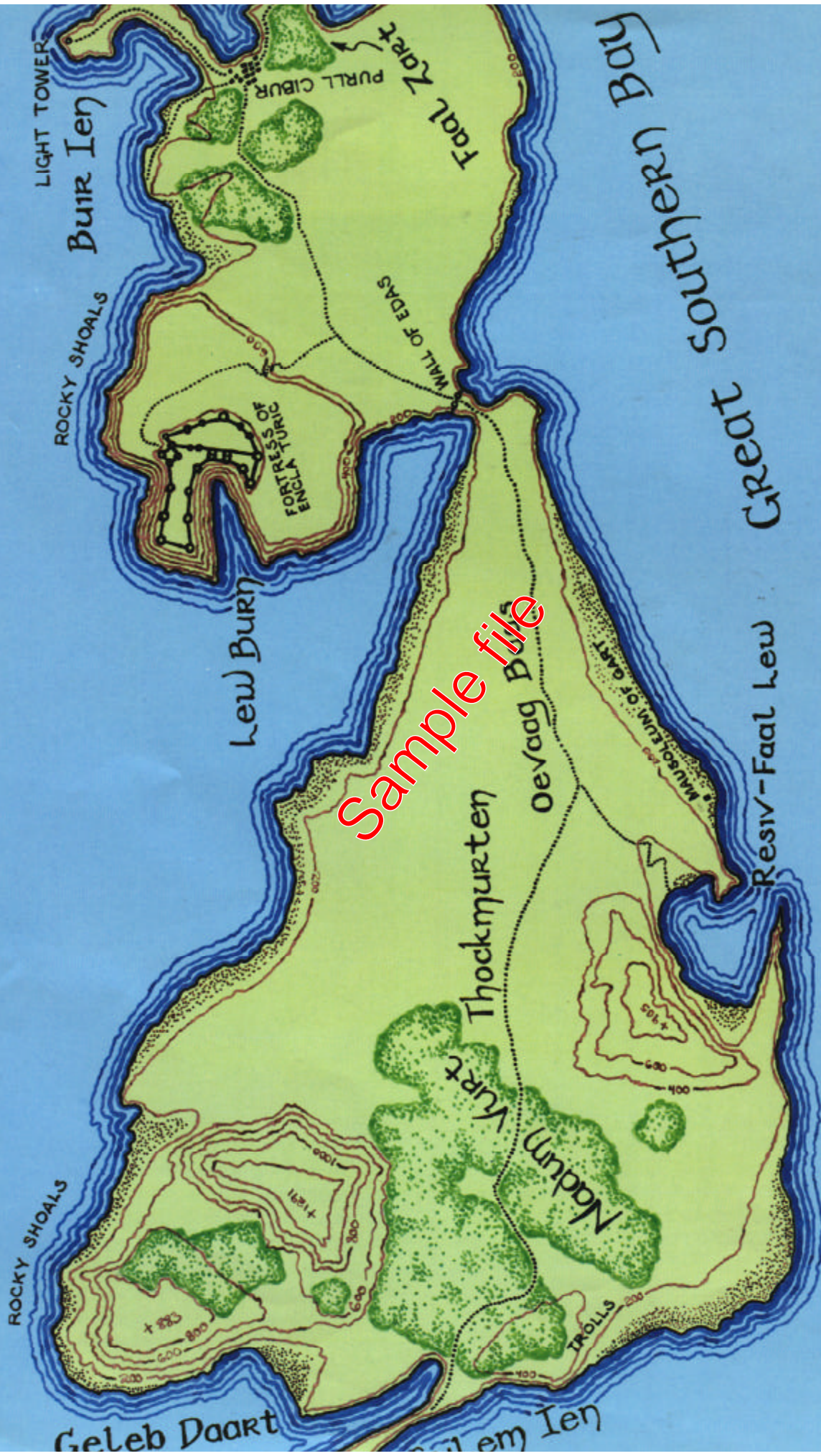


Great Northern Bay



Dalov Perll

## CONTENTS

- 1.0 INTRODUCTION
- 2.0 SETTING UP A CAMPAIGN IN VOG MUR
- 3.0 RUNNING A CAMPAIGN IN VOG MUR
- 4.0 THE WORLD OF VOG MUR
  - 4.1 THE PHYSICAL LANDSCAPE
    - 4.11 The Land
    - 4.12 Water
    - 4.13 Climate
  - 4.2 THE INHABITANTS OF VOG MUR
    - 4.21 The Plants
    - 4.22 Beings and Animals
      - 4.221 Wild Beasts and Monsters
      - 4.222 Thinking Creatures
  - 4.3 SEDENTARY AND NOMADIC CULTURES OF VOG MUR
  - 4.4 EVENTS
    - 4.41 Natural Events
    - 4.42 Political Events
  - 4.5 NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS
    - 4.51 General Figures of Note
    - 4.52 Specific Figures of Note
  - 4.6 VOG MUR STATISTICS AND TABLES
    - 4.61 Adventures in the Village of Puril Cibur
      - 4.611 A Brawl in the Inn of Vemtar
      - 4.612 Archery, Jousting and Hand-to-Hand Combat
      - 4.613 Import or Harbor Duty Problems
      - 4.614 Punishment
      - 4.615 Prominent Examples of Townfolk
    - 4.62 Encla Turic, The "Iron Gate"
      - 4.621 The Masters of Vog Mur, the Half-Elves of Encla Turic
      - 4.622 The Character of the Masters
      - 4.623 The Garrison Troops
      - 4.624 The Forty Sea-Krals
      - 4.625 Other Beasts of the Castle
    - 4.63 The Throkmurten
      - 4.631 The Bears Near the Throkmurten
      - 4.632 The Boars Near the Throkmurten
      - 4.633 The Eduum-Kai
    - 4.64 The Mausoleum Gart
      - 4.641 Gart, Wight-lord
      - 4.642 Mausoleum Gart's Skeleton-guards
    - 4.65 Sulem Ien
      - 4.651 The Ghouls of Sulem Ien
      - 4.652 The Wolves Near Sulem Ien
      - 4.653 The Trolls Near Sulem Ien
    - 4.66 Gudd Tyl
    - 4.67 The Lon Lemira
    - 4.68 The Inhabitants of Ordye Throg
      - 4.681 The Throk-Vurd
      - 4.682 The Keepers of the Buir Dom
      - 4.683 Vorig

### CREDITS

**Authors:** Peter C. Fenlon, John Ruemmler **Designers:** Peter C. Fenlon, John Ruemmler **Developers:** Peter C. Fenlon, Terry K. Amthor, Larry Simms **Floorplans/Layouts:** Richard H. Britton, Peter C. Fenlon, Terry K. Amthor **Cover Art:** Rick DeMarco **Interior Art:** Charles Peale, Leonard Cook, Richard H. Britton, Terry K. Amthor **Maps:** Richard H. Britton, Peter C. Fenlon **Production:** John Ruemmler **Editorial Contributions:** S. Coleman Charlton, Peter C. Fenlon, John Ruemmler, Larry Simms, **Cover Graphics:** Richard H. Britton **Special Contributions:** Sam Irvin, Chris Christensen, Howard Huggins, Tommy Williams, Kurt Fischer  
 Printed by **American Press**, Gordsonville, VA  
 Typesetting by **Graphic Communications**, Charlottesville, VA

Copyright© 1984 IRON CROWN ENTERPRISES, Inc., Charlottesville, VA.

Produced and distributed by IRON CROWN ENTERPRISES, Inc.

P.O. Box 1605, Charlottesville, VA 22902. Stock #11001.

ISBN· 0-915795-15-9

## 1.0 INTRODUCTION

*Vog Mur* is intended to provide a complete and alternate world setting for an exciting fantasy role playing (FRP) game. The extensive notes scattered throughout the text will give the gamemaster "inside" information that he or she may or may not decide to share with the players; the right-hand margin notes also add a richness to the fantasy experience and furnish data that make more "real" the creatures and beings of *Vog Mur*. The game aids, charts, and layouts included are intended to add depth and dimension to the fantasy role playing experience. Gamemasters and players interested in further developing campaigns or quests based upon this or other modules will find *Campaign Law*, another ICE product, very helpful.

A dynamic role playing campaign offers greater choice than a simple quest or adventure scenario; however, it demands a more extensive commitment of time and energy on the parts of gamemaster and players alike. The world of *Vog Mur* beckons to these connoisseurs of fantasy role playing games.

## 2.0 SETTING UP A CAMPAIGN IN VOG MUR

The world of *Vog Mur* — like your own world — is ever-changing and vibrant within the pages of this module, largely "frozen" in time. (However, the *Chronicles of Elor Once Dark* included in the heart of the book will provide a sense of history and the unique past to the players making their way through the dangerous and beautiful islands of *Vog Mur*.) It includes references to the nearby continent of *Emer*, one of the great lands of the world of ICE's *Loremaster*™. Naturally, GMs wishing to set the isles in their own world will have no trouble placing them wherever they desire.

The design of this book, which splits the fantasy world into convenient sections, is intended to aid the flow of the game and not to provide all necessary or interesting information to the players. As in any good fantasy role playing situation, the gamemaster and players involved should encourage each other to develop and include in their game any "facts" that add to the pleasure and excitement of the game. (For example, a player character (PC) who wants to climb the awesome extinct volcanic peak of *Buir Dom* would do well to read about extinct volcanoes, especially those in tropical climates.)

When developing a *Vog Mur* campaign, the gamemaster (GM) is urged to progress from the general to the specific and to begin with the physical world, its flora and fauna, and its inhabitants. Later the GM should add the cultural and historical background information that will inspire in the players a true sense of "being there."

## 3.0 RUNNING A CAMPAIGN IN VOG MUR

Once the gamemaster has drawn maps and charts providing greater detail about each of *Vog Mur*'s three islands and their inhabitants, the players will be able to operate freely and enthusiastically within the framework provided. Of course nothing really happens until the GM puts the world into motion, and players begin to act for themselves. Significant outside action influencing play might include the outbreak and spread of plagues or famine, aggressive acts by certain groups, and the accumulated power held by certain leaders — in *Vog Mur*, the Masters of the stronghold of *Encla Turic*.

Gamemasters are urged to play close attention to the economy of the islands and to make it profitable for player characters to make full use of the Statistics and Tables provided in Section 4.6.

Welcome to the world of *Vog Mur*! Enjoy yourself, adventurer, but beware, for the eyes of *Silmas* are upon you!

# 4.0 THE WORLD OF VOG MUR

## 4.1 THE PHYSICAL LANDSCAPE

### 4.11 THE LAND

*Vog Mur* is a land of three small islands rich in myth and history yet locked in the mists of fantasy and mystery. Set like emeralds in the Far South Sea, the isles — each distinctly different in legend, landscape and lifeforms — lie ten miles from the nearest coast, the large and uninhabited island of *Emer* to the west. Thus *Vog Mur* (literally "Death Watch") is a world unto itself and yet very much a part of the larger world beyond its rocky shores.

Largest and most easterly of the islands is *Dalov Perll*, Island of Winds. Fourteen miles long and eight miles wide, *Dalov Perll* looks very much like two land masses joined by a narrow neck of rocky earth. The eastern chunk of land is home to *Vog Mur*'s principal Mannish inhabitants, the fishermen, farmers, soldiers and shipwrights of *Purll Cibur* (Wind Haven). Most striking topographically is an arm of land at the northeast corner of the island flexing its muscle more than a mile seaward. The arm, called *Buir Ien* or "Point of Fires," creates a cove facing northward and sheltered to the south by a heavily wooded projection of land, *Faal Zart* (Wolf's Head). About two miles to the west of *Purll Cibur* stands *Encla Turic*, a castle stronghold atop a 600 foot rise commanding a broad view of the island's Northern Bay and the Wilds to the west. *Dalov Perll*'s eastern third is a quaint and gentle land of rolling hills, small stands of woods, broad grasslands and rocky but navigable coves, a pirate's delight.

*Dalov Perll*'s wild western lands, which comprise two-thirds of the island's total area, are inhabited by but a few Mannish creatures and feature three good-sized hills and an equal number of large coves. In the heart of this wilderness lies an active geyser basin and to the west, *Vog Mur*'s greatest forest, *Nadum Vurt*, or the Wildwood. A narrow finger of land, *Sulem Ien* or Breaker Point, points northward from the far western shore of the island; this barren and inhospitable cape invites nothing but trouble and the hardest of adventurers.

Sandwiched between the larger islands of *Dalov Perll* and *Ordye Throg* — like a bit of cheese between two chunks of bread — the rocky islet of *Dalla Veurd* sends up a solid green wall of hardy trees to discourage or intrigue the seafaring adventurer. Only two and a half miles in length and two miles wide, the Isle of Passing (as *Dalla Veurd* is called) has claimed many ships on its rocky shoals and set many a sailor to cursing his luck. But for two remarkable ruins, *Dalla Veurd* bears no marks of Man or Elf and is eerily silent; however, the squirrels and birds who make their homes on the islet are sure to protest vociferously any invasion of their unspoiled refuge.

To the west of *Dalla Veurd* looms the ominous spire of *Buir Dom* (Fires of Silver), an extinct volcano that rises 15,000 feet above sea level to dominate the far western island of *Vog Mur*, *Ordye Throg*. *Ordye Throg*, or "Sky Keep," is, in reality, the peak of a massive submerged island whose higher reaches form all three islands that make up *Vog Mur*. Only seven miles by six miles, *Ordye Throg* nonetheless presents a formidable presence to the adventurer: at its heart stands an immense tower of rock, or *Karn*, visible to sailors miles from the island's shores on clear days. An isle of precipitous cliffs and ragged hidden coves, *Ordye Throg* also features woods standing above the less sheer eastern and southern shores, a vale on the western cliffs (11,000 feet above the crashing sea) and a small lake in the volcano's crater. The steep walls of the crater obscure the presence of the lake and the islet at its center from all but those few with the heart and grit to scale the peak.

*Buir Dom*, the mountain beneath the sea whose peaks make up *Vog Mur*, extends over 26,000 feet upward from its base on the floor of the sea and boasts a diameter of 52 miles. *Ordye Throg* then, like its sister isles *Dalla Veurd* and *Dalov Perll*, is but the summit of a vast submarine mountain many times larger than what appears above the surface of the water.

### 4.12 WATER

The Far South Sea that surrounds *Vog Mur* is a sailor's nightmare, a vast yet mostly-charted ocean of shifting currents, sudden storms and mast-cracking gales. Near the islands, deceptive coves and hidden reefs provide more danger. Between *Ordye Throg*, the westernmost of the islands, and *Emer*, the nearest foreign shore, the swift and shifting currents of the Sea make such a seemingly simple voyage something of a trick best performed by an experienced crew in a sturdy ocean-going craft. To the fishermen of *Purll Cibur* the Sea is a stern, unforgiving mistress, kind most days but fickle at heart. At her best the Sea is bountiful and but for the month-long monsoon, the *Usiva Perll* (or Water Winds), provides a plentiful catch day in and day out.

But for the Sea, which surrounds *Vog Mur* physically and impresses herself upon every resident — man and beast — only one other body of water casts any significance upon the landscape: the legendary *Usiva Krem*, or Waters of Glass. Created ages ago when an earthquake — not unheard of in this region of the world — collapsed a portion of the cooled crater 15,000 feet above the sea on *Ordye Throg*, this extraordinary lake — 600 feet deep and only a half-mile long and a quarter-mile wide — is the rarest of sights. In fact, no one who has scaled the craggy mountain terrain of *Buir Dom* remains alive today. From the crystal clear waters of *Usiva Krem* flows a stream that rushes to a waterfall on the western vale of *Ordye Throg*, one of a handful of significant freshwater rivulets in all of *Vog Mur*. (The isles have suffered droughts periodically.) But much more important than its practical value is the mythic import of the *Usiva Krem*: to the adventurous Mannish folk of *Purll Cibur* and the ruling Half-elves of the stronghold of *Encla Turic*, the *Usiva Krem* beckons, promising untold wealth (if legends are to be believed), but threatening almost certain death.

### 4.13 CLIMATE

The climate of *Vog Mur* is generally kind to flora and fauna and pleasant to Man and Elf. But for the rainy season and sudden storms, precipitation is rare, making drinking water quite a valuable commodity. Trade winds bring visitors at regular intervals; most commonly they are traders or

4.0 — The GM can use the margin space to cross-index material, and record their own comments or additions. Notes are provided to relate the way *Vog Mur* has been designed, thereby showing how a core area of a campaign can be structured.

4.0 — *Vog Mur* is a sample mini-campaign. It is essentially a ready-to-run unit ideally suited to **Rolemaster**, but adaptable to most other major FRP systems. Included are examples of many of the techniques discussed in the first three sections of **Campaign Law**.

4.11 - The reference to *Emer* gives the setting a certain bit of depth. By alluding to other, sometimes vague, places the GM can give the players a feeling of a much larger world. This conveys a sense of realism, since our own world experience holds similar unknowns surrounding the vastness of the planet. It also allows for the manageable expansion of the campaign.

pirates, although shipwrecked sailors and adventurers wash ashore with alarming frequency in the storm season, the *Puirl Buirm*, or Black Winds.

Snowfall is unheard of — and unseen — in balmy *Vog Mur*, except atop towering *Buir Dom*, of course, which bears a white crown year-round.

## 4.2 THE INHABITANTS OF VOG MUR

### 4.21 PLANTS

The Flora of *Vog Mur* vary greatly from island to island, and even from one region to the next, especially on *Dalov Perll* and *Ordye Throg*. (*Dalla Veurd* offers little diversity but great diversion — and a healthy shot of danger to the bored and anxious adventurer.) With a little guidance and a lot of luck, the determined seeker can search out healing herbs and flowers of unimagined beauty and profusion; lacking in luck, he may find himself locked in the spiny grasp of a giant carnivorous plant native to the eastern shore of *Ordye Throg*, where his cries will be unheard and unheeded by all but the beasts who live there.

*Dalov Perll* is by far the most cultivated of the three islands, and yet two-thirds of it is a tangled mix of woods, scrub, bubbling geysers and rock. The untamed western reaches of *Dalov Perll* can be viewed as three distinct regions, each with its own peculiar habitat and characteristic plantlife. The regions referred to are: *Oevaag Baas* (Deathless Hollow), the *Throkmurten* (Guardianpits) and the desolate wilds of *Sulem Ien* (Breaker Point), the westernmost point of the island.

The area surrounding the south-central hills west of the settled territory on *Dalov Perll* is the *Oevaag Baas*, or Deathless Hollow. The Hollow encompasses a small wood and scrubby heather that cover two bluffs overlooking a beautifully sculpted cove with only a narrow opening to the sea, the Hollow proper. The hills on either side of the cove — the *Wode Matha* to the east and to the west, the *Wode Haft* — vary widely in plant life.

The *Wode Matha*, or "Twin Hill," is a relatively large hill directly to the east of *Oevaag Baas*; its twin summits, both over 600 feet high, command an excellent overlook of the Hollow. Woods cover steeply sloped bluffs that face away from the water, but most of the *Wode Matha* is laden with scattered volcanic rock and dotted by small shrubs barely up to a man's waist. Wildflowers abound in the predominantly flat saddle 400 feet up, between the twin peaks. The long northern summit is barren and rocky; the southern height, closest to the sea, bears several caverns, the largest being the once-magnificent and now haunted Mausoleum of Gart, of which much is written in the ancient *CHRONICLES OF ELOR ONCE DARK*.

To the west of *Oevaag Baas* the *Wode Haft*, or "Heather Hill" in the common speech, forms a protective arm, guarding the cove from the rough surf and high waves pounding the shore from the south. This rugged, rocky hill bears no trees; most plantlife is centered in the heather growing at the 2-400 foot level. Hardy ferns and mosses desperately cling to life under the many overhangs, ledges and cave entrances that mark the *Wode Haft*.

Due north and slightly west of the *Oevaag Baas* is the *Throkmurten*, or Guardianpits, an active thermal basin bubbling with steamy mudholes and super-heated geysers and cracked by small volcanic fissures. (The *Throkmurten* has been laughingly referred to as the Land of the Burning Boots.) Boiling springs and deep caverns are plentiful in this region; the rough terrain is freely littered with pumice (good for polishing things but tough to walk on) and other volcanic debris less pleasing to the eye. Nonetheless, a profusion of bold and brightly-colored wildflowers and small trees lend color and an air of hospitality to the effervescent *Throkmurten*.

The chief feature of this area is the *Geleb Daart*, an 800 foot high hill cut by a small stream originating in a spring buried in the hill's flank. In the forests and along the precipitous canyonsides of *Geleb Daart*, or "Steep Fall," wild boars roam and snort, rushing any creature approaching them. Rumors of a primitive band of cave-dwellers inhabiting the *Galeb Daart* are alive in the civilized port-city of *Purll Cibur* miles to the east, but communication with the aboriginals is undocumented and brutally brief: gold and silver miners and fortune-hunters weave tall tales of being assaulted by stones and crude darts and arrows while scaling the hill, but few are reliable reporters and most drink too much to be believed.

At the westernmost tip of *Dalov Perll* lies *Sulem Ien*. Breaker Point. This windblown and seaswept cape, which extends almost two miles into the sea, is — but for a few stunted oaks — barren of flora and fauna. A lair of Ghouls is rumored to exist somewhere on or under *Sulem Ien*. Indeed, the audacious soldier of fortune may stumble upon piles of human bones if he doesn't step warily along the outer reaches of the Point. Wolf packs also roam the region, and a family of Trolls has been spotted lumbering along the rocks at the sea's edge far out on *Sulem Ien* on clear moonlit nights. Obviously Breaker Point is no place for a stroll with your sweetheart — unless you happen to be Ghouls or Trolls.

*Dalla Veurd*, the Isle of Passing, is hardly renowned for its startling plant and animal life. The entire islet consists of a modest hill that rises out of the sea just over two miles north of *Dalov Perll* and three miles east of *Ordye Throg*. Thus *Dalla Veurd*, being nearly equidistant from its two larger companion islands, forms the northeast corner of a neat triangle connecting the trio of isles that comprise *Vog Mur*. Although densely forested, bustling with deer, squirrels and mice and crammed with berry bushes, *Dalla Veurd* is perhaps most interesting to the adventurous looter set ashore to steal valuables from the abandoned Ale Hall, the *Gudd Tyl*, or to crack the mystery of the *Lon Lemira*, the striking 35 foot high statue facing west. At the base of the figure, a vast colony of giant Fire Ants has built pyramids and carved out tunnels, as if guarding it. The ants thrive on larger insects, subterranean fungi and algae washed ashore but relish a meat dish once in a while, as an occasional weakened deer and a few injured or feverish men have learned to their dismay.

For beauty and grandeur the peak called *Buir Dom* on *Ordye Throg* is unmatched. Its steep and forboding slopes allow little growth, but in the crater of the volcano some 15,000 feet above the thundering swell of the sea rests a placid icy lake fed by rainwater and mountain springs, the *Usiva Krem*. At the center of the small lake is an island, *Gref Kindag*, or "Jewel Cloud", an islet much-

mentioned in myth but rarely seen by Mannish or Elven eyes. Here Vorig the Dragon keeps his manor, guards his valuables and sleeps. Sharing the alpine region of the Vale 4000 feet below the peak of the mountain is a dangerous gang of baboon-like creatures gifted with thought and reason, the *Throk-Vurd*, and the Keepers, two Elves of old who remained behind when their brethren sailed home to the North long ago. Why do they stay? What are they watching over, and why? Three miles below adventurers may look up and wonder what — if anything — lies within the crater, for no man who has seen the *Usiva Krem* shimmering in the sunlight or filled with the reflection of a full moon has mapped the area or documented its existence. Where facts fail, guarded myths are all that remain.

In addition to the Summit, *Ordye Throg* boasts three distinct areas of habitation: the *Ras Esov*, or eastern shore; the wilder western shore and the previously mentioned Vale, 11,000 feet high and vet nearly a mile below the pinnacle. The *Ras Esov* is by far the most inviting landing site, provided you avoid feeding yourself to the monstrous carnivorous plants that compete for space (and prey!) inland from *Ordye Throe's* lush eastern shore. Resting on a shelf of land some 600 feet above sea level, the ruins of an Elven-made settlement are visible to the steady-footed climber who makes it past the sixteen-foot tall Pitcher Plants and twenty-foot high Sundews that block his way. With a good deal of hard work and enough gumption to knock down a grumpy giant, one could farm the land near the eastern shore, and in fact long ago an Elven party once made this section of *Ordye Throg* their home. But that was long ago, before the founding of *Purll Cibur* and the Passing of the Elves.

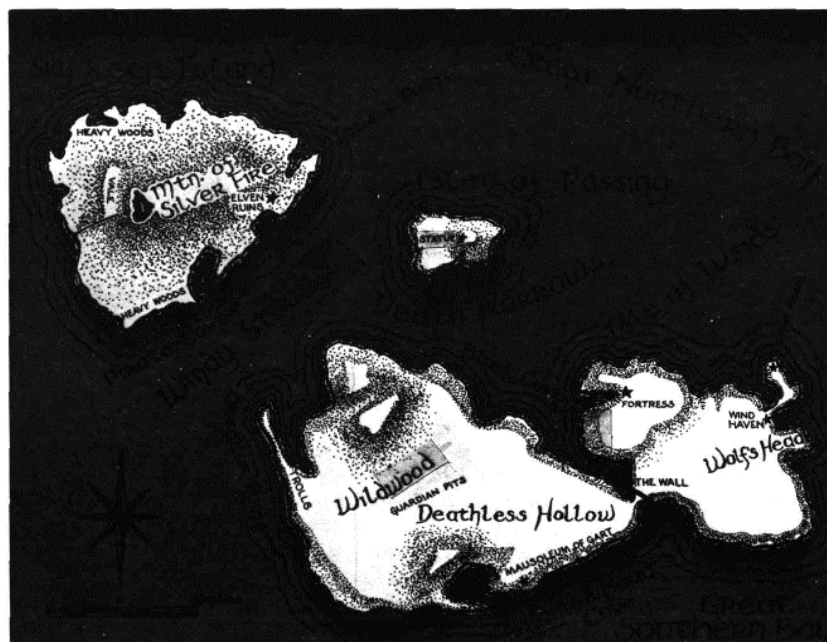
Now the shore is overgrown with sea grass and thickets of nettle and scrub brush. But deeper inland, sheltered from the cutting winds and battering surf, lurk dangers unimagined elsewhere on *Vog Mur*: communities of giant Sundews and Pitcher Plants, both maneaters. On *Ordye Throg*, a sundew - which sends a narrow chute 15 to 20 feet in the air from a center of sticky-tipped leaves clustered around its base - can catch, devour and digest a small man or average-sized woman in 48 hours. The unwary are caught by the sticky leaves, which then curl up and around the curious or careless prey, making him something of a raw human sausage wrapped inside a bun of chlorophyll. The huge blade forms a short-lived but effective stomach inside which digestion occurs. One Sundew may have as many as eight or ten such "stomachs". (Indigestion is rarely a problem for Giant Sundews.)

The Pitcher Plant - just as dangerous and as large as the sundew - operates differently, employing a well-paid partner, the giant crab spider, often 3-4 feet long. With a sheltering top leaf which acts as a lid, the Giant Pitcher draws curious insects, mice, mammals and even a clumsy-footed adventurer once in a great while to its brightly-colored, swollen "lip" thick with sticky, sweet plant-juice. Prey peeking over the rim and down into the swollen pot below - shaped like a gourd but bizarrely striated and spined on one side - easily slide down the slippery vertical surface inside and fall with a "plop!" into the stinking digestive stew brewing in the bottom half of the plant. "Licker" prey are caught in the crab spider's webs built across the lip of the plant; they wait in the sticky net until the spider emerges to sink his venomous fangs into his victim. A little while later the crab spider returns to suck his prey dry, careful not to fall into the opened mouth of the ever-hungry pitcher himself. As if paying rent for the space and a fee for the service the spider scrupulously drops the dried-up carcass of his victim into the plant's belly, adding crunch and bulk to his host's viscid brew.

But for these few dangers, *Ordye Throg's* eastern shore is the island's welcome mat and the best place to drop anchor, come ashore and begin exploring.

The western shore of *Ordye Throg* is rocky and steeply-crested; twisting ocean currents just offshore make it a tricky maneuver to land here. One's gaze is immediately directed upward to *Buir Dom*, the foreboding giant of *Vog Mur's* westernmost island. However, hidden from the naked eye by ever-present clouds and mist and the steep face of the peak, the green and serene Vale — two miles above the sea — offers refuge to the climber. An oasis two-thirds of the way up the precipitous peak, the Vale is a savanna, home to thick stands of deciduous trees and evergreen shrubbery and to the *THROK-VURD* (or "Secret Guardians"), large baboons blessed with reasoning and insight who stand guard over the path to the summit of *Buir Dom* and the secrets of *Usiva Krem*.

Notes



## 4.22 BEINGS AND ANIMALS-

### 4.221 Wild Beasts and Monsters

The beasts and monsters of *Vog Mur* vary from the profuse Fire Ants of *Dalla Veurd* to the few grotesque and unique monsters laboring under *Encla Turic* on *Dalov Perll*.

Like other social insects such as bees and wasps, *Dalla Veurd's* Fire Ants share food and shelter communally; any individual creature will regurgitate food upon the request of any other (and presumably hungry) Ant. Thousands of individual Fire Ants are the offspring of one queen, who is fed special nutrients from birth and pampered royally throughout her life. The Ants to fear are the ferocious Soldiers, fully 6 to 8 inches long. Soldier Ants have large jaws and sport poison-tipped stingers which they employ like swords. *Dalla Veurd's* Fire Ants communicate through smell, spraying prey and the area nearby with chemical scents that draw their comrades in droves.

*Dalla Veurd's* Fire Ant colonies boast a population in the millions, their main predators being the sluggish Trolls of *Sulem Ien*.

Roaming freely throughout *Vog Mur* is *Vorig*, a silvery fire-breathing Dragon accustomed to getting his way; *Vorig* is rumored to have gathered unimagined wealth in gold, silver, jewels and weapons in his lair, hidden high above *Vog Mur's* watery cover.

But perhaps most awesome is the Giant hidden beneath the bronzed *Lon Lemira*, or Watching Eye, the 35 foot high statue that marks little *Dalla Veurd*. Resting within the elegant bronze is **YENOR STAIDEYES**, the most powerful representative of the founders of *Vog Mur*. A holy warrior bearing no arms, *Yenor Staideyes* is a golem asleep at his watch; only the burning of a precious yet ordinary-looking brown herb, *Nemrais Mur*, can raise the giant to righteous action. The well-hidden herb grows at the base of the statue; at and below the surface millions of Fire Ants guard the secret of the *Lon Lemira*.

The beasts of *Encla Turic* — a 50 foot Hydra, a pair of Firehounds, a 30 foot Squid and a gigantic Giant — are under the control of the Master of the stronghold, the Half-elven strongman Silmas, heir to the Elves of old who ruled *Vog Mur* before the coming of Men.

The Squid lives in the deepest, darkest depths of the castle, six levels below ground. Here, he relaxes in a dark pool until called upon to consume luckless souls trapped in his watery chamber.

One level above the Squid, the Firehounds and their keeper, a foul-tempered Giant with the strength of a garrison, live and work. The Firehounds, Silmas' favorite pets, have a spacious but dreary cell to themselves beside a row of prison cells for captive adventurers and ne'er-do-wells; just down the hall the Giant rests on his bunk, a pallet suitable for sleeping six men comfortably. The Giant also assists, however grumpily, in unloading ships that secretly dock at this level. The howling of the Firehounds is said to make sleep impossible for all but the Giant and the dead.

The Hydra lives on the Third Level below *Encla Turic*, near the forges and furnaces kept busy producing weapons for the castle garrison and Silmas' Sea-knights. Here the Hydra entertains Silmas and his brothers in an ill-lit arena of combat, battling prisoners with appreciable fighting merit and very little good fortune. The nameless, speechless Giant, who lives two levels below, regularly comes up to watch the festivities and to cheer for his favorite, the Hydra. The Giant also stokes the furnaces but reluctantly, for he detests work.

Unlike the beasts laboring for Silmas under *Encla Turic* the Trolls and Ghouls of Breaker Point (in western *Dalov Perll*) operate freely, trekking in a long underground passage to the Ale Hall on *Dalla Veurd* to hide or seek booty and blood. Trolls love to munch on Fire Ants, thousands of them, insects being delicacies to the well-developed Troll palate. Ghouls however march to the Hall to party - i.e., to torture a captured adventurer, dismember him and devour the poor soul with gleeful anticipation and abandon. Two cheerful notes: the Ghouls of *Sulem Ien* are relatively weak creatures, using claws and teeth only, and can be fought off. Trolls are as slow of foot as of mind; the swift treasure-seeker need only flee if not in the mood for a fight.

### 4.222 Thinking Creatures

The Thinking Creatures of *Vog Mur* are of more interest (and some trepidation) to most travelers reaching the shores of the islands. In addition to the Men and Half-elves of *Dalov Perll*, *Ordye Throg* is home to the *Throk-Vurd* and the Keepers, the lowest and highest of rational beings in all the isles.

The chief figures of authority in *Vog Mur* are the five Half-elven brothers who occupy *Encla Turic*. Led by Silmas, the oldest, strongest and wiliest member of the pentacle of power they form, the brothers enter into shifting and uneasy alliances with each other, but none dares to oppose Silmas openly. These Masters of *Vog Mur*, as they like to be called, issue fiats that are carried out by the thirty men who form the castle garrison and extract tribute and taxes from all who visit or live on the isles. They also convene a court and dispense "justice" for offenses ranging from slander to brawling and murder. Heirs of the wholly-Elven ruler Lembalas, who married a woman of mortal fiber, Silmas and his brothers share an unusual ancestry and family history that is traced in *THE CHRONICLES OF ELOR ONCE DARK*.

Acting in secret, Silmas carries out other tasks, like piracy and torture, according to his whim. Taller, stronger, and longer-lived than men, he and his Half-elven brothers appear firmly entrenched upon the throne. But in *Vog Mur*, one learns quickly that all is not what it seems.

As previously noted, the men and women of *Vog Mur* live almost exclusively in *Purll Cibur*, a fishing village on *Dalov Perll's* eastern shoreline. In a bygone age their ancestors led by Geric Garth sailed from lands to the north and east to escape the widening conflict between the Elves of the Morning and the Master of Malice. After settling *Dalov Perll*, the Men ruled themselves peacefully for generations before the tainted Elven rebel Edas, employing magic beyond the ken of mortals, overthrew the rightful rulers of the isles and established the dynasty of lords that continues today with Silmas.

Other mortals, far fewer in number, escaped to *Vog Mur* just before the fall of *Emer* ten years ago. Most sailed on to other, freer shores.

4.221 — Wild beast stats are listed according to locale in 4

4.222 — The stats of Silmas, his brothers, and the whole of the castle garrison are described at 4.62.