalinde has had her fair share of admirers, but with her strength and size has been able to rebuff the approaches she did not want. Her body is a mass of cuts, bruises and scars from past actions and events. Each one has a story and when drunk she’ll often roll up a sleeve (or a cuff) and point to a scar before telling its story. The drunker she is, the better storyteller she becomes and the more skin she displays. But she is difficult to get drunk thus even the attempt can be very expensive.

On duty Kalinde is always the professional. She obeys orders, rarely saying much to show she understood, and has no problems dragging the unwilling (i.e.: Vlaz) along in her wake. She’s a fair gambler -- which is as much a testament to her strength (few are willing to cheat her) as her skill at the games. She seems to know at least one or two people from every Cohort this side of Coranan, although appears equally unwilling to talk to them when encountered. Every cohort has at least one Kalinde story .. which is strange because she’s served in only two of the many forts ...

Mitch of Mariam, Milities Fabrica

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	08	EYE	10	INT	16	STA	08
END	06	HRG	15	AUR	15	MOB	45
DEX	07	SMT	09	WIL	12	DGE	55
AGL	11	TCH	07	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	43
SPD	09	VOI	09	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH		COM	10		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/52, Jumping/62, Stealth/69, Throwing/72							
Communication: Awareness/68, Intrigue/40, Oratory/26, Rhetoric/47, Ritual /13, Singing/47, SW:Fobin/52, SW:Eswut/89							
Craft/Lore: Foraging/68, Physician/37, Masonry/42, Survival/65, Heraldry/48, Woodworking/30, Mineorolgy/30, Tracking/67, Tactics/20, MO:Legionnaire/40, Fletching/Boyery/48							
Combat: Unarmed/62, Dagger/98, Shortsword/72, Javelin/48, Towershield/64, Crossbow/59, Long Bow/75, Sickle/47, Matchet/48							
Languages: Hârníc/72, Lakeese/58							
Armour and Clothing							
Short Hauberk/Ring (17.1), Kneeboots/Leather (3.0), Cloak/Serge and Linnen(2.7), Halfhelm,/plate (2.7)							

Mitch is the loud, vocal sort that is rare in the legion. Born in the sleepy town of Eswut, he knew he had to get out somehow. His father was a boyer in the legion who retired to farm land rented from the local lord. Mitch was a bright, yet very clumsy boy who believed the plough and the donkeys hated him almost as much as he hated them.

At 16 he joined the legion and hated every moment of his training. This wasn’t the great adventuring he had dreamed of. Where was the sunken treasure? Where was the intrigue and mystery -- no one ever told him it would involve trips through the sewers, browbeatings from lesser beings (politicians and litigants) and taxes. Now 25, he’s signed up for a third tour as a Milities Fabrica. Along with the extra pay he’s got a membership in a guild and is learning how to make bows from Nevill in Fobin.

Mitch intends to follow in his father’s footsteps and work in the legion until he retires. But as a Fabrica he’s hoping for a shop somewhere nice, maybe Fobin, maybe Geishteí where he can fletch, boyer and make money living the easy life. He dreams about being able to sleep in, or get drunk any night of his choosing.

Mitch is 5’7” tall and of light build. He has a wiry voice that belies his loud voice. Live hard, party hard seems to be his life’s motto. He has straight sandy brown hair and dark brown eyes. Mitch has his fair share of scars and dents, but unlike Kalinde doesn’t enjoy showing them off.

Mitch is literate and well versed in tracking lore. While he has all the requirements for being a Milities Fabrica, he is not a mage. And he gets quite upset when others assume that

because he's a Milities Fabrica he must be - or at least be a member of the Arcane Lore. This is the one topic that will make him blow a gasket.

Joenorm of Wytel, Milities Linari

ATTRIBUTES									
STR	14	EYE	12	INT	15	STA	12		
END	13	HRG	13	AUR	09	MOB	50		
DEX	07	SMT	11	WIL	09	DGE	50		
AGL	10	TCH	07	MOR	Corruptible	INIT			
SPD	10	VOI	10	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	49		
		FAITH		COM					
SKILLS									
Physical: Climbing/53, Jumping/60, Stealth/67, Throwing/60									
Communication: Awareness/64, Intrigue/52, Oratory/26, Rhetoric/42, Ritual /13, Singing/50, SW:Fobin/67									
Craft/Lore: Foraging/68, Physician/37, Masonry/42, Survival/65, Heraldry/48, Tactics/20, MO:Legionnaire/40									
Combat: Unarmed/87, Dagger/76, ShortSword/67, Javelin/68, Towershield/80, Matchet/72, Sickle/58									
Languages: Harnic/74, Lakeese/38									
Armour and Clothing									
Habergeoun(ls)/Bezainted Quilt (18.0), Knee Boots/Leather(3.0), Cloak (6.3), Halfhelm/Plate(2.7)									

Joenorm is ... well... average. He stands 5'5" tall and has an average frame and weighs 165lbs. He has a medium complexion with brown hair (straight, cut short) and brown eyes. He smiles a fair bit and seems trustworthy to most. Sometimes he talks too much (especially when drunk), and sometimes he's dead quiet.

He joined the legion at 16 and, while he wasn't sure what he wanted to do with his life, decided he did not want to return to his father's farm. His parents are free farmers north of Geishte. He has 2 younger brothers. He regularly visits his parents and seems to have a good relationship with them. Ever dutiful, a part of his salary goes to his parents each tenday.

Joenorm is a quiet, unassuming man who considers himself clumsy, ugly and uncharming. While he's not perfect, he's better than he thinks of himself. He is 24 and has just signed up for his third tour. While he's not willing to voice his dreams just yet, he would like a land grant. Joenorm has his own opinions of politics, but would rather listen to someone's opinion than voice his own (for fear his own ideas sound stupid). He'd probably have a heart attack if he learned that Phillipus is considering promoting him to Milities Primus. Whenever Toribir shirks duty, Joenorm performs his own assigned tasks as well as those of his Primi's.

Most of the ladies in Fobin refer to him as the big, strong and silent type. Joenorm has nothing to prove to the world and wakes up each day contented. He sleeps well at night, but doesn't snore. He has an average appetite and shares in the complaints against legion food. There are a few things (Goat Stew for example) he doesn't like but will eat because there's

not much choice. Joenorm was the first in his family to join the legion. His brothers followed in his footsteps, but became reservists after their first tour. Joenorm, even though there was something to inherit, remained. His brothers speak well of him, but only see him a few days a year.

Toribir of Mariam, Milities Primus

ATTRIBUTES									
STR	12	EYE	10	INT	14	STA	13		
END	10	HRG	10	AUR	12	MOB	60		
DEX	13	SMT	11	WIL	16	DGE	60		
AGL	12	TCH	09	MOR	Unscrupulous	INIT			
SPD	12	VOI	10	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	63		
		FAITH		COM	12				
SKILLS									
Physical: Climbing/52, Jumping/60, Stealth/75, Throwing/65									
Communication: Awareness/74, Intrigue/39, Oratory/55, Rhetoric/62, Ritual /13, Singing/39, SW:Fobin/65, SW:Eswut/80									
Craft/Lore: Foragin/69, Physician/40, Masonry/30, Survival/52, MO:Legion/80, Tactics/23, Heraldry/36, Woodworking/20,									
Combat: Unarmed/80, Dagger/76, Shortsword/72, Pike/42, Towershield/80, Sickle/45, Matchet/65									
Languages: Harnic/78, Lakeese/74									
Armour and Clothing									
Habergeoun(ls)/Bezainted Quilt (18.0), Knee Boots/Leather(3.0), Cloak/Lined Serge (6.3), Halfhelm/Plate(2.7)									

Born in the sleepy town of Eswut, many believe Toribir never woke up. His previous Primus declared him "creepily compitant" for he seemed to perform most tasks flawlessly with his eyes literally closed. Still Toribir managed to find more time in the day to nap than to work. Toribir jokes his Primus told him the day he could go through a tenday of labour without shirking once was the day he would be promoted. The following tenday he did just that and, when he was 21, he became a Primus. The party was lavish and well attended. Toribir still groans about the debt his promotion caused -- but all who attended it still remember it well.

At the age of 24 he replaced Angus of Mariam as Milities Primus for Fobin I:I:I; he was surprised to find two others from the same sleepy town in his tenacus, but no one can claim he's played favorites of the fact.

Toribir has short, straight, blond hair and blue eyes. He is pale in complexion, and slightly above average in build. He stands 5'6" tall. His favorite hobby is sleeping, fortunately he's been cursed with light sleep and has become a fairly proficient actor (pretending to sleep when he's not, pretending to be awake when he's not.)

A patient man, Toribir loves to complain and gripe. He takes no offense when told to shut up, and jumps to perform orders. He's tried Phillipus's patience more times than he dared count over the past year, and he's certain Caius (Primus

Fobin NPCs 18

of I:I:II) will murder him in his sleep one day if he's not careful about shirking duties. Toribir knows legion law better than most, and is careful to always stay just inside the law. Fortunately only those that know him, know he cares. Everyone else considers him a slacker. Toribir is a likeable person. He's polite, deferral to his elders and his betters and doesn't seem to mind jokes made about him. He is not a coward, nor really lazy. He just likes to sleep.

Torbir Wytel, Sexton Tala Sagitorium

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	12	EYE	11	INT	15	STA	14
END	15	HRG	11	AUR	8	MOB	75
DEX	11	SMT	9	WIL	15	DGE	75
AGL	15	TCH	9	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	71
SPD	15	VOI	14	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH		COM	12		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/113, Jumping/48, Stealth/60, Throwing/82, Riding/98 Communication: Awareness/72, Intrigue/87, Oratory/62, Rhetoric/50, Ritual /16, Singing/64, SW:Fobin/32, SW:Rutumi/86 Craft/Lore: Foraging/69, Physician/40, Masonry/30, Survival/52, MO:Legion/58, Tactics/53, Heraldry/36, Woodworking/20, Heraldry/62 Combat: Unarmed/80, Dagger/76, ShortBow/58, Broadsword/78, Buckler/80, Matchet/67 Languages: Harnic/78 , Lakeese/74							
Armour and Clothing							
Habergeoun(Is)/Bezainted Quilt (18.0), Knee Boots/Leather(3.0), Cloak/Lined Serge (6.3), Halfhelm/Plate(2.7)							

Born in Geishteil, he is 6' tall and of average frame. He weighs 175lbs and blames it fully on the quality of the Officer's Mess at Fobin. He has brown hair, brown eyes and an average complexion.

At 44, he's spent the majority of his adult life in the legion as a tala. He leads the first company's heavy calvary unit. Noble born, he is the fifth cousin to Braen Wytel, District Legar in Fobin. He does not need to promote that idea as most legionnaires believe him to be the source of all information regarding the District Legar's case load. In truth Torbir barely ever visits the Wytels in Fobin, preferring to keep his legionnaire-neutrality rather than delving into clan politics.

Torbir can be stubborn, but prefers to listen to his men rather than just yell at them. He has often quoted the saying - "Since a leader has two ears and only one mouth, he should listen twice as much as he speaks". Other officers laugh at this idea and warn their squires to stay away from Torbir's revolutionary ideas. But he must have done something right - for Torbir is one of the first officers invited into Horrik Barral's tactics sessions.

Torbir strongly supports Phillipus of Coranan. He refuses to accept the idea that such a strong officer should be discarded because of an accident of birth. He often jokes when in his

cups that the two of them could be brothers. If that's true it's not obvious in their looks; although they do have similar attitudes towards the legion.

His horse is a fine grey stallion that the stablehands describe politely as fiesty. It has a name, Torbir calls it Allowishes - but the stablehand's name for the beast cannot be said in polite company. Torbir is a masterful rider and very good at handling skittish horses.

Elise Mariam, Tala Sagitorium (Reservist)

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	10	EYE	8	INT	16	STA	13
END	15	HRG	8	AUR	7	MOB	70
DEX	12	SMT	14	WIL	14	DGE	55
AGL	11	TCH	8	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	66
SPD	14	VOI	11	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH		COM	12		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/52, Jumping/60, Stealth/58, Throwing/56, Riding/90 Communication: Awareness/52, Intrigue/48, Oratory/26, Rhetoric/42, Ritual /13, Singing/40, SW:Fobin/32, SW:Rutumi/86 Craft/Lore: Foraging/69, Physician/70, Survival/117, MO:Legion/58, Tactics/22, Heraldry/97, Law/30, Tracking/47 Combat: Unarmed/60, Dagger/58, Broadsword/51, RoundSheild/47, Lance/60 Languages: Harnic/78 , Lakeese/74							
Armour and Clothing							
Short Hauberk/Ring (17.1), Kneeboots/Leather (3.0), Cloak/Serge and Linnen(2.7), Halfhelm,/plate (2.7), Quilted Leggings(8.3)							

Elise is 5'2" tall and of average frame and build. She weighs around 130lbs. She has long brown hair that she wears in a tight braid and sparkling brown eyes that almost seem to match her medium complexion.

She carries a broadsword that is a bit larger than average (+1 to all aspects). It is a family heirloom given to her when she came of age. Elise is 18 and is often sent as a messenger for the cohort when it is on the move. She is bright, spunky and almost always of good humor. She doesn't consider herself pretty but is rarely alone unless she wants to be.

Elise comes from Riane, where her parents are bailifs of the local manor. Her father remarried when she was 16. Her mother died at her birth. Elise does not get along with Alana, her step-mother.

As an only child, Elise might inherit her father's job as bailiff of the land. Alternately she can remain in service to the legion, serving 8 tenday each year, and be provided free room and board by the clan when she is not off duty. Alana wants Elise to marry and get out of the legion. Anything that Alana wants, Elise tries hard to do the opposite.

Elise likes her job and posting. She gets along well with her Tala and after a rough first year has managed to get the hang of barracks living. She does much better outside the legion barracks - as she grew up in the care of the local yeomen on the estate. She mastered survival and riding at a very young age but is too good a person to try and use her skills to create a special place for herself.

Lorissa Gyben, Tala Sagitorium (Reservist)

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	13	EYE	11	INT	13	STA	12
END	14	HRG	12	AUR	9	MOB	55
DEX	12	SMT	8	WIL	10	DGE	60
AGL	12	TCH	9	MOR	Corruptible	INIT	59
SPD	11	VOI	10	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH		COM	12		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/117, Jumping/60, Stealth/45, Throwing/56, Riding/70							
Communication: Awareness/62, Intrigue/50, Oratory/32, Rhetoric/42, Ritual /15, Singing/47, SW:Fobin/40, SW:Imrum/82							
Craft/Lore: Foraging/49, Physician/30, Survival/108, MO:Legion/57, Tactics/52, Heraldry/48, Law/36, Mathematics/28							
Combat: Unarmed/60, Dagger/87, Broadsword/60, RoundShield/60, Lance/50							
Languages: Harnic/88, Lakeese/88							
Armour and Clothing							
Habergeoun (1s)/Bezainted Quilt (20.0), Knee Boots/Leather (3.3), Cloak/Lined Serge (7.0), Halfhelm/Plate (3.0), Leggings/Quilt (9.2)							

Lorissa is the middle child of a family of 5. Her two older brothers (by 3 and 5 years respectively) ignored her growing up. For this she will always be grateful because it led her to join the legion. She gets along well with her family, who live just east of Imrum, and she returns to the family home when off duty. She is 39 and her father still hopes to someday see her married. Her oldest brother, Zigfried, died in a gargun attack in 714TR during his time in the legion. Thommas married a local lady and now manages the lands just north of his father's homestead. Her two younger brothers are now serving their time in the legion.

She stands 5'6" tall and weighs 161 lbs on a light frame. She has brown hair, born eyes and a medium complexion. Born at midnight, neighbors say the dogs wouldn't stop howling. Lorissa was always getting into trouble when she was young. She befriended a young thief when she was 16 and did everything within her power to keep the percocious fellow from being hanged. Her parents tried to keep the two separate, but fear they failed.

Her friend joined the legion a few years after Lorissa. He is now serving in Coranan as a Milities Fabrica. Lorissa writes him regularly. Lorissa enjoys serving in the legion. When at home she does not revert to a lady, as her mother would wish. Instead she practices her riding, fights mock combats

with her younger brothers and local militia and helps her father manage his lands. She has no plans for the future, but then she's never been one to plan ahead. She is level headed, calm and compassionate. In the legion her best friend is Elyse, whom she treats as a younger sister.

Parsevil Cosele, Tala Sagitorium (Reservist)

ATTRIBUTES							
STR	11	EYE	08	INT	15	STA	11
END	10	HRG	10	AUR	13	MOB	60
DEX	10	SMT	08	WIL	13	DGE	50
AGL	10	TCH	08	MOR	Unscrupulous	INIT	56
SPD	13	VOI	13	Diety	Halea/Peoni	FAT	
		FAITH		COM	12		
SKILLS							
Physical: Climbing/52, Jumping/55, Stealth/43, Throwing/65, Riding/68							
Communication: Awareness/52, Intrigue/48, Oratory/37, Rhetoric/39, Ritual /14, Singing/42, SW:Fobin/33, SW:Umar/80							
Craft/Lore: Foraging/36 Physician/38, Survival/39, MO:Legion/37, Tactics/22, Heraldry/29, Law/12, Cooking/32							
Combat: Unarmed/60, Dagger/74, Broadsword/65, RoundShield/57, Lance/60							
Languages: Harnic/82, Lakeese/80							
Armour and Clothing							
Long Sleeved Tunic/Leather(9.6), Knee Boots/Leather(3.3), Cloak/Serge Lined Leather (14.1), Halfhelm/Plate(3.0), Gambeson With Neckguard/Quilted(11.8)							

Lashta Mariam, Tala Sagitorium (Reservist)

ATTRIBUTES			
STR	EYE	INT	STA
END	HRG	AUR	MOB
DEX	SMT	WIL	DGE
AGL	TCH	MOR	INIT
SPD	VOI	Diety	FAT
	FAITH	COM	
SKILLS			
Physical: Climbing/__, Jumping/__, Stealth/__, Throwing/__, Riding/__			
Communication: Awareness/__, Intrigue/__, Oratory/__, Rhetoric/__, Ritual /__, Singing/__, SW:Fobin/__, SW:__/__			
Craft/Lore: Foraging/__, Physician/__, Survival/__, MO:Legion/__, Tactics/__, Heraldry/__, Law/__, Tracking/__			
Combat: Unarmed/__, Dagger/__, Broadsword/__, RoundShield/__, Lance/__			
Languages: Harnic/__, Lakeese/__			
Armour and Clothing			
Short Hauberk/Ring (17.1), Kneeboots/Leather (3.0), Cloak/Serge and Linnen(2.7), Halfhelm,/plate (2.7)			

Fobin NPCs 20

Asin Gyben, Tala Sagitorium (Reservist)

Mindain Gyben, Manus Legatus

Horik Wytel, Manus Legatu

Carad Levrel, Manus Legatu

Orthan Mariam, Manus Legatu

Elwen Mariam, Manus

ATTRIBUTES			
STR	EYE	INT	STA
END	HRG	AUR	MOB
DEX	SMT	WIL	DGE
AGL	TCH	MOR	INIT
SPD	VOI	Diety	FAT
	FAITH	COM	
SKILLS			
Physical: Climbing/__, Jumping/__, Stealth/__, Throwing/__, Riding/__			
Communication: Awareness/__, Intrigue/__, Oratory/__, Rhetoric/__, Ritual /__, Singing/__, SW:Fobin/__, SW:__/__			
Craft/Lore: Foraging/__, Physician/__, Survival/__, MO:Legion/__, Tactics/__, Heraldry/__, Law/__, Tracking/__			
Combat: Unarmed/__, Dagger/__, Broadsword/__, RoundSheld/__, Lance/__			
Languages: Harnic/__, Lakeese/__			
Armour and Clothing			
Short Hauberk/Ring (17.1), Kneeboots/Leather (3.0), Cloak/Serge and Linnen(2.7), Halfhelm,/plate (2.7)			

He controls the second squad of hte first company. His men are all reservits. When he has men to lead, he exercises them rigoursly. When he does not, he acts as a messenger for the first company. He sometimes accompanies Phillipus out on patrols and does his share of wall dity. Elwen is a regular fellow, few believe he is equestrian born, for he is as friendly with a common soldier as he is a fellow officer. Often at Horik's table, he is good company. He willingly spends his free time with the local men of his squad in Fobin when they are off duty.

Judyn Mariam, Manus

ATTRIBUTES			
STR	EYE	INT	STA
END	HRG	AUR	MOB
DEX	SMT	WIL	DGE
AGL	TCH	MOR	INIT
SPD	VOI	Diety	FAT
	FAITH	COM	
SKILLS			
Physical: Climbing/__, Jumping/__, Stealth/__, Throwing/__, Riding/__			
Communication: Awareness/__, Intrigue/__, Oratory/__, Rhetoric/__, Ritual /__, Singing/__, SW:Fobin/__, SW:__/__			
Craft/Lore: Foraging/__, Physician/__, Survival/__, MO:Legion/__, Tactics/__, Heraldry/__, Law/__, Tracking/__			
Combat: Unarmed/__, Dagger/__, Broadsword/__, RoundSheld/__, Lance/__			
Languages: Harnic/__, Lakeese/__			
Armour and Clothing			
Short Hauberk/Ring (17.1), Kneeboots/Leather (3.0), Cloak/Serge and Linnen(2.7), Halfhelm,/plate (2.7)			

She controls the third squad of the first company. Her men are all reservits. This will be her fourth tour of duty. She expects to reitre in 722 and is actively involved in the legion's petition to the senate in regards to land grants. A landless knight, she will end up taking private duty (mercenary or body guard work) if the senate does not gift her with land. Rumor has it she will acquire the unmastered villa in Fobin if Horik Baral has his way. Judyn is calm and oderly. She is strict with her men, but wise in the ways of the legion. She can match her men's lude and crudeness and still beat them at a game of knuckles. When she has no men to lead, she goes home to Tuzor.