

Journal of
Abram Matthias

Sole proprietor of the
Boar's Head Tavern,
Glennbrook
(excerpts)



A lot of folks pass through my tavern
in Glennbrook. I hear all kinds of tales
and stories. The further folks are in
their drinks the more they flap their
lips. My memory isn't as sharp as it
used to be, so I thought it'd be a good
idea to write down some of what I hear.
You never know when one of the patrons
will spill some coin for information.

About Zarrian

About 10 years ago Condabyn was driven out of Zarrian after several years occupying part of their territory. Many of our knights were killed during the occupation and eventual retreat. The war stories I've heard could fill a book themselves.

I still hear merchants complaining about how their goods traveling upriver from Narron were constantly raided by the Zarrians. Trade on the river is safer these days, but those wealthy types from the capital tell tales of savage Zarrian pirates who occasionally sink or capture vessels at sea.

Everyone knows not to set foot on the west side of the Zindar River. Zarrian savages are just as likely to take you as a slave as greet you. The soldiers manning the fort on the west bank must be constantly nervous.

I've heard wild tales from the Zarrian War veterans about dark skinned, fierce warriors riding giant scorpions and going into battle with huge cat-beasts that rip out the throats of their enemies. And, Zarrian warriors will often take you by surprise and then disappear into the desert as if by magic.



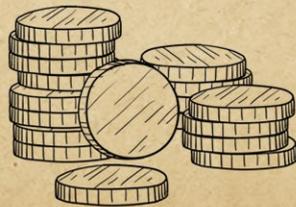
About Havarria

I'm always pleased to see Havarrian merchants dressed in silks or other finery come into the tavern, that is, as long as I don't owe them money! They enjoy fine vintages and good beer and always pay their tabs. They are fierce bargainers, and I think they almost take offence if you don't haggle with them over prices.

Condalyn merchants visit the city-state of Havarria often. Their merchants are well known to be able to acquire almost any product you can think of. It is said that they have quite the army of artisans who make all kinds of things from silverware to weapons.

The nobles know that if they need a loan, the Havarrian banks have the deepest coffers. But, they will make you regret it (if you take my meaning), if you aren't holding up your end of the bargain.

I've heard that council of theirs is always cooking up new schemes and negotiating deals for their merchants. It seems they have their hands in everyone's pockets. I don't know how they keep out of entanglements but no one seems keen to attack them.



About The University

Wizards and other magic types pass through Glennbrook fairly often. Most of them are coming or going from the University of Syndred. I've spoken with enchanters, summoners, artificers, and even healers. They usually pay their tab and don't cause trouble, but some of them are very odd.

There are some strange sorts that visit that tower and I've even heard some rumors about a dragon that lives on the premises but I can't say if that is true or just hearsay.

I've heard they aren't exactly welcoming into their tower unless you have an

invitation. You sure as hells won't find me poking around there.

Who knows what the mages do in there or what foul experiments they perform. Everyone says that the University has spys all over the continent. I always watch what I say around those magic types.



About Gunnvarr

Occasionally a Gunnvarrian or someone who has been to the frozen wastes drops into the Boar's Head. Everyone knows that the harsh, frozen land breeds a tough and serious race of strong men and fierce women.

There are plenty of tales about the dangerous, horrible creatures that live in the frozen wastes such as giants, yetis, dire wolves and other wild monsters. From what I've heard, the people of Gunnvarr are in a constant struggle with these evil beasts pushing down on them from the northern mountains.

Despite all the strife (or maybe because of it), all the Gunnvarrians I've met are brave, valiant, and ready to take up arms to defend their honor.



About Dunfel

I've heard all kinds of rumors about the vastness of the dwarven kingdom beneath the Stoneridge Mountains. I've never seen it, but heard there is a whole country carved out underground, if you can believe that!

It's said that the greedy dwarven king hordes piles of treasure and gold that his subjects mine from the depths of the earth. No one can find the entrance to the reclusive kingdom, however, without a dwarven guide.



Dwarves themselves seem to want to protect their privacy and often don't talk too much about Dunfel. Although, I don't think I've ever met a dwarf who didn't complain about non-dwarven stonework and how inferior they think it is.

Even though most of the Dunfel dwarves are probably filthy grunts slaving away in the mines, they seem to be as tough as the stone they inhabit and their women are no different! I've seen a dwarven lass beat a brawny human knight in arm-wrestling in short order. The poor boy never lived that one down!

About Vanaris

It is rare, but sometimes we get a native Vanaris elf or brave merchant who has visited the elves in their homeland far to the east. I've heard that they live in an ancient forest full of strange creatures.

Not a place you would want to travel to, from the sound of it. Those who try to make their way to the elven homeland often end up as food

for giant spiders, owlbears, or are captured by the dreadful Lizardfolk who live in the nearby marshes.



The elves that live over here in the west can be strange but seem to know their place. On the other hand, most people view the Vanaris elves as primitive heathens. They apparently live in tree houses and worship some heathen elf god, along with spirits and animals.

The Oth clergy will fill your ear with tales about the corrupting power of their vile druidic magics.

I've heard that if they get angry with you they use their animalistic magic to turn you into a wild beast, doomed to roam the rest of your days in their forest.

About Mehradad

It is rumored that far to the east there is an exotic land of glorious golden cities, beautiful dark-skinned women, and strange magics.

I've heard firsthand all kinds of wild things about this land, that some men breath fire, wizards trap spirits in bottles, and warriors ride huge gray beasts with large ears and tusks as big as a man.

Havarrian merchants seem to value Mehradad contacts. Apparently, they control the only route to the far east and unique trade goods.

It's said that they worship Oth, but theirs is some perverted form of our religion where they drink wine and smoke strange herbs in their ceremonies. It's even rumored that church leaders have orgies in the king's palace with their congregation!



About Condalyn

Glennbrook is a pretty good place to live, I must say. We have good farmland nearby and some nice forests with plentiful game. We are part of the Duchy of Avonholt, but Duke Vanric doesn't get up this far too often.

Some travelers up from Avonholt were saying something about peasant grumblings about goblins or some such. I've never heard about goblins in the forests near there before.

I often hear about squabbles and posturing in the capital amongst the nobles and merchants. There are rumors that the King has a terse relationship

with the Archbishop, but nothing has really come of that as far as I know.

King Baelric seems to be a fair enough ruler. We aren't really effected by capital politics way up here, thank Oth.

Rumor has it that a year or so ago there was a serf revolt near Narron.

Apparently it was put down pretty quickly.

A number of the serfs ended up getting killed, but it sounds like they didn't leave the knights much of a choice.

