

Table of Contents

Town of Womtham

By Blusponge

Page 2

Town of Cryllor

By M B Drapier

Page 7

The Origin of St. Cuthbert

By Qsamantha

Page 11

Cuthbert and the Sundering

By Chaos28

Page 12

City of Hardby...Again

Qsamantha

Page 14



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The Town of Womtham

by BluSponge

Life in Womtham, pt. 0

The following posts are based in part of Carl Sargent's description of the town of Womtham in The Marklands sourcebook. It is post-war but portions can be easily derived to fit a pre-war setting. It is fairly straight forward and only lacks a map, which I can get to you if you want it. :)

Enjoy, and as always, critique away.

Location: Eastern Nyronnd, Ruler: His Highness, Duke Finelann Boomgren
Population: 24,000
Demi-Humans: Few
Humanoids: Few
Resources: Coinage, gems (I - III), agriculture, shipping.

Overview: Womtham is one of the most important trade centers in Nyronnd. As it lies adjacent to the Duntide river, most goods produced in and around the town travel down to Rel Mord. In the state of the Kingdom after the wars, Womtham has become all the more important.

Politics: Duke Boomgren's family has controlled the town of Womtham for many generations. He keeps in close contact with King Archebold, who is well aware of Womtham's troubles in these dark days. But neither the Duke or the King are the word of law in town. The Duke maintains a small cabinet of advisors. He meets with these people every other day to discuss the current situation of Womtham. Most discussions of late have turned to the topic of the shanty towns beyond the city gates, as well as the citizenry's obvious dislike of the martial state which the Duke has declared.

Humanities/Religion: Like the trade capitals of the Nyr Dyv, Womtham had always been lax on religious practices. Various faiths maintained a presence in the town, and were attended on holy days and during festivals. Others made a point to provide services to the people, attracting followers that way. Still, religion had not been a major aspect of Womtham life. Then came the wars, and things changed. Two faiths have profited the most from the events which have befallen Nyronnd during the wars: Istus and Heironeous: Once smaller churches in Womtham, the clergies must now hold fellowships outside to accommodate the great numbers of regulars who now attend. Most other faiths also saw an

increase in membership and attendance with the end of the wars.

Faith	Location	Size	Acceptance
Heironeous	Town Proper	6	7
Rao	Town Proper	5	5
Istus	Everyman	4	5
Zilchus	Mercantile	7	8
Hextor	Town Proper	3	2
St. Cuthbert	Town Proper	7	8
Pholtus	Town Proper	5	6
Ralishaz	Mercantile	2	3
Trithereon	Town Proper	6	7

Note: Fellowship size and Acceptance are measured on a 1 to 10 scale, with 1 being insignificant / strongly disliked and 10 being mostros / venerated. It is the DMs task to interpret these ratings so as best to suit his style of play and campaign.

Arts: The wide streets of the Mercantile district are lined with street performers on most days. The arts are much appreciated in Womtham. In the days after the wars, they are accepted as a form of escapism. Citizens may see a play or sit and watch a mime perform to escape from the realities surrounding them. In the shanty towns, there are plenty of performers, though these are usually people who live among the shacks who's intent is to keep the spirits of the new comers high. "Rain cannot fall too long after the floodwaters have dried," has become a quirky motto among them.

Scholastics: The Town Proper does harbor a private Academy for the children of Womtham's nobility (some middle class citizens can afford the charges, but they are few). The Womtham Academy provides mostly secular, business oriented training, such as accounting, business management, and a few courses in politics. Those from the lesser social classes who seek an education must turn to the various churches and temples, many of which offer training in reading and writing, history, and religiously-rooted skills. A much more popular option for these groups is to sell their children into apprenticeship with the various guilds in Womtham. The appropriate age for this is twelve years. Education is revered by the upper classes, but is not expected of the middle or laborer classes. It is not a necessary aspect of live for many, and with all the other difficulties of life in the town, education is usually overlooked in lew of more pressing matters.

Magick: There is no organized magickal society in Womtham, as most interested in the mystical arts are drawn to the larger and more dynamic Rel

Mord. However, there is a vocal population of practitioners living in Womtham, among them a few defecting sorcerers from Aerdi. These citizens have gravitated to locales of common interest and there is talk of an actual organized guild being created. Any truth to this rumor is yet unfounded, and no guild constitution has yet been submitted to the town government.

City Layout:

The Gatehouses: Womtham has four many gates. These are: Layman's Gate (leads into the Everyman District) The White Gate (leading into the Commoners and Mercantile Districts) The Duntide Gate (westernmost gate from the Port District) The Lastsun Gate (easternmost gate from the Port District) **The Outer City:** Thaxx Keep on the outskirts of Womtham, even beyond the shanty towns, sits Thaxx Keep. It houses some small regiments of Nyrondeese soldiers, war strategists, and even a small contingent of knights. Patrols can be seen riding out every morning to patrol the roads, plains, and waterways. In the early evenings, soldiers head into Womtham for a bit of escapism. The war has been hard for most of these people, and though the Treaty of Greyhawk has been signed and sealed, the skirmishes from invaders from the east and south seem far from over. In truth, the Womtham post is a comfortable assignment, as it lies some distance from any of the imposed borders. Even so, the warriors of the Citadel maintain a militant stance, quick to respond to any intrusion. The Citadel is helmed by the efforts of Captain Gregael Hoersmil. He is the commanding officer of the regiments there. Only the knightly order has rank equal to his. The knights of Thaxx Keep are commanded by Sir Calburt Rutherfordal. The two commanding officers respect each others command, though they see very differently on many issues. They are not so petty as not to realize that they must work together for the good of Nyron and King Archebold.

The Port District: Built up in the gap of shoreline along the Duntide river, the Seaport district lies beyond the protection of the town walls. The population is made up mainly of fishermen, cargo ship crews, and boatwrights. There is a great deal of traffic on the Duntide today, and this portion of the town profits most from that. Womtham's port is seeing untold growth and expansion, which keeps carpenters and laborers at work building docks, and the inn and tavern industry has likewise boomed to keep up with the money these people are quick to spend on such frivolities. The buildings of the port district are mostly wooden, though a few stone founded constructions can be found. The largest buildings here are the Shipwrights and the Porters Guild Headquarters, which

are quickly becoming the most profitable companies in Womtham with the completion of the town walls.

The Shanty Towns: However, though the war has brought Womtham a rise in status and importance, it has brought the town its share of problems as well. With the fall of the Aerdi and the constant raids on the eastern fringes by humanoids from the Bone March, refugees and civilians have flocked to the protection of its newly erected walls. There, they had hoped to rebuild their lives, only to have these hopes crushed when Duke Boomgren closed the gates to these newcomers. As such, an immense sea of tents, shacks, and covered wagons have congregated around the southern and western gates. These shanty towns are rife with those who have lost everything, and have become a haven for thieves and other fringe elements of Womtham. The nights are lighted by the greasy smoke from countless fires. With all the dangers these shanty towns present, it is no wonder that so many still would prefer the dirty back alleys of the walled community then their hovels, and with the constant traffic of trade goods coming and going from these gates, it is difficult to stem the trickle of these people who make their way into the city. It is even said that Benjamin's Hand, the local Aquisitioners Guild, has made a profitable business of bringing these people into the town, whether by concealing them in carts or entering caravans, or by routes through the sewers, which empty out in reservoirs beyond the city walls. Duke Boomgren knows that the town economy cannot withstand the population boom these poor souls represent, and thus in an attempt to stop the trickle, he has ordered the city watch posts to increase the shifts and manpower at these gates to keep the newcomers out. This does little to stop Benjamin's business, and has little effect on truly dedicated souls. In fact, it only enforces the hostilities between the townfolk and their new neighbors, which is quickly turning Womtham into a pressure-cooker of violence. To make matters worse, the city guard is not sanctioned to enforce the law beyond the city gates. Benjamin has taken this opportunity to heart, and his men are now the only law these shanty towns know. Through extortion and fear, the Aquisitioners Guild grows richer through the plight of these people. But all is not bleak. A few kinder souls have done much to ease the suffering of the newcomers. A few makeshift churches and temples have been constructed here and offer shelter and good food to the people. The lines for soup kitchens on Freeday are long and twisted. A few other merchants from within the city have found it profitable to find laborers from within the ranks of the newcomers. Since they are not citizens of Womtham, they are not subject to Guild control. This leads to more hostility between the civilians and the shanty town folk.

The Inner City: With the construction of the walls, the inner city has become divided into five distinct areas.

The Commoners District (Thieves' Haven): Located on the Northeastern end of Womtham, the Commoners district is made up of lower class residential and slums. It is wrought with street gangs and thieves, though one will not find many beggars here. Most of the population are laborers who work either beyond the city or sell small crafts and wares in the Mercantile district. Many of the buildings here are in horrible shape, primarily those farthest from the gates to the innermost portions of the city. While the city watch maintains a strong presence along the walls, they are rarely seen in the innermost parts of this district, earning it the name Thieves' Haven by most of the townfolk. A problem that has begun to intensify is the hostility between members of the Aquisitioners Guild and a lowly, and yet unsanctioned, thieving company led by a shrewd man named Temmick. There are also the activities of the Red Cloth, a longtime street gang that has been linked with many disappearances and violent acts, adding to the growing chaos of this place. Another problem brewing in this district are the rising population of refugees and shanty town folk, secreted in by Benjamin's people. There are definite hostilities and competition between them and the citizenry which regularly leads to violence in the back alleys and dirty streets of Thieves' Haven.

The Mercantile District: This is the sight of the majority of the business holdings of Womtham. Even in the earliest and latest hours, people from all walks of life can be found here. Beggars and laborers walk side by side with noble merchants and craftsmen who work in this area. The City watch maintains a great presence here; in these days perhaps greater than any other part of the town. Nearly anything can be bought and sold in this district, and small stands and street performers litter the wider streets here. Many of the town's guilds maintain offices and warehouses in this district. The temple of Zilchus is a glorious building which shines like a gold coin on the dark nights in this district.

The Everyman District: This district is largely composed of residences from the lower and middle classes. Away from the busiest streets, this district retains a quiet composure, though the folk do gather in taphouses in the evening to grumble about the shanty town folk and the iron hand of Duke Boomgren's martial decree. These are not a vocal folk. They work hard for what they earn and strive to be more than they are. The constant reminder of squalor lies just beyond the Layman's Gate in the shanty town which has grown

around it. The city watch and militia maintain some presence here, but most of their efforts lie along the gatehouse and battlements as they attempt to quell the tide of refugees building up against the walls. There are no guild offices in the Everyman District, but a few of the lower officers of many guilds make their homes here. There are also a few churches and temples which are located here.

The Town Proper: In this district can be found many of the guild headquarters and political buildings upon which control of the city hinges. It is also the site of some businesses. The city watch commands a strong presence here, but the militia is nearly absent. There are a few residences, but town building codes discourage the presence of such. Besides the government buildings, the Town Proper is most associated with the large temples which are located here. The majority of faiths worshipped in this region can be found here, and many compete with one another for fellowship. Town codes prevent any temple or church from being located within two blocks of another, which does much to prevent any conflicts between faiths. Since the wars, most of the clergies keep to themselves except on Freeday mornings, where priests of every color can be seen attracting the attention of potential followers. Some merchants compare this practice to the frequent auctions held in the Mercantile District.

The High Quarter (Burghers' Way): This is the aristocratic den of Womtham. It is home to many middle and upper class citizens, many of whom are guild officers, professional tradesmen, politicians, and visiting nobility. There are a few inns here, and they are the ritziest that Womtham has to offer. Businesses are few, and those that are here are highly specialized. This district has close ties to the Town Proper. It is clean and well patrolled by the City Watch. A few of the larger estates employ independent security forces, but these are the obvious minority. Most of the people of the High Quarter have gone to pains to isolate themselves from the horrors of war torn Nyronnd, and in the chaos of the wars, many lost their fortunes. Thus some estates are still vacant today.

Important Locations:

The Aquisitioners Guild (Benjamin's Hand), Location: Town Proper. The Aquisitioners Guild was founded in nearly seventy-five years ago in the midst of Womtham's infancy. It was originally conceived as a fencing organization. This business proved quite profitable. Benjamin Ullber took the reigns of the organization only a decade ago, and began an aggressive program of progression. Now the organization is literally a den of thieves, though

sophisticated ones. They do not go out and pick pockets or perform petty crimes, but are rather involved in larceny, blackmail, and public security. The latter aspect has found its niche in the shanty towns around the town gates. Benjamin Ullber has become a very rich man, and enjoys a great amount of loyalty from his men (something which sets the Aquisitioners Guild apart from the standard thieves guild). He surrounds himself with his "palm," a body of six of his most trusted people. The rest are referred to as his hand, lending to the popular joke that Benjamin has his fingers in everyone's pie.

Royal Mint, Location: Town Proper. This is only one of the three royal mints of Nyrond. It is located by itself on a single city block in the town proper. The entrance is marked with the monstrous seal of the Archebold family inset with gold. The building itself is built of stone and marble, making it one of Womtham's most noted buildings, next to the Duke's own palace, of course. Shipments leave for Rel Mord in staggered intervals. Shipments are usually split between water and ground shipping and are always accompanied by a contingent of armed guards.

Mercenaries are never hired to guard these trains as the shipments are far too important to Nyrond these days. Despite the heavy guard duty on these shipments, they rarely go unaccosted in their journey to Rel Mord. Now, with so people from the old bandit kingdoms roaming the plains of Nyrond, travel has become exceptionally hazardous. Duke Boomgren and his cabinet support the use of decoy shipments to draw out these bandits in hopes of striking them down.

Current Events, Martial Law:

With the evergrowing discord surrounding the outer shanty towns, Duke Boomgren imposed martial law on Womtham. Curfews have been imposed in all districts but the Mercantile, and the militia has been called out to assist the city watch in enforcing the town codes. Most of the citizenry dislike this control and mutter that, with the war over, the Duke has no one to battle but his own people. Most also blame the current state on the shanty town folk. Rats in the Sewers: There have always been wererats in the sewers of Womtham, but these creatures have become increasingly bold in the months prior to the war's end. It is said in some circles that they are being led by a particularly vicious, red furred priest of Squerrik who favors human sacrifice in rituals to the vile rat god. Even more speculation has arisen about the relationship between Benjamin's Hand and the wererats. The Hand's use of the sewers to smuggle refugees is quite conspicuous considering the recent viciousness of its other denizens.

Womtham Notes

In response to Sobhrach's questions:

1) Duke Boomgren is one of the more loyal of the King's men. He has little reason to be otherwise so long as business is good. However, he is frustrated about the current situation which has, quite literally, popped up under his nose. Womtham doesn't have the money or the real man power to deal with the surge of refugees and as much as the Duke would like, there doesn't appear to be any aid coming from Rel Mord any time soon. So while Boomgren may be a loyal retainer, his loyalty is surely being taxed.

2) There isn't an organized temple to either of those gods. But now, with the current situations present in Womtham, one might just be erected. I would have to say that if one was, it would have the following scores (Location: Mercantile, Size: 3, Acceptance: 6). As far as the church of Hextor goes, you have to remember the current climate in Nyrond. Hextor's clergy is not the largest or most accepted in Womtham, but some folk do frequent there to pray for the god's appeasement. Also, there are some battle hungry folk that pray to Hextor to bring their enemies down. Lots of people in Nyrond have lost their lands, fortunes, and even families over the course of the war, and there is some definite bitterness to be found among them.

3) This branch of the Royal Mint has long been located in Womtham, most likely to take advantage of the nearby mines in the Flinty Hills. I seriously doubt the King would have sanctioned the construction of a new mint during the wars. However, if you really want to follow the tangent you started, consider that Duke Boomgren is part of the Archbold bloodline (not too farfetched), say distant cousins. Boomgren's family has been in charge of Womtham for several generations and it is not unlikely that this mint was built in Womtham as a sign of favor to the Boomgren family, perhaps around 25 years ago (just a wild guess).

4) The soldiers of Thaxx Keep have no connection to the Duke other than their proximity. The higher officers (Sir Rutherford et al) don't wish to anger the Duke for fear that he would shut them out of Womtham with the rest of the refugees, thus leading to serious moral problems with the soldiers (Friday night and nothing to do....). It is very possible that either the Knight Commander or the Regiment captain could harbor their own doubts about Archbold (however, the Knight would be less likely to act on such matters). This should be up to for the DM to decide, however.

5) Not really. Womtham is far enough away to be beyond the concerns of Aerdi. In addition, the Great Kingdom is in such chaos now that it would be dangerous to risk communication efforts. However, were the High Priest of Zilchus's Aerdi chapter to visit Womtham, the clergy in the Mercantile district would want to be the first to know.

6) I know! It makes for a great alternative to the standard dungeon crawl or the dreaded "stand-off at the border" scenario which has cast such a dark shadow on FtA.

Hope this answers your questions, Tom.

Womtham Conclusion

Well now that everyone is back and accounted for, maybe we'll see some more action on this board. Its been a bit slow with all you GenCon groupies out and about. At least QSam thought to write us and let us know what a good time we missed. :P Oh well, maybe next year.

Womtham has proven a good adventure site. My players just completed an interesting jaunt in the Flinty Hills on a mission from Duke Boomgren to find a new home for the shanty town folk. They sought out the gnome host of the Hold of Coldrock and later traveled to the goblin infested halls of Stonegrind Tower. No, no goblin slaughtering for these guys - they had bigger fish to fry. The tormented assassin, Grael Allyster, serving his penance in isolation for killing his beloved in a fit of rage after finding out that see and Benjamin (yes, that Benjamin) had lain together, proved a fun not so villainous opponent. But now he is dead and the new community of Stonegrind is rising where he fell. Together with the human rabble of Womtham and other neighboring communities, the dwarven people of that place have returned to take it to new heights. Now the spirits of the old deizidens can rest and their spirits can leave the mines beneath the tower.

Just one more step on a long road to renaissance. Next stop: Verbobonc. Only Istus knows what fun we'll find there. Just thought I'd let everybody know. :)

The Town of Cryllor

by MB Drapier

Cryllor: Preamble

As many of you have probably guessed by my posts on the dwarves of the Crystalists and Jotens, my Greyhawk campaign takes place largely in western Keoland. The town in which my players have made a base is Cryllor, and for this reason, Cryllor is my most developed campaign town. In the next several posts, I will provide a little background on Cryllor, and then conduct a brief tour of the town, as it were.

I am afraid that the constraint of doing this all through AOL prevents me from giving as many details about the town as I would like, so all will necessarily be sketchy. I would be happy to answer any questions about the town, however, or send any details people might request via email.

In the meantime, I hope this is as useful to you as your posts have been to me.

Cryllor: Economics

With a population of 8,500 (and a real population of likely double that official count), Cryllor is the largest town of western Keoland. Nestled in the Good Hills on the banks of the Javan and its small tributary the Crystal Run, it was once the westernmost arm of the Keoish kingdom. Even after the territorial expansions into Geoff, Sterich, and the Yeomanry, the folk of Cryllor maintained their essential frontier spirit and sense of independence.

Cryllor was granted its charter by the ruling Count more than 200 years ago, and compared with the limited charters of the towns in the Keoish interior, it allows for considerable freedom. Relations between the townsfolk and His Grace the Count of Cryllor are good, and the townspeople willingly offer the military service that is part of the condition of their charter, for raids against the giants and humanoids of the mountains are lucrative. In their daily affairs, the Cryllorans are governed by the Lord Mayor and the Town Council. Most town justice is handled by the Council, with the exception of treasonable actions, which are dealt with in the court of the Count, who acts on behalf of the King.

The backbone of Cryllor is the wool trade; most wool from Geoff and Sterich makes its way to Flen, but some of it feeds the looms of Cryllor as well. Crylloran merchants, in turn, ship the finished wool down the Javan and eventually to the Sea Princes, or eastward to Nirole Dra, the Ulek fiefs, and the port city of Gradsul. Since large craft cannot navigate the Javan north of Cryllor, the town is very important for the further export of raw wool from Sterich and Geoff.

Other important trade items include the gold and gems from the Good Hills. The gnomes of the Good Hills come to Cryllor to trade their gold, garnet, and topaz for fine cloth, leather items, and foodstuffs. Cryllor is an important hub for the wine trade as well, merchants from the fertile Sheldomar region and the Ulek fiefs making their way to Geoff, Sterich, and the Yeomanry.

In addition to raw wool, Cryllor imports spices, rare woods, and ivory from the Hold of the Sea Princes, and copper from Geoff. The only other import of any significance would be the treasure hordes that sometimes come from the mountains.

Cryllor: Gov't and Religion

As noted, the titular leader of Cryllor is its Lord Mayor, who is chosen from the wealthier merchant families with the approval of the Count. Supporting the mayor is the Town Council, and below these a thick beaurocracy of magistrates, bailiffs, constables, tax collectors, and clerks. Prominent members of the Town Council include the Guildmaster of Armors, the leaders of the Merchants' League, the Guildmaster of Thieves, and the Guildmaster of the Brotherhood of the Blade (the Assassins' Guild in Cryllor). The High Priest of Celestian, the Patriarchs of Pholtus, Fharlanghn, and Tritherion, and the High Priestess of Zilchus are also given a seat on the Council (note that unlike more resolutely medieval settings, clerics are given seats on the Council, being considered members of the commune, unlike nobles).

Justice is normally swift and decisive in Cryllor. Despite the representation of thieves and assassins in Council, thievery and murder are against the law, and those who are caught in the act can expect little help from the Guilds. Both offenses are punishable by hanging, but these sentences may be commuted in times of need if either Count or town sees a need to raise an army quickly.

The people of Cryllor are not particularly religious; of all the deities mentioned, Fharlanghn is the most revered, though all of these gods have active temples in Cryllor. The priests of Pholtus and Zilchus carry the greatest influence in matters of policy. The Coalition of the Summoner maintains an active temple in Armory Square, while the temple of Celestian is to be found atop the mount of the Stars overlooking much of the town. In addition to these gods, Bleredd is much revered among the smiths (his greater spouse Ulaa is venerated in the Good Hills), some of the guard hold Kelanen as a patron, and there are cults of Kurell, Erythnul, and Pyremius flourishing in the Thieves' Quarter. The Order of Zodal maintains a small chapel on Beggars Row, and across Molly Canal, in Halfling Town, there is a small temple to Yondalla as well.

The town is located on a bend of the Javan River where the Crystal Run flows into the larger river. Outside the town is an extensive dock area, always crammed with river traders. The town within is divided into several sections, the largest of which is the Commercial Quarter on the west. Below that, and across the Beggars Canal is the Thieves' Quarter. Redmont Canal separates the Commercial Quarter from the Old City, where will be found the Plaza of Justice, the Temple of Pholtus, the Magic Quarter, and the Mount of the Stars. Further east, across Molly Canal, is upper and lower Halfling Town. Halfling Town abuts the great Castle of the Count of Cryllor, which guards the town from the east. To the north, outside the town proper, is a slum area that is mostly home to vagabonds, lunatics, and diseased beggars.

Next time, we'll go on a brief tour of the Commercial Quarter, touching Armory Square and Armory Row, the streets of the moneychangers, the Tradeway, and Fharlanghn's Square. Then, in subsequent postings, we'll hit the Thieves' Quarter, the Old City, Halfling Town, and the outer town.

Cryllor: Market Square

Mountain Road Gate on the west opens directly onto the Grain Market. The Grain Market is held in a roughly triangular courtyard with a number of streets running off of it. To the north are the town granaries, while a large, abandoned tower known as the Barbican looms to the south, beyond which can be found the temple of Tritherion in Armory Square, which opens the way to Smithy Lane, Gemners Row, and the famous Armory Way. Further south, following the path of the canal which separates the Commercial Quarter from the Thieves Quarter, is the Tradeway.

Directly east of the Grain Market will be found the busy streets where the money changers conduct their businesses, located nearby the public scales, the Barracks, and the Grand Temple of Zilchus. The streets then continue on through the heart of the Fair districts and eventually over the canal into the Old Town.

Market Square itself is always a bright and busy place, filled with carts of fruit, vegetables, and grains from local farmers. Astute reeves barter with sharp-tongued goodwives or the servants of local lords who come to replenish supplies for their manors. Meanwhile, the wine criers work this section of Cryllor thoroughly, offering samples drawn from the various inns and taverns. There will also be beggars seen crowding the gates, calling for alms but also occasionally selling information to those with the requisite silver to pay.

The Square boasts at least three quality inns--the Black Horse, the Lion Rampant, and the Griffon's Roost. The Lion Rampant is sometimes called the

King's Inn, since the sign displays the Keoish lion on a red field. Typically, the inns host merchants from Istiven and Gorna, but currently the Griffon's Roost is home to a band of mercenaries from Gran March, led by one Qronos, looking for employment and, failing that, trouble. They are being watched carefully by the Guard Captain Guilloches, who was apparently once an associate of Qronos.

The only other places of note in the Square are the Barbican and the shop of Rus and Korbo the Outfitters. The Barbican, as has been noted, was once a watchtower but is now largely a ruin, and only ravens perch atop its crumbling walls. The folk of Cryllor avoid the place at night, as it is rumored to be haunted. The shop of Rus and Korbo is strategically located so as to profit from the business of those wishing to make a foray into the mountain regions. Maps are available, as well all sorts of supplies for mountaineering, and even guides. As we leave Market Square on the little street leading south past the Barbican, we will come upon Armory Square.

Cryllor: Armory Square

Armory Square is usually packed with mercenaries of all varieties--dwarves from the Jotens and the Crystalmists, gnomes from the Good Hills and Stark Mounds, sturdy pikemen and archers from Geoff, the taciturn knights of Sterich, and tall, mustachioed warriors from the Yeomanry.

Dominating the scene is the temple of Tritherion; the dark blue and purple-clad priests of the Summoner will be found throughout this area, mixing with the blacksmiths, armorers, and common soldiers that are to be found in numbers here. There is some tension between the soldiers who hold Tritherion as their patron and those who follow the ways of Kelanen. Members of the town guard have been told to keep an eye on this area, but many of them are themselves members of, or sympathetic to, the Coalition of the Summoner (as is His Grace, the Count of Cryllor himself).

Directly across from the temple of Tritherion is the Hound and the Falcon, named after two of Tritherion's summoned beasts. Needless to say, it is popular with the soldiers and smiths in the area.

There are three streets leading off Armory Square; the westernmost street, which follows the line of the outer wall, is home to the local blacksmiths, the middle street is the famous Armory Way, which curves along until it intersects with the street of the goldsmiths, and the last is Gemners Row, which winds along for some way before it opens onto the Tradeway.

The street of the Blacksmiths is unremarkable, save for a small shrine to Bleredd located there. On Armory Way, the visitor will encounter many adventurers, knights, and soldiers who

have business with the shieldmakers, helmetmakers, swordsmiths, and armorers who pursue their craft on this street. The most famous of the armorers is Hrolf the Burly; Hrolf is said to have studied with the dwarves, from whom he has derived both his technique and his personality. He is fond of games and brew, and will often be seen drinking with 1-3 dwarves at the Blue Boar on Gemners Row, preferring that place to the more nearby Green Griffon on Armory Way. The Green Griffon itself is popular with soldiers, which is the current home of the half-elf Ikklarion, who hires out as a guide to the mountain regions, Finn the Lucky, a bard from Geoff and sole survivor of an ill-fated mission to one of the fallen dwarf holds in the mountains, and the mercenary Claritta, a tough fighter from Hardby and her band of women mercenaries.

Gemners Row, as noted, is the location of the Blue Boar tavern. Other places of note include the shop of Tubal the Gemner; Tubal is one of the wealthiest gemners in Cryllor, partly due to his close association with the gnomes of Clan Gilgarney. In fact, his daughter Verene is now studying illusion magic with Old X'ssi of Gilgarney, a master fighter/illusionist and trainer of many other gnomish illusionists, including the infamous thief known as Gnomomenclature, who is wanted in Geoff, Sterich, the Yeomanry, and K oland, and is now believed to be living somewhere on the Wild Coast. Gideon the Mage also makes his home on Gemners Row; he is the most gregarious of Cryllor's mages, and most willing to employ a party of adventurers on some apparently trivial or whimsical errand which will later turn out to be fraught with peril.

Next time, we will proceed along the Tradeway, and then back up to the streets of Cryllor's moneychangers and, if time permits, Fharlanghn's Square.

Cryllor: The Tradeway

Well, back to Cryllor at last. We have already had a brief overview of the town, and a visit to Armory Square and Armory Way. Now, as we proceed on Armory Way, take a small detour onto Goldcasters Lane, and turn left (east) onto the broad avenue that parallels the Lower Walk which follows Redmont Canal, we are on the Tradeway.

As the name implies, the Tradeway is one of the most impressive streets of Cryllor during the Fair season, at which time it is crowded with demi-human traders and tinkers of all varieties. For that reason, it is also a favorite training ground for apprentice thieves, and visiting adventurers must be wary of their purses. Some of the more celebrated inns of the Tradeway include the Dancing Devil, the Golden Sheaf, the Journeyman, and the Beaming Banshee. The Dancing Devil is run by a burly giant of a man who goes by the

un-Greyhawkian name of Halfdane and features exotic dancers and equally exotic fare. Halfdane also offers special customers the chance to wrestle with owlbears (he has two gigantic owlbears who guard the premises at night) and can supposedly procure such beasts as unicorns and faerie dragons to those willing to pay the price. All of this, of course, is strictly illegal, but since Halfdane is a personal friend of the guard captain Guilloches, nothing much is done about it.

The Golden Sheaf caters to those halflings who are not staying in Halfling Town; the owner, one Birkby Glynwickham, maintains a staff of halfling cooks, servers, and stable hands. One human scullion, Jaspas, a sullen and resentful young thief, is actually a member of the Cult of Erythnul, reporting likely prospects for robbery and murder to the brigand chief Hryk at the Crossed Daggers (in the Thieves Quarter).

The Journeyman is run by Tolug Ruun, a retired adventurer from the Dreadwood region, and is a favorite among rangers, druids, and even elves from that area. Tolug has proclaimed every Freeday halfling night at the Journeyman (an attempt to bring in customers from the Golden Sheaf). Halflings and their guests eat for free (although they must pay for their own drinks).

Finally, the Beaming Banshee is recognizable by the sign depicting a banshee with a mug of ale clasped in her hand and a bright smile on her face. The ale really is that good, thanks to the three gnomes who brew the stuff for Torvald the Helm, the proprietor. Torvold is an ex-soldier from Sterich, and all four are accomplished thieves and bandits who first met in the Stark Mounds. Now they act as fences and advisors for the rest of the group which preys on those using the road between Cryllor and Flen.

It is sometimes difficult for customers to get to the inns of the Tradeway without getting mobbed by the numerous traders who crowd the street outside the inns during the Fair. There are very strict laws prohibiting foreign merchants from thus assaulting potential customers, but in the confusion of the Fair, these laws are often neglected. Among the other permanent residents are several wealthy merchants and money lenders. At the eastern end of the street is a bridge leading across Bollo's Canal and into the lower section of Old Town, where will be found the Keep, the Hall of Justice, and the villas of the petty aristocrats.

We won't be going over into Old Town just yet. Instead, we will head back up to the streets of the moneychangers, by way of Saddlers Row, crossing the street of the gemners on the way. On the way up, you will see the most magnificent saddles displayed outside the shops, as well as fine scabbards, belts, and purses as well.

Cryllor: Money Changers

These streets are often crowded with foreigners looking to trade their own currency for coin of the realm. One will find an abundance of dwarves and gnomes, as well as humans from the states to the west. The street is well-patrolled.

Ubu is the most prominent of the local moneychangers, a shrewd investor and a good man of business. Portly and jovial, Ubu appears slow and absent-minded, but this is a front. There is actually precious little in Cryllor or the larger realm that he has not heard about. It is not generally known that he is a servant of Circle of Eight, possibly of Mordenkainen. As a man of business, he is truly neutral, but he will also act as an unseen sponsor of parties who are (wittingly or unwittingly) servants of the Balance.

Another of Cryllor's wealthy moneychangers is Cobarro, a merchant formerly of Monmurg but now in exile from his home in the Hold of the Sea Princes due to his secret opposition to the slavers who operate there. That story, widely known in Cryllor, is a fabrication, of course. Cobarro is a spy for the Prince of Toli, one of the best. He stays in Cryllor to work against the Coalition of the Summoner. Mostly Cobarro gathers information, but when direct action is called for, he generally employs the assassin Hryk, with whom he meets on *very* rare occasions at the Crossed Daggers. Normally, Cobarro frequents the Green Griffon and the Griffon's Roost, and other taverns favored by mercenaries, from whom he hopes to hear more about the movements of the devotees of Trithereon.

There are several inns around the area, as it is widely known as a fairly safe place to stay. The best is the Golden Orb, favored by the wealthiest visiting merchants. Sometimes, the minstrel Jounie will be found here, with rumors and stories from the Stark Mounds, the Oytwood, the Hornwood, and the Little Hills.

Nearby these offices and inns are the guard quarters and the public scales. The mercenary captain Guilloches may be found here. Guilloches is also the lieutenant of the Fair, under the command of Cassius, and in the pocket of the Thieves Guild. Guilloches' former companion and hated rival Qronos would be happy to work with anyone to prove Guilloches' connection with the Guild (see the Griffon's Roost, detailed earlier).

Finally, there is the impressive temple of Zilchus just to the south of the streets of the moneychangers. The temple is overseen by the High Priestess Xithra and her six assistants. The blue-green robed priests of this deity will often be found mixing with the important merchants of Cryllor.

Next time, we will stroll up to the Grand Way, just north of these streets, and walk east in the

direction of Old Town. Before we cross Bollo's Canal, however, we will have a chance to jog northward up the Crossway to the Square of Fharlanghn, after which we will head north along Canal Street and across Bollo's Canal into the northern section of Old Town, up the Mount of Stars to pay homage to Fharlanghn's mystical brother Celestian.

Until then, good journeys.

The Origin of St. Cuthbert

by QSamantha

Well, well, well if it isn't that noted lurker Iquander, known for complaining about how others don't post very often. ;) Good thing for you that you knew enough to leave a trail of breadcrumbs and no little birds got you lost. You might have ended up in Shadowdale!

You asked about St. Cuthbert so here goes.

The following account, in much expanded form, is contained in the Omnivall, the holy book of the Pholtic Church and reflects a Pholtic world view. However, this account should be given significant credence because it is in substantial agreement with the Cuoberiam, the Cuthbernian holy book.

In the beginning, there was only light and darkness, mingling without pattern. When the light separated from the darkness, the first deities came into being, Nerull, Bringer of Darkness and Pelor, the Creator. These gods were not those of the same names we know today, though they would become so in time. In the beginning, they were beings of such immense but simple power that they were effectively non-sentient. In the act of defining their separate existence's, Nerull and Pelor created the universe, drawing order from the primal chaos.

Among the first deities created were the sisters Beory, the Oerth Mother, who oversaw the creation of Oerth, and Istus, The Lady of Fate. Beory was born of Pelor. Istus was born of Pelor and Nerull, becoming the Colorless and the AllColored to their white and black. When Istus took form from Nerull and Pelor, she diminished them both and they became the gods we now know, attaining sentience for the first time, as their minds cleared, no longer overwhelmed by their own immensity.

In time, Istus and Pelor the Lesser gave birth to Pholtus, Lord of Light and Law.

In the early days of Oerth, when upstart man had learned the use of fire to forge metal and work wood into wheeled conveyances, pulled by horses he had tamed, Pholtus' avatar walked the land and taught men laws that they might govern themselves and maintain the progress of their civilization. To aid him in his efforts, the Light Bearer chose from among his followers those who most closely approached his ideals and raised them up as his saints. The first man raised up was named Cuthbert.

Saint Cuthbert threw himself into his assigned task with dedication and zeal. So great was the impression that he made upon the mind of men with whom he came in contact that many worshipped him as an intercessor with Pholtus, who was often more

inflexible than Saint Cuthbert. So long as Saint Cuthbert remained an intercessor and not an independent object of worship, Pholtus was content for he grew in power for having saints subordinate to him.

But all was not well within the Church. St. Cuthbert, try as he might, could not accept that Pholtus allowed all those of lawful alignment to worship him, even raising up lawful good, lawful neutral and lawful evil saints. Unable to accept the creation of lawful evil saints, St. Cuthbert rose up against his god.

The Origin of St. Cuthbert 2

Rallying those who worshipped Pholtus through him, St. Cuthbert denounced his maker and the folly of evil. Law, St. Cuthbert preached, must serve a good end or it is better to have no law at all for evil laws use law as but an excuse to legitimate evil. Pholtus in his desire for law failed to see that he was in fact championing evil.

For his part, Pholtus grew furious that he would be declared a champion of evil! He represented law and only law, in all its forms.

Thus, was the doctrinal breach and consequent enmity that still characterizes relations between the Pholtic and Cuthbernian Churches born.

When Pholtus sought to smite his wayward saint, Rao, the God of Reason, interceded. Seeing the reason in St. Cuthbert's position that laws must be good and recognizing in St. Cuthbert a useful servant who could act to preserve the peace, Rao raised St. Cuthbert up as an intermediate god of wisdom on a par with Pholtus and charged him with service. Thus, Cuthbert remains a saint, though a god. Where once he was the first Pholtic saint, he has become the first Raoan saint.

Because of Rao's pacifism, he prefers to give Saint Cuthbert free reign to conduct his own affairs and does not demand that Cuthbert act as an intercessor for him. The relationship between the two deities is that of mentor and student, whereas Cuthbert's relationship with Pholtus was always that of the master and servant.

The rivalry between the Cuthbernian and Pholtic Churches is easy enough to understand and more intense feelings lay hidden just below the surface. The rivalry is definitely not friendly.

Both St. Cuthbert and Pholtus continue the practice of raising up mortals to sainthood. Each church has a substantial number of saints that are worshipped as intercessors. However, the powers of these saints are much less than that originally bestowed on Cuthbert by Pholtus, lest a saint rebel in the future. Only the original Pholtic saints, created at the same time as St. Cuthbert are of a more powerful variety.

Cuthbert and the Sundering

by Chaos28

Thanks for asking. Here goes... The VERY unofficial history of St. Cuthbert...

It is written in the Book of Twelve Canticles that Cuthbert the man was made Beatus of the Pholtic Church in the second decade of the Age of Great Sorrows. Cuthbert, by all accounts, was a priest of Pholtus and well-known for his avenging spirit and his lack of mercy when dealing with the unrepentant. Given his popular appeal, it seemed only fitting that the church should select him for Beatus, and this motion was passed by the Council of Primates in what is now known as the Theocracy of the Pale. Cuthbert's icon was enshrined in towns and villages, and symbols of his icon were carried by those who followed his particular brand of Pholtic faith. This was all well and good... for a time.

As is the case with all great men, however, Cuthbert was destined to suffer ignominies at the hands of petty, but powerful men. Such was the case when Cuthbert attacked and killed a fellow priest of the Pholtic Church for acquiescing to slavery, a practice which was even then falling out of favor with the common folk. The Pholtic church had two options at this point: to elevate Cuthbert for his forthrightness, or to decry his insubordination and fratricidal behavior. As several of the High Primates were slave-owners themselves, the church chose the latter path. Cuthbert was imprisoned for his deeds. He languished in prison for ten long years until he was freed by a writ from one of the Primates who had followed his deeds and believed as Cuthbert did.

Rather than become the right-hand man of his liberator, as some thought he might, Cuthbert struck out for the west, fully intending to start his own Pholtic order in younger lands, where people might still be salvaged from the moral abuse of the Great Kingdom's taint. He landed in Furyondy, where he established a small chapel which soon grew into a church, then into a temple, then into a cathedral.

The people of Furyondy were overawed by this great orator and fiery priest, and his flock grew with each passing year. So much so, in fact, that the Council of High Primates back in the Great Kingdom could not help but take notice. Action was obviously called for, and the church could not exactly mount a war just because a breakaway priest was becoming popular in a foreign land. There were many things proposed, and what came out in the inner chambers, more than a decision regarding Beatus Cuthbert, was a growing recognition of the gulf which separated the orders of the Pholtic Church. As the negotiations and

debates reached fever pitch, something terrible occurred. One of the Pholtic priests was found slain in the cloisters, a medallion of Beatus Cuthbert still dangling from his strangled neck.

The inner chambers of the Council of High Primates became a veritable war zone. Personal guards of one priest clashed with those of another, blood was spilled, and threats were made on families, congregations, and lands. Chaos ensued for several nights. This became known as the "Schism of Humours" in Pholtic parlance, the time when (according to Pholtic doctrine) Pholtus chose to reveal to his priests the many faces of law. The scene in the inner chambers was not pretty, and some doubt that Pholtus the god had anything to do with what transpired.

The outcome was that the newly minted White Priests of Pholtus immediately retired to their fortresses and sanctuaries and declared themselves the center of the church. Shortly thereafter, the so-called Black Priests did the same, adding the excommunication of the White Order to their agenda. All the while, Cuthbert's congregation grew, with barely a glance east toward the Great Kingdom.

Cuthbert and the Sundering 2

After some time, a bull arrived in Furyondy from the headquarters of the White Order, informing Beatus Cuthbert that he had been elevated to living sainthood for his courage and forthright upholding of law in the holy name of Pholtus. He was required to gather his temple guard and make his way immediately to the fortress in what is now known as the Theocracy of the Pale.

Cuthbert was enraged. He tore the bull to bits and flung the pieces into the fire (but not before its contents had been read by no less than a dozen awestruck temple staff). Consulting with sages and wizards, Cuthbert set out from his temple, leaving it in the capable hands of his staff. What filtered back to the temple concerning Cuthbert's mysterious mission was that he had learned that he could become a god in his own right, through personal effort.

It should be noted that Cuthbert was never a man of religion, exactly. He was a faithful man, but often out of his depth in council chambers and secret sessions. He was, it is said, easily confused by the guile of more powerful priests, and for this reason, he chose to avoid the politics of the church as much as possible. This bull requiring him, in essence, to act as the mascot of a political cause, however ecclesiastical and righteous, was a tremendous slap in the face. Cuthbert vanished for many years, seemingly disappearing from the face of Oerth.

In his absence, his church grew terrifically in power. Several prominent nobles and even royals

declared their faith in the newly minted Saint Cuthbert, and money flowed like water into the church coffers. The temple became a cathedral, which became the kernel of the great basilica it is today.

It is not known for certain what happened to the saint in his travels, although apocryphal stories tell of mighty battles, trips into the Hells themselves, and deeds so subtle and good that they were hardly remarked on for years. What IS known is that Cuthbert eventually returned to his temple, now a busy cathedral. And he did not come meekly.

The temple records, if they are to be trusted, tell of the expense of repairs necessitated by the Saint's reappearance. He tore down the symbols, destroyed the holy services, and flung the contents of the offering box out into the gutters. Priests were driven out of the temple along with the faithful, and Cuthbert sat in his ruined temple and brooded for days. No one would go near him. The people began to speak in hushed whispers about the nimbus of light which surrounded him.

Then, one day, a golden light seemed to pour out of the temple, and the faithful cautiously approached the welcoming sight, albeit with a touch of terror. There were screams and gasps as the temple doors exploded outward, ripped off their hinges by Cuthbert himself, who stood in the archway. His nimbus outshone the noonday sun.

"I am Saint Cuthbert," he said, and his voice carried the length of the city, reaching into homes, taverns, and even the prisons. "I am your god. All who would approach me, enter my church, for it is the first of many. I ask only that you mend your wickedness, pursue it as you would a terrible foe, with forthrightness and valor." And with this, he vanished.

It has since been speculated that Cuthbert found a source of godhood in his travels. The churches of Obad-Hai and Rao attribute his ascension to their gods' intercession. Even the followers of certain sects of Heironeous claim that it was their god who elevated the Saint to godhood. But the real truth remains the greatest mystery of the church.

The City of Hardby.....again

by QSamantha

I know we've been down this road before but I want to revisit Hardby. I mean no offense to Aria's great job on Hardby but I wanted to get rid of the Suel for my own purposes and bring on the Temple of Joramy. What follows should be read in light of my Joramy post. I also wanted to work Hardby in closer to Greyhawk, particularly my version of Greyhawk post-FtA. To an extent my Dyvers is a guild/mage city. This version of Hardby is a cleric/warrior city. For me, this gives a nice contrast. Tell me what you think.

Early History of Hardby

Hardby was founded by a 21st Level priestess of Joramy, during the period of the Suel Migrations. However, it was not founded as a town or a Temple but as a Sanctum. Beneath the site on which the town of Hardby would grow are a series of geothermal caverns. It was in these caverns that Drusila founded her Sanctum to Joramy.

The Sanctum grew at a steady pace, attracting other priestesses of Joramy, but the rise of Dyvers and Greyhawk to the north troubled Drusila. She feared the eventual loss or desecration of the Sanctum by the more numerous followers of the gods worshipped by the men of the north. Thus it was that Drusila gave her permission to Italane, a 16th Level Priestess of Joramy to founded both a town and a temple in on the site. The Temple was built directly over the only known entrance to the cave systems.

A small village grew up quickly to support the Temple. Because of the rich fishing grounds in the nearby waters of Wooly Bay, the village became a town in no time. The advantageous position of this new town of Hardby at the mouth of the Selitan River ensured continuing growth linked to merchant traffic going to and from Greyhawk. It also ensured that the burghers of Greyhawk would look upon Hardby as a parasitic rival, suitable for annexation.

Early on, Hardby offered a special attraction for women. The priestesses of Joramy used their influence to insure that Hardby's civic charter not only guaranteed women equal rights with men but provided for a hereditary female ruler, known as the Despotrix, and an all female Council and Militia. Drawn by the opportunities Hardby offered, fighting women, female mages and rogues flocked to the city. When female clerics hesitated to build temples in Hardby, fearing the power of the Temple of Joramy, the civic charter was amended to include a provision guaranteeing religious freedom for all citizens. With this addition,

Hardby became one of the most open cities in the Flaneass.

The Greyhawk Conflicts

As Hardby continued to grow, so did Greyhawk's rivalry with Dyvers and the desire of the city fathers to annex Hardby. The Despotrix' alternately agreed to political marriages, that united the two city states in name only, and met the Greyhawkers in combat. The Legion of Hardby grew seasoned repelling Greyhawk's forces but it was ultimately to be a losing fight. Greyhawk's resources were simply too much for Hardby to match. Worn down in a series of small wars, Hardby fell to Greyhawk.

But the wars did not end. The Legion went underground within the city, allying with the all female thieves guild to harass Hardby's conquerors. The Despotrix was spirited away to the Abor-Alz, where the remaining cohorts of the Legion established a series of well hidden camps from which they struck at Greyhawk's troops. The drain on Greyhawk's treasury began to tell. Negotiations were begun. In the end, it was agreed that Hardby would enjoy palatinate status. The Despotrix would agree to lay down her arms and resume her throne. The Legion would be maintained as Hardby's constabulary and the civic charter would be restored. Though Hardby would be forced to pay tribute to Greyhawk, it would otherwise be left to its own devices.

With the coming of the Greyhawk Wars, the burghers of Greyhawk began to place increasing demands on Hardby. When the Despotrix hesitated in obeying their commands, the burghers once again sent troops south. Backed by the power of the Circle of Eight, Hardby was occupied without incident. The Despotrix was placed under house arrest and the Legion scattered. Though the Legion regrouped in the Abor-Alz, with the Despotrix held hostage there was but little they dared do. As a final insult, the civic charter was revoked and women were denied equal rights.

The Temple of Joramy

Content through the years to run their Temple and commune with Joramy in their underground Sanctum, the priestesses could hardly ignore the revocation of the civic charter. Hardby had been built by women, though not exclusively for women. These women formed the laity of the Temple and now sought its aid. The priestesses determined to act, lest Drusila's fears come to pass.

Communing with their goddess deep within the Sanctum, the priestesses received Joramy's permission to help. The tunnels running beneath the Temple became a sanctuary for rebels fighting the

oppressors from Greyhawk. Coordinating with the thieves guild, the guilds' and the Temple's underground network of tunnels were expanded and connected, though the Sanctum remained isolated and inviolate. This allowed the rebels to conduct hit and run raids, then seemingly vanish.

Among the more warlike priestesses a new order was formed. The Knights of Joramy dedicated themselves to the preservation of Hardby as Joramy's city. This marked a major change in the faith's traditional isolationist policies and was not without controversy that lasts to the present. Operating in secret, the Knights coordinated their attacks on Greyhawk's militia with the surviving Legionaries in the Abor-Alz, turning up the pressure.

Jallarzi Sallavarian

The only female member of the Circle of Eight did not become a member easily. Mordenkainen opposed her membership in part because she was a woman. In the end, he would only accept her as a probationary member. Only Tenser, Otiluke and Rary fully supported her membership. Then came the Greyhawk Wars.

Tenser and Otiluke died. Rary fled to the Bright Desert with Robilar. Jallarzi Sallavarian was left without allies in the Circle. Despite the circumstances, Mordenkainen still refused her admittance into the most secret deliberations of the Circle. When the Circle acted to secure Hardby for Greyhawk, in part as a bulwark against Rary, Jallarzi had enough.

Seeking out the beleaguered forces loyal to the Despotrix, Jallarzi offered them her assistance in return for sanctuary. Hardby had never had a great population of mages and Jallarzi's offer was accepted with enthusiasm. The tide began to turn against Greyhawk. Jallarzi's magical might coupled with the lightning raids of the thieves guild and the military might of the Knights of Joramy and the regrouped Legion soon drove Greyhawk's occupying forces from the city.

Aghast at what he regarded as still more treachery, Mordenkainen rallied the remaining members of the Circle against Hardby. Alone Jallarzi could hardly hope to defeat Mordenkainen, let alone the Circle. As the magical assault broke, aid came from an unexpected quarter. Rary fortified Jallarzi's defenses. So unexpected was his appearance and ferocious his attack that the Circle was stalemated. Afterwards, Jallarzi and Rary spoke privately. What was said is unknown but the mere prospect of an alliance has made Mordenkainen much more cautious.

Hardby Today

Hardby is enjoying its freedom and the peace and prosperity the Greyhawk Renaissance has brought. The Despotrix once again rules and the civic charter is restored. The Knights of Joramy now openly augment the Legion in Hardby's defense, conspicuous in their orange surcoats and golden tabards. The thieves guild has been granted unprecedented leeway when dealing with foreigners in gratitude for its service and continues to function as an adjunct to the Despotrix's government, operating as an intelligence service. With Jallarzi's presence as the Despotrix' court wizard, Hardby's magical defenses have never been stronger.

Greyhawk, however, remains a threat. That city opposed Hardby's admission into the Greyhawk League, though the Despotrix eventually chose to forego membership in any event. At present there is little Greyhawk's burghers can do but glower but behind the scenes they still plot Hardby's annexation.

The Abor-Alz also remains troubling. The Despotrix has claimed some of this mineral rich territory and has sent Legionaries to back up that claim. The Hillman, however, are universally hostile. Some believe that Rary and Jallarzi have agreed to deal with the Hillman together for those stubborn tribesmen suffer Rary's forces no more easily than the Despotrix'.

The Legion of Hardby

The Legion of Hardby is the all female fighting force that is the backbone of Hardby's army. The Legion is a standing, professional force, augmented in time of troubles by the Militia. The Militia is open to both men and women on equal terms and drills regularly. Along with the Knights of Joramy, these three forces comprise Hardby's military force.

Subdivided into Centuries, each led by a Centurion, the Legion is armed with spears and shields. Each Legionnaire also carries a long sword and hand ax. Most Legionaries are specialized in the use of the spear and receive a -1 AC bonus on top of the normal shield bonus when fighting spear and shield. Some Legionaries acquire the running and endurance proficiencies and act as either messengers or scouts. Those also acquiring survival and tracking proficiencies as well as specialization in the long sword act as special troops sent to operate behind enemy lines. They often work independently or as guards for agents of the Despotric Order.

The Despotric Order

The Despotric Order is composed of those thieves guild members who continue to work for the Despotrix as spies. Open only to women, the members of the Order are trained poisoners. They are also skilled in various arts so that they may insinuate

themselves into others confidence more easily. Skilled in hand to hand combat, members of the Order gain +2 to hit and damage when punching or wrestling. Specialization in the dagger is standard.

The Knights of Joramy

The Knights of Joramy are the fighting arm of the Temple of Joramy in Hardby and serve as an adjunct to that city's armed forces. A distinct departure from the faith's typically isolationist tendencies, the Knights are looked upon with suspicion, though not hostility, by other clerics. For their part, the Knights try to prove themselves no less clerics for their martial prowess.

All Knights of Joramy are also clerics of Joramy. Distinctive in orange surcoats with gold tabards, the Knights are divided into two branches, cavalry and foot. Cavalry Knights will possess the proficiency horsemanship and specialize in the lance. Knights of the Foot will have the running proficiency and specialize in the longsword. It is not uncommon for both types of Knights to operate together. The foot's ability to quickly follow up a mounted charge makes for a devastating combination.

***** End of Best of Greyhawk #6 *****