

THE LANDS AND WATERS
OF

NUERA

RESEARCHED BY
THE ROYAL CARTOGRAPHER OF DARDANION

SCALE IN MILES

1000 2000 3000

THE URAMAND, EMPIRE

WERE THERE BE DRAGONS?

THE HYERIC LORNS

ZRIG

THE SEA

THE WINTERLANDS

WILDLANDS

RARD

DAE

FORRES

WILDLANDS LORN

SANCO

THE RANG STRAITS



ROOPIHARROUR

BARREMAX

Sample file



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WRAITH RECON



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Introduction

With barely a whisper, a sword was drawn from its scabbard. Rauche peered up from the brush he had crawled behind, cocking his head in the night air to hear if the sound had alerted any patrols. With a silent mental command he activated the Spellcom lens over his right eye, and the blackness before him was transformed into shades of grey, as the device enhanced his vision.

The compound was just visible, at the extreme range of the lens, rising up into the overcast sky. Crude in construction, it looked like any other temporary orc fortress, with mismatched wooden stakes ringing the outpost, broken up by the occasional tower. The gateway was on the far side of the compound from their position, and Rauche had no intention of using it for entry.

The ground between him and the palisade was broken, the orcs having left their mark as they constructed the outpost, with ditches and troughs torn into the earth. Rather than clearing their wreckage, the orcs had utilised it for defence, and clusters of spikes abounded throughout the rough terrain, all intended to break an enemy's assault.

It also benefited the Wraiths, hiding their approach as they closed in on their target.

Tranter was a few paces to his left, sliding from a ditch as he warily padded across open ground, his twin axes already in his hands and ready for action. Wreathed in the standard issue cloak crafted by elves deep in Dardarrick, Tranter was barely visible even with the aid of the Spellcom lens. Glancing behind, he reconfirmed Allavandriel's position, her nod letting him know that her full repertoire of magic was ready to be unleashed.

'Durkin,' he whispered. 'You in place? You see anything?'

'Affirmative,' the rogue's voice sounded in his head. 'Their patrol stopped for a moment, but they are moving again. Look.'

As Durkin spoke, a light twinkled in the corner of Rauche's Spellcom lens, and he saw what Durkin could see as their arcane devices briefly linked together; three orcs bickering as they sauntered for the eighth time that night around the compound – what passed for adequate security among these creatures. It would prove to be no match for their Wraith Recon team, Rauche vowed.

'Okay, got them,' he said. 'Allvandriel, stay down – I want to save your magic for the main assault. Tranter, with me. We'll cut them off as they pass our twelve o'clock. Do it quietly, one each. Durkin, the last is yours.'

'Already picked him out, just say the word,' Durkin replied, and Rauche could imagine him off on their left flank, motionless in some depression, his cloak shielding him from prying eyes as he looked through the scope of his magically charged crossbow. Even without the enchantments on his weapon, Durkin was personally accurate – with them, he was plain lethal.

Flexing his muscles a few times to shake out the cramps before he moved, Rauche advanced at a crouch, picking his way across the rugged ground. He could have moved quicker, but he never depended entirely on his elven cloak and boots to keep him hidden. That was a rookie's mistake.

He heard the orcs before he saw them, and motioned for Tranter to sink to the ground just a few feet from him. Now the orcs were close, he dared not even whisper into the Spellcom to give orders, and he was well aware that the lens' low-light vision capabilities were something orcs enjoyed naturally. If he could see them, they had every chance of seeing him.

Freezing in position and slowing his breath, Rauche waited as the orcs walked out of the night, shambling with their rough gait, and chatting noisily as they approached.

'Just say the word,' he heard Durkin's voice in his head. 'I have the centre.'



Introduction

He saw Tranter glance back at him, and he motioned with two fingers. You take the one on the left. Tranter nodded once in agreement.

One orc drew a wineskin and, pouring the contents into its mouth, belched loudly. Another orc seemed put out by this display, or perhaps it was hoping for wine itself, and it pushed the first hard in the chest. The wineskin was thrown into its face in retort.

'Now!' Rauche hissed, as he sprang into position, and rushed the few remaining yards between himself and his target orc. Tranter mirrored him almost perfectly, and a crackling whisper sang through the air as a magically charged bolt from Durkin's crossbow buried itself deep into the head of one orc.

Rauche's orc had time to briefly look round in dumb surprise as a sword cut into its neck, cutting off the strangled cry for help before it was properly formed. Looking up, he saw Tranter had similarly dealt with his target, and was covering its mouth as he lowered it to the ground, its life blood streaming away from the vicious wound deep in its chest.

He glanced around to see if the brief disturbance had brought undue attention, but the night remained silent. The whole fight had taken less than five seconds from beginning to end. Good – prolonged fights made for failed missions.

'Move up,' he whispered to Allavandriel through the Spellcom. 'Durkin, cover us. Prepare for entry.'

A few seconds later, the mage had padded out of the darkness, her elven form blending with grace into her cloak. For stealth, she could give Durkin a run for his gold.

'You want to breach?' she asked, her light voice almost carried away by the soft breeze.

Rauche shook his head. 'No, we stay silent. Break out the rope.'

As Allavandriel and Tranter reached into their backpacks, Rauche momentarily tuned his Spellcom lens into Durkin's again. The rogue had already taken a new position behind them, and was scanning the top of the palisade through the scope of his crossbow.

His other two team mates were already throwing their ropes upward, the enchantments bound within the threads causing them to snake around the wooden stakes of the compound with a grip that could support a light horse. Movement in the corner of his eye startled Rauche to action and he was moving even as Durkin's warning sounded in their heads.

'Orcs, above you – they've seen us!'

Another crackling bolt flew through the air over their heads as Durkin's bolt thudded into one of the figures peering over the palisade. Reaching to his belt, Rauche drew a dagger and flicked it up, but the blade went wide, sailing into the night.

They heard a guttural cry from above as the alarmed orc tried to summon help, even as Rauche cursed his luck. To have made their way so close to the outpost, only to have been spotted now. . . Well, there was nothing for it, the stealthy approach had just turned into a full blown assault.

Tranter, he saw, was already grinning as he sheathed he axes and started up the rope, while Allavandriel launched a bolt of bright arcane energy into the orc, burning away its face and hurling its body back into the compound.

More orcs appeared along both sides of the palisade. One gestured wildly with a staff as it chanted in its foul tongue, and a brilliant ball of flame illuminated the landscape as it was thrown from the walls. The shaman was too hurried though, and it's aim was off, causing Rauche to duck instinctively as a loud explosion threw up clods of dirt high into the sky behind them.

Show time.

What is Wraith Recon?

Wraith Recon is a fantasy setting where players take the role of a Wraith Recon team member – one of the elite and magically powerful armed forces in the Kingdom of Dardarrick. Dardarrick is the most powerful kingdom known to the world, with their advanced military and magical resources, but some things just cannot be won over with a catapult's stone or ink on vellum.

The world of Nuera is stricken by war and troubled times. Its six continents are made up of several kingdoms, each of which try to claim more of the world's resources than its neighbours; an effort to become the most powerful kingdom in the world. These warring kingdoms have seen a golden age come and go, seemingly now destined to fall into the darkness and sorrow of unending conflict. Although short lived times of peace occur on the grander scale, there is always the bubbling of new battles boiling to the surface. Each kingdom has a responsibility to protect or utilise its people in these battles and wars, contributing in their own way to the overall unrest of Nuera.

Only Dardarrick has repeatedly come out on top in these conflicts, raising itself over the centuries to become the most powerful Nueraen nation. Being on top means that all those below you covet your position and Dardarrick is no exception. Despite the sheer power and grandeur of the Dardarrian government and military, enemies from all sides appear to take a bite from them. Like jackals trying to fell a lion, the enemies of Dardarrick are numerous and tenacious.

The Wraith Recon project was put into action to create a number of select teams of skilled and trained adventurers to secretly and covertly deal with the threats to Dardarrick in ways that a normal army unit or magistrate's office could never hope. They do what must be done to keep their kingdom and their people safe. Using advanced magical items and specialised training gained from Wraith Recon's patron organisation of SpellCom, team members will be immersed in a different type of game that is not based on 'killing the monster and taking its loot', but instead find themselves already outfitted with the equipment and information they will need for their assigned missions.

Instead of spending an hour divvying up the treasure that was lifted from the still-warm corpses of goblins

the players might find themselves running toward an important objective or dealing with a time-sensitive situation. They are a team given orders by a government that outfits them much better than any normal fantasy adventuring group could hope to be, and they are expected to get the job done or die trying.

With the book in your hands and the rules found in the D&D 4E PLAYER'S HANDBOOK, D&D 4E MONSTER MANUAL and the D&D 4E DUNGEON MASTER'S GUIDE, readers can create their own Wraith Recon team to save Dardarrick from its enemies or narrate the whole sordid tale of the conflicts of Nuera as the Games Master. *Wraith Recon* is a self-contained setting that uses the D&D 4th Edition rules to their fullest, creating the story in which players will be able to take part in.

How to use Wraith Recon

This book is not just another fantasy roleplaying supplement. You will not find the knight in shining armor riding off to save the damsel in distress chained to a rock in front of a roaring dragon. You are not going to undo the tenets of some dark prophecy. Instead you will be called upon to fight alongside your team on a varied scope of missions for your kingdom; you are more likely to find the dragon being unleashed upon a city like the fantasy equivalent of a weapon of mass-destruction or being ordered to secretly kidnap the princess!

If Dardarrick's mighty army and navy are the sword and spear with which they defend their people and their freedoms, the Wraith Recon strike teams are the dagger behind its back. There is not a nation or kingdom on Nuera that could stand up to the might of the advanced Dardarrian army or its arcane support services, but with all of them slowly looming toward conflict with the mighty kingdom, doubt has crept into some of the king's advisors. Only through the exercise of vital powers via the Wraith Recon teams can Dardarrick be sure that none of these doubts become realities.

This book introduces readers to the world of Nuera of its kingdoms, focussing on the recent plights of Dardarrick and the special force of Wraith Recon created to deal with them. The *Wraith Recon* setting is designed around the players creating the members