

It is an **Age of Chaos**.

Good King Omund is dead, and with him died the rule of law in the land. Roads fall into disrepair. The wilderness seeks to take back everything that once belonged to it. Barons fight to preserve what civilization is left, but they are distant and isolated. The roads are dangerous. Everything is dangerous.

Ajax, called Invincible now rules here. He pits the different peoples of Vasloria against each other. Elves and men and dwarves; no one trusts anyone. This is Saint Ajax's goal. Religion is outlawed. Only the new Church of the Iron Saint is allowed.

**You are four, 1<sup>st</sup>-level adventurers.** You do not know each other. You signed on with a carter at Bedegar Keep to escort a shipment of seeds and spices to **Castle Dalrath** far in the north, in Urland.

The carter, Jago has a mad plan. He intends to cut through the **Black Forest** and arrive in Dalrath one month earlier than the competition.

The Black Forest is savage wilderness where the Wode Elves fight the barbarian Gol. Monsters walk the wood. Civilized men do not go there. Something motivates Jago besides the profit from seeds and spices. Perhaps the **cloaked passenger**, thin and sickly, has something to do with it.

Jago needed brave, foolhardy warriors to act as his escorts. No sane men-at-arms would take the job, so he turned to adventurers. You.

You are probably a **human**. This is your land. The roads and farms and towns and castles were built by your ancestors.

You might be a **dwarf**. The Thane of Kalas Granitine made a pact with Ajax: the dwarves must deliver slaves to Ajax in exchange for the privilege to rule themselves. Humans will not trust you.

You could be an **elf**. The King of the Orchid Court made a pact with Ajax: the elves must steal magic items and deliver them to Ajax in exchange for the privilege to rule themselves. Humans will not trust you.

You could be a **dragonborn**. Created by Omund's wizard Vitae, you are a member of Omund's Dragon Phalanx, once a symbol of justice throughout the land. Now you are an outlaw. Ajax places a hefty bounty on your head, a bounty large enough to change men's lives, should they turn you in.

You might be a **half-orc**. A member of the War Breed, created by Ajax's wizard Mortum to counteract the stalwart Dragon Phalanx. Though your legion was disbanded and you no longer serve Ajax, people view you as a symbol of tyranny.

You might be a **half-elf**. A product of the now-dead alliance between men and elves. You could once travel freely between the elf Wodes and human lands. Now, each side assumes you are a spy for the other.

You could be a **halfling**. Everyone loves you!