

The  
Kingdom  
of  
Morrain  
Gazetteer

● GALARON

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● CIL

● LEAVENDALE

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● BREAD-IN-HANT

# the Kingdom of Morrain

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WITCH WOOD

BREAD-IN-HAND

HRUMBLETON

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TERRO'S REST

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FALLEN

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DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS:  
**THE KINGDOM OF MORRAIN**

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# CHAPTER I

## MORRAIN GAZETTEER OVERVIEW

**L**ong before Morrain was an independent kingdom, it was known to explorers as the Argent Vale—a wide and verdant basin surrounded by towering mountains in the east and thick, highland forests in the north and west. Rocky foothills, open tundra, and a mineral-rich river comprised the Vale.

The passage of time and the influx of the civilized races have done little to change the vale's wild geography. Since the time of Jorem the Elder and his famous son, the First Lord Morro Stormwarden, the people of Morrain have respected nature and taken from the land only what they need to survive. They cull lumber for their homes and hunt game for their food; they do not export these resources or seek to grow their economy with overt foreign trade. Only the silver mines and gem-rich hills provide material wealth that Morrain deigns to trade with neighboring kingdoms. Individual merchants may barter or sell for personal profit, but the rulers of Morrain have never sold its natural resources for greater wealth.

The climate of Morrain showcases the extremes of Ildavir's demesne. The entirety of the Vale has only two real seasons, summer and winter, with very short intervals of moderation between them. Summers are temperate, if wet, often beset by lightning storms. Strong winds howl through the Vale throughout the year and precipitation is frequent. Winters are long, cold, and heavy with snow. The dwarf-highways that wind about the mountainous eastern border are nearly inaccessible after the first snowfall, and the ponds, lakes, and waterways are often covered in a layer of ice. Even the most traveled roads are seldom traveled in the snow-filled months. A popular saying proclaims, "A man does not brave the Morrain midwinter unless he is a ranger, a fool, or a raiding giant."

The people of Morrain call themselves the Imorrayn—in an Elven dialect of the Common tongue, this means "sons of Morro"—though outside of the kingdom they are generally referred to as Morrahim or, less respectfully, Morrainians.

Morrain is a monarchy bereft of the rigid feudalism common to the Northlands' southern realms. Few of the people object to the mandates of their kings, for the Argent Sovereigns have always been light-handed. The current Sovereign is King Mirias Stormwarden, a ranger-king whose loyalty to his subjects is greater than the service he demands in return. Ruling from his throne in Stormkeep and defended by the Argent Knights, King Stormwarden is a man of martial renown and a friend to the natural world.

Morrain exists at the behest of the Cristine crown, but none who have witnessed the courage of the Imorrayn doubt they are an independent people who owe allegiance to no one but their chosen sovereign. Spaced atop the highlands along the borders are squat towers that garrison the kingdom's soldiers. The defenders of the realm compensate for their small numbers with sophisticated strategies, a system of watchfires atop every tower, and the conviction that they are the first line of defense against a brutal world. When their defenses are strained, the king looks to his own people to raise again the banner of freedom. The Imorrayn enjoy their days, for they've had to work and fight for their freedom.

Yet when dragons, giants, and worse threaten the land, the people look to heroes without and within for aid.





## SETTLEMENTS, FORTIFICATIONS, AND RUINS

**M**orrain is considered by their southern neighbors to be a rural backwater. While the people aren't as simple as most presume, the settlements do showcase a rustic way of life. The majority of Morrain's major towns (and single city) are listed below, though by no means do they account for all of the kingdom's settlements or its total population.

As a rule, villages, hamlets, and thorps litter the Argent Vale, most of which are within a day's travel (by foot) to one another. Most are agricultural in nature, the majority of its people farmers or gatherers. Blacksmiths and millers support the singular industries of these communities, repairing equipment or grinding the harvested grain. Though most of these smaller settlements do not have defensible walls, most do have a central refuge—such as a watchtower or temple—where residents can take shelter during the strongest storms or in the attack of marauders

All towns include a market where people from the smaller outlying settlements can bring their produce to barter or sell for the goods available only in a larger community. More than one industry can be accounted for in a town, and the community as a whole will be more racially diverse. Most towns include at least one temple and one inn, while a handful of taverns serve as entertainment, gossip, and recreation for the people.

By no means meant to be fully comprehensive, a sampling of inns, taverns, temples, and guilds is listed after each settlement's description.

## BONE HOLLOW

(Small town, pop. 1,440)

**Y**ears before the founding of the Kingdom of Morrain, the ruins of Castle Whiterock were conquered by a powerful tribe of orcs known as the Broken Tusk. Decimated and then replenished again with the joining of other tribes, the orcs were ultimately betrayed by their drow allies. Stricken with a devastating disease, most were slain outright and a small fraction of the tribe managed to escape the drow into the wilds. Only a few dozen orcs had survived the disease, but they languished without the strength to defend themselves against the predators of the Vale.

At last the survivors straggled into a tiny human village calling itself the Hollow. The orcs were given shelter and food, and their sickness purged by clerics of Elyr. The strongest orc (and thereby the leader), Gorsh Bonegrinder, was astonished at the compassion shown to them. Instead of venturing back to their northern homelands, the orcs decided to stay in the Hollow. When these same orcs later saved the town against a monstrous chimera, the village was renamed to Bone Hollow to commemorate the friendship between human and orc. Generations passed and occasional interracial marriages bred a very small population of half-orcs. Today, fully half of the town's population is half-orcs, a friendly and



hard-working collection of farmers, laborers, and herbalists.

The town Elder is a half-orc named Eros Skullcrusher, who serves as both warrior and leader. His youngest daughter, Elidy, is the town's chief favored defender, a warrior-cleric with a heart of gold and a sunny disposition.

**Inns:** Pilgrim's Rest (average).

**Taverns:** Tankard & Tusk (average), the Wellspring (poor).

**Shrines & Temples:** The Fount of Healing (temple of Elyr), the Waterspan (island-bridge and shrine of Thalass).

## BREAD-IN-HAND

(Small town, pop. 955)

Famous for its breads and cheeses, Bread-In-Hand is a community populated predominantly by tallfellow halflings who excel in the culinary arts. The town's name is said to stem from a popular halfling proverb: "A slice of bread in hand is worth two loaves in the oven." Though they trace their origins to the tribes of distant Gadjarria, the halflings of Morrain made Bread-in-Hand (and its sister towns) their adopted home many generations ago.

Any who bring trouble to Bread-In-Hand are sure to meet with the militia's captain, Eagleton Southpaw, a young hero and veteran of the goblin incursions of recent years. The village Elder, an addled old halfling named Barnwick and grandfather to Eagleton, is more likely to tell stories than see to the day-to-day affairs of the community. Beloved as he is by the villagers, they don't really mind.

**Inns:** The Great Hearth (average).

**Taverns:** Baker's Dozen (average), Bull & Brandy (poor).

**Shrines & Temples:** The Fountain of Plenty (temple of Denithae), the Pointing Stone (road sign and shrine of Olidyra).

## CILLAMAR

See *Chapter 2*.

## FAR CIRQUE

(Small town, pop. 1,145)

Far Cirque is a town of secrets and great wealth. Situated in a canyon of stone beneath a glacial crest of the Ul Dominor Mountains, the town is hidden from casual travelers. Only those who know where to look, or with the magic to pierce the misleading illusions which hide the town, can find it. Home to some of the Northlands' finest gem-cutters and spelunkers, Far Cirque is a strange little community with a common vision: finding, perfecting, and selling gems. Not surprisingly, gnomes are plentiful here, accounting for nearly half the population.

Far Cirque is an open secret, a source of great wealth for Morrain and many a rumor. Ringing the stony cliffs around the town is a vast network of gem mines, well-guarded and well-hidden. Far Cirque is an industrious mining town, not a place for indulging visitors. With so many gnomes present, however, there is much time for merriment and play. The dwarves who live here often grow frustrated at the work ethics of their gnomish comrades. When the gnomes work, they work with more focus and precision than any other; gems are pulled from the nearby mines, carried to the town, where they are weighed, cut, and polished. But when work stops, parties and pranks abound and no one—not even the dour, bearded folk—is exempt from their antics.

Legend holds that the profusion of gems in surrounding rock stem from the *Mava Terestere* ("mother diamond" in the Gnome tongue), a massive gem of enormous power placed there by Poderon himself. The miners and lapidists of Far Cirque dream of finding the "Lost Mine" that houses the divine gem so that they can look upon its great beauty, but they are equally afraid that finding it means subjecting it to theft. The legend claims that if the *Mava Terestere* is removed from the mines, the mineral-rich mines will go dry.

The Elder of Far Cirque is Mistress Rorinna Berick, a gnomish sorceress who takes the legend of the *Mava Terestere* very seriously and believes herself personally responsible for the security of the town proper and the mines. She uses her illusionary magic to misdirect the road that leads into the town. In addition, she does not allow the population of Far Cirque to increase, for fear that greater numbers will call too much attention to the town and compromise its mining operations. She has the full support of King Stormwarden in her actions, and employs much of her own wealth to ensure that gem caravans bound for Galarron markets are heavily guarded.

The folk of Far Cirque occasionally contend with goblins and kobolds who emerge from the mountainous depths,



but have always managed to drive them away. One captive from one such skirmish, a kobold trapsmith named Keez, has after many years of confinement finally achieved acceptance in the town. Now he serves as a security guard, setting ingenious stonework traps against intruders. Though most of the humans and gnomes trust him, the dwarf miners keep a careful eye on him.

**Inns:** The Perfect Ruby (average).

**Taverns:** Earthen Bounty (average).

**Shrines & Temples:** The Delver's Den (temple of Poderon), the Forger's Fane (shrine to Daentharr).

**Guilds:** Shapers (church-sponsored guild of gemcutters).

**Festivals:** Day of the Diamond (commemorating the "discovery" of the *Mava Terestere*)

## FAR LEURRE

(Empty "town", pop. 2)

Most who seek out the gem-rich town of Far Cirque without a guide who knows the way are likely to find Far Leurre instead. The product of ingenious "geographic and architectural legerdemain," this town is little more than a series of shoddy stone buildings and empty wells. Once a small village predating Morrain itself, it has since been transformed into a magical decoy of gnomish ingenuity.

All but the most powerful divination spells employed to find Far Cirque are magically redirected to Far Leurre. In addition, those who arrive in Far Leurre will find a sleepy, dilapidated town whose residents are boorish and cranky. Even the shoddy sign that reads "Far Cirque" at the edge of town is in need of repair. In truth, the buildings and the townsfolk are nothing more than powerful illusions woven by two gnomish sorcerers, Pavelon and Ravelon, who live here at the behest of Mistress Rorinna Berick of Far Cirque. Eccentric and easily amused, the two brothers enjoy duping the fortune hunters, bandits, and adventurers who visit them. Even those who manage to penetrate the figments, glamers, and patterns of the gnomish broth-



ers usually grow frustrated by the experience and give up their search for the *real* gem-rich town.

## GALARON

(Small city, pop. 8,527)

The only true city in the kingdom and the seat of its monarchy, Galaron is yet a small community compared to the great metropolises of the south. Still, no other city in the region is as defensible as Galaron, its orphic, green-hued walls rising high along the southern shore of Valfors Bay and the mouth of the Morro River.

Galaron is the largest hub of commerce for hundreds of miles in any direction. The population is in constant flux, as merchants and traders from across the region travel to the markets of Galaron each year and many choose to stay, caught by the spirit of communal self-preservation that defines the kingdom. The Galarons are rural-minded, as four out of every five citizens has family somewhere in the Morrain countryside. Some visitors from foreign kingdoms regard the folk of Galaron as simpletons, but upon returning home find that their own people are callous and cynical by comparison. Adventurers have always been welcome in the city, as evidenced by the many prosperous taverns and inns who vie for their hard won gold.

The wharves of the city teem with life, as fishermen compete with explorers for docking space. The cry of gulls and the scent of saltwater permeate the bayside district, as the longshoremen sing their shanties and foul the air with good-hearted profanity. Ship captains are numerous, most willing to ferry passengers across Valfors Bay for gold in advance during summer or early fall. As adventurers bring only sporadic business, the sailors owe their livelihood to the fishermen and hunters who ply the hinterlands and waters of the bay year round. Exotic animals and furs are often sold in the markets, and lush Morrain furs are considered a luxury by the southern nobility.

Though the city owes its continued existence to the valor



of its people, none dismiss the magic rumored to infuse its very walls. Shortly after the demise of the First Lord five centuries ago, walls that appear to be an aggregate of granite and malachite arose seemingly overnight. In the taverns of the city, legends still tell of the mysterious cloaked men who attended the funeral of Morro Stormwarden and raised the walls for the city's perpetual defense. The gleaming bulwark is wondrous to look upon during the day, but it is a sight to behold at night: a ghostly green glow emanates from the veins of malachite. History has seen many armies lay siege to Morrain's capital city, but none have succeeded in breaching its walls, which cause magic and siege weaponry to rebound.

Rising from the heart of the city is Stormkeep, the home of King Mirias Stormwarden, the Argent Sovereign. The fortress is as formidable as any dwarf citadel, though its garrison is small. Built of black-veined gray stone, Stormkeep consists of a series of high towers and crenellated walls, with a long drawbridge spanning a "moat" of deadly elemental wind. The citadel is also home to a regiment of paladins known as the Argent Knights, who serve as both royal guards and elite soldiers in times of need. The Knights are led by the elfmaid Lady Tyaline and are devoted to Gorhan, the Helmed Vengeance. Much like the faith of Gorhan, the Knights are racially diverse; fully half of the regiment consists of nonhumans.

The criminal element of Galaron is trenchant but small, subsisting on citizens and visitors alike like a sufferable parasite, taking only what it requires while leaving its victims healthy. When true peril threatens the city, the rogues themselves take up arms against the common enemy. "Should Galaron fall," one adage proclaims, "hope for all of Morrain is lost forever." While some attribute the thieves' uncanny symbiosis to the community—or simple pragmatism—others believe there is a single mastermind who rules the underworld. Folk tales persist that Vemn himself, the legendary thief and one of Morro Stormwarden's own companions, lingers still in spectral form, enforcing his guiding principle of Thieves' Honor in death as he did in life.

The flaw of complacency cannot be attributed to the people of Galaron. Life is short, and tomorrow the dragons of the Frosteye Mountains could fall upon them en masse or the Scourge in the east could breach the UI Dominor Mountains and overtake them. Therefore they live life to its fullest, celebrating the rise of the sun each day and every successful hunt. This spirit of merriment has kindled even the hearts of its nonhuman residents. As the elves sing and dance to the music of the Anseur glades, the dwarves raise their tankards and host drinking games by their Holdfast kin. The gnomes and halflings, of course, need little excuse to join their taller neighbors. Despite the cold climate of Morrain, Galaron hosts festivals throughout the year. Between such events, individ-

ual families hold their own revels.

Among the city's most famous locales is the Garden of Tears, a labyrinth of hedges, trees, and cool arbors enclosed by low stone walls. Planted and cultivated by the church of Ireth, the Garden stands adjacent to the Starspire, temple of the goddess of the night sky. The "tears" that give the garden its name are the dewdrops that appear among the leaves at dawn and freeze in the wintry months. It is believed that those who walk among the arbors long enough can face their fears, grieve for their regrets, and leave their sorrows behind.

**Inns:** The Emerald Wurm (expensive), the Elven Oak Inn (expensive, elvish decor and cuisine), Warrior's Rest (average), the Root Cellar (average, gnome-catered), the Road's End (average, halfling-catered).

**Taverns:** The Silver Chalice (expensive), the Falcon & Child (average), the Wyvern's Head, the Landshark (average), Fish N' Guts (poor, dockside).

**Shrines & Temples:** Valiant Hall (temple of Gorhan), the House of Fire (temple of Fenwar), the Starspire (observatory and temple of Ireth), Vault of Radiance (temple and library of Delvyr), Halls of the Silent (mausoleum, cemetery, and temple of Soleth), the Bellhouse (lighthouse, anchorage, and shrine dedicated to Ilquot; located on a jetty).

## HALLOWBROOK

(Ruined town, pop. 50)

Once a proud and bustling town, and home to Morrain's forefathers, the population of Hollowbrook has nearly vanished as many consider it a cursed place. Now only a despondent few live among the empty buildings and eke out a lonely existence among the silent walls and untended wells.

At the center of the ruin are four black marble statues depicting Morrain's founding men and women—Jorem, Dalrem, Eistha, and Tarom—frozen in their moments of anguished death. The statues are said to be the result of a horrible wish granted by a demon to the hated Harbinger King five hundred years ago. When the defiant Elders of the early towns refused to bow to his rule, the tyrant ordered them slain. It was the Elders' own children—including Morro Stormwarden—who would later overthrow the Harbinger King, prompted by revenge.

The Imorrayn have tried many times to tear down the statues, but powerful magic sustains them. Not even rare adamantine alloys can sunder them. Instead, the statues live on as a reluctant symbol of the sacrifices the people of the Vale made to win their freedom, and the pain one must suffer to see justice done.





## HRUMBLETON

(Small town, pop. 1,112)

Nestled in the foothills of eastern Morrain, Hrumbleton is a community of gnomes that has existed since before the Kingdom of Morrain. When the First Lord united the land, however, the friendly gnomes of Hrumbleton were happy to join in the commonwealth. Although the hill-dwelling burrows of Hrumbleton are built for shorter folk, humans, elves, and half-elves are just as welcome; the tall folk and a number of dwarves make up nearly ten percent of the population.

The people of Hrumbleton take life a day at a time. They have little history beyond the memory of the eldest gnome and heirlooms passed down the generations. As one gnome patriarch said, “Unlike elves, we have no millennial heritage; unlike the dwarves, no death-knell tomorrow.”

The town has always been governed by a single, elected clan. But long ago the gnomes become quite content with a particular family, Clan Wedgebender, and never sought to change. Its current patriarch, Glozark, has been the Elder of Hrumbleton for nearly three decades. Glozark is a shrewd businessman, but he knows more about trade and the mining operations of his people than he does about defense.

Whenever the town is threatened, or when faced with a decision beyond his ken, he consults with the sorcerer Nerebon Stimblebor Sandminder, a kindly old gnome whose magic and leadership has saved the town many times from goblin raiders. The town is also home to one of Aereth’s most famous—and eccentric—gem cutters, the esteemed Master Geresain.



## MYSTENMERE

(Small town, pop. 1,890)

Mystenmere is Morrain’s window into the elven nation of Anseur. Built in the shadow of the elven wood and overlooking Valfors Bay on its western shores, it is the home of scholars, wizards, and hunters with a deep respect for the natural world. An embassy in all but name, the queen of Anseur has extended her protection over the town—a gesture greatly appreciated by the Argent Sovereign. In turn, the king sends ambassadors into the elven realm to keep the queen apprised of events well outside her forest.

If Mystenmere had an Elder, it would be the haggard mage in brown robes who lives in an unobtrusive tower at the center of the town square. Aragoth is a venerable human of unknown years, and certainly Mystenmere’s oldest human resident. He emerges from his tower only during the most monumental of occasions or when a governmental decision is needed. Considered a preeminent sage of the Northlands, Aragoth always knows more than he tells. Those seeking counsel with the old wizard are faced with two choices: wait a very, very long time (often spanning weeks or months) or perform a service for him. Services have included journeys to the Dyzan sea caves, retrieval of rare spell components in the Ashwood Forest, and deliverance of puppies to children in the town of Bone Hollow. Visitors must be prepared for anything.

Mystenmere is also the home of a semi-renowned society of arcanists—mostly consisting of wizards, sorcerers, and loremasters—named the Tome, which meets monthly in a back room of the Twisted Staff. The wait staff of the esteemed inn has reported dry laughter, archaic languages, and lecturing old voices. Even the Staff’s proprietor feels certain he can hear more men speaking behind the closed door than arrive at his inn.

**Inns:** The Twisted Staff (expensive), the Raven’s Nest (average).



**Taverns:** The Dark Archer (average), Gozarr's Flagon (dwarf-run, average), the Sylvan Wolf (average).

**Shrines & Temples:** The House of the Starmistress (temple of Ireth), the Elder Stone (menhir and shrine to Ildavir), Hallowed Well (water well and shrine to Thalass).

## OMARAK

(Small town, pop. 1,886)

Often serving as a stopping point for those entering Morrain from the west, Omarak is a mysterious town whose residents hold an inexplicable reverence for their ruler. The stone houses and pavilions seem architecturally advanced for their location, and often mislead newcomers into thinking the rest of Morrain must be similarly advanced. The townsfolk are courteous and friendly, but seldom exhibit a desire to leave their curious home.

With close proximity to the feared Witch Wood, residents and travelers alike tend not to stray far off the road unless it is to visit one of the outlying farms. Inexplicable oddities litter this region, such as the infamous Devil's Well and the spectral horses which are said to trot upon the road on moonless nights.

Dominating the center of the town is a gray marble structure that serves as both town hall and abode for Omarak's mysterious ruler. Aszen Juthow is an enigmatic man of mental powers who hails from a faraway land. According to legend, Aszen slew a powerful demon of the Abyss when he first came to Omarak, but for his struggle he fell into a thirty-year slumber. When he awoke, he deigned to stay as the town's Elder and look after the people for fear of the coming of another terror. Foreign adventurers are frequently seen visiting Aszen, and often times outlandish music can be heard echoing from within his chambers, but the soft-spoken demeanor of this eccentric man never changes.

