

Basic Set

Acolytes

In the darkest hour an unexpected relief comes to the free people of Mennara. Once an outcast, the enigmatic sorcerer Timorran has returned from exile in the south. He brings with him an army of his followers; Acolytes trained in the art of magic, and a strong force of warriors from the Sunderlands.

Timorran has returned to defeat his great enemy, the brother of Timorran's own father; Llovar Rotonu.

Dragonkin

For the Draco it is a time of Civil War. The emergence of Llovar has split the ancient species in bitter conflict. The Dragon King, Tyrnask Rex, advocated neutrality in The Great War, but other Elders would not listen. Some joined Llovar, some fight against him.

Tyrnask fears that the Great War and the division among Dragonkind will bring about the X'ru, the long prophesized extinction of the Dragons. Yet Tyrnask must oppose the rebels and must seek to preserve the remnants of order among his kin.

Dwarves

In the east region of the Nojold lies the underground Kingdom of The Anvil. From here Great Chief Gron Of Urth rules the proud populace of Dwarves.

It is the time of The Great War, and Gron adamantly seeks to maintain the sovereignty of his people. To this end he has amassed a powerful Dwarven Host under the banner of the Red Anvil. These warriors are the guardians of Nojold and the best hope for Dwarven kin.

Elves

The scourge of Llovar is at hand, and The Great War threatens to destroy all that is good and all that are kind. High Lord Triamlavar in the Elven Capitol of Lotharia has heeded the old alliance of Elves and Men, and has sent his own sons into battle.

The Armies of the Lathari Elves are waging war against the forces of darkness. Under the sun and moon, in wood on plain, their arrows whisper and their swords sing. They are Alluria, the heart and the strength of the forest.

Knights

It is the height of an age. Prosperity and peace has grown along with humankind for decades. It is the height of an age. It is an age that is about to come to a crashing end.

King Falladir prepares for war. An all encompassing, all important war. The Great War. The forces of darkness are gathering at the borders of the free people. Invasion is imminent. At the height of day, the darkest hour comes.

Orcs

After hundreds of years of fighting among themselves, the Tribes of the Broken Plain have at last united to serve Llovar. Goblins and Orcs are pouring out of the wastes, pillaging and destroying all in their path.

Like a massive tidal wave, the great host of the broken plain is about to wash over the lands of Mennara.

Undead

Since Llovar unleashed The Great War upon the world of Mennara, his faithful servant Farrenghast has overseen the mighty Army of The Dead. Like an unstoppable rot, Farrenghast's skeletal hordes have washed over the lands, laying waste to the enemies of Llovar. The prophecy of doom has come true. The dead walk again.

Uthuk

Across the Desert of Blasted Winds, not far from the Broken Plain, lies the realm of Llovar's own people; The Uthuk. They were the first to be commanded by the Dark Lord, and it was they who lit the first spark of The Great War. Their malice towards the free people of Mennara is bottomless, their cruelty boundless.

From the heart of the Darklands, they bring doom. Serving Llovar, at last they will have revenge.

Dragonfall Event

The Great War is still in its infancy. Thelgrim has yet to be invaded, and King Falladir still rules his kingdom with wisdom and strength. And amongst the Dragonkin, there is a growing rift between those who wish to stay out of the Great War, and those who wish to exploit it.

Tyrnask Rex, ancient king of the Dragonkin, has long been an advocate for neutrality. "The world is full of insignificant creatures and their insignificant conflicts," he says. "We are above such things. For we are Dragonkin, and we are eternal."

Tyrnask's rival, Helspanth, has had enough of such talk. He has long dreamt of a Mennara ruled through Dragon might, and sees the growing conflict as an opportunity to destroy those lesser races that would stand in the way of Dragon destiny.

Before Helspanth can mobilize the Dragonkin, he must first eliminate the cowards who hide behind traditions of neutrality. First amongst these is Tyrnask Rex.

Helspanth has invited Tyrnask to a conference in the remote and isolated Mountains of Despair. It will be an opportunity for them to discuss their differences in private, he claims, but it is actually a trap. Helspanth and his troops will waylay the Dragon King as he arrives. But Tyrnask is no fool, and has brought his own guard. What Helspanth expects to be an ambush will turn into a vicious battle amongst the mountain peaks and chasms.

Both Tyrnask and Helspanth know what is at stake. Neither of them will come away from this encounter unscathed — and only one will return from the Mountains of Despair.

Moon Over Thelgrim

Sales Blurb

Llovar's army of darkness has swept into the Thelgrim Peninsula, overrunning King Falladir's garrison and capturing the Dwarven homeland. In hopes of re-taking Thelgrim, Timmoran has sent his Acolytes, and Triamlavar the Elf King has sent his armies, but even these forces may not be enough to overcome the Uthuk Y'llan occupying force.

There is a bad moon rising, full of blood and ill omens. The Great War has come to Thelgrim, and death follows in its wake.

Rule Book

Mud squelches and sucks at Torgren's boots while tiny insects flit around his head. The dwarf grits his teeth and tries to focus on the drums.

The drummers' beat is slower here in the swamp. The regiment marches in time to the drums, plodding through the watery muck. Grim-faced and sweaty, the soldiers have seen much since they first set out for Thelgrim two weeks ago. Long, hard days of travel, interrupted only by brief, brutal clashes with the savage orcs, have taken their toll on the rugged dwarven band.

Like his companions, Torgren is tired. He's tired of marching, tired of sleeping in mud, tired of this stinking swamp. But as long as there are orcs, he will never be tired of fighting.

"Hold up!" A strong female voice bellows from up ahead. The drums roll off a staccato beat and fall silent, signaling the troops to halt.

"We will rest here for a few minutes. Don't get too comfortable - if you fall asleep, the mosquitoes will carry you away!"

Torgren smiles despite himself when Brynhyld steps into view. As beautiful as she is intelligent, the dwarven sorceress is a great warrior and a canny leader. There are rumors that she declined an invitation to be a royal advisor, preferring instead to join her troops in battle. Having seen brynhyld's wisdom both on and off the battlefield, Torgren suspects that the rumors are true.] Suddenly, Torgren whirls to his left. He knows he saw movement - an unnatural ripple - from the corner of his eye. YES, there it is... lurking in the bushes! The soldier loads his crossbow without taking his eyes from the hulking shape obscured by foliage.

"Think we got a spy," he mutters, and nods towards the bush. Following his gaze, the other dwarves raise their crossbows and heft their swords.

"Come on out, orc!" Torgren calls. "Or stay there and die like an elf, cowering in the leaves. I don't care."

The figure that emerges from the foliage is tall enough to be an orc, but its skin is smooth and slick. It raises its arms - all four of them - revealing no weapons in its webbed hands.

"Mahkim," Torgren breathes with a mix of surprise and disgust. "I thought they were a myth."

He raises his crossbow and takes aim.

"Still... it stinks like an orc. Bet it bleeds like one too."

"Hold your fire!" Brynhyld sashes hurriedly through the water towards Torgren and his fellows. Placing herself between her soldiers and the mahkim, she faces the swamp-creature and

matches its defenseless pose. The sorcerers mutters a few words in a strange, slithery tongue. The mahkim cocks its head, then replies in the same language. For a tense minute the two exchange words while the dwarven regiment stands ready to attack.

At last, Brynhyld returns to her troops.

"The mahkim is not our enemy," she says. "But he can take us to the ones who are. The orcs have camped not ten miles from here. We will overtake them before the sun sets. By nightfall we will wipe them out once and for all!"

Torgren joins in the cheers of his fellow soldiers. He isn't tired anymore. For tonight, he will see battle. Tonight, the regiment shall know victory at last.

Acolytes

Waiquar's breath turns to vapor in the cold autumn air as he watches the moon rise over the Thelgrim peninsula. He is a long way from his home in the warmer southern lands, but time is running out. Waiquar and his troops must reach the besieged city of Nonalli before winter sets in. Already the leaves are falling, and the morning knows pale frosts.

Thelgrim must not fall. If the peninsula stands against Llovar's terrible assault, it will buy time enough for the forces of Lathari and Timorran to push through into the Wastelands, thus bringing the Great War into Llovar's own homeland. Waiquar pulls his cloak closer. It will be a long winter.

Dragonkin

Oboros is troubled. Tyrnask the King is missing and rumored dead, and Llovar's forces have invaded the peninsula of Thelgrim. One after another, the prophecies are being fulfilled.

And now even the mighty Draco Wing is split by dissension. A fighting force strictly dedicated to the defense of the Dragonkin, the Wing is being torn apart by those who wish to fight with Llovar or against him. If the Wing dissolves, it will mean civil war - and another step closer to X'ru. As Tyrnask's successor, Oboros cannot stand by and allow this to happen.

Dwarves

Varik Longbeard had hoped to give up soldiering. He prefers the simple life of a blacksmith, but now knows this is not to be. His home has been destroyed, his family enslaved. He has no more choice but to fight. It is time for Varik's axe to swing once more.

In the shadow of Mount Thelgrim lies the Urth valley, ancestral home to countless Dwarves. Free and proud, these miners and craftsmen have long prospered in the Thelgrim peninsula. But now Llovar's evil forces have swept through the Urth pass and into the valley, killing or enslaving all in their path. To defend their homes and freedom, the Dwarves of Urth will stand and fight. They will drive the invaders back to the Wastelands from which they came.

Elves

Oberiene snarls in rage at the devastation before him. This vast wilderness of plants and trees has been burned, reduced in hours to charred and smoking debris. Oberiene sees now why his father sent him and his troops to his place. Llovar must be stopped.

In the peninsula of Thelgrim, the colony of Groman has fallen to Llovar's evil forces. Its rich farmland once fed Elves and Man alike, but has now been overrun, and its capital Nonalli is under siege. The Great War has begun, and days of plentiful bloodshed and powerful sorrow lie ahead.

Knights

The Iron Fortress on Mount Thelgrim once stood proudly overlooking the Urth pass and defending Falladir's beloved Groman colony on the Thelgrim peninsula. But now the Fortress has fallen to Llovar's forces of darkness. The knights who once held the fortress, the Groman Guard, have been forced to retreat.

The Guard have taken refuge in the besieged city of Nonalli. Led by General Cordwain, the knights fight a desperate battle against overwhelming numbers. They are determined to break the siege and re-take Mount Thelgrim... or die trying.

Orcs

Zocrab smiles wickedly at his orders: Sweep down through the Urth pass and into the Thelgrim peninsula, laying waste to everything until no human, elf or dwarf breath remains. The Goblin Lord licks his blade and spits. Such a sweet prospect!

The battle goes well for Zocrab's marauders. The Urth valley has been devastated. The peninsula's wilderness and farmlands have been set to the torch. It is only a matter of time before his troops wipe out the last traces of resistance. When the Uthuk horde arrives, Zocrab knows they will find the peninsula already taken, and **he** crowned with new favor by Llovar.

Undead

Frothan basks in the moonlight. It strengthens him, fills him with power as he gazes down at the city of Nonalli. Fires flicker within its walls, its occupants terrified of the night. Outside the walls there is only darkness, but it writhes with unnatural life. The Army of the Dead has surged across the Thelgrim peninsula in an unholy flood, destroying everything in its path.

Many of its fallen enemies have risen again to its ranks; the horde is larger than when it first arrived on shore. Now Frothan and his troops lay siege to the once-great city of Nonalli. It is only a matter of time before Nonalli's walls collapse. Frothan can afford to be patient. Undead have plenty of time.

Uthuk

Asya toys at her victim's thoughts, smiling at his screams. T'alla is not her specialty, but she can tell from this one's dreams that victory is assured for the Uthuk. And why shouldn't it be? The savage Orcs have already pillaged and burned the valley of Urth, and the Army of the Dead surrounds the city of Nonalli.

But it is up to the Q'aro Fenn Uthuk to hold the Thelgrim peninsula. With their ruthlessness and zeal for slavery, they are the perfect occupying force. While working their slaves in the mines of Urth, they eagerly throw themselves into battle against all those foolish enough to oppose them.

Siege of Novalli Event

Scenario One: Running the Gauntlet

Two mighty fleets have braved the storm-tossed Sea of Deltaro and set ashore on the Thelgrim Peninsula. Two divisions from the Acolytes of Timmoran and the Lathari Elves are marching inland in a concerted effort to stop Llovar before he can tighten his grip on the Peninsula. The Acolytes and a smaller Elven force are in a race against time to reach the besieged city of Nonalli. Thus far, the combined forces have been fast and stealthy enough to avoid a confrontation that would cost them precious time. But now that Nonalli lies within reach, they have reached the southern border of the Nonalli region, which is heavily occupied by Zocrab's Orcs.

There is no time to find another way to the city; the Elves and Acolytes must fight their way through. If there is any further delay, Nonalli will surely fall for lack of reinforcements.

Scenario Two: Swamp Slaughter

When the Q'aro Fenn Uthuk occupied the Urth and Groman territories, they had expected - even welcomed - resistance from the Dwarves and Knights who lived there. But when their supply caravans began to mysteriously disappear along the northern swamps and forests, the Uthuk were surprised. The Dwarves were not known for guerrilla tactics, and most of the Knights were held up in Nonalli. It wasn't until the Uthuk captured and interrogated the Dwarf Torgren that they learned the name of their elusive new enemy: the Mahkim.

Now the Q'aro Fenn have been given a new task: they must destroy Dephapvhan, a Mahkim village serving as a staging area for the rebels that have been endangering Uthuk supply lines. But Llovar has ordered that Dephaavan must be taken quickly and without great losses, for the Undead are pressing in to take the city of Nonalli, and will require the Uthuk's assistance to guarantee victory.

Scenario Three: Battle for Nonalli

The siege of Nonalli is in its final days. Inside the city, the temple of Utaavo continues to provide blessed food and fresh water, but the allied Dwarves and Knights are anxious. They know the city's defenses are weakening, and the undead hordes outside are growing impatient as their ranks continue to swell.

Yet relief is coming, and Nonalli will be saved if its defenders can hold the city long enough for the Acolyte reinforcements to arrive from the south. But time is short! The Uthuk are on the march and will soon join the Undead for a final push. If the forces of evil take the temple of Utaavo, Nonalli will be lost - and with it, all of the Thelgrim peninsula.

Wastelands

Box

The wise ones say that the Char'gr Wastelands are full of demons. They say evil, twisted creatures lurk beneath the earth, lying in wait for unwary travelers.

Unknown to Llovar, the armies of Timorran and Elf Lord Triamlavar are amassing south of Char'gr. Secure in his defenses, Llovar doesn't expect an attack on this front. With a swift, desperate assault, the alliance hopes to reach Llovar's Citadel in the heart of the Ru, the Uthuk homeland.

But first they must survive the Wastelands...

Rule Book

The walls of Nonalli have fallen, and the once-great city has been reduced to smoldering ruins. With the destruction of this final stronghold, Llovar's forces of evil have control of the Thelgrim peninsula and can now march towards their final destination: Falladir's kingdom.

Unbeknownst to Llovar, his enemies are preparing a desperate attack across the Char'gr Wastelands to reach Llovar's own citadel. But before they can confront Llovar, they must first survive the demons of the Wastelands.

Cavern

"Oboros Rex is dead!" roars Azaellrog, "and the Draco Wing is no more!"

The cavern below him erupts into draconian cheers. Roaring, growling, flapping their wings, the assembly of fire dragons proclaims its approval. Azaellrog looks down on his soldiers with satisfaction. They are zealous, loyal and disciplined. Ceryx Jade has no chance against this army.

"We have stood idle too long," Azaellrog snarls. "We have stood and watched while lesser races have spread like a plague across our great world. The time of watching is over. Now is the time for us to strike! To remind these feeble creatures of the true might and fury of the Dragonkin! Now is the time to fulfill our destiny ... and to rule all Mennara!"

Azaellrog pauses, basking in the cheers from below.

"For generations, the ancients have told us to stay out of the affairs of lesser beings. They told us we are above war, that we are to remain neutral. But what did that get us? Nothing! And now war has come to the Dragonkin. Neutrality is no longer an option! This is civil war, and every Dragon must choose a side."

Unbidden, Azaellrog's thoughts go to those who have chosen to side with Ceryx Jade, the reluctant successor to Oboros. Except for the remnants of the Draco Wing, they aren't even warriors, but merely cowards hoping to avoid the coming war. Nevertheless, it angers Azaellrog that so many have chosen the weakling Ceryx over him.

"You, my brave warriors, have chosen wisely. You have sided with the rightful ruler of the Dragonkin. Now it is your duty to find the imposter Ceryx and destroy her!"

Chasm

"My lord, there is a messenger here to see you. She brings word from Falladir." "Excellent," says Triamlavar. "Send her in." A moment later. The Elven High Lord's servant ushers in a woman

wearing royal livery. " My lord, I present the Lady Morgaine of Bellwayne." Morgaine courtseys and glances around the chamber. The Elven High Lord has gathered the leaders of his own people as well as representatives of Timmoran. Morgaine takes a place at the large stone table that dominates the room. "Lady Morgaine, I am relieved that you can join us," says Triamlavar. "As you know, we are about to make a grave decision as to our strategy in this damnable war. I would be loath to proceed without knowing the situation of your king...and his kingdom." Morgaine smiles grimly.

"The situation remains dire, my lord. King Falladir's forces are spread thin along our borders, holding back the Orcs and Uthuk as best as they can. We have received reports that Llovar's forces are preparing for a massive assault on our kingdom before the year's end. With the circumstances in Thelgrim deteriorating, we can expect no help from the Groman colony." Triamlavar exchanges glances with his advisors. One of them nods solemnly. The Elven High Lord turns to Timmoran's representatives. "Does Timmoran remain committed to his plan? You have heard the situation in Falladir's kingdom. There may be even more risk than we have expected." The Acolytes nod in unison. "We remain committed," one of them says "All is as the Wise one has foreseen."

Desert

Horgun is always watchful when he goes hunting.

He mostly watches out for the K'Ryth. Some of them have wings. Others have claws. Some don't have any shape, just masses of tentacles. The K'ryth like to eat Kurza - especially the magic-speakers. Horgun doesn't speak magic, but he doesn't care. He is a hunter.

Today, Horgun is watching out for Uthuk Y'llan. He saw them this morning and hid in the rocks while they went by. He tried to count all the Uthuk warriors, but it made his head hurt. Before, when the Uthuk came to the Kurza lands, they were looking for Kurza to take as slaves. But when Horgun saw them this morning, the Uthuk were not going to the caves where the other Kurza lived. Instead they were going south towards the Green Lands.

Horgun has never seen the Green Lands, but the old ones say Kurza used to live there long, long ago. They say Kurza lived in a place called Nojold with others that were like them, but smaller and weaker. When the others got jealous, they drove Kurza out to this place of K'Ryth and Uthuk. The others wanted Kurza to die, but the Kurza were too strong!

Some of the other Kurza say they have seen strangers coming up from the Green Lands. Horgun didn't believe them before, but now that he's seen the Uthuk going to the Green Lands, he knows what's going on. The Uthuk are fighting the strangers, making them slaves instead of Kurza.

Horgun smiles. He likes the idea of the Uthuk enslaving the ones who sent the Kurza to this place.

R'karg Nest

Dokarra doesn't want to be here.

From the bluff, he can see the Wastelands spread out for miles beneath him, their loose and rocky soil giving way to cracked earth in the distance. He can see no vegetation or signs of life - except, of course, the chimney-like towers to the east.

"What's the problem, old man? We don't have the time to admire the view."

Dokarra doesn't turn around. He's a patriot, and loyal to the king. He will do his duty and guide Falladir's advance troops into the Wastelands, but he doesn't like it. Nor does he like Lieutenant Dydrah, the leader of this mission most perilous.

"We got to go that way," Dokarra says, pointing to the west. "It'll take a full day to go around the hills and reach the river caves - we'll be safe there. - so we should set up camp here and head out at dawn. You don't want to be out there," he gestures at the Wastelands," after dark."

You must be getting senile," scoffs Dydrah. "I can practically see the river caves from here. If we set out now and avoid the hills altogether, we can be there by nightfall. It's amazing how much time we can save by simply traveling in a straight line."

Dokarra narrows his eyes, gritting his teeth behind his beard. He hates explaining himself, but he hates having his judgement questioned even more.

"You see them mud tubes over to the east? That's the top part of a R'Karg nest. For miles around that nest, there are hundreds of young R'Karg buried just beneath the ground, waiting for a fool like you to walk through.

"Few years back, Lord Brandir hired me to track down his runaway son. Finally caught up with the boy on the edge of a R'Karg nest just like this. I was too late to grab him: he was already surrounded and didn't even know it. I tried to stop him, tried to warn him off, but he wouldn't listen. Sure enough, there's a rumble, then a whole army of R'Karg come busting up from under the soil. I couldn't even see the kid no more.

"Next thing I see, Brandir's son is unconscious and bleeding, but still in one piece. The R'Karg are picking him up and carrying him off to the nest. That's the last I seen of him."

Dokarra shakes his head sadly.

"Spread out!" Dydrah commands. "We'll be camping here tonight, and I don't want us to be an easy target for any of Llovar's spies."

Swamp

Warleader Mathan never dreamed that one day he would lead a Mahkim warparty out of the swamps... and into the Wastelands.

When Mathan first encountered the Orc horde, he was shocked by the invader's savage brutality. Many of his brave Mahkim warriors met their death at Orcish hands, never knowing exactly what they were fighting against. It wasn't until he met with Dwarven refugees from Urth that Mathan realized the full impact of the Thelgrim invasion. It was then that he decided to go on the offensive against Llovar's minions.

Led by Mathan and the other warleader, the Mahkim began a guerilla war against the Uthuk occupying force. They attacked supply lines, cursed the camps with sickness, and freed what slaves they could, then disappeared into the swamp once more. When Uthuk or Orc units went into the swamp looking for the raiders, they either found no trace of the Mahkim or were wiped out themselves.

Now Mathan and his warparty are bringing the battle back to the Llovar. Accompanying a ragtag band of Dwarven soldiers and refugees, they are pressing northward through the Uthuk-occupied Valley of Urth and on into the Wastelands. They have been smart and lucky enough to avoid detection thus far, but Mathan knows the hardest part is yet to come.

Village

The night before he and his forces reached the besieged city of Nonalli, Waiqar Sumarion was awakened by the glowing, phantasmal image of none other than Timmoran himself.

"Rise, Waiqar, for the time has come for you to leave this battle."

Waiqar shook his head, trying to clear the fog of sleep. He didn't trust his still groggy senses.

"Wise one," he said, "did you say I am to leave this battle?"

"Yes."

"But wise one, we have come all this way to help Nonalli. If I leave now..."

"If you leave now, and travel quickly, you may yet reach your destination before it is too late. Your warriors are strong. They can fight without you. But only you can undertake the quest I am setting before you. Choose twenty of your most trusted soldiers and set out before dawn. Follow the shoreline until you reach the village of Vallidyl. Wait there, and I will visit with more instructions."

Waiqar bowed to the shimmering apparition.

"Yes, wise one. I will do as you say. But I must know ... what is our destination?"

The image of Timmoran flickered as the mighty wizard pondered his answer.

"Your destination," he said at the last, "is the citadel of Llovar himself. With my guidance and your skill, we will succeed with a small band where entire armies have failed. But say nothing of these things to your men. For the harvest comes not until autumn, and it is barely spring.

"Go now. Gather your twenty. Time is short."

With those words, the image vanished, leaving Waiqar alone in the dark with his thoughts.

Battle for Oboros Event

Setup

The city of Nonalli has fallen, and the Thelgrim peninsula has been overrun by the armies of darkness. Secure in his domination of Thelgrim, Llovar has marched his invasion force northward, preparing an assault on Falladir's kingdom.

But Falladir's allies are preparing an assault of their own. An allied force of Elves and Acolytes has set out for Llovar's citadel. They are attacking on the front Llovar thinks is most secure -- the Char'gr Wastelands. This twisted, evil land is said to be full of demons. It is desperation that drives the allies to attempt an assault through this dangerous region.

The Dragonkin, long a neutral party in the Great War, has fallen into civil war. Oboros Rex is dead, killed by Azaellrog, who has declared himself Draco Rex and allied the Dragons with Llovar. Not all Dragonkin accept Azaellrog's leadership, however. Many have sided with Ceryx Jade, who has gone into hiding, and are opposing Azaellrog's forces.

When Llovar learned of Oboros Rex's death, he requested that Azaellrog bring him the dragon-king's bones -- "as a trophy," he said. Azaellrog agreed to the arrangement. He had no use for his enemy's body, and saw this as an easy way to ingratiate Llovar.

But Llovar has his own agenda. Working with Farrenghast, he has arranged to have Oboros raised from the dead. A lich dragon would wield great power over the Dragonkin, but be under Llovar's absolute control. Farrenghast and his minions have taken the bones of Oboros to the

cursed isle of K'dhokka in the Wastelands, where the border between the living world and the dead is weak. Here, they will raise Oboros.

Azaellrog has caught wind of Llovar's treachery and has set out to stop the Undead from raising Oboros. Anticipating such a move, Llovar has sent a company of Uthuk warriors to protect the Undead on the island.

But one thing Llovar didn't count on was the inter-ferece of the Elves and Acolytes. The allied armies are making their way through the Wastelands, and have been warned of Llovar's plans by Timorran. Though their ultimate goal remains the capture of Llovar's citadel, they have dispatched a small contingent to prevent the resurrection of Oboros. In a strange twist of fate, this makes the Elves and Acolytes temporary allies with the Dragonkin.

Conclusion

Waiqar Sumarion peered over the top of the ridge, keeping low to the ground and trying to remain unseen. At his side was Torvaala Lotharu, commander of the Elf forces. Together, the two of them have led an alliance of Elves and Acolytes into the Char'gr Wastelands.

Aiqar and Torvaala surveyed the river beneath them and the small, blasted island at its center. They could see a ring of sickly green bonfires surrounding the bones of the once-great king of the Dragonkin, Oboros Rex. At six points around the massive skeleton were unwholesome figures in robes and armor, droning in the ancient tongue of the necromancer.

We haven't much time until he is raised," hissed Waiqar. "We'll have to attack now, or else Timmoran's warning will be wasted."

The commanders were about to signal their troops to attack when a heavy shadow suddenly passed between them and the sun.

"Dragons," breathed Torvaala. "If our mission was dangerous before, it is now suicide. Look at them! There must be dozens of them!"

To Torvaala's surprise, the mighty winged beasts paid no heed to the allied soldiers beneath them. Instead they banked steeply and dove towards the middle of the river, blasting the island with their fiery breath.

"I told you Timmoran would not abandon us," grinned Waiqar. "He has provided us an ally that none would anticipate. Come! Signal the charge while the skeletons are still reeling!"

The battle that followed will live on for centuries in the songs of bards everywhere. Heartened by the dragons' swift attack, the alliance troops surged ahead, some fording the treacherous river while other soared over the water on wings of magic. It wasn't until they arrived at the island, however, that the alliance realized the Undead were not alone. Before the Elves and Acolytes could react, they found themselves retreating from the arrows and brawn of the Uthuk Y'llan. Driven back by the combined Undead and Uthuk forces, the alliance could do nothing but watch in horror as the Oboros Lich was raised.

leaming with unholy power, the bones of Oboros knit them together with stinking sinew. The creature stretched its fleshless wings, dug its claws into the soil, and slowly rose to its feet. Oboros Lich opened its mouth with a soundless roar that filled the alliance with an unspeakable dread.

Desperation filled Torvaala's voice as he called for a final charge against the beast. "If we are to die today, let us die fighting that... thing, lest we die here in vain!"

The allied forces concentrated their attack on Oboros Lich, all but ignoring the Undead and Uthuk around them. Their arrows, swords, and magic seemed to barely harm the beast, but appeared to be holding it at bay, if only for the moment. That moment was all the Dragonkin needed to launch their own assault on the lich. Fire rained from the sky while smaller dragons swarmed the monster's legs and underbelly. For a few brief, heady, minutes, the Dragonkin, Acolytes, and Elves worked together as a single unit against their common enemy.

The Oboros Lich never left the island.

After the battle, the dragons vanished as quickly as they appeared. Waiqar and Torvaala gathered the alliance survivors and retreated to the ridge. Night fell as the allied troops tended their wounded, mourned the fallen, and celebrated their glorious victory.

It would be the last time any of them would celebrate anything.

Legions

Elves vs Undead

Takari Lotaar expected to find trouble in the Nharwood Forest, but nothing like this. The tree-villages of the southern Lithano Elves have been burned to ash, their occupants killed...then raised as zombie soldiers in the army of the Undead. But the ashes are cold, and the enemy has already been gone a night and a day. Takari vows to her troops that they will overtake the Undead and make them pay for what they have done to Nharwood and the other Elf territories.

Dragonkin vs Mahkim

The Keeper of the Mists, high priest of the Mahkim, knows true fear for the first time in over a century. He has seen visions of Nochaim, the sacred swamp, burning with unnatural flames, its holiest sanctuaries defiled by power-hungry Dragonkin. They will come, he knows, in search of the Eye of Lophaarach. The Eye is powerful, dangerous relic. If the Mahkim cannot defend Lochaim from the raiding Dragonkin, then soon all of Mennara will know true fear.

Dwarves vs Orcs

Marak Skullpounder stands alone at the edge of the ravine, looking down across Dunwarr Pass. To the northeast, thousands of foul-smelling cookfires illuminate the Orc encampment with a baleful orange glow. To the southwest, the peaceful Dwarves of the Nojold Valley—Marak's own people—huddle with their families, fearful and vulnerable in their farming villages and hamlets. All that stands between the Orcish horde and the Nojold Dwarves is Dunwarr Pass...and Marak Skullpounder's embattled regiment of Dwarven veterans and stalwarts.

Knights vs Uthuk

General Holbryk peers out from behind the battlements and watches the sun sink beneath the Godstone Mountains, its dying rays staining the craggy peaks the color of blood. Holbryk tries to convince himself that he doesn't believe in omens. His scouts and spies have returned from the northwest, and Holbryk knows the Uthuk barbarians are marching on Godstone Pass and its ancient, war-torn stronghold. His small, poorly supplied garrison has been reinforced with fresh recruits from Falladir's kingdom. They are young and inexperienced, but Holbryk knows they will fight with the conviction that they are their homeland's last hope. The general prays fervently that it will be enough.

Waiqar's Path

Rule Book

The invasion through the Char'gr Wastelands has been a disaster. The alliance of Elves and Acolytes has ground to a halt before reaching Llovar's citadel, too weakened by Wasteland demons to continue. King Falladir has been slain, and his kingdom is in chaos. Orcs and Uthuk continue to stream down from the north while the Undead press up from the south. Worst of all, Waiqar Sumarion, leader of the failed allied invasion, has been captured.

Waiqar's journey has been difficult, but never so bleak as it is now. He has secrets that Llovar wants to know, and only faith to sustain him through the black days of torment ahead.

He hopes it will be enough.

Acolytes

When Timmoran closes his eyes, he sees visions. He sees his servant Waiqar captured in the wastelands and the attack on Llovar's citadel failing utterly. He sees the Undead plodding steadily towards the Sunderlands, their numbers growing every day. He sees his ally, King Falladir, lying dead on the battlefield.

Timmoran opens his eyes and knows he has no choice. He must go to the field of battle and face his destiny. The hour draws near.

Dragonkin

Hidden deep inside the western mountain caves, Ceryx Jade nurses her wounds. She and her dragon forces have been fighting a bloody civil war against Azaellrog, the traitorous and self-appointed Draco Rex. Though she hates this pointless conflict, Ceryx cannot stand by and watch Azaellrog's minions ravage the lesser races.

The Dragonkin civil war has grown even more intense since the rumors began. A mysterious black dragon has been seen flying over the Mountains of Despair. According to rumor, this creature is none other than the Shadow Serpent, the legendary harbinger of X'ru. If the rumors are true, time is running out for the Dragonkin.

Dwarves

There is but one way into the underground Dwarven kingdom of Nojold, and that is through the Dunwarr Gates. Ancient, powerful magic surges through these massive iron gates. For once they are sealed by the Great Chief, only he can open them again.

The Great Chief Gron has ordered that, for the first time in six centuries, the Dunwarr Gates are to be sealed. For two moons, Dwarven women and children hoping to escape the horrors of the Great War have been making their way to Dunwarr. But now, as the last of the civilian refugees are arriving, several companies of Orcs and Uthuk are swarming down out of the mountains and trying to make their way into Nojold. The Dwarven defenders are outnumbered but must hold back the horde until the Gates are sealed, lest the underground kingdom fall to the forces of darkness.

Elves

High Lord Triamlavar has had enough. Thelgrim has been overrun. Tamaara Lethuin has been burned almost to the ground. Nharwood has been destroyed. The Undead responsible for all these tragedies are moving northward towards the south of the city. Triamlavar's advisors want

him to flee, but he refuses. To where would he flee? The Undead have taken any other place he might call home.

The time has come for Triamlavar and his Elves to take a stand. The final battle against the invaders will be here, in Lotharia. One way or another, the war for the Elven lands will end here, now, and forever. .

Knights

King Falladir is dead, and the Barons he once ruled are scrambling to fill his position. The strongest of these is Vallyr, the menacing Baron of Tamar. Vallyr believes that in order to defeat the invading savages, the knight must become savage themselves. Dark rumors surround the Baron's cold new ferocity, but there can be no denying his success on the battlefield.

Vallyr's beliefs are dangerous, contrary not only the nobility of Falladir but to the teaching of the Church. But the other Barons are desperate. If Vallyr and his brutal methods will protect them against the invading Uthuk and Orcs, they will make him king.

Orcs

Hundreds of thousands of Orcs have assembled along the northern bank of the mighty Nonddharya River. Their ranks form a line nine miles long and two miles deep. Hundreds of banners, each representing a different Orc tribe, flap restlessly overhead, echoing the impatience of the troops. The warriors hate waiting, and they especially hate waiting for spellcasters to work their magic.

Floating above the horde is small, regal figure in robes. Her hands begin to glow as she chants. As she raises her arms, the raging waters of the Nonddharya begin to subside. She brings her hands together above her head and the river dwindles to a shallow stream. With a roar, the Orcs surge into the stream, charging for the far shore. The final invasion has begun!

Undead

From the Thelgrim peninsula to the Elf-infested Eastwoods, the Deltaro coastline is a land of the dead. The stench of rot hangs low and hazy over the once-flourishing fields and forests. The necromancer Farrenghast laughs at the destruction his Undead minions have wrought. But this glorious triumph is only the beginning.

While Farrenghast's death knight Vhass Frothan directs the Undead north through the Elven forests, Farrenghast himself is leading a secondary force east along to the coast. Farrenghast's army is smaller, but increases its numbers with every battle. Soon they will be an unstoppable horde sweeping into the Sunderlands, home of Timmoran himself.

Uthuk

lyx has seen the future, and it is glorious. It is a world for the strong, where the weak are prey and only the cunning survive. It is world where Elves, Dwarves, and even the mighty Dragonkin are slaves serving the Uthuk Y'llan. It is a world ruled by the black fist of Llovar.

lyx must make certain this future comes to pass. Now is the time of conquest, when one more victory will secure Llovar's reign over Mennara. Together with Llovar's nobles and personal guard, lyx has been sent to ensure that victory, and to prepare the land for the arrival of this master.

As lyx gives the signal, the dark company begins its southward journey.

Escape from the Wastelands Event

Setup

The unthinkable has happened! The allied attack through the Wastelands has failed utterly, leaving the Acolytes alone and leaderless. Now, when they are within sight of Llovar's citadel, the battle-weary troops are ambushed in their camp by a large Uthuk patrol.

The Acolytes know they have but once chance to survive this encounter. Along their journey through the Wastelands, they have been seeding their path with magical Daqu stones, which serve as beacons for Gate Spells. If the Acolytes can cast a Gate Spell, they will all be teleported to the nearest Daqu stone — two days' journey south of here, and safe from the ambushing Uthuk.

Unfortunately, casting a Gate Spell of this magnitude is no simple task. While some of the Acolytes fight for their survival, the others must ignore the battle and perform the proper rituals, thus energizing the Gate. But energizing the Gate takes time, and for the struggling Acolytes, time is running out.

Broken Shadows

These are the last days.

Rule Book

Waves crash against the midnight shore. Jhardu sits with the tents and campfire to his back, watching the thin moon ripple across the ocean. He closes his eyes and listens to the rhythmic rolling of the tide. At any other time, he would find the sound soothing. But tonight, nothing can ease his anxiety.

Jhardu sighs and turns back to the fire. Across from him sits Elder Assan, his long white beard reflecting firelight. The old man pulls his cloak tighter around him.

"It's colder here, Jhardu. The ocean brings a terrible chill. I should be used to it by now, but I'm not."

"I like the chill," says Jhardu. "It tells me I'm not home. I've always wanted to visit Mennara, you know, ever since the Master first told me about it. I only wish I could have been here before the war. You were one of the first to arrive from the Sunderlands, Assan. What was the land like then?"

Assan snorts. "It was already too late for sight-seeing. By the time we received word of the troubles, Llovar had already clenched his fist about the Uthuk and had set about unifying the Orcs. By the time we arrived, Farrengast was at his side, raising up armies of the dead. It was all we could do to try and help Falladir's men and the Dwarves fight off the invaders when they swarmed down from the north. Oh, the Elves showed up too - something about an ancient pact with Falladir's kin - but even then, we were already too late."

"What do you mean? You helped hold back the Orcs at the Nonddharya River, and press the Uthuk back into the Wastelands after their first brutal attacks."

"Oh, we did all of that," nods Assan, "but it did no good. For the northern invasion was just a feint. While we all frantically tried to stop up the northern dam, the river of evil was flooding in the west, down through the Valley of Urth and into the Thelgrim Peninsula. It was there the Undead truly came into their own, when they laid siege to the city of Nonalli."

"I remember Nonalli," Jhardu says bitterly. "That was when my brother Waiqar went to help break the siege. But Nonalli fell, and Thelgrim with it, and now Waiqar is gone."

The pair sits in awkward silence. Assan considers the dark thoughts he sees crossing Jhardu's face and clears his throat.

"I was him you know," he says. "I saw Waiqar after the siege. He was gathering troops for his mission into the Char'gr Wastelands. He had Elves with him. It was a joint mission between our forces and theirs, orchestrated by the Master. They were to strike at Llovar from the one direction he least expected it."

Jhardu glares into the fire. "The Master told me about the mission," he says. "He said it was a success, that they stopped Llovar and Farrengast from raising some dragon as a lich. It wasn't until later that he told me that Waiqar had been captured, and the rest were lucky to escape with their lives."

"That wasn't just 'some dragon,'" says Assan, his eyes flashing. "That was Oboros, king of the Dragonkin. If he had been raised, he would have brought all the Dragonkin under Llovar's control."

Jhardu's brow furrows with thought. "King of the Dragonkin? I thought Tynask was Draco Rex."

"He was...or maybe he still is...We have learned through our dragon contacts that at the beginning of the war, Llovar was trying to recruit the Dragonkin. Tynask wanted to keep the dragons out of the conflict, but Helspanth, the fire Drake, saw the war as an opportunity for the Dragonkin to establish their dominance over Mennara. The two met in secret to negotiate an agreement, but then vanished. Oboros ascended to Draco Rex, but he was unready for the role, and soon assassinated by the evil dragon Azaellrog.

"Until recently, Azaellrog was opposed only by Ceryx Jade and her handful of followers. But now, after betraying Llovar, his army is fighting on two fronts. What's more, Ceryx has been joined by the great dragons of the west, the likes of which have not been seen in Mennara for centuries."

"I had no idea you followed Dragonkin politics so closely, Assan."

The elder chuckles. "They are an aloof and mysterious race, but they will be key to the final outcome of this war. Someone has to keep an eye on them, and that someone is me."

"Then perhaps you can answer a question that's been plaguing me since before we arrived. What is the Shadow Serpent?"

Assan's face darkens. He leans forward secretively, as if the night might overhear his words. "The Shadow Serpent is the harbinger of X'ru, the foretold extinction of the Dragonkin. None have seen its face and lived."

A minute passes in silence. Jhardu ponders what he has heard, wondering what other secrets the elder carries. His mind turns to the travels ahead for the Master and his entourage.

"What of our new allies?" he asks. Falladir's knights, how do they fare? Will they be able to hold the line in the battle to come?"

Assan sighs. "Ah, now there is a difficult question. For Falladir is dead, slain on the field of battle, and his knights are in disarray. Baron Vallyr tried to assume the crown, but he was weak, and corrupted by his evil advisors. He tried to use the power of darkness against itself, and it nearly cost him his soul. It was only through his noble sacrifice in battle against the Orcs that he redeemed himself.

"Now the barons have chosen a new king, Daqan. He is brave and wise, but will the knights follow him as they did Falladir? Only time and battle will tell."

The stillness of the night is suddenly broken by a crash from within one of the tents. Jhardu and Assan leap to their feet. Jhardu draws his wand.

"It's the Master!" he cries.

Together the two acolytes rush to the Wise One's tent. Inside, they see the Master pushing attendants away and pulling himself to his feet. Though his body is frail, the old man radiates power. He mutters a word, and a cushion moves beneath him. With a heavy sigh, the One looks up at Assan.

"Visions have come to me in the night, old friend," he says. With a slight tremble he rises, again gently brushing off helpful servants. He takes Assan by the arm and leads him out of the tent. Assan senses a melancholy in his Master as he watches him take a deep breath from the air of the continent that once expelled him.

Timorran Lokander, the greatest mage the world has ever known, now trembles visibly as he speaks.

"Two dreams came to me, Assan, two portents of great tragedy," Timorran stands to face the moonlit ocean. "I have seen the Shadow Serpent. He has revealed himself to me. From the fog of my dreams he spoke to me and I saw his face." Timorran pauses before continuing. "The king of the Dragonkin has returned, Assan. But he cares no longer for this world. He is now Tyransk X'ru: wrathful, powerful, and with doom and prophecy following in his wake."

Assan nods. A black cloud rolls in front of the moon.

"The great dragon showed me another vision," Timorran begins anew.

"He is on the move, my friend. He is coming. He has left his fortress of charcoal talons and steel, and is coming to face me. He has emptied his dark vaults of soldiers and weaponry, and is coming to personally oversee the final destruction.

"Llovar Rotonu comes, Assan, and we must ride to face him. The final battle is upon us. These are the final days."

And the waves crash against the midnight shore.

Acolytes

Banished by a now-dead king, Timmoran has not set foot in Mennara since childhood. The grass feels good beneath his soles, and the air smells sweet. He closes his eyes and listens to the sounds so familiar, yet long forgotten. For the first time in months, the old wizard smiles. He has come home.

But Timmoran has no time for nostalgia. Already he can feel his enemy moving southward, a wave of corruption and despair in his wake. If Timmoran does not reach Daqan in time, Mennara is lost, and all their efforts will have been in vain.

Dragonkin

Azaellrog refuses to believe the reports, though he fears in his heart they are true. His scouts say that the Dragon Lords of the west, absent from Mennara for centuries, have been seen in the southern mountains, and may be aligning themselves with that traitor to Dragonkin, Ceryx Jade. If this is true, then the prophecy is all but fulfilled. The Shadow Serpent has awakened, and now is the time of X'ru.

But this is no time for superstition. This is the time of victory. Azaellrog has shattered his alliance with Llovar, freeing the Dragonkin to destroy that fool's armies as well as those of the other lesser races. Already Azaellrog's forces have all but wiped out the Undead, and the others are soon to follow. No one can stop them now: not Ceryx, not the Dragon Lords, not even the Shadow Serpent itself.

Dwarves

Llovar believes the Dwarves are no longer a threat to his plans. Their women and children are hidden in the underground kingdom of Nojold. Their warriors once the scourge of evil, have broken before the armies of darkness, and disappeared from the fields of battle.

Llovar is wrong. From across Mennara, Dwarven warriors are making their way to Gruthan Hall, a long-unused forge beneath the Godstone Mountains. Here the finest weapon and armor smiths in

Nojold are working night and day, outfitting the warriors for the final battle. When that day arrives, Gruthan Hall will burst forth with Dwarven fury.

Elves

Even now, High Lord Triamlavar can't believe what has happened. Lotharia was surrounded by the Undead armies, and the Elves were preparing their final defense, determined to take as many of the enemy with them as they could. But before battle began in earnest, the air was filled with the flapping of mighty wings.

The dragon flight swooped down on Lotharia, fire dripping from their mouths. But instead of unleashing their assault on the Elven towers, the Dragons banked sharply and rained flaming destruction on their one-time allies, the Undead. In moments, the Elven warriors joined the fray, turning what was to be their last stand into a victory. Before the sun rose again, the Undead were forced to retreat.

There is a new wind rising out of Lotharia, and it carries the hope of victory.

Knights

Daqan never wanted to be king. But Falladir is dead, and Baron Vallyr, his successor, was overrun while holding the line against an endless tide of Orc invaders. Now the crown has fallen to Daqan, and he only hopes he can prove himself worthy.

These are dark times for Daqan's kingdom. Uthuk and Orcs are swarming out of the north, driving Daqan's subjects south in massive refugee trains. His knights do what they can to protect the trains, but it isn't enough. Each day brings news of plundering, devastation, and slaughter. In desperation, the new king has sent emissaries to the mysterious and often dangerous Dragonkin. They have helped the Elves, perhaps they will help him save his kingdom.

Orcs

Generations of Orcs have heard the tales of the Raven, the child who would unite the tribes and usher in a new era of victory and conquest. That child has now been born.

Though a child in body, the Raven is filled with the wisdom of Elders long past, and the magic of Elders to come. Already he has won the support of countless tribes, and countless more have learned to heed his counsel. In his quest to unite all the tribes, the Raven has come south, with his staunchest supporters, to lead the Orcs to victory...and to fulfill his destiny.

Undead

Farrenghast howls in rage when he hears the news: the traitorous Dragonkin have betrayed his forces in the Elven lands, turning what was to be their greatest victory into a soul-crushing defeat. Now the necromancer will have to abort his own invasion of the Sunderlands in order to support the remaining Undead outside Lotharia.

But what's this? An unnatural chill shoots down Farrenghast's spine.

The necromancer's rage turns to dread as cold realization sets in. He can sense a battle-hardened band on the edge of the Wastelands, servants of the accursed Timmoran, growing ever closer to the Tombs of Ice, his source of power. Suddenly, Farrenghast cares nothing for the Sunderlands, or even Lotharia. For if the Tombs fall to the enemy, so does he.

Uthuk

The time is at hand. Llovar has seen the omens, and knows what he must do. The one who escaped him once before has returned again to Mennara. This time, there will be no escape.

The dark lord summons his servants and preparations are made. He will leave the citadel at nightfall, accompanied by his own clansmen, the Y'kara. Together they will journey to the final battle. Together they will rejoice in the blood-offerings to Y'llan. Together they will crush the remaining resistance. But Llovar will face his nemesis alone.