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Of Crown & Kingdom

Kingdoms and rulers for your fifth edition campaign

Dungeons
ON DEMAND

Fantasy Kingdoms At a Glance

Dargheldale. This gnomish kingdom is home to modern marvels of machinery. The tinkers that live here are some of the best in their trade. It is ruled by Queen Calista Nimbell, a fiery gnome with a taste for wine and games of skill and strategy.

Kalisandria. Kalisandria has been ruled by the Kalisandrus family for generations, now under the purview of Rhodes Kalisandrus III. The kingdom is massive, sprawling from canyons to forests and mountains and everything in between. Surely there is adventure to be found there!

The Nevereve Protectorate. A pact formed by exiled dragonborn led to the creation of the Nevereve Protectorate, and those not among the dragonborn will have a difficult time finding their way within its borders before proving themselves first. Nevereve is overseen by Brood Mother Thava Nyseet, a stern and proven leader.

The Red Isles. Only the bravest or most foolish would sail through the Red Isles, for it is the kingdom of pirates and sell swords and other unscrupulous men. Lord Captain Vidaan Stryker looks to give his people a challenge, currently seeking to his expand his borders by claiming a mighty prize.

Soramyre. Many speak of Soramyre in hushed voices; the forest kingdom of elves and men is haunted, filled with monsters, where old magic stirs. The Assembly of Nine, a council of nine wizards, sees to the most important issues of the kingdom.

Uhgurt-Kazzkurdun. The mountain kingdom of Unghurt-Kazzkurdun is the place of dwarfs of all sorts. Their roads reach over, across, and through the mountains to each of the cities within its borders. A massive tangle of tunnels within the mountains reach all the way from its dark depths to the peak city of Skyaxe, where King Dirge Brassbeard sits.

Using this Supplement

There may be no greater reward for a Game Master than watching his or her players immerse themselves within the game world. Each tiny detail remembered by a player is a badge of honor – an indication of a job well done building and presenting the world the player characters are a part of.

So, it stands to reason, *where* the action of the game takes place is equally as important as *what* the action entails.

There are many established settings for fantasy role-playing games. *Of Crown & Kingdom* presents new options for you to use – new regions ruled by intriguing leaders you can use to begin a new campaign, or introduce into your existing one. These settings are far from comprehensive, however. They exist as the foundation for you to build from, the framework from which you craft your stories and conduct your adventures. It's assumed you'll take a kingdom and make your own adjustments, change elements you don't like, modify the ones you do, add your own variations, and take out features that don't interest you.

On “Kingdoms”

Each setting in this supplement is referred to as a “kingdom” when used generally, though the label is a misnomer. Not every region is ruled by a “king,” per se, and those that are you are more than welcome to change. The term is used when generally describing the ruled region even if it isn't technically a kingdom.

On Maps

You'll notice there are no maps provided in this supplement; it's intended for you to take each kingdom and make it your own. Build it into an existing map, or create an entire new one. The places of interest in each kingdom are not the only locations travelers could find there – what fantastic places of adventure can you dream up?

Dargheldale

(darsh-ell-deil)

Dargheldale is a vast countryside of rolling green hills, resplendent meadows, and deep forests; it is cut at its center by pair of rivers which run across its width. It is a kingdom of gnomes, known best for its eccentric tinkerers, clockwork inventions, and underground tunnels. Those that hail from the kingdom are called *Dargheldalese*.

Ruling Party: Queen Calista Sip Nimbell

Dargheldale is ruled by the gnome *Queen Calista Orla Wince Breena Nyven Sip Nimbell*, and those in her court address her by her full name when conducting matters of the kingdom. She goes as simply “Sip” in colloquial settings, her favorite nickname given to her by her father, whom noticed the girl perpetually had a drink in her hand. The queen is known for her keen mind; she’s a prodigy in matters of science and strategy, and a natural ruler.

Queen Nimbell is as comely as she is brilliant. She’s tall for a gnome, standing nearly four feet tall, with fair skin and piercing eyes. Instead of a crown, the queen wears an ornate silver tiara, studded with a topaz gemstone which is displayed prominently upon her forehead. She dresses simply, choosing practical clothes over the extravagant trappings of her station.

The queen spends her time overseeing the goings-on of Dargheldale, reviewing everything from the efficiency of laws to the stock reports of farmers and fishermen, constantly looking for ways to improve them. She enjoys the company of others, especially strangers new to her kingdom, and delights in telling stories, sharing riddles, and playing games of skill and strategy.

Titles: *Queen of Dargheldale, Lady Under the Dome, Fair Miss, and All-Watcher*

Places of Interest

Travelers of Dargheldale may come upon the following places of interest:

Bewhm, the Domed City

Bewhm (pronounced “boom”) is the capitol city of Dargheldale, and the seat of the Queen Nimbell. Bewhm is covered by a dome of transparent magical glass which reflects all the colors of the rainbow, making the city appear as a dazzling, multicolored jewel on the horizon when viewed from a distance. Travelers to Bewhm can only gain access to the city by entering from underneath of it by way of the Stowstunder Tunnels which traverse Dargheldale. The glass dome is impervious to most forms of damage and is constantly repaired by the gnomes of Bewhm.



Calista Nimbell

The Scrap Fields

Ages ago, the first gnomes of Dargheldale waged war upon this expansive battlefield. The discarded remains of their war-machines scatter what is now called the Scrap Fields today. From errant gears and pieces to metal to heaps of dismantled machinery, those passing the Scrap Fields are sure to find a bit of history upon their path. Queen Nimbell has declared the Scrap Fields a historical monument of Dargheldale, and has forbidden anyone from taking relics from this place.

Mezzatinker, City of Gears

Most outsiders traveling to Dargheldale do so to reach Mezzatinker, the City of Gears. Here live some of the greatest gnomish inventors of the day, and anyone with the will (and the coin) to commission their services know the trip well worth it. Mezzatinker’s nickname is well-earned; great, clockwork creations are incorporated into the city’s buildings. Houses are raised and lowered via great steam engines, doors open to unfurl steps leading to their entrances, and clockwork automatons handle the more monotonous chores of everyday life. Stepping into Mezzatinker is like stepping into a different world, and it’s no wonder the residents there would never choose to leave it. It’s rumored that the entire city itself is built upon one contiguous piece of clockwork machinery, capable of springing a pair of enormous, mechanical legs and running away in the event of danger.

Stowstunder Tunnels

Running beneath Dargheldale is a network of gnome-made underpasses called the Stowstunder Tunnels. The tunnels run beneath the major cities of Dargheldale, extending

to its borders. The tunnels vary in width and height, but comfortably accommodate gnomes and other small humanoids using them (though humans may find them cramped, and larger creatures may not be able to use them at all). The tunnels can be accessed through entrances in cities and towns in the kingdom, with thoroughfares created on surface roads leading to the them as well. Major routes in the tunnels are constantly patrolled by Dargheldale guardsmen, kept clean and lit by gnomish clockwork inventions. However, because of their complexity, portions of the tunnels have become the hideout of outlaws or even the lairs of subterranean monsters that have wandered into them.

Threeve

At the convergence of Dargheldale's Twin Rivers is the city of Threeve. Though predominantly gnomish, Threeve boasts the most diverse population of all Dargheldalese cities, home to humans, dwarves, halflings, elves, and other humanoid races. Travelers looking to enter the kingdom (especially those weary of walking around in tunnels) usually do so by way of Threeve.

The Twin Rivers Veessor and Vaassor

Running east and west throughout Dargheldale are the rivers Veessor and Vaassor, often simply called the Twin Rivers as their paths mirror the other. The rivers only converge in one spot in the kingdom (where the city of Threeve resides). This means it's possible to navigate one to the other, however impractical. The gnomes of Dargheldale often build small crafts to fish and travel the rivers, making it quite common to see their sails upon either, day or night.

Culture

The Dargheldalese gnomes are accepting and respectful towards different gods and worshippers. They acknowledge the rites and holy days of different faiths while not explicitly celebrating holding any of their own.

Because residents of Dargheldale are mostly gnomes, the kingdom's culture is deeply ingrained with gnomish tradition. It's common for most residents to have many given names (whether they're gnomes or not), and it's considered polite to share jokes and puns with shopkeepers before purchasing wares.

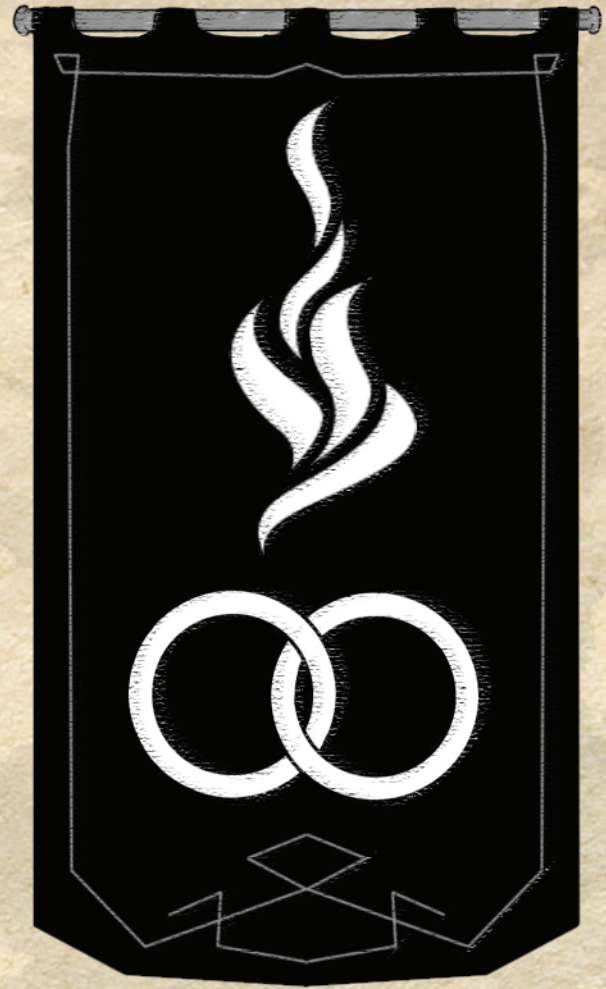
Spirgsprocket

One custom of Dargheldale is the celebration of *Spirgsprocket*, a day held in honor of invention. Spirgsprocket is celebrated in the late spring when the weather is fair. On this day, it is customary for those inclined to share their inventions with their peers, discuss notes, and help further their crafts entirely. In Mezzatinker, the entire city comes to a standstill during Spirgsprocket, as it is considered disrespectful (and rude) to work during the festivities.

Relations

Dargheldale encourages the trade of goods, services, and ideas with its neighbors. Queen Nimbelle believes without trade inspiration will stagnate, and does all in her power to bring as much of the outside world into her borders.

Sigil of Dargheldale



Dargheldale's sigil consists of two interlocking rings set beneath a flame, typically depicted in white upon a black field. The rings represent the progress of invention and the flame is the light of knowledge, aspects the Dargheldalese hold in the highest regard.

The Dargheldalese have not seen war for some time. Though the kingdom is lush with natural resources, others have shrewdly judged the gnomes an opponent they'd rather not face. While they may be eccentric, there's no telling what machines of battle they're capable of crafting. This reputation has kept such conflicts out of Dargheldale for a long while.

Kalisandria

(kal-is-an-dree-ah)

Kalisandria is a kingdom of sprawling countryside, encompassing mountains, bays, forests, and canyons. It may be one of the largest kingdoms in the world, named after the royal family which has ruled it for 19 generations. Despite its vast borders, Kalisandria fields a large standing army to keep those within the kingdom safe. People native to Kalisandria are known as *Kalisans*.

Ruling Party: King Rhodes Kalisandrus III

The Kalisandrus family founded and has ruled over Kalisandria for hundreds of years. *King Rhodes Kalisandrus XII* is the latest in the line of succession. He's viewed as a capable, if not overly charismatic, king, sound and fair in his decision-making. He is reserved yet strong-minded, choosing the most prudent choices of action over what may be more popular options among his supplicants.

Rhodes inherited the crown when he was barely a teenager, after his father died of mysterious circumstances. When he later discovered his uncle was to blame for his father's death, the boy king had the arduous task of throwing his uncle in the palace dungeon followed by a public execution. He would set a standard from the start of his reign – the young king would not be intimidated or trifled with.

The king has held the throne for sixteen years now; long enough to master what it means to be a ruler and to father an heir of his own. Now, Rhodes enjoys spending time with his son, Trevor, preparing the young boy to be king in a way his father never could for him. Whenever the king is at court, the prince accompanies him to study the role expected of Kalisandria's 20th king.

Titles: *King of Kalisandria, The Gold Griffon, Son of Justice, and Foe Breaker.*

Places of Interest

Travelers of Kalisandria may come upon the following places of interest:

Blackbay

This harbor town is named for the eponymous bay it's built upon. The waters of Blackbay run so dark they often appear as black as night, and from it the harbor's residents catch a bounty of fish, crabs, and seafood which is the cornerstone of the town's economy. Blackbay proudly boasts its seen the masts of every nation in the world upon the ships that have docked there.

Edgewatch

A magnificent canyon known as Vero's Divide defines one of the borders of Kalisandria. The canyon is home all forms of native wildlife; though, sometimes, more insidious creatures or people creep out from within its depths. Edgewatch Castle was established to keep an eye on the canyon, and around it



Rhodes Kalisandrus III

blossomed a city of the same name. Here resides the Steward of Edgewatch, charged with the responsibility of guarding the kingdom's border, and keeping the Kalisans here safe.

Griffon's Crest

The capitol city of Kalisandria is Griffon's Crest, and it easily the largest city in the kingdom five times over. Griffon's Crest is so big its residents joke to walk from one end to the other you'd need a bed roll, flint and tinder, and several days' rations. Here resides King Kalisandrus and the royal family, occupying the palace of Griffon's Eye. The streets are patrolled by royal guardsmen, each soldier wearing a plumed, gold-colored helmet, the face-guard fashioned to look like a griffon's beak. Griffon's Crest thrives off trade. Those that come here can always find a buyer or seller of wares if one looks hard enough.

Ruin of Andermire

While today the kingdom lives in relative peace, the early days of Kalisandrus were rife with conflict. When the first kings had barely had a footing in Kalisandrus, the royal family was challenged by another noble house: House Andermire. The conflict bubbled over into a full civil war engulfed the countryside. Different regions of the burgeoning nation declared for one side or another, and battles spilled across the borders from one location to the next. It all ended King Girrim Kalisandrus led his army to siege Andermire Castle. The siege culminated in a bloody battle that saw the destruction of the castle and the deaths of all of the noble house. The kings have left the castle's ruin stand reminder to all those who would challenge the crown's power.

The Tsel'din

Sporadically appearing throughout the countryside of Kalisandrus are stone obelisks, collectively known as the *tsel'din* (Elvish for “strange stones”). There doesn't appear to be any rhyme or reason for where a tsel'din is built, or why they've been created in the first place. The tsel'din predate the creation of the kingdom, and are relics from the land's earlier inhabitants. Some lie in crumbles while others are overgrown by creeper vines or lie in the twists in great tree roots and branches. Kalisan scholars have devoted their lives to studying the tsel'din origin and purpose.

Wortlewood Forest

Wortlewood is perhaps the most imposing place of all of Kalisandria, an enormous forest said to be the home of monsters. Indeed, of all the places secured by the king's armies, Wortlewood is noticeably absent of their presence. The forest is thick and knotted; paths do exist through it, but they are hard found and easily lost. Wortlewood lies at the heart of the kingdom, causing roads to be built around it. Travelers passing from one place to another in Kalisandria may think to save time by passing through the forest, but often turn back when coming face to face with it. Those who press through either come back with horrible stories to tell about the place, or do not come back at all.

Culture

Though the royal family pays homage to certain gods, the kingdom of Kalisandria does not have an official religion; Kalisans are free to worship how they see fit. Their culture is more shaped by trade and the state of the monarchy than religion. Residents often share news from the capitol, rumors about places in the kingdom, or local gossip among one another.

First Feast

Yearly after the first harvest of the season, Kalisan's join for First Feast. This is a holiday of food and community, entire towns coming together to share a meal in recognition of the gods' good will towards their harvest. In some portions of Kalisandria First Feast is nothing more than an elaborate meal, while others spend the day in festivals celebrating.

King's Rite

Whenever a new king is to be crowned in Griffon's Crest, the event is called *King's Rite*. During King's Rite, messengers spread the word of the new king's coronation throughout the kingdom's borders, and the city opens its arms to all who make the pilgrimage there to witness it. The coronation itself is a grandiose affair, sometimes lasting days.

Vassylle

One of the hottest games in Kalisandria is *Vassylle*. Vassylle is played with its own deck of cards, each card a creature assigned a number. Players shuffle and deal the deck, bidding on hands of creature sizes they think can beat other players' hands. Skilled Vassylle players can be met travelling the cities & towns of Kalisandria, often looking for a match.

Sigil of Kalisandria



Kalisandria's sigil consists of a crowned griffon's head in profile, surrounded by a ring of five-pointed stars. It is usually depicted in gold upon a field of deep blue. The griffon is the symbol of the Kalisandrus bloodline, which represents the royal family, and the stars represent all the great houses of the kingdom under the king's protection.

Relations

Kalisandria did not grow to its impressive size without bloodshed; many of the early kings of Kalisandria thought the conquest of neighboring kingdoms to be the best way to grow their power and cement their legacy. This led to many wars of expansion, something all of the kingdom's neighbors are especially wary of.

Still, Kalisandria's royal army is massive, able to muster scores of thousands of men when fully assembled. Despite the relative peacetime the nation has enjoyed, the army is well-trained and is an intimidating force. Neighboring regions respect Kalisandria's power, and for the last several decades there has been no call to arms.

Kalisandria sees a good deal of trade. Given its size, neighbors on all of its borders bring tokens of their respective cultures to the kingdom, creating rich selection of items in its cities of commerce.

The Nevereve Protectorate

Once a wayward band of outcast dragonborn, the Nevereve Protectorate has grown into a full-fledged kingdom of its own right. It was established to protect the dragonborn culture, adopting a matriarchy and appointing a brood mother as its ruler. Though a small kingdom, Nevereve is well-respected among its contemporaries for the strength of its residents. The dragonborn native to the Nevereve Protectorate are referred to as *Neverevian*.

Ruling Party: Brood Mother Thava Nyseet

Since the birth of the Protectorate, Neverevians have come together to cast stones in election of a brood mother to oversee the kingdom. The title currently belongs to *Brood Mother Thava Nyseet*, a stoic and straightforward dragonborn elder.

Thava is in her late 50s, but her age has no effect on her decision-making or capabilities. She has a broad face that narrows at her snout. She owes her ancestry to a blue dragon, but in her age her scales have turned a deep, glossy amethyst. She dresses in the finery customary to Nevereve's brood mothers, something she finds sacred. She is always accompanied by at least two personal guards, dragonborn soldiers ready to give their lives for her.

One always to have her mind on the security, the brood mother's decisions and rulings are always made for the good of her people, whom she considers her children. Thava Nyseet is compassionate, but she suffers no fools. She can sniff out a liar or a cheat in her presence as well as a hound can find the scent of blood, and she will not delay in punishing such. These qualities won her the honor of brood mother, and she intends to live up to them.

Titles: *Brood Mother of Nevereve, The Purple Wyrn, The Lightning Tongued, and The Steadfast Eye.*

Places of Interest

Travelers of the Nevereve Protectorate may come upon the following places of interest:

The Charred Crag

Of all the places one can find within the Nevereve Protectorate, none are as mythical as the Charred Crag. Legend says this steep ravine was carved out entirely by the breath of the ancient dragon Sangrudian the Red. The crag's earthen walls are all smote black from flame, a feature that stretches on for miles. It's said Sangrudian's treasure hoard is still hidden somewhere within the crag.

Frthsenthinir

Frthsenthinir is the capitol city of Nevereve, founded the same day the Protectorate came into being. In the years before its creation, dragonborn from different kingdoms were placed into exile as foes and menaces. With no place to call home, they banded together on the grounds that would



Thava Nyseet

become Frthsenthinir (which is Draconic for “New Home”). The capitol city is easily the largest and busiest place in all of Nevereve, home to now thousands of dragonborn native to the kingdom.

Ixxnar Commune

The Ixxnar Commune is not a place, per se, but a collection of nomadic, dragonborn druids who have banded together and travel the lands of the Protectorate. The dragonborn are charged with preserving the natural splendor of Nevereve, and are often disguised in the forms of small birds and beasts when taking their watch. Occasionally, the Commune comes together to report findings or coordinate plans of travel. It's said such congregations are quite a sight to see, as the druids erect mighty fires upon which they share their visions in the flames.

The Screaming Shore

The Protectorate's Screaming Shore is its northern boarder, a frigid coastline overrun with ice and snow. It's one of the least inhabitable places in the kingdom, with nearly sub-zero temperatures and the constant icy wind that harasses all who've traveled there. The wind pierces the sky with a high pitched wail, like the scream of some monster, which has earned the shore's namesake. While a few silver or white dragonborn may occupy the Screaming Shore, there are no permanent settlements here.

Teeth of Vyrnigyost

Named for the gold dragon Vyrnigyost, this group of seven rock pillars can be found in the high bluffs of the kingdom. The largest of the rocks is more than 50 feet tall, each is pointed and arranged in a semicircle, like enormous teeth piercing through the ground. Nevereivians often make pilgrimages from their homes to the Teeth of Vyrnigyost, where they'll stay for days in quiet contemplation before returning home. The site is under the constant gaze of the Ixxnar Commune, anyone who would defile such a sacred place will have to deal with the druids.

Culture

Nevereivian culture is deep rooted in the sanctity of nature. Their buildings and domiciles are creations of earth and the natural land, and beasts of all shapes and sizes freely walk the Protectorate's towns and cities as pets.

Nevereivian dragonborn pay homage to Bahamut, the king of all dragonkind, but also worship individual dragons like gods – especially those who have played a hand in the creation of their kingdom. Some privately claim that their draconic ancestors helped shape the lands of the Protectorate, while others are universally recognized as contributors.

Relations

The Protectorate's troubled history has made its current residents particularly untrusting of the races who once placed the dragonborn into exile. While they permit unarmed outsiders to travel their lands, no non-dragonborn may set foot into Frthsenthinir. Those found carrying weapons into the Protectorate are treated as hostile and are arrested by Nevereivian patrols.

Nevereve doesn't have the numbers to support a large standing army, but they can muster forces for defense if necessary. Rumors speak that the dragonborn are hiding several adult dragons beneath Frthsenthinir, ready to take wing over an invading army and crush them. It's doubtful whether this is true or not, but it's not a risk a would-be conqueror has taken.

Trial of Gorubledan

Any non-dragonborn who seeks to enter Frthsenthinir must stand before the brood mother outside the city grounds and complete the Trial of Gorubledan. What composes the trial is left to the discretion of the brood mother; some participants are asked to perform feats of physical strength, others tests of endurance, and others challenges of the mind. If one completes the trial honorably, and the brood mother finds him or her worthy, he or she is bestowed the right to enter the sacred city until death.

Sigil of the Nevereve Protectorate



Nevereve's sigil consists of an open dragon claw print set upon a crowned shield. It is usually depicted in white and set upon a field of purple, though it is customary to change this color to match the scale color of the ruling brood mother.

The Red Isles

It's possible the archipelago known as the Red Isles was once part of a mainland kingdom, but if that's true it hasn't been the case for centuries. The isles attracted the eyes of pirates and sea-scoundrels, who soon transformed them into a kingdom ruled by their own ilk. Today, only the most cunning and ruthless is able to don the role of Lord Captain, and only the most foolhardy would risk a trip sailing through his or her domain. The pirates of the Red Isles are fittingly called *Red Islanders*.

Ruling Party: Lord Captain Vidaan Stryker

Power is not bestowed upon a ruler in the Red Isles. Power is *taken*. The Red Islanders are a hard people who recognize the need for leadership even if they despise being ruled. For centuries, kings were replaced one after the other, each ousted by the next, until the title was renamed *Lord Captain*. The sea folk and pirates were much more inclined to follow a captain than a king any day, and today they follow *Lord Captain Vidaan Stryker*.

Vidaan is a ruggedly handsome human in his mid 30s, with wild, unkempt hair and a beard he keeps to stubble. The Lord Captain lost his left eye years ago, which he now keeps covered with an eyepatch. He always lies about how the eye was lost, inventing a new, grandiose story each time he is asked. He's charming in a way that his crew protects and fights for him fiercely, and his spirit for conquest has won the people he now rules over.

Currently, Vidaan has set his eye beyond petty raids of fishing towns on the mainland or small ships at sea (jobs, he says, which belong to "small pirates"). He is coordinating the Red Islanders to create an armada unmatched by any mainland kingdom, and with it he'll conquer a prize worth of a pirate lord.

Titles: *Lord Captain of the Red Isles, The One-Eye, The Sea Beater, and The Scourge*

Places of Interest

Travelers of the Red Isles may come upon the following places of interest:

Bended Bow

The largest of the Red Isles contains the city of Bended Bow, the closest thing the kingdom knows to a capitol. Bended Bow is an enormous port, large enough to host the fleets of several pirate captains at the same time. The oldest law kept in the kingdom is that Red Islander may kill another within the port's limits; here is a place rivals come to parlay their differences or work together towards a common goal. That isn't to say that this rule is adhered to all of the time, certainly occasional fights have inevitably broken out and taken too far. Those found guilty of breaking this rule are tied to the stern of a ship and dredged throughout the sea until death.



Vidaan Stryker

Loeper's Abandon

A remote island of the Red Isles is the site of the shipwreck of Loeper Brine, a famous pirate. Loeper's ship, *Lacey*, ran ashore here badly damaged after an awful storm at sea. The pirate and his surviving men were stranded here for an unknown amount of time before they presumably all met their deaths. It wasn't until decades later Red Islanders settled here and discovered the shipwreck of the missing pirate. The small town of Loeper's Abandon is named in his memory, and many still make the trip out to the island claiming Loeper's treasure is hidden somewhere upon it.

Shallowsbleak

It's said to travel from the mainland to the Red Isles is to invite death to dinner, but some risk the trip nonetheless. Shallowsbleak is a large town on the edge of the kingdom, occupying the island closest to the mainland, and the one that sees the most outsiders. Here, a traveler can attempt to get the attention of a pirate, hire mercenaries, and conduct other business with deplorable folk who sell unsavory services.

Shattered Lands

The Shattered Lands are a mass of small islands packed close together, so close the sea between them is so shallow most large ships cannot navigate the space. The islands are home to untamed forests, caves, gorges, and all manners of wildlife. There's no permanent settlements here, but Red Islanders inevitably turn up at the Shattered Lands. Some come in search of buried treasure, others find their way after being shipwrecked, and others turn to it to escape the eye of rivals.

Tigtalley

The shanty town of Tigtalley occupies a small island within the Red Isles. Tigtalley doesn't have many claims to fame, but pirates like to come here to drink, throw dice, and celebrate after their victories at sea. The Red Islanders often sing:

*"And should we lose we'll rest at the bottom of the sea,
and should we win we'll share a drink under the roofs of
Tigtalley."*

Culture

The Red Islanders keep no gods and ask them to be kept from them. Their society is shaped by the sea and the gifts it brings to them; should they worship anything, it is the sea itself they praise. Every Red Islander learns how to handle a ship, from rigging to navigation, as well as how to swing a sword or read a wind.

The Great Games

Each Lord Captain has the right to call upon the Great Games, a series of tests and objects any pirate captain in the isles is welcome to participate in. The "games" are different each time. Some consist of sailing to a remote or dangerous place and returning with proof of arrival. Others consist of capturing foreign ships or catching a great sea monster. However the trials are determined, the Lord Captain is expected to participate in the Great Games if called upon. The winner of the games is bestowed a great treasure amassed from the pirates' raids, and many of the losers are lucky to escape with their lives. Cheating isn't necessarily allowed in the games, but it isn't discouraged and it certainly is expected.

The Red Sign

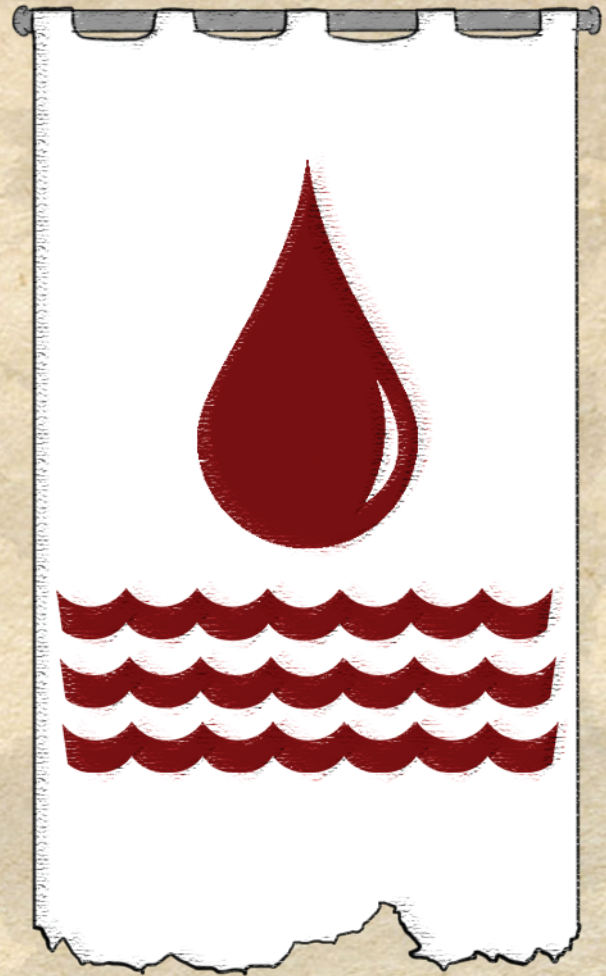
When two Red Islanders meet each other outside the confines of the Isles, tradition calls for each to give the other the Red Sign. This is a special handshake that signifies from one to another that they are brethren, and the secret of the handshake is fiercely guarded. Men have gladly given their lives to torturers attempting to goad the secret from them. It's said a prostitute in a seaside town once learned the Red Sign from a drunken pirate making his stay there. A week later, the pirate returned with his fleet to burn the town to embers and slaughter every resident there, ensuring the secret stayed kept.

Relations

The Red Islanders have no formal militia to speak of, but every citizen is considered a soldier. The pirates and sea farers are hardened from a life at sea, and none is so naïve as to spend his or her life without the training of a weapon. The kingdom is decidedly dangerous and rightfully feared by its neighbors due to this.

Because of the Red Isles' nature, it's difficult to strike a telling blow to the kingdom. Capturing one of its major ports means little to the pirates if their ships are safe, as therein lies the true power of the isles. The pirates can live months at sea, or longer.

Sigil of the Red Isles



The Red Isles' sigil consists of a tear drop shape suspended above a pattern of cresting waves. It is usually depicted in red set upon a white field. The sigil symbolizes waves running red with the blood of the kingdom's enemies. Red Islanders take their flags into battle with the hope of returning with them soaked crimson so that the sigil can no longer be distinguished from the cloth.

Additionally, Red Islanders consider it a point of pride to take from their rivals. Ships are captured and added to fleets, seaside towns are ravaged, and men, women, and children are taken as slaves as part of the pirates' raids. The Red Islanders do not declare war on other kingdoms, rather they live such a life as if they were always at it.

Soramyre

(sor-ah-meer)

Soramyre is an ancient forest kingdom, ruled by a council of elves and men. The woods of Soramyre are home to ghosts, dragons, and monsters. Though its established roads are safe for travel, wandering far from them can be a deadly proposition to even the most experienced of adventurers. Nevertheless, rumors of great treasures in the forest draw such travelers year after year. Those who come from Soramyre are referred to as *Soramyrian*.

Ruling Party: The Assembly of Nine

Soramyre is not ruled by a king, but instead presided over by a council of nine wizards known as the Assembly of Nine. Each wizard is chosen as a specialist and advocate for each of the eight different arcane traditions, with the ninth being selected only to cast a deciding vote in the case of a tie. Each member wears a ceremonial robe and mask, so that each looks like the other.

The identity of member of the Assembly is kept secret from all Soramyrians with the exception of those in the council, and once a wizard is selected he or she serves for life. Selected members serve in secret, having to abandon all else when the council gathers. Some have gone through elaborate measures to fake their own deaths to more ably serve the Assembly of Nine, and when one of the Nine does pass the remaining eight must unanimously select a replacement. If the identity of a member is ever made known to the public, he or she is excommunicated from the Assembly forever.

The Assembly of Nine convene only discuss matters of great importance of Soramyre. They deal less with laws and political issues and focus more on subjects of magic. A meeting may be drawn to discuss the activity of monsters within the kingdom, the experiments of an eccentric wizard dabbling in dark magic, or the discovery of a powerful artifact. Whatever the cause, meetings rarely occur more frequently than a couple times a year. Members may keep in contact with one another magically or otherwise during the interim, but final decisions can only be made when all Nine are present.

Titles: *The Nine*, *The Watchers*, and *The Roots of Soramyre*

Places of Interest

Travelers of Soramyre may come upon the following places of interest:

Aberast

Aberast is the most well known city of Soramyre to outsiders, mostly comprised of humans and half-elves. The city is located in a forest clearing, made of humble stone and wood buildings of beautiful architecture. Residents of Aberast are skilled alchemists and enchanters, and often adventurers looking for their skills travel here.



Assembly Member

The Darkdown

The Darkdown is not a static place within the forest kingdom, but rather a moving slump of shadow that slowly traverses Soramyre's most distant reaches. Within the Darkdown, no sunlight escapes the forest canopy, and the sounds of cries and haunting laughter alike trouble the wood. Those who have unwittingly traveled into the Darkdown (or had the Darkdown creep upon them) report seeing the horrifying images of their passed love ones reaching out to them.

Fal'Tinin

The capitol city of Soramyre is the elfish fortress of Fal'Tinin. Over three millennia old, Fal'Tinin consists of an enormous stronghold built directly on the forest floor around the largest trees of the forest. Many buildings in the city are built upon the tree tops, with rope bridges spanning between each. When the Assembly of Nine has news to depart to the kingdom, it is given here.

Korserrus Pass

A deep ravine in a remote part of the forest kingdom bears the name Korserrus Pass for the dragon that inhabits it. Korserrus is an ancient green dragon that has come to terms to living in Soramyre, buying his stay by reluctantly working with the elves and men if called upon. However, the dragon's terms stop there, and all who enter his domain are considered fair game as prey or play things. Only the Assembly of Nine know of the dragon's presence and possess the power to call upon Korserrus should a need arise. They've barred entry to the pass to all citizens of Soramyre, closing the roads and posting warning signs not to enter.

Well of Myscana

An ancient stone well called the Well of Myscana is located within the forest. It's not a particularly elaborate construct, it's made of old stones and is of particularly crude design. However, the well is actually functions once each day as *well of many worlds*, transporting whomever enters the well to another plane of existence.

Culture

Soramyre recognizes all of the gods, with most of its residents choosing to worship gods of magic, nature, or elves. The kingdom doesn't keep any holidays based in religion.

Soramyrians are often viewed as reclusive eccentrics studying away beneath their trees, but such generalizations are far from the truth. Their culture is rooted in discovery and adventure, things one can hardly do on his or her own, and many Soramyrians are as outgoing and gregarious as those from other kingdoms.

Treeglyphs

One practice dominant in Soramyrian culture is the art of making treeglyphs. A treeglyph is a special rune carved into a tree's bark to mark a special occasion or site of significance; marriages, the births of children, gravesites, and other such events usually warrant a treeglyph. Each glyph is display prominently on the base of a tree and inscribed around it entirely in a ring, so others know the tree has been claimed. It's considered incredibly rude to mark a tree with a second treeglyph, as doing so soils the importance of both events being recorded.

Relations

Soramyre is respected by its contemporaries, usually offering aid and council when it can. Outsiders usually prefer not to enter the forest kingdom if they can avoid it however; the tales of ghosts and wayward magic that inhabit the woods are enough to make them second guess a trip.

In times of war, the Soramyrian army is amassed to defend the borders of the forest. The army hosts very few foot soldiers, but each unit is complemented by a war-wizard. These wizards have been fabled to hurl bolts of lightning, blasts of fire, and gouts of cold at their enemies, or cause the very trees themselves to come to life to crush their foes.

Sigil of Soramyre



Soramyre's sigil consists of an oak tree depicted with 9 roots. It is usually depicted in black on a field of green. Each root is representative of one of the Assembly of Nine, the foundation of the kingdom from which all other aspects of it grow from.

Uhgurt-Kazzkurdun

(Oon-girt-kazz-ker-dune)

Dwarfish for literally “Great Kingdom Across the Mountains,” Uhgurt-Kazzkurdun occupies most of the *Kazzkur* mountain range. Outsiders simply call it “Kazzkurdun,” but the proud dwarves who call the kingdom their home always refer to it by its full name. Here, beautiful cities are chiseled into - and out of - the mountains, a standing testament to dwarfish craftsmanship. The residents of Kazzkurdun are referred to as *Kazzkurdish*.

Ruling Party: King Dirge Brassbeard

Kazzkurdun has been ruled by dwarf kings and queens since its inception. Currently, the honor belongs to *King Dirge Brassbeard*, a young dwarf who made a name for himself for his heroics in the Underwar. He was named successor to the kingdom by the previous sovereign; the crown of Kazzkurdun does not pass through family lines, rather heirs are chosen for their deeds or merits.

Dirge had been a life-long soldier in the Kazzkurdish army before, accumulating nearly a century’s worth of accolades before being granted the crown. He is short, even for a dwarf, well-muscled and sports an orange-brown beard kept trimmed to a few inches. Dirge tries to hide several scars and wounds he gained during in his service, not the least of which is his prosthetic left hand; he lost it in the mouth of a wyvern while defending his company from the beast.

Dirge sees over the daily comings and goings of Kazzkurdun, but he has little patience for the “dragon’s droppings,” as he puts it. He prefers to spend his time focusing on more pressing topics of commerce, culture, or war than the multitudinous smaller issues that inevitably arise daily while running a kingdom. He is also looking for his own successor. If there’s one thing Dirge Brassbeard has learned it’s that his head was meant to wear a helmet, not a crown, and he seeks to return to the soldier’s life once he feels he’s found a suitable replacement.

Titles: *King of Uhgurt-Kazzkurdun, The Wyvern Feeder, The Soldier King, and Ole One-Han,*

Places of Interest

Travelers of Uhgurt-Kazzkurdun may come upon the following places of interest:

The Brambles

All of the cities and townships of Kazzkurdun are accessible via the Brambles, a natural web of tunnels that run throughout the Kazzkur mountains. The dwarves that occupy these cities and towns know the intricacies of the Brambles as well as they know their alphabets; they can navigate from place to place as easily as they draw breath. The Brambles can take a traveler to the mountain peaks all the way to Woebottom, and many of the uninitiated have become lost trying to navigate them.



Dirge Brassbeard

Heart’s Hallow

Heart’s Hallow is a small dwarfish town carved entirely within one of the mountains. The warm glow of fire light and the sound of metalworking greets travelers coming to town, the dwarves that live here are particularly well-known for their skills in forging arms and armor. Heart’s Hallow is overseen by an Elder Smith, whose duty it is to ensure young apprentices are taken in and trained once every quarter century.

Rezz’Kal-geddin

Branching from the many roads built within the mountains are paths leading to Rezz’Kal-geddin (Dwarfish for “Mine of Many Treasures”). The mines of Kazzkurdun span the entire mountain range and, though not contiguous, they are always referred to as a collective. Any citizen of Kazzkurdun, dwarf or no, is free to enter Rezz’Kal-geddin to attempt to mine ore, gemstones, or whatever treasure the mountain provides. The mines are not without their danger, however, and “poachers” of the mine are treated as high criminals.

Skyaxe

Skyaxe, the capitol city of Kazzkurdun, is built upon the tallest summit of the mountains the kingdom occupies. Here sits King Dire Brassbeard in the Iron Citadel, occupying the highest point in all of the kingdom. Though primarily home to Kazzkurdish dwarfs, travelers and residents of all races can be found in the capitol. Roads built under and into the mountains all lead to and from Skyaxe.

Woebottom

Spanning the depths of the Kazzkur mountains is Woebottom, an enormous underground cavern. Woebottom is home to monsters and the duergar foes Kazzkurdish dwarves have clashed with for centuries. There are no roads built within the mountain to Woebottom, it's accessible only from the Brambles, not that the kingdom's dwarves would advocate traveling there in the first place.

Culture

Officially, Uhngurt-Kazzkurdun observes Dunnadine, the dwarfish earth goddess, as the chief deity of its patronage. The Kazzkurdish culture is shaped by her holidays and customs. However, the dwarves are a pragmatic people; though they may be wary of outsiders and foreign customs, they're rarely intolerant of them.

A Copper to Dunnadine

Before traveling through the Brambles, it's customary to "pay" a copper to Dunnadine to ask for her blessing for safe passage. Every town in Kazzkurdun has a shrine to the goddess containing a well carved from earth for just such a purpose. The money is collected by her priests and in turn used to build new shrines or refurbish old ones. Stealing from Dunnadine is treason, and anyone caught pilfering these wells can be punished by death.

Norrek-Mirrun

The ritual of Norrek-Mirrun is a coming of age ceremony held for each Kazzkurdish dwarf on his or her 50th birthday. As part of the ritual, the dwarf must collect a single stone from each of his or her family members, carrying the pile to a designated place within the mountains. The ceremony is designed to give the dwarf a sense of connection and ownership with the earth, and upon his or her return they are considered adults in the community.

Relations

Though not particularly unfriendly, the Kazzkurdish are reclusive and slow to form relationships with outsiders. The kingdom is made of distinctly difficult places to travel to, making it hard for foreign traders to make the trip.

Uhngurt-Kazzkurdun keeps a large standing army, and every able-bodied dwarf is considered a soldier should his king call upon him. These armies rarely leave the borders of the mountain kingdom, however.

The Underwar

Almost as old as Uhngurt-Kazzkurdun is the Underwar, an ongoing war between Kazzkurdish dwarves and the duergars who occupy Woebottom. Songs and stories of countless battles of the Underwar are told throughout each city and town in Kazzkurdun, and just about every dwarf knows or is related to someone who has served in the war.

Sigil of Uhngurt-Kazzkurdun



Uhngurt-Kazzkurdun's sigil consists of a mountain range with three peaks with a diamond shape at its center. It is usually depicted in black on a grey field. The mountains symbolize the three honors of the Kazzkurdun dwarves –clan, craft, and wisdom – while the diamond represents the wealth of the mountain.

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