

Purpose:

A setting that reflects my concern with the racism inherited into D&D from many of the early fantasy authors, it is intended as an exploration of this, but is hopefully also a good setting for players to play in. Some possible player goals are improving Edricksport (making it a functioning town with a government and a fair society), restoring Fdrurg (clearing out the monsters and reestablishing the dwarven society), looting Fdrurg, or establishing a Tiercai society and clearing the humans from Edricksport in the process. Or some combination of the above. It's up to you. Dealing with several societies that at best mistrust one another and working towards coexistence (or genocide) is an unusual challenge for a d&d setting.

Overview:

The setting takes place in a narrow mountain valley that extends from Misery's Pass at one end to the head of a fjord and a port at the other. I have mostly not defined anything outside that area at this time. How it may relate to a larger map is also poorly defined. It is located on the northwest coast of the island of Ruathym (well off the Sword Coast of the Forgotten Realms) It is an uncivilized place with fjords. My image of the place, climate, and society is like a hybrid of the Faeroe Islands and dark age Norway. A truly remote place beyond the edges of what is generally considered society. And Edricksport is an isolated place within that isolated place. Outcasts, forgotten people, and outlaws in a place no one knows about, cares about, or wants. It is likely that the road over Misery's pass connects to a north / south road connecting the two small Jarldoms on Ruathym's West coast. It would be a lonely road connected to a lonely road.

The Outcast's Inn is a large well run inn up near the pass connecting Edricksport to the outside world. Traders and travelers alike stop there. It is the likely entry point into the campaign for most players. It is the safe zone of the setting. The weather here is colder than Edricksport but not frozen over during the Summer. There is a hidden Tiercai village called Haven up a side valley across the pass in the fjord valley. It is up the side valley from an area known as the outpost where caravans rest before or after crossing the pass. Players probably will not become aware of it. If they do it is an Easter Egg.

Edricksport is a rough port town set at the head of a fjord. It is located 150 meters above sea level, requiring terrifying wooden staircases and cranes to get goods from the docks to the town itself. The town is dominated by a group of human merchants and their hired mercenaries and is strongly biased against nonhumans. However, much of the workforce is not human. The dock and warehouse workers are mostly Tiercai (A society of Half-orc / Tiefling crossbreeds I have created for the setting - In Canon they would be large Tieflings with tusks). There is conflict likely building towards war.

Edricksport is a minor port, hidden up in a fog shrouded fjord, across a difficult pass from anywhere else, and therefore mostly used by people who want to avoid attention. Tax dodgers, smugglers, thieves and pirates mostly. Also secretive travellers (Spies, criminals, traitors, and debtors) I have decided not to include human trafficking and a slave trade, there is enough in the setting to trigger players. DM's can do what they like.

Climate:

The climate is cold and wet in Edricksport. It is colder as you get a few thousand meters higher at the Outcast's Inn. The prevailing wind is off the ocean and the fjord funnels clouds into the pass, leading to rainy / snowy conditions below and blizzards up above. The funnel effect means that the pass is always obscured by clouds and usually has gale force winds blowing through it - except when the weather is even worse. Ruathym is far north and appears to be based on Norway's north.

History:

493 years ago (on Tuesday) the ancient Dwarven city of Fdrurg was attacked by an army of Orcs. They were not just any Orcs, they were Grumash cult worshippers - fanatics. They arrived after dark on several stolen ships, through the endless delvings, and possibly overland, traveling hidden paths. They seized the Lower Trade Hall with the aid of a monstrous creature supplied by Grumash himself. Many Dwarves died in the battle and more fled the city. After inconclusive bloody battles lasting years the remaining dwarves gave up hope of recovering the Lower Trade Hall, locked the gates to get to it and walled off the gateway from the hall to the harbor. They could defeat the Orcs, but the monster was too strong. The dwarves attempted to flood the lower halls and drown the monster, but it appeared not to mind living in filthy freezing cold flood waters. At this point most of the remaining dwarves abandoned the city, leaving just the most stubborn dwarves who swore to regain their city if it took a thousand years. No one knows how the Orcs are getting in and out and resupplying themselves, or how many there are. With the fall of Fdrurg the Wood Elves of the valley and the Sea Elves could no longer trade with the Dwarves or each other and mostly sailed to the West.

About 40 years ago a human adventurer named Edrick wandered into the area. Nothing is known about his life before this point, but he had the idea to build the stairs and reopen the port. Sadly his stairs are an amateurish mess. No one ever bothered to find out Edrick's last name, he was unpleasant and quite mad so people talked to him only when they needed to. There is even a legend that he had a long running feud with a large stone that he felt was disrespectful towards him. Eventually he got into an argument with a pirate in a tavern, was stabbed, died, and is largely forgotten now. But the town is still named after him.

About the same time as the founding of Edricksport a delegation of Tiercai from the Outcast's Inn approached the Dwarves with a proposal that they be allowed to live in the Upper Trade Hall and the surrounding areas. The Dwarves agreed with the understanding that it remained the property of the Dwarven race and the Tiercai were obliged to maintain and defend it while they lived there. This agreement has so far worked out well for both sides, giving the Tiercai and their associates a safe place to live and work and providing an additional defense for the upper end of the city, even if the lower end is still lost. The Upper Trade Hall is now functioning again with merchants of several races trading there. Most of the dwarven trade goes through the merchants of Upper Trade Hall.

With the Upper Trade Hall secured the Dwarves have been retaking parts of the delvings and installing walls, doors, and gates to keep them. They are encircling the city, little by little, with the goal of recovering and repopulating the districts.

Places:

Edricksport:

The town is at the head of a fjord. A wooden fence defines it on one side and a cliff dropping to the fjord defines the other. There are a couple of wooden staircases that run from the town to the harbor. They are poorly made and maintained and people regularly fall and die. Four large cranes are used to haul goods up and down, as well as anyone who can afford not to take the stairs. The center of town is dominated by a large stone building. There is a road leading up into the mountains and to the pass, it is often busy with merchant caravans bringing goods to and from the port. There is nothing wholesome to do in Edricksport. The taverns are dirty and violent places filled with sailors (some of whom are pirates), caravan workers, criminals, and mercenaries. There is one half decent inn where the traders and ship's captains stay.

Edricksport is built on top of the mostly abandoned Dwarven city of Fdrurg. A few old stone walls and chimneys are incorporated into wooden structures, but most of the town is just crude log buildings. The town is a wooden fence, a bunch of warehouses, some houses, taverns, and a few shops. It is more of a frontier trading post than a real town. Because of all the rain everything smells musty. But at least most of the sewage is washed into the drain leading down into the depths of Fdrurg. Sanitation is chamber pots emptied into the streets. The wooden buildings are in a state of decay and everything is covered with moss and slime.

The town is lawless. The merchants protect their interests with mercenary guards. The townspeople form a militia of sorts. The laborers have a union. The Tiercai have their own militia. And the Dwarves have been fighting Orcs for centuries, a few hundred unorganized human ruffians are not a serious threat to them. The sailors and traders generally look after their own. Shared interest in keeping trade going barely keeps these factions at bay. Brawls are one of the only forms of entertainment in town.

There is no town guard or police. The only public property is the fence, the stairs to the docks, and the house Sir Pieter lives in. No one seems to want to be the one to pay for maintenance on any of these things. There is no sense that this is a community.

There is a notable shortage of clerics, schools or other institutions to improve the culture although the sailors will frequently call to Umberlee for mercy and caravan folk who cross the pass will praise Auril. A few Tiercai follow Selune (Arthur) or Ohgma (Integrity & C'turh), not many though and not fanatically. The Missionary has been bringing the word of Tyr - this is a new thing.

Population is about 500

The fjord:

The fjord is a narrow slot through forbidding mountains between the harbor and a rough cold ocean that offers up storms, fog, ice, and death as its greatest gifts. The opening to the fjord is a gap that is easy to miss between rocky shores whose only signs of

life are the shattered timbers from ships that missed the entrance. It curves just enough that there is no visible sign of a harbor from the sea, helping it to remain largely unknown.

The harbor:

The harbor consists of two long stone quays from the time of Fdrurg. The quays are connected by a wide stone walkway running around the entire head of the fjord above the highest storm tideline. The staircases and cranes connect to the walkway.. There is also an impressive stone arched gateway leading into the mountain, however it is blocked with a stone wall 5 meters high. Over the top of the wall a stream of foul brown water splashes and bubbles into the harbor. Once in a while screams or other disturbing noises come out of there. Nobody seems to care what is on the other side. This arch is the gateway to the Lower Trade Hall, blocked off, flooded, and befouled by evil creatures. The arch and the stream of filth divide the port in half, there is a stair and two cranes serving each side.

The cranes that are used to haul cargo and people up and down the cliff face are large baskets (like a hot air balloon) with a steel ring on each corner that rides on four heavy chains that run from the wood and iron gantries up top to footing blocks on the walkway 150 M below. Two more chains run from the top of each basket up to the gantry, over a series of pulleys and around a Tiercai powered windlass, back over another series of pulleys and to the basket of the paired crane so that they serve as counterweights to each other.. There are 4 of these contraptions. They each have a sign on them that reads “Divine Grace Crane Company. We rise and fall on the will of the gods.”

Downtown:

In the center of town is a large and sturdy stone building, Dwarf made and out of place in this shabby wooden town. The dwarvish runes over the main door read “Upper Trade Hall”. The building extends down into the ground and spreads to form a huge marketplace teeming with Half-orcs, Tieflings, Tiercai, Goblins, Dwarves and others. And the occasional bold or foolish Human. It is known as Downtown, and its defining feature in Edricksport is that the human town blocks the doors to Downtown from dusk to dawn and bans non-humans from the town at night. This is enforced by the merchant’s mercenaries. The blocking of the doors is offensive to the Tiercai and they do not intend to tolerate it for much longer.

Within Downtown, the taverns are better, filled with music and dancing, the shops are filled with goods, and the schools are excellent. It is well regulated and lawful, people feel safe there. Also it is dry and doesn’t smell of filth.

The Upper Trading hall is a 3 story squat square stone building. With its heavy dwarven doors and barred windows on all sides it looks formidable. All of the doors are large and solid, capable of moving a cart through, but the one facing up the valley is twice the size of the others. Above this gate is an inscription in Dwarvish runes written large and visible from some distance. It reads “Fdrurg Upper Trading Hall” to anyone who can read Dwarvish. Inside it has an arcade along each wall and an atrium filling the center of the building and extending down 3 more stories below ground level. A network of graceful but sturdy stairs and walkways crisscross the atrium to connect the levels and arcades in a web of traffic and commerce. Below ground level the structure extends into a web of gothic vaults and domed chambers widening to the lowest level. The various spaces of the area are filled with offices, residences, store rooms, warehouses, inns, businesses, factories, and so forth. The most famous business is the Countinghouse on the second level. It is the only bank on this side of Misery’s Pass. Other businesses include the two taverns, the

Dragon's Wayward Daughter and the Monkey Lord's Folly. Of the two the Monkey Lord's Folly is more accommodating to humans. It is also known for a drink called "Tarrasque's Fart" that they serve. (CON save if you drink it but won't actually damage you. Might leave you paralyzed and / or hallucinating for a d6 - CON bonus hours though.) Downtown is a lively little town in its own right. At the lowest level the atrium has a majestic staircase descending 10 meters to a landing where the way is blocked by a locked wood and iron gate, the path to the great hall of Fdrurg. Also on the lowest level is a large 4 sided tower clock that the Tiercai contracted the dwarves to build. It sounds every hour on a carillon of gongs. The Tiercai call out their Credo at the sound of the 9:00 gong and the 21:00 gong. Downtown is run by an Elected Council, it differs from the Haven Council in that some of the Councilors are young.

Population is about 500

Fdrurg:

Below Downtown lies the city of Fdrurg. (Downtown is the Upper Trade Hall of Fdrurg but is a distinct area.) Fdrurg is accessed by the staircase leading down from the Upper Trade Hall to the Great Hall of Fdrurg. Once Fdrurg was the port city, with access to the great stone quays at sea level. But centuries ago it was invaded by Orcs, backed by a powerful minion of their god Grumash, a colony of those orcs still living in the lower levels blocking access to the sea for the other races. The minion is also still present, despite the dwarves having blocked up the sea level gate and turned a surface entrance into a drain, flooding the lowest parts of the city with a mix of rain and sewage.

One district of the city contains a community of dwarves who mine, work metals, and trade. They also have a tunnel that they use to enter and exit the city far outside the town fence. It exits at the postern gate by the pool.

There are a number of goblins in the delvings who trade and work for whoever will hire them. They also will steal anything left unguarded. Because they are goblins.

The underground city of Fdrurg is bounded by the Upper and Lower Trade Halls, the postern gate by the pool, and the endless delvings.

At the center of the city is the great hall of Fdrurg. It is an enormous and totally empty hexagonal space consisting of an interlocking grid of low ceilinged vaults and stocky columns. It is lit with a dim flickering light that comes from thousands of torches set on the columns. The torches are bronze rods with magically lit crystals set on the ends that rest in brackets. Cold and empty fireplaces reside in every other column. Fountains are located throughout, still operating like new. Every stone in the floor, wall, and ceiling is perfectly aligned with every joint forming a flawless hexagonal grid. The joints are too tight for mortar or grout, they look like pencil lines. In the center of it are the wide curving staircases that lead up and down to the trade halls. The overall effect is sad, beautiful, and haunting.

The gates to the six districts of the city radiate out from the great hall. One district is still occupied by just under 100 dwarves, it is the district that connects to the postern gate up the mountain by the pool. The other districts are infested with goblins, orcs, and worse. The two abandoned districts that face the harbor have large balconies in the cliff face that stare out at the harbor like a pair of dead eyes. The gates to the Lower Trade Hall are locked shut and no one will open them for you.

Beyond the six districts are the endless delvings, unknown miles of tunnels and caverns mined and explored over the millennia by generations of dwarves. No complete maps of the delvings exist and it is said that they connect in places to other races' tunnels, older tunnels, portals and hidden places. They are a seemingly random web of tunnels, shafts, caverns, streams, stairs, and rooms. Most people who enter them are not heard from again. There are also doors connecting to the delvings in both trade halls. That's how the goblins who work downtown get in and out. The postern gate and the drain in Edricksport are the only well known places where a delving connects to the surface but there are likely others.

Population is under 100 Dwarves and unknown # of monsters

The road:

The road is a stone track leading to the cloud-covered Misery's Pass and over the mountains. Midway up the road a stream that runs from high in the mountains is dammed and the road crosses to the other side of the valley across the dam. The dwarves gate is off the road in this area. The stream drops into a hole in the ground in the center of the pool, forming a whirlpool and flows through underground channels into Fdrurg. Edricksport uses rainwater that flows from the roof gutters into barrels. The valley on either side of the road is a dense forest of huge ancient pines. In past days the forest was home to Wood Elves. The Elves are rarely seen but at least a few are likely still present.

The Outcast's Inn:

A few hours travel up the road from Edricksport, just over Misery's pass, is the Outcast's Inn. It is a well established inn just off the road and a place where all the caravans stop for a hot meal and a dry bed. The Outcast's Inn is the place the Tiercai first formed several generations ago when a Half-Orc named Mutt Splitskull founded the place to create a place where outcasts like himself were welcome. He married a Tiefling woman named Vengeance McCoy and their descendents still run the inn. The current innkeeper is McCoy Splitskull III, older brother to Marie Splitskull who runs the Monkey Lord's Folly in Downtown. It is a large place now with many buildings as well as stables located in caves dug out of the mountainsides. The large forecourt behind the stone wall that protects the inn serves as an impromptu marketplace of sorts as well. There is a Lore Bard College based in the inn. To an outsider it just looks like a lot of bards stay there.

Population is around 100

Haven:

Up a side valley, on the West side of the pass is a Tiercai village known as Haven, well hidden around a bend where travelers don't get to see it. It would require a perception check or being told about it to become aware of it. Caravans do stop at the mouth of the valley when the weather makes crossing the pass unwise. Traders refer to that area as the outpost, but it is really just a flat area they can park wagons in. The plan is that this village will be developed into a Tiercai city, complete with a University. This is so that when the Dwarves regain Fdrurg the Tiercai will have their own city to live in. Tiercai children and adults are encouraged to draw their ideas of what the city should look like, and the drawings are seriously discussed in hopes of developing both a city plan

and an architectural aesthetic. There is a plan to build a tunnel from Haven to the other side of the pass (Near the Outcast's Inn) making an easier toll road. Details are sparse and implementation is a long way off. Some of the villagers work supplying the parked caravans, others raise sheep and goats, and produce wool and woolen goods, leather and leather goods, furniture, embroidered textiles, meat, milk, cheese, etc.. There is a human wizard here with 3 Tiercai apprentices and a small community of Sorcerers and Warlocks. They have been working on forming a school of magical studies they hope will someday become part of the University. Between the magic students, the Bard College at the Outcast's Inn, and the new library branch opening up Haven is surprisingly academic. There is also an informal College of Mining and Engineering that is paying Fdrurg Dwarves to learn. It travels back and forth with no fixed location or facilities. Haven is run by an elected Council of Elders. Most of the village is located on terraces above the valley floor and in caverns dug into the mountainsides.

Population is around 250.

People in general:

The trading merchants. A small number of wealthy humans and their families control most of the wealth in Edricksport. They buy and sell cargos from ships and caravans and store them in warehouses they own to resell to other traders. They have hired mercenaries to guard themselves and their property. They are little more than smugglers and bandits, but insist on being treated with respect. Total numbers 10-15

The Merchant's mercenaries. Most of them are just ordinary guards paid to guard warehouses and the merchants' homes and persons. A few of them are troublesome racist thugs. Just enough to be a problem. They are hired armies of sorts (The merchants don't like or trust each other so they are divided), but undisciplined, disorganized, and only as motivated as money can make them. Total numbers ~50-60

The Human townspeople. Shop owners, tailors, butchers, bakers, grocers, woodcutters, carpenters, smiths, coopers, stablers, tavern workers, fishermen, etc.. They are the working humans of the town. They have relatively little power, but form a militia of sorts to protect themselves and their interests. They are the only faction nobody really hates. The more moderate Tiercai try to build relationships with them. Total numbers 100 - 150

The Tiercai. They are a new society, just a few generations old. They live in galleries and tunnels off Downtown. (As well as in the hidden village of Haven) Technically they are living in the Infinite Delvings, but close enough to Downtown that they consider themselves residents of Downtown. There are gates between their parts of the Delvings and beyond that keep them out of the endless part of the Delvings and more importantly keep the chaos of the Delvings at bay. They work as longshoremen, in the warehouses, run businesses and workshops in Downtown, or any other job that is open to them. They are discriminated against

by the humans but that is lessening as they continue to gain numbers, wealth, and power. The Tiercai are taking over a small but increasing share of trade. This makes the merchants angry.

The Countinghouse in the above ground section of Downtown is a Tiercai owned and run business. It is a bank and money changing service that will trade coins and gems for a reasonable fee. The Countinghouse makes a lot of money based on the volume of coins traded, merchants need change or have too much of it, traders and sailors want gold instead of bulky, heavy copper, and so on. It also issues letters of credit, takes deposits and makes loans, and corresponds with banks over the pass and overseas. It is the only bank in the valley.

The Tiercai also have a few Adventurers, Bards, and Traders based in Downtown and Haven who travel the world recruiting Tieflings and Half-Orcs to build their numbers. So you will have heard tales of Tiercai's existence. They are a conscious attempt to create a new race from the world's outcasts. They are creating their own language and culture but so far it is just a small number of new words and pictograms stuck into a patois of Common, Infernal, and Orcish. (One of the new words they have is "ftah-na", an insulting name for humans. The literal translation for it is no face. Because humans are missing the tusks and horns that Tiercai take pride in.) And a few stories, songs, and very new traditions. They are working at it though and have a school system. They are working hard at recording the histories of their peoples and developing their own art and literature. Not that their art and literature is good, but they are trying. Also they are building a library that has already attracted the attention of a few sages. They have a taste for murals and have decorated many of Downtown's walls.

While an increasing number of Tiercai are crossbreeds between Half-orcs and Tieflings, many are in various states of cultural and biological assimilation. The Tiercai welcome new members with the following affirmation: "Half-orcs are our bones, Tieflings are our blood. Together we are Tiercai, you are of us Brother / Sister."

They also recite a credo together, mornings and evenings. It resembles a haka, with stomping of hooves and slamming of objects (Mugs, knife hilts, spear hafts, pots and pans if nothing else is available) Various lines are sung in different languages, reflecting the Tiercai's ancestry and present. It goes as follows:

We are Tiercai. <stomp> (In Tiercai Patois)
Our bones are Orc bones. <crash> (In Orcish)
Our blood is Tiefling blood. <crash> (In Infernal)
We are Tiercai. <Shouted HUNH!><stomp> (In Common)
Our ancestors were given no respect <Stomp> (In Common)
We do not need your respect <crash> (In Patois)
Our respect is ours, not yours <stomp> (In Patois)
Our ancestors were given no dignity<Stomp> (In Common)
We do not need your dignity <crash> (In Patois)
Our dignity is ours, not yours <stomp> (In Patois)
Our ancestors were given no honor <Stomp> (In Common)
We do not need your honor <crash> (In Patois)
Our honor is ours, not yours <stomp> (In Patois)
Let the world know, we are Tiercai <Stomp> (In Common)
And we will take our rightful place in the world. <Shouted HUNH!><stomp> (In Common)

There are a few members of the Tiercai society who are from other races, the Tiercai are all about taking the best of everything and bringing it into themselves. They also have a soft spot for outcasts. Some people, like Martha Toll and William Brokentoath, who don't call themselves Tiercai are accepted by the Tiercai as Tiercai.

The Innkeeper's mother looked up at the bard, squinted, and said "So you must be one of those double-damned folk who call themselves Tiercai." Uzzerik the bard grinned at the impertinent old lady and replied, "We think of ourselves as thrice blessed, ma'am" After all we have Orc strength, Tiefling wits, and the will of a human. But yes I am Tiercai and my name is Uzzerik. I'm a bard, I'm here to sing tales for those who would listen." Uzzerik bowed politely to the rather confused woman. "B-b-but with all that evil stock..." Uzzerik replied, a little sternly this time, "My deeds are my choices and I alone are responsible for them. If I choose to do good my evil ancestors will just have to deal with that"!

She was puzzled for the rest of the evening about what this strange person had said. But his songs were good and the customers were happy and bought wine and ale. But how could someone with a face like that have pride?

Total numbers 500 in Edricksport + 250 in Haven.

The Dwarves. They rarely come out into the town of Edricksport. It disgusts them. They have contempt for the shoddy workmanship of the town and the social disarray. Nobody picks a fight with the dwarves twice. There aren't that many of them but even by the standards of dwarves they are exceptionally stubborn and tough. These are the dwarves who refuse to give up Fdrurg 500 years after it fell to the Orcs.

Total number ~100

Semi-resident persons. Sailors and caravan workers sometimes take some time off or get fired and work a while in Edricksport for one reason or another. Retired sailors frequently can find work up on the gantries of the Divine Grace Crane Company. These people tend to stay at the Bitter End of the Road, they rent rooms by the week.

Total number ~100

The transients. Sometimes the largest group in town will be people who don't live there. sailors, caravan based traders, and travelers passing through. Generally they are motivated to rest, relax, and enjoy. Sometimes they can get rambunctious after months of hard work and travel. There are a fair number of criminals mixed in among them.

Total number is variable. In the range of 50-600 at any time.

The Tiercai militia:

The Tiercai have developed their own militia. This is part of their rental agreement with the Dwarves on Downtown. They also see the value of being able to defend themselves. All able bodied Tiercai train in both Downtown and Haven, working with the Dwarves to fight as a combined force, should it be necessary. The Tiercai militia is armed with studded leather armor, heavy crossbows, and a type of halberd they developed with the Dwarves called a Tiercai ax. The Tiercai ax is a bearded single edged polearm with a straight chopping blade that tapers to a point at the tip like a voulge-guisarme but the head is fully two feet (60 cm) long. It attaches with a socket halfway up the blade and a strap at the base of the blade similar to a bardiche. The head has fullers and holes in it to lighten the blade for speed. It has a 6" (150mm) spike on the back that is sharpened on the back edge. It is about 6.5 feet (2M) long and has a flanged mace head on the butt end for balance and additional attacks. They can put together

about 150 troops if need be (100 in Edricksport and 50 in Haven) and are working to train and equip more. The merchants and their mercenaries are aware of the existence of but unaware of the scale of this force.

Some named People:

Sir Pieter: A tall Human man with an aristocratic bearing he is the seeming leader of Edricksport. He has no title other than his name and no defined authority, and he generally does the bidding of the merchants of Edricksport who are the real power in town. He appears to be in his 40's. He may well be a fraud. Nobody really cares if he is or isn't since he is a useless figurehead.

Location: Random

C'turh Brokehart: A Tiercai Bard who is a leader among her community. She is in her 30's and is 6.5 feet tall with dramatic tusks and an impressive rack of deer like antlers several feet across. Her skin is striped like a tiger in shades of pinkish gray and dark green. Her eyes are green. She has deer like hooves and no visible tail. She wears flowing silk saris in bright colors and is quite beautiful. She performs music and poetry regularly and coordinates the painting of the murals that decorate downtown. She is the author and a frequent leader of the Tiercai credo. Her intent is to make the entire valley into a Tiercai homeland. Location: Downtown - Dragon's Wayward Daughter, Council offices, painting murals.

Justice Chen: A Tiercai, he runs the counting house on the second floor of the Upper Trading Hall. He is short for a Tiercai at under six feet tall and less bulky than many of his people. He has thick curled horns, and looks strongly demonic. He is polite, but brusque and has no interest in any nonsense. He has a strong sense of fairness. His father Pierre was one of the original negotiators of the agreement with the Dwarves. He is in his late 50's and dresses very well, but conservatively. Location: Countinghouse, Council offices

Karl Ouzlander: A human merchant. He plays everyone against each other to maintain his power. He is a racist, a sexist, and a snob with nothing to be snobby about. He is 50 something, bald, fat, crude, and generally creepy and disgusting. He owns almost half the warehouses in town and has a large force of human mercenaries to protect them - and him. His son Kurt isn't nearly as bad, he wants to get far away and live his own life. Location: Warehouses, Fair Winds Inn, site of most conflicts.

Brandon "Handsome" Hanley: The head of the Tiefling militia. With his massive spreading bull horns and unusually broad shoulders he looks like a mini minotaur. Probably in his late 20's. His regular job is tending bar at the downtown tavern "The Dragon's Wayward Daughter". He and C'turh Brokehart are some kind of cousins. They lead a more radical movement among the Tiercai. They want to drive the humans out of Edricksport, even if it leads to human armies coming across the pass seeking revenge. His intent is to protect the Tiercai against all slights and insults, real or imagined. C'turh is a bad influence on him. Location: Dragon's Wayward Daughter, Militia Armory, any Downtown conflict.

Antrug Spawn: A towering Tiercai, he is almost 8 feet tall. He has short forward curling horns and looks more Orcish than most Tiercai. He is the head of the Loaders Guild, a union of the dock and warehouse workers. He negotiates pay and working conditions for all of the laborers. He is also the most hated person among the Human merchants, since he costs them a lot of gold. They have sent mercenaries and assassins to kill him several times. His response has been to drop the corpses of his would-be killers on the table and raise the pay rate owed to the workers each time. He also has told them that if he is killed there would be a two week strike. There have been no recent attacks on him. (Fighter class - medium to high level) He used to be a captain in General Toll's Army Location: Cranes, Docks, Loader's Guild Offices, Council Offices.

Glorm Forgelord: A grizzled dwarf who runs a stall downtown selling dwarf made goods and purchasing supplies on behalf of the dwarf community. He is dour and appears to have no sense of humor. He regards any attempt to negotiate the price on dwarven goods as a racist insult to the superior quality of dwarven goods. One he would be willing to kill over if need be. He wears magnificent masterwork plate mail with gold decorations, carries a heavy ax no one in Edricksport could afford, and keeps his braided hair and beard neatly tucked in his belt at all times. He carries a key to the gates leading to Fdrurg's Great Hall so he is the best way to get through when players want to go down there. Location: Shop, Great Hall.

Duneldir Willowleaf: An elven scholar, she is the Librarian for the relatively new Downtown Library. She is a moderating influence. As a wood elf she finds living indoors all the time difficult, but it is worth it because she loves books. Location: Library, School

Integrity Wainwright: An older Tiefling, he is Duneldir's assistant. He will likely formally join the Tiercai sometime, but is still somewhat wary based on his life experience. He really likes working in the library. He often travels to Haven to work on setting up the library branch there. Location: Library, Caravan to / from Outcast's Inn.

Arthur Mtumbo: A Tiercai, he is the head teacher at the Downtown school. He, Antrug Spawn, and Justice Chen are leaders among the more moderate Tiercai. They favor becoming better trading partners than the merchants, putting them out of business and taking over the town economically. They see no reason to mistreat the working people of the town and view the radical's position as sinking to the level of ftah-na. Location: School, Council offices.

Marie Splittskull: A Human Illuskai woman who fled an arranged marriage when she was 13, arriving at the Outcast's Inn. She was adopted by the Splittskull family and considers herself Tiercai. She is the Barmaid and Manager at the Monkey King's Folly. The Splittskull's put up the money to open the tavern and she works very hard to make her family proud.

William Brokentoath: A Half-Orc trader who travels between the Outcast's Inn and Edricksport twice a week. His caravan carries mail, news, and travelers between the two sites as well as enough goods to make the merchant's warehouses less full than they used to be. Some of the traders from across the pass are starting to go only as far as the inn and trade with him. It saves them traveling on the steep road and the problems of Edricksport. He travels on a regular schedule with a convoy of wagons, passenger coaches, and guards. Location: Caravan, Downtown office, Monkey King's Folly, Fair Wind Inn, Outcast's Inn.

Larimer Dross: A Tiercai ship owner and captain, he runs a regular route between Edricksport and Callidyr, the largest city of the Moonshae Islands located on the Island of Alaron. He usually arrives once a month or so, depending on the weather. Sea ice keeps him away in the coldest months. Location: Docks, Monkey King's Folly.

Martha Toll: She has retired her former title of General Toll. General Toll was the leader of the most feared mercenary army in Faerun until she just gave it up. A Feral Tiefling woman in her sixties she is the owner, manager, and chief engineer of the Divine Grace Crane Company. She is a self taught engineer, and a self taught manager. She is really good at both. She had a hard life prior to coming to the valley, her polled horns and cropped tail speak to atrocities she survived - things it is best not to ask about. However, some things are known. Among her known skills, she was a famous mercenary designer of cruel siege machines, the best available. She had a sudden change of heart and decided to no longer be involved in the killing of thousands, no one knows why. She is tough in body and mind and will do anything to protect the employees of her company, who she regards as her family. Her employees are all members of the Loader's Guild, she insists on it. They are a mix of Tiercai and retired sailors and she can curse better than any of them. She isn't political unless an issue threatens her company or her employees. If it does she will literally unleash hell, invoking inherited diabolic powers and the darkest of sorcery if need be. She also keeps a disassembled ballista in a

cabinet in her office - just in case. She claims to be uninterested in vengeance, but her idea of justice is rough and brutal. The Missionary is trying to teach her what real justice is. (Martha is a sorcerer) Cranes, Downtown office, Chapel.

The Missionary: A rather fierce human cleric who brings the word of Tyr, he has set up a chapel in a corner of the ground floor of Downtown. People are starting to listen to him. Martha Toll and Antrug Spawn have become followers. He sends regular reports to his bishop in Luskan. He was sent here - the church has decided to work on the worst places in Faerun. (Cleric - level undecided) (It is unstated but likely that either the Missionary or his Bishop or both may also be acting on behalf of the Order of the Gauntlet) Location: Chapel

Rumpt: Rumpt is a friendly, helpful, and incredibly stupid warehouse guard. It will turn out that Rumpt is his nickname, he was the runt of the litter. He is large human size. He describes his family as the Grillons. It will also turn out that he is from a family of Ogrillons. They are shepherds, they were made in Thay but were thrown out for not being mean enough. They live somewhere East of Waterdeep, Rumpt is too stupid to give you an exact location. Half Orc Ogrillon may or may not be eligible to become Tiercai. Evaluating his ancestry will be a priority for certain Tiercai. It will become a political issue.

The minion: It is an Atropal. It, and its horrifying minions kill anything that enters the bottom level of the lower trade hall. Including the cultists who worship and tend it. It spends its time patrolling the shallow cesspool at the bottom of the Lower Trade Hall.

The Grummash cult Orcs: Not seen in town, just a bunch of nasty orcish Orcs living in the deep parts of the city. Numbers are unknown. Lower Trade Hall.

Suggested order of Play:

Typically players will be assigned the quest to find out what is going on in Edricksport and if it poses a threat. The assignment will come from a representative of the Lord's Alliance in Waterdeep. The quest will be given at a small tavern run by a family of dwarves called the Short Rest. There the party will meet The representative of the Lord's Alliance and Uzzerik the Tiercai bard. At the DM's discretion they can travel alone, be tasked with escorting a small Half-Orc family to Edricksport, or accompanied by Uzzerik. They can then travel directly or indirectly to Ruathym. If they go by way of the Moonshae Isles Larimer Dross can take them by sea. He is the only legitimate merchant who knows the way. Otherwise players will need to travel from the port in Ruathym to the city of Ruathym. There will be bandits and barbarians along the way.

They will then need to travel the roads fighting monsters, bandits and barbarians along the way.

The road to the outcast's inn is more of the same. By the time Characters get to the inn they will have levelled several times. Miseries pass is infested with bears, dire wolves, manticores, harpies, and an avatar of Auril in the form of an ancient white dragon.

How you route them is DM's choice. The land route can be used to provide flavor and to level up lower level characters.

On arriving at Edricksport characters can brawl in the taverns for some easy XP to level up. One can make a few coins fighting for money or betting on other fights in the Edricksport taverns. Gladiator games basically. There are also random encounters with various troublemakers in town - thieves, bandits, bullies, berserkers, pirates, whatever. This will allow low level Characters to level up enough to play the dungeons successfully. Meanwhile they can meet the local NPCs and develop a reputation. Glorm isn't going to let just anyone into Fdrurg after all.

The Fdrurg Districts can be taken in sequence with Glorm showing the adventurers to each dungeon in sequence. I would order them 2, 6, 3, 4, 5. At ascending difficulty levels naturally. District 2 would be hobgoblins, orcs, and the like. With treasure to match. District 5 should include at least medusae, trolls, ghouls, and similar level monsters. Maybe even a Lich. Again with treasure to match. All of the districts will have nuisance monsters to wear you down, and harder monsters to challenge you.

The Lower Trade hall would contain the monstrosity. Also Orc axemen, Orc Archers, Orc Clerics, Orc Sorcerers, animated armor, an undead horde, a few duergar, and some appropriate beasts like bears, giant snakes, and giant spiders.

In between dungeon segments players can engage in RP, intrigue, and politics in both Downtown and Edricksport. Suggested activities are negotiating with factions and individuals and balancing their interests. Combat with various factions is one form of negotiation. Dying is not usually a useful negotiating tactic.

A side quest that a DM can insert or not as they see fit is that a suspicious group is trying to sell an ancient magical document. Duneldir believes it may have been stolen from the Green Rooms. Does your group try to buy it, advise the library to buy it, seize it or what? Do you inform the authorities? (The Green Rooms is a library of ancient Dwarvish magical items that is restricted and protected by the First Axe of Ruathym - if the document was looted an actual army might appear to recover it) The results of this quest could affect the standing of all of the factions with powerful outside forces and with each other. The dwarves would greatly respect the First Axe keeping these Dwarvish relics intact and together, preserving their history.

Any approach to the Lower Trade Hall should be at the end of the campaign. You will need to convince the Dwarves you are a very serious party before they will unlock the gate for you.

The selection of monsters should be based on the setting. The cultist orcs would likely bring in chaotic evil monsters, oozes, slimes, and undead. Also one would not find many large wild animals in an underground city. Swarms of rats, bats, spiders, insectoids, and snakes though.. Edricksport itself would have human and humanoid monsters as well as rats, packs of feral dogs, birds, and similar things one would expect in a cold weather seaside slum.

Several people have an interest in Fdrurg being closed or open. Players will need to deal with this in one way or another.

The Merchants will be out of business if the Dwarves regain Fdrurg's Lower Trade Hall. They will resist with all means at their disposal.

Some of the Tiercai (Notably the C'turh and Handsome radical faction) don't want the Dwarves to return and see reopening the city as the end of Downtown and the Tiercai being forced to move to Haven. It reduces the size of their dream of a Tiercai homeland.

The moderate faction of the Tiercai will be concerned about disruption affecting business and possibly bringing needless conflict to the Tiercai. They would need to see a sensible path forward. However they are aware that reopening Fdrurg will make the port more viable and there will be more money to be made.

Martha Toll and Antrug Spawn will be deeply concerned about the livelihood of their workers. If you can create a situation where the workers will still have jobs it will prevent them from becoming powerful enemies.

The Dwarves won't respect you enough to let you try until you prove yourself. You may need to do some additional persuading. They don't want to risk opening a door they sealed 500 years ago for a very good reason.

Additional play suggestions: The tentative design of the dungeon segments may favor a slightly larger party that can put tanks on both ends of the party. Also if you are going to choose to fight any of the factions directly a large strong party would be needed.

Encounters:

Fight club at the Drowned Man's Hammock: The nameless bartender sets up fights, the winner can collect 10% of the bets. This is a repeating encounter.

Pirates in the streets: party will be accosted by a group of pirates in the street. One time event

After hours mercenaries: Any party containing non-human members will be accosted by the mercenaries after sunset. The mercs will try to enforce the sundown rules on the party. Recurrence subject to outcome.

C'turh Brokehart: The most likely first meeting is that she calls out the word "Credo!" when the clock chimes 21:00. She is also visible painting murals. She will vigorously attempt to recruit for the Tiercai, and ignore other party members or treat them with contempt.

Marie Splittskull: Will provide information and gossip. A narrative device. Monkey Lord's Folly.

Lower trade hall:

Top level: Goblinoids, Orcs,

Level5: More orcs and Ice elemental.

Level4: Hags, Orcs, Ogres, Ettins, Trolls

Level3: Death Giant and friends

Level2: Dracolich and friends

Level1: 2 Vamp lords, 3 Vamp spawn, 2 Bearded Devils, 2 Spined Devils, 1 male medusa, 1 female medusa

Bottom Level: Atropal, Eidolon, 2 angel of vengeance (Appear when Eidolon is destroyed), gibbering abomination, 2 cambion, 3 yuan-ti purebred mallison, 4 snaketongue cultists. Orc Priests and guards.

Optional side quest: If the stolen document from the Green Rooms is found the party may be able to negotiate a chance to copy it - if they have someone who is sufficiently intelligent and reads and writes Dwarvish. The scrap of document reads as follows: My father, Swalthar Anvilhands, taught me the spell that the Elvish smiths used to forge objects in the ancient days. How he learned it I know not. Even the Elves have lost this knowledge in our day. I do not use it, I prefer the honest feeling of fire, steel, muscle, and skill uniting to create a new thing. But I write it here for my sons and grandsons, and all the Anvilhands clan, should they choose to use it. It is the making and use of Elvish Elemental Foundries of old. What I can tell you of it is that they were open on four sides to the four elements and were places of great power. The object to be created is summoned from the four elements through song and poem and a clear mental image, held for days.. Only elves would create such a foolish spell! It does serve to keep the image in your mind in great precision though - serving its purpose I suppose. And the final difference is that this spell is most difficult and very tiring. It is not a thing for novice spellcasters, they would surely fail.

If a player chooses to, they can use these clues to begin research on the Elvish Elemental Foundries.

Maps:

Map of the valley. Contains Edricksport, the docks, the Fjord, Fdrurg, the road, the pool, the stream, the postern gate, the Outcast's Inn, and an arrow to the pass. Outcast's inn is now on the west side of the pass.





Edricksport. Contains houses for 3 merchants, Taverns called the Drowned Man's Wagon and the Bitter End of the Road, an inn called the Fair Wind serving ship captains, caravan owners and other better customers, shops with houses above, the upper ends of the cranes, the rickety stairs, the fence, Sir Pieter's house, warehouses, stables, an area to park wagons and coaches, the drain, and the Upper Trade Hall.

Upper Trade Hall / Downtown.

Ground floor contains the Missionary's chapel, the Monkey Lord's Folly, and the Militia Armory.

Second floor contains the Countinghouse and the offices of the Divine Grace Crane Company.

Third floor contains the library, the school, and the council offices.

B1 level contains the Dragon's Wayward Daughter and the local office for William Brokentoos caravan.

B2 level contains the Loader's Guild offices and a market for small Tiercai vendors and artisans.

B3 level contains Glorm Forgelord's shop, another market area, the great clock, and the stairs down to the Fdrurg City Gate.

Fdrurg.

The great Hall is empty. The dwarves keep it spotless, awaiting the return of their kin. This may be best done as artwork since there will be no encounters with anyone other than Dwarves here.

District 2-6 each need their own map, they each have 3 levels. District 1 is the only one occupied by the dwarves at this time. The other five are available for dungeon crawls. Since the six of them radiate outward from the hexagonal great hall they would be pie slices, hexagonal, or trapezoids. I assume they could have identical layouts or at least very similar ones to simplify mapmaking.

District 1 is placed closest to the Postern Gate. I've numbered the remaining districts clockwise from it.

My tentative design for the districts is:

Each district would be three levels, linked by a set of stairs at either end. The middle (main) level would be the one that connects to the Great Hall. The main level would have two corridors that run from end to end and connect to cross corridors and the stairs. The corridors on the main level would run out from the gate at 90 degrees from one another before turning parallel and then turn back to converge at the second stair. (Forming a long-ish hexagon) The upper and lower levels could be narrower with only one main corridor and shorter cross corridors. One staircase would be just inside the gate to the Great Hall, and would be at a crossroads of the gate, the two corridors and the stairs. This design of four parallel corridors interconnected by cross corridors and stairs means lots of paths and things can get behind you or avoid you as you get into the districts with smarter, tougher monsters. Districts 3 and 4 each have a corridor leading from the area of the farther staircase on the main level to an open air rectangular recess the size of a large room cut out of the cliff face to form a balcony of sorts 70 meters above the docks. Each of the two matching balconies has a large bronze brazier in it to serve as a beacon for ships coming to port. There is no one fueling the braziers these days. Neither balcony has a parapet or railing.

The Infinite Delvings. They are best represented with artwork of locked doors. I have no intention of being responsible for maps of thousands of miles of tunnels. Maybe in a later version, or not... Or parts of it could be mapped. idk.

Lower Trade Hall.

Similar in plan to the Upper Trade Hall but with the widest sections at the top levels (Inverted version of the Upper Hall) but partially flooded and full of monsters. This is the final area most players would clear. Six levels around an atrium. The bottom level has what would be a grand hallway (if it weren't filled with six feet (2 M) of ice cold sewage and muck) leading to the walled off gateway to the docks.

Artwork:

The Outcast's Inn, external view and internal.

The road.

The Pool.

The Postern Gate.

Edricksport arriving from the road.

A Tiercai axe

A crane

The docks.

Upper Trade Hall - elevation view external.

Upper trade hall atrium

Fdrurg City Gate.

Fdrurg Great Hall.

Door to the Delvings.

Lower Trade Hall - flooded lowest level.

The Minion.

Appendices:

Data to create Tiercai stat block:

Race	Subrace Size	Speed	Language	Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha	Any	DV	Source
Half-Orc 47	M	30	Orcish	+2		+1					60 ft.	PHB 40
Tiefling 77	M	30	Infernal				+1		+2		60 ft.	PHB 42
Tiercai Homebrew	M	30	Common, Orcish, Infernal, Patois	STR +1, CON+1 INT+1 CHA+1							60ft	

Tiercai Traits

Tiercais share certain **Racial Traits** as a result of their **Infernal** and Orcish descent.

Ability Score Increase: Your Strength score increases by 1, Constitution score increases by 1, **Intelligence** score increases by 1, and your **Charisma** score increases by 1.

Age: Tiercai mature and age at the same rate as **Humans**.

Alignment: Tiercai have a cultural bias to be good or neutral although they can choose evil, but not that many do. Evil or not, their status as ultimate outcasts inclines many Tiercai toward a chaotic **Alignment** - especially when dealing with human rules.

Size: Tiercai are about the same size and build as **Humans**. A little bigger from the Orc bloodlines but not huge. Males are usually 5.5' to 6.5', Females are slightly smaller. Builds tend to be on the stocky side but not typically sumo. Your size is Medium.

Speed: Your base walking speed is 30 feet.

Darkvision: Thanks to your **Infernal** and orcish heritage, you have superior vision in dark and dim **Conditions**. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in **Darkness** as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in **Darkness**, only **Shades of Gray**.

Hellish Resistance: You have **Resistance** to fire damage.

Menacing: You gain proficiency in the [Intimidation](#) skill.

Savage Attacks: When you score a critical hit with a melee weapon [Attack](#), you can roll one of the weapon's damage dice one additional time and add it to the extra damage of the critical hit.

Child of Woe: This is a homebrew version of anti-lucky. You get 3 misfortune points. If you spend a misfortune point you steal the target's luck. The person cursed will face disadvantage on the next action they take and you will gain advantage on your next action. Essentially you steal their luck. Misfortune points regenerate on a long rest.

Hybrid Vigor: You can recover up to one HP per level on a short rest.

Languages: You can speak, read, and write [Common](#), Infernal, Tiercai Patois, and [Orc](#). [Orc](#) is a harsh, grating language with hard consonants. It has no script of its own but is written in the [Dwarvish](#) script.

Given that Tiercai have only existed for a few generations there is a lot of variability in their appearance. Skin color varies from Orc grays and greens through Tiefling reds and blacks with the most common color being reddish gray. Sometimes their complexion will be mottled or striped. Their tails are typically shorter and thicker than Tiefling tails.

Bardic Poem calling the people (Half-Orcs and Tieflings) to travel to Haven:

Where will you go, my child of woe?
Is there a life for a child of strife?
A Haven for the outcast?

Come to the place on the Ocean's blades,
The place of the Water's Deep.
Your kinsmen there will lend you aid
As to the path you keep

Come Devil's son and Orcish daughter
To our place across the water
on the edge of the Trackless Sea.

Some human call us twice damned folk
Though we of course know better.
Thrice blessed is closer to the truth
Once we have thrown off fetters

There there is a Haven found, where folk like us have claimed the ground.
They raise their voice in one great sound
A new folk made -Tiercai.

Share with us our varied strengths we'll build a mighty people
Surpass our pasts with triune might
When all of us we stand as one Faerun will know no equal.
We will no longer tolerate the slander and the slight

Our bones bring us the strength of Orc
Our blood the the guiles of hell
Stitched tight with iron human will
We are what we built ourselves

Second Verse (Only sung by Tiercai bards in Waterdeep to selected audiences)

Across the sea we travel to the Isle of Far Ruathym
An icy place, tis mans disgrace, the home of wild Northmen
A perfect place for our new race, unloved, alone like we are.

There are two ways to get to where our Haven is established.
By sea there is a ship that travels to the port below.
When weather's fair it is by far the better way to go.
To Edricksport the humans say we humor them for now

But sometimes there is no way there when Umberlee's inspired
So in such a case a longer route is sometimes what's required.
Rest up before you take it though you'll end up getting tired.

Take a ship to Ruathym town, a nasty human place.
And when you've had your fill of it take leave of that disgrace.
Go North, go South, just go in haste, direction doesn't matter.
Your goal is West you'll find a route of mud and soon be splattered.

There's little there, just peasants' lairs, and crofts and the odd bandit.
And two small towns one up one down and an old road between them.
This chaos isle is just the place to hide our nascent race

And off that road you'll find a post that tells you where to turn.
It warns you though this miserable path is Auril's cold domain.
And up you'll go though wind will burn
Past the howls of the snowmen.

But one you're past your home at last.
At the inn of the Tiercai Outcast.