

Tegends and Tore

The Black Powder Rebels

Based in the northern mountains, the Black Powder Rebels work to end the Atlantean Empire's tyranny. A group of humans and dwarves who suffered as slaves in Atlantean Magestone strip mines, the Rebels now fight to free their brethren and show the world that there is a power strong enough to resist Atlantean magic.

Pounded by Sarah Ythlim, the freedom fighter who first worked with dwarven tinkers to create non-magical arms, the Rebels use steam and a volatile black powder to give their weaponry its strength. Black powder made pistols, rifles and cannon possible, steam enabled the Rebels to build their Steam Behemoth, a death machine that can change the course of any battle.

It took only a single bullet and an eagle-eyed Rebel named Snow, however, to strike terror into the Atlantis Guild. The assassination of the Guild's leader, Prophet-Magus Karrudan,

signaled the rise of a new power—and a new era in the Land.

us. by: Jeff Laubenstein

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Necropolis Sect

I the Elven Flemental League is devoted to healing the Land, the Elven Necropolis Sect is dedicated to its domination.

After Grand-Magus Tezla's death Flyen practitioners of necromancydeath magic-departed Atlantis, certain in the belief they had preserved the spirit of Tezla in a Bone Golem Avatar. With this magical cargo, they traveled to the northeastern mountains to found the Vecropolis, a sprawling complex of tombs and towers on the edges of a vast, cold lake. There, they created meritocracy where excellence in magic, combat, and treachery were rewarded with such dark. seductive gifts as the immortality of vampirism and the power to raise and command the dead.

Under the guidance of their Tezla Avatar, the Necropolis Sect is moving in to take advantage of the current chaos. As the Land convulses with violence, necromancers draw their power from the death that is everywhere, preparing to spread their lethal magic.

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legends and lore Elemental

League

The warriors, mages, priests and priestesses of the Elemental League are devoted to protecting the Land from those who would pollute or destroy it. Driven from the empire of Atlantis a decade after the death of Grand-Magus Tezla, the Elves of the Elemental League believe they have sale-quarded Tezla's spirit in a natural Avatar Golem crafted from a magicallygrown tree.

In the eyes of the Elemental eague, the war and Magestone trip mining that devastate the and are criminal offenses. Now based in the eastern mountain stronghold of Roanne Valle, the League has augmented its natural ability for healing by allying itself with Centaurs, Trolls, Dragons and Sprites, enabling it to fight the forces that pollute the world. Though amongst themselves the Elves of the Elemental League often have their own agendas, they unite in the fight against Atlantis to protect the natural beauty of the Land, and to prevent further destruction.

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Tegends and Tore Atlantis Guild

Grand-Magus Tezla founded the Atlantis Guild 370 years ago to unify all forms of masic. Until Tezla's time. there had only been two forms: Elemental (the magic of living essence) and Necromantic (the magic of dead spirits) They were opposites, and thus a mage could master only one. Tezla mastered both. He then created Technomantic magic by harnessing the magical power of Magestone, an ore he discovered deep beneath known areas of magical intensity. With armies of mages and magically empowered troops, he Atlantis Empire quickly came to command the known world.

Zezla's death, 154 years ago, fractured the community of mages into three powerful factions, and eventually the Technomantic Atlantis Guild chased the "heretics" from Atlantis. In a series of hardfought wars the Atlantis Guild, the Necropolis Sect, and the Elemental League came to a balance of power — a balance recently shattered by the Black Powder Rebels.

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Priest-King Temanor of the Kos

172 Tz

emanor—the barbarian king of the Kos—gazed up at the shining city of the Delphanes. These weaklings were the masters of civilization. but their ways had made them soft, ripe for conquest. He coveted their wealth, their women, the richness of their trade, tools he would use to build an empire that would last a thousand years.

The king turned to his bloodied soldiers and roared. They answered him a thousandfold, the noise triggering the mad adrenaline that pumped through their veins.

These weaklings we face," shouted the king, "these people of Delphane cannot stand before our might. Those true warriors not here today shall forever curse their fates that they were not here beside us.

Temanor drew his heavy sword and held it aloft. "For Kos!" he screamed. The soldiers answered him in kind, following close on his heels as he charged up that final hill. For victory!

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Grand-Magus Tezla

Tz 100

Estra the novice gasped as Throne Palace rose into view. From a balcony at the edge of the floating city of Atlantis, she watched the massive building ascend, its crystal spires sparkling in the sunlight. Her gaze was drawn to the palace's sweeping marble stairs stretching two hundred feet to a set of towering doors. Before the entrance stood Grand-Magus Tezla, old but vital, hands glowing with power, effortlessly and singlehandedly levitating the building into place.

Estra suppressed her tears. "How many Dwarven slaves died in the strip mines, scratching out the Magestone that made this possible?" she asked her master, her tone dripping with accusation.

He shushed her vehemently. "Such talk is dangerous, " he warned.

Estra opened her mouth, but before she could speak her heart burst in her chest. Blood dripped from her lips as she collapsed in her master's arms.

> Far below on the steps of Throne Palace, Tezla smiled.

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Knights **Immortal**

The mysterious Knights mmortal are the most powerful Elves, perhaps the most powerful people, the Land has ever known. Unparalleled warriors and mighty wizards, the Knishts use their faith to channel healing power directly from the gods. This divine ability sets them apart from their Elven brethren, and the Knights prefer it that way. Their ruling class is the elite, stronger, longer-lived, and more naturally able to use magic than normal Elves. This power, however, comes at a terrible price to the Elven lower classes.

Based in the Rivvenheim Mountains on the lar eastern edges of the Land, the Knights Immortal protect the mountain passes from all invaders. They've defended the passes for thousands of years using magical swords, spears, and bows and arrows.

One question remains unspoken to this very day: Who are the Knights Immortal fighting to protect: the peoples of the Land, or whomever—whatever—lies beyond the barrier peaks?

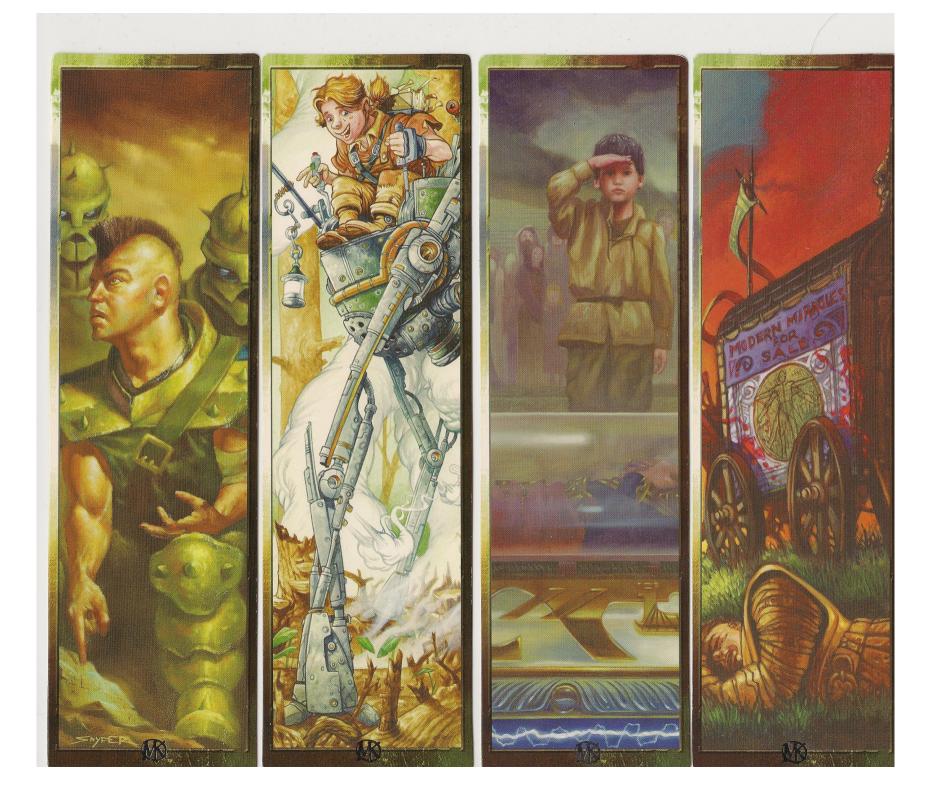
egends and ore

Orc Raiders

Moving like locusts across the land, the Orc Raiders leave no living (or edible) thing behind. Every year their mongrel hordes of Orcs, Goblins, and Half-Trolls come screaming out of the northern steppes to raid and pillage the more civilized inhabitants of the Land. They revel in combat and the leasting that follows, then they move on. Many times throughout history the Orcs could have remained in the owlands, but this was never their goal nor their temperament. After they have their fill, they always retreat to their homelands. Until now.

The current chaos in the Land is very enticing to the commanders or "Kzars" of the Orc Raiders, and several large tribes have not returned to their homelands at the end of the raiding season. These marauding hordes wander the Land some have allied with local Warlords; some have even become allies of the kingdoms they usually raid. It is a good time to be

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Warlord Raydan Marz

431 Tz

The Blade Colem's scissor—sword smashed into Raydan Marz, knocking free his flame pistol and sending him spinning. At the Demi-magus' command, the metallic beast stomped toward him. "Your choice," the Demi-magus growled. "Join us or die!"

Drawing his magical blade, Marz ducked behind a tree.

'Never!' he snarled. "Jeet
Nujarek doesn't protect the Empire! He may be your lord, but he's a traitor to everything Atlantis once stood for." Tyranny was Nujarek's watchword. He had branded Marz a traitor and driven him from the city, but Raydan would never turn his back on his beloved Atlantis. He still believed in the once—grand empire's ancient promise.

But he didn't intend to die for his principles just yet.

The golem's buzz blade sliced through the tree. Seeing his chance, Raydan shoved hard into the severed trunk. It toppled forward, crushing the golem.

"For the Empire!" Raydan yelled as he leapt at the Demimagus, holding fast to his dream.

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Rayjan the Inventor

393 Tz

Rayjan! What are you doing with my lorge?"
The young dwarf didn't look up from the jumble of pipes he worked on. The forge sat in a wheeled cart, covered with a funnel-like lid. Pipes led from the lid to a tank sloshing with water. "Just a moment, Georg. I've almost got it."
"I've had it with your brilliant' ideas!"

Rayjan sat on the cart's bench, smtling, and pulled a lever.
"Watch."

The contraption leapt to life, pistons pumping like a frightened heart. Steam blasted from a whistle as the cart crept forward.
"Durgan's beard," Georg whispered in jealous awe.

The machine rolled along
fine, but soon the forge was
glowing hot. Panicked, Georg
dragged Rayjan to the ground.
A moment more, then the
tank exploded.

While the steam cleared, Rayjan was already composing his apology to Georg. But even as he did, he concocted a solution to this latest setback. Next time, he'd get it right for sure.

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Illus, by: Alan Pollack

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Prophet-Magus Karrudan

419 Tz

The boy didn't understand. His mother had told him all about the Prophet–Magus long ago, how Karrudan was the only person to whom the Spirit of Tezla—eternal in his metallic body—would speak. But why would someone want to kill such a great man? And what would the people of the Atlantis Guild do without him?

The riots that raged through the night stopped early this morning. The boy's mother had hustled him out into the street to watch the procession as it passed by.

Young as he was, the boy knew that the fighting would start again as soon as the Prophet-Magus was in the ground. As the funeral parade finally made its way past, the boy looked up to see Karrudan's corpse float by on its gilded bier. His tears welled up and threatened to spill into the gutter, thinning the still—wet blood drying there.

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Palterus the Pennywise, founder of the Palteran Confederation

218 Tz

crambling into the lead wason, Palterus flung the lid off a well-padded box and gingerly removed the device inside. Quickly emerging from the wagon again, he saw that the mercenaries paid to guard his caravan were having a bad time of it. "Duck!" he screamed as he pressed the button on the lassy device and threw it into the heart of the battle. His men dove out of harm's way, leaving the attackers standing there confused. The device landed next to them and exploded, sending tongues of fire and shards of glass ll around.

As the smoke cleared, the mercenaries used their swords to dispatch their still-burning loes. Palterus stepped down from the wagon and tore the black robes from one of the dead, exposing the Atlantean armor hiding beneath.

"By the sods, it's true," he breathed. "Tezla has marked me for death."

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Sarah Ythlim of the Black Powder Rebels

432 Tz

Jou knew he was a traitor and yet you let him 50?" Young Wilk stared at Sarah Ythlim in disbelief.

"Of course," she answered curtly, marching along in front of the rebel tank.
"But, Sarah," Wilk sputtered, "he knows our plans! You're marching us to certain death!"
"Not quite," she smiled, tucking her waves of silver hair behind her ears. "Our plans have changed."

Wilk stared at her silently for a moment, and realization slowly dawned on his face. "By the gods, the Empire's army will be waiting for us in the wrong place."

Sarah smiled, her steely gray eyes sparkling. "And how do you suppose Lord Protector Nujarek will deal with our traitor when he finds out he's been misled?"

The color drained from Wilk's face. "Sarah," he whispered, "you've killed him."

Sarah shook her head. "No, Wilk. I'm afraid our friend has killed himself."

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Jeet Nujarek, Lord Protector of Atlantis

432 Tz

Jeet Nujarek demanded as he slapped Deppen Kardo again.
Receiving no answer, he nodded at the torturer. The smell of burning flesh accompanied the warlord's screams.

I swear to you, I don't know!" the man finally said through tears and gritted teeth.

The self-proclaimed Lord
Protector of the Atlantean
Empire grimaced. He had
been sure that Kardo would
crack. He did not like being
proved wrong.

Nujarek pulled Kardo's head back by his dark mane. "I believe you," he whispered softy. If the man hadn't been hanging in chains, he would have collapsed with relief.

Nujarek looked over at the torturer and nodded at Kardo.
"Kill him," he said.

The warlord's eyes shot open.
"You won't get away with this!"
he screamed, just before the
torturer's razor slit his throat.

"I believe I already have,"

Nujarek chuckled as he
left the room.

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Tyrsis, a Draconum of note

99 Tz

Nadia danced away from
the Draconum's serrated
sword again.
"Well fought, Black Thorn,"
Tyrsis said as he moved in for
another blow. "I almost regret
the circumstances that brought
us to this point."
"I'd be happy to replace your
drink," Nadia offered.
"You misunderstand me."
Tyrsis stabbed forward with his
sword. "You spilled not just my
ale but my honor."

Nadia realized that the massive creature had backed her into a corner. Without room to move, she was sure to fail.

Desperate, she tossed her sword's pommel into the air, caught it reversed in her fist, and hurled it like a javelin at her foe.

Tyrsis ducked but was too slow.

The blade sliced across his cheek and brow, barely missing his eye.

"Well fought indeed,"
Tyrsis said as he dropped his
sword. He bowed to her with a
smile, ignoring his wound. "First
blood—and the duel—are
yours, friend."

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Warlord Black Thorn,

a.k.a. Nadia os Darras of Khamsin 430 Tz

top, thiel!" cried a guard as Nadia darted across the castle's flat roof. The box of jewels tucked into her rucksack was a rich prize. Although she'd escaped the traps protecting it, she'd set off the alarm that rang through the night. The bells sounded in her ears, along with the flat cracks of pistols shot in her direction.

The half–Elven beauty stood there for a moment, caught like a moth between torchlight and moonlight, her raven–colored curls cascading down her back as she caught her breath atop the parapet.

"We finally have you, Black Thorn!" the captain said as he charged up, the guards behind him. "There's nowhere to run."

Nadia flashed the captain a breathtaking smile as she glanced over her shoulder at the raging waters 100 feet below. Her only regret, as she executed a perfect dive into the obsidian depths, was that she never saw the look on his face.

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The Mid Eastern Lands: Black Powder Rebels and Warlords

> Grand-Magus Tezla was born in the year OTz; the modern year is 432 Tz.

416 Tz: Black Powder Rebels forge their first weapons and create a lateful alliance with the Amazon tribes of Nepharus Mons. The slopes of the Amazons' mountainous homeland contain deposits of the volatile black powder that powers the Rebels' dangerous weapons.

432 Tz: Five warlords clash at the abandoned Magestone strip mine at Ashon Rye. Raydan Marz, a renegade warlord seeking to lethrone the corrupt Atlantean Jeet Nujarek, wins the day and takes possession of an enormous supply of Magestone. Over the course of the year, battles rage throughout the Fairhaven lowlands. Fairhaven. resting at the dangerous nexus of Atlantean, Necropolis, and Elemental influence, becomes a chaotic battleground where no one is safe.

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The Mid-Western Lands: Heart of Atlantis

> Grand-Magus Tezla was born in the year OTz; the modern year is 432 Tz.

162 Tz: Orc Raiders sack the city of Caero, ending the Kosian Empire. At the height of the Orcs' revelry, a giant eagle appears in the skies over the hattered city. The Orcs, learing the punishment of their eagle gods, flee — and never attack Caero again.

100 Tz:

Tezla completes construction of the loating city of Atlantis, a marble and crystalline spectacle of palaces and towers. This capital of the Atlantean Empire soars 500 feet above the ground, levitated by huge blocks of crystal Magestone.

427 Tz: Warlord Blackwyn Liberates the northern territories of Enos Joppa, Nok, and Rangraz from the Atlantean Empire. Over the next five years, the Empire is unsuccessful in its attempts to retake its lost territory.

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The Western Lands: Tezla's Roots

> Grand-Magus Tezla was born in the year O Tz, the modern year is 432 Tz

-1100 Tz Grand-Magus Tezla's ancestors, the Delphana, settle the fertile Isle of Delphane. Devoted to the study and perfection of the magical arts, the Delphana become the Land's most adept Human wizards.

252 Tz: The Needle at Rokos, a black stone pinnacle towering more than 300 feet high, is completed. The Needle is home to the Oracles of Rokos who, in -175 Tz. occurately predict the date and location of Tezla's birth.

291 Tz Atlanteans enslave the major Dwarven cities to work in the toxic Magestone strip mines of Scythria. Magestone is the heart of Atlantean Technomantic magic and the backbone of the Empire's power.

423 Tz: Black Powder Rebels liberate thousands of Dwarves from the Scythrian Magestone strip mines.

Tegends and Tore

Snow, assassin of Prophet-Magus

Magus chuckled.

Karrudan

419 Tz

Zezla's Avatar has predicted my death, Karrudan sneered. "What?" said bodyguard captain Jethren. I am to be the first of many to die from a pebble thrown very fast'," the Prophet-

As the contingent took its place on the steps of Throne Palace, Jethren glared out at the crowd of people assembled in Atlantis main square. The sun's dying rays cast everything in reddish light Jethren cursed. "I've never heard such nonsense."

Karrudan stepped forward and raised his hands to the crowd's applause. With a smug grin, he half-turned to Jethren to speak A crack split the air, the first unshot ever heard in Atlantis. Karrudan crumpled against Jethren. Blood blossomed from his chest.

As the crowd panicked. Jethren lowered him to the steps. "What happened?" he cried

Karrudan coughed his final words in crimson bursts, his arrogance snuffed out with his life. "Apparently, Tezla was right.

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The Elemental Avatar

432 Tz

Tezla's Elemental Avatar a magnificent tree with a glistening, animated face growing out of its bark-stood quietly in the sunlit glade as High Mage Elmiter approached. "My lord," he began. You bring word of an army to the south," the tree rasped, its voice thick as sap. The screams of the dying elms along their way alerted me." "Yes, my lord," Elmiter nodded. They are the Necromental blasphemers, followers of a false Tezla.' You would think they'd have learned the night the fires first burned in my wooden eyes."

Elmiter nodded again.
"What is your wish?"
"Wait until they get into the center of the fifth clearing," the Avatar said. "Then set fire to the grass. The blaze will kill them all."
Elmiter gasped. "But my lord,

won't that destroy part of the forest as well?" The thought had him reeling.

"There are sure to be casualties in any war," the tree rasped.

"And make no mistake: This is war."

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Technomantic Avatar

432 Tz

Nonsense!" Osiras spat at his guest. "There is only one true Avatar of Tezla, and this is he."
"But the others—"
"The others are fools. We

have run test after test on the Avatar. Tezla's spirit is here, not in a collection of rotting board or some bag of bones." But then why do the others insist that the night Tezla died blessed them with his essence?"

The interviewer swallowed.
"A last question."
"Please."

"Why is it that Tezla's Avatar speaks only to you?"

The Prophet–Magus scoffed, pointing at the speaker affixed where the metal body should have had a mouth. "Another lie. Tezla has spoken to many since his death. He might even speak to you."

"Really?" the interviewer edged forward.

"Yes," Osiras said menacingly,
"but you wouldn't enjoy the
experience."

"Why not?"

"I am the only one he has not killed."

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Necromantic Avatar

432 Tz

Hellas caught the stench of death on the wind and breathed it in deeply. After so many years in the service of the skeletal Avatar of Tezla, the scent seemed a sickly-sweet perfume. To this day, it still sent her head spinning.

The undead godhead was dining when she arrived. The screams of a dying Elfrang in her ears as she watched the sodhead consume the hapless creature's soul. "That was tasty, Tezla rumbled as Hellas neared. He turned to her. "But I am after bigger game." A shiver ran down Hellas' spine. Good news, Lord" she said. "We are closing in on the pretender tree. "Excellent," the godhead hissed. First falls the tree." "And then the machine," Hellas agreed. The skeletal Tezla laughed, dry and harsh. "And then the two imposters shall truly have something in common with me."

"What's that, Lord?" "We shall all be dead!"

The Eastern Lands: Elven Stronghold

Grand-Magus Tezla was born in the year © Tz; the modern year is 432 Tz.

Tegends and Tore

-1104 Tz:
Freyhaven, located deep in the
Rivvenheim Mountains, is
declared the Knights Immortal
capitol, a miracle of palaces
magically woven out of
living trees.

178 Tz:
Tezla's armies attack the
Knights Immortal homeland
and meet hierce resistance at
South Pass. The Knights'
superior forces deleat and drive
Atlantean forces out of the
Rivvenheims.

Tezla dies. Atlantis Guild mages, Elementalists, and necromancers each believe they've captured Tezla's spirit in specially created Avatars. Since each group believes it protects the true Tezla, each suspects the others of treachery.

279 Tz:
The necromancers depart Atlantis,
found the Necropolis Sect, and
plan a conquest of the Land.

292 Tz:
Atlantean Technomancers purge
the Elementalist Elves from
Atlantis. The Elves form the

Elemental League, and build a huge stone fortress at Roanne Valle.

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