

***“A Man’s Greatest Pleasure Is To Defeat
His Enemies; To See Those Whom They Cherish
In Tears; And To Hold Their Wives And Daughters In His Arms***

Ghenghis Khan circa 1200 AD



Old Empire

“Old Empire” is the name now given to the last great continental empire. It crashed in bloody ruin centuries ago...

The last remnants of this mighty civilisation are the Black Rock towers and keeps that survived the anarchy following the final collapse. Humanity itself was almost destroyed by the fell creatures that swarmed after the Great Destruction. In the North only the great city of Chittagong with its unbreakable walls of Black Rock withstood the tide and prevented the complete annihilation of Men in the region. Small areas of land around the city have now been cleared and reclaimed from the creatures of chaos and darkness. These are ruled by mighty barons some calling themselves “Lords” or “Princes”.

Money is concentrated in the hands of the few, the VERY few. Most adventurers are extremely poor. No one with any real money would risk their lives in the Wild Lands. No one except perhaps a young noble seeking, in the rashness of youth, honour, glory, power, and loot - loot especially.

Humanity was not the only race to survive the Black Years. Elves in their secluded glens survived by their Lore-mastery. Hobbits and Gnomes burrowed deeply into their hills. The

Dwarves with their matchless weaponry held fast in their mountain halls. But all these are seen more rarely than is sung in the lays of old or told of in days of yore.

Many songs, today, are sung of forgotten hoards, enchanted weaponry and other wondrous artefacts of the glorious past that are supposed to lie still in the Wild Lands. The songs too speak both of glory and of bloody death.

Yet still adventuring thrives. Each year more young men and women journey to the North and to the West and East most of them never to return. However, those who do return have often accrued wealth and power in so short a time as to make the poor envious, and the idle rich foam at the mouth.

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May you now go your way in readiness, your sword arm strong and your nose keen for the scent of riches, your luck in full flow and your God watching ever over your shoulder.

