

ANNIMAR  
CHRONICLES

RANGERS OF LIBERUS

THE ONE WITH MAGIC  
Book I



MARCUS BLAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES CHAPMAN

# Rangers *of* Liberus

Book 1

The One with Magic

An ANNMAR CHRONICLES Book

Rangers of Liberus: The One with Magic – Book 1

Annmar Chronicles/ Truesource Publishing book

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# Annmar

100 AG (After the Gods)

It is the first age in the World of Annmar. It is a dark time in Annmar where the gods are dead and magic has left the world. A world shaped by the creation of five gods where magic was prevalent throughout the land, it disappeared long ago. Now Annmar is the world made up of different kingdoms that are equally suspicious of one another. There are Kingdoms for Humans, Elves, Dwarves, Halflings, Fae, and Barbarians with free towns that do not come under the rule of any kingdoms. These towns such as Liberus are considered outsiders.

During this time, the Kingdom's of Anntheia and Belmere are constantly at odds with one another and battle for land and dominion over mankind in Annmar. The Elven Kingdom of Dorwinn, the Halfling Kingdom of Yorynn, and the Faerûn Kingdom known as the Emberwild all keep to themselves and stay out of the affairs of men. The Dwarven Kingdom of Guirinn maintains peace through Annmar with its merchant services to all kingdoms. And the Barbarian Clans of Skallvenn raid and plunder as with their nature throughout the land while always being at odds with different kingdoms in Annmar.

One hundred years after the Age of Gods, stories about gods and magic are merely myth. Most folks in Annmar do not believe them to be true. Even monks at the great Monastery of Lenntis who keep the written history of Annmar record these stories as myth. However, at this time, there has been an awakening. The time of magic may soon come again as the Kingdoms ready for war and vie for control over its power. A mysterious visitor will return and

could fulfill a prophecy about the return of magic, but there are those who want to stop this and have the power of magic for themselves. The last 100 years in Annmar have been the Dark Ages, that time may soon be at an end.

## **TIMELINE**

**BG:** before the death of the gods when the gods and man lived together.

**AG:** after the death of the gods and the beginning of the 1<sup>st</sup> age in Annmar

# The Story of the Five Gods

In the beginning, the world was void and without form. It was desolate and undiscovered. And then one day, there were five gods who came into the world. Through their connection and their harmony within what we now call Magic, they gave the world life. Each god brought something unique to the world, each had their own influence, but it was their connection that brought peace and prosperity. The five gods occupied five distinctive points of the world which formed a pentacle, a symbol of perfect Harmony. It was believed that the gods came from a place called Eginon, some refer to the place as heaven in the common tongue. It is believed that if your soul was pure, this is the afterlife you would go to. There was Gennir, the god of magic, who was the centerpiece of the pentacle. She greatly influenced the use of magic in the world. Gennir created fairies, also known as Fae or Faerûn in the ancient tongue. Since the world was not without evil, a byproduct of Gennir's creation, Khronnes were born into the world.

They would be users of dark magic and creators of unholy spells. Dresda was the god of destiny whose influence and guidance to those who were to live great and noble lives would give birth to man. Or simply called humans in the common tongue. Of all the creations and races, men were destined to do great things, some legendary that would help shape the world. Dresda was there to help guide them in their noble acts that would maintain peace and prosperity in the world.

Cimis was the god of wisdom. He guided the wisest of all races in the world. They would be called elves and because of the guidance they received through the wisdom of Cimis they would also live five to ten times longer than that of any other race. In order to maintain peace and prosperity throughout the world, wisdom was one of the cornerstones. Elves and even Half Elves would become one of the noblest races in Annmar. For without them the world would surely descend into chaos. Eras was the god of tranquility and love. If there was ever a god that influenced and guided a peaceful existence, then it was Eras. Her influence gave birth to gnomes and halflings, simple folk who yearned for peaceful lives and non-adventures. They were content in their own homeland and found pleasure in simple things. What they yearned for most was good company and loved all things as long as it gave them tranquility. Eras was the second most powerful god; for tranquility and love is a powerful force. Living that kind of peaceful existence can lead to powerful magic.

Anion, the final god among them. He was the god of war and destruction. Brutal and hot-tempered at times, Anion was seen as a necessary evil to help balance the other influences of the gods. While Anion lived to rage war, most often, it was only done out of necessity. However, his influence would also give birth to warlike creatures and



stubborn folk like the dwarves who never turned down a fight or a war they could join in. But Anion also had a lot of influence over man and was constantly at odds with Dresda. Their unity of opposites brought a common balance to the world and through their connection added a powerful harmony with the rest of the gods. Wisdom, destiny, magic, war and destruction, and tranquility and love are seen as the most powerful elements to maintain peace and prosperity. For thousands of years that's what these gods did for the races they helped create. The world grew plentiful because of the influence of the five gods. There were many languages throughout the land; many ancient dialects. But in the common tongue, the world the five gods created became known as Annmar.

Over thousands of years the world grew and became civilized. The population among the races grew exponentially. Advancements in technology and better everyday living increased peace and prosperity. The five gods were worshipped and respected as pilgrimages were made often to their shrines in the various places throughout Annmar. There was a harmonious connection between all races, war was unheard of. Everything that the gods wanted through creation was achieved. It was a Utopia. However, it was not meant to last. A darkness found its way into Annmar. It was a simple thing called jealousy as referred to in the common tongue. It was the jealousy of one god. After many years when the world grew into the perfect civilization, Anion grew jealous that other races worshipped the other gods. He wanted all to worship Him and only him. And through his jealousy and influence, war would come the world of Annmar. It started with the Dwarves who wanted more land and gold, they thought Man had too much land and gold while man thought Dwarves had too much.

War started with small skirmishes between dwarves and man over small portions of land that they both thought to be rich in minerals, especially gold. It also started with a war between Anion and Dresda, and their influence over the races they created. Eventually Anion killed Dresda and exerted his influence over man. Thus began the war of the five gods. It also brought war between the races of Annmar. The harmony that once existed between them faded away into the darkness that had crept into the world. One by one, Anion warred with each of the gods. After Dresda had died, Anion turned his attention to Gennir, the god of magic. The battle between them was fierce, but Anion killed Gennir and rid the world from the influence of magic. After she died, the world dove further into darkness. Magic had been the light and it showed the people that all things were possible, but without light, there could only be darkness and despair.

Cimis, the god of wisdom, and Eras, the god of tranquility and love, joined together to fight Anion, but he had grown too strong. With two of the gods dead by his hands, his power and influence over the world greatly increased. He was the most powerful god in Annmar, now, and so it would take two gods joined together to defeat him. Their battle would extend from one end of the world to the next. In a stunning and severe blow, Anion killed Cimis, but during the battle, he was severely weakened. This allowed Eras to gain the upper hand and eventually kill Anion at The Shrine of Nydar. It was a holy place for the gods. Legend has it, it was the birthplace of magic. With only one god left, the harmonious connection that had propelled the world into peace and prosperity was severed. The world had become ravaged by war between the inhabitants of Annmar. Eras tried to use her power to influence more tranquility and love, but without the connection between all the gods, it had

faded too quickly from the world. There wasn't anything she could do for Annmar. It would take the power of the five gods to bring peace back into Annmar.

Era should have been looked at as a savior by those in Annmar. She should have been worshipped, but it was not so. Mankind, along with Oracles of Erinnity, had lost faith in the gods. For if any one of them could rise up and exert complete control over the world, and cause such destruction, then why did any of the races need the god's at all. They formed a plan and with the combined forces of all the races in Annmar, lured Eras to the shrine of Nydar for an audience and to pay respect the last god of Annmar. Led by the militant King Argas and the sworn Brotherhood that guarded the Oracles of Erinnity, in one swift moment, while standing by the altar at the Shrine of Nydar, they took turns stabbing Eras. She had been weakened in her battle with Anion and wasn't strong enough to fend them off. She was not powerful enough to stop them and so Eras died upon the altar. This caused a cataclysmic event throughout the world. Annmar opened up and oceans swallowed part of the land, thus separating five parts of the world from one another. What was once connected was now divided. And when the land opened up it swallowed thousands of inhabitants from all races of Annmar. The shockwaves from the event could be felt throughout every corner of the world. Overnight the world of Annmar was reshaped. Villages and kingdoms were washed away only to form new ones. At least half of the population died from the event.

The power of the gods was gone from the world. The light that had shone bright throughout Annmar disappeared and all that remained in the haze that surrounded Annmar was darkness. Now, light could only be seen in certain parts of Annmar. It was in the places where good still remained. Places where one could still feel peace, but they were small

and hard to find. Over multiple Generations, nobody seemed to believe that the gods had ever been real or that there was once magic in the world. All knowledge of these things just became stories. They became myth and with them came the Dark Ages in Annmar. It was a time without belief. It was a time without knowledge. It was a time where fear gave way to suspicion. What few kingdoms remained within Annmar did not interact with each other unless it was absolutely necessary. When they did, it was usually brought on by war. After the last god, there was nothing, but destruction and despair led by jealousy and petty greed. For this is what ruled Annmar at the beginning of the First Age. The war of the five gods had destroyed the utopia that Annmar once was and perhaps could never be again. The world was created by the five gods. Their war reshaped the world and plunged it into darkness. But the story of the five gods would not end with their deaths. It lives on through their descendants and what they gave the world of Annmar. The story continues within the Annmar Chronicles and at the start of the First Age.



# 1

The night was restless. The three Rangers could feel it as they tracked something in the darkness during their night patrol. Rathgar was the first to say it. "The air is foul, can you smell it?" the other two Rangers Jaedann and Hanniah didn't disagree. Bad smells were always a good indicator to a Ranger that danger was lurking. They made their way through the heavily wooded area towards one of the small ports along the outer coastlines of Liberus. Jaedann stopped them and then bent down to look at the ground. It had been trampled on by what appeared to be a large group or herd of animals. Not by horses, but by heavy feet and bigger than a normal human. Finally, he saw it, crow feathers and small thorns around the outer edges. It wasn't natural, they had been made that way; a symbol for those who wore the feathers and their warlike identity. Jaedann showed Rathgar the feather. After examining it closely, he replied. "It's Barbarian, the Crowthornn clan to be exact."

Hearing that surprised Jaedann and Hanniah. Rathgar was not so easily surprised by the motives of the Barbarian clans since he came from one himself. He had once been a Ravenbeak until he had been cast out for loving the wrong woman and killing her husband in the Barbarian tradition of trial by combat when it came to settling disputes. He may have won the fight, but lost the

woman he loved and his home. Now he was a Ranger on the outskirts of the world known as Annmar. Jaedann asked his friend Rathgar. "This is strange, Crowthornns don't venture this far to the coast, do they?"

Rathgar shook his head. "No, unless it is for gold...lots of gold."

Hannah asked. "Then what else would they be looking for?"

"They're not looking for anything except people to pillage and murder. That's the only service Crowthornns sell to outsiders and I know for a fact, no Barbarian would hire them to venture this far west."

The three Rangers followed the trail left by Crowthornns. Rathgar figured it had to be at twenty of them, which equaled about a hundred Belmerien Knights in terms of ferociousness and fighting ability. But Barbarians were always more savage when it came to fighting and that made them more dangerous. The trail was leading to the coastline east of the Liberus, a trading town, and a small port only used by smugglers and blackmarket dealers. They were less than one mil (miles in Annmar) from the coast when Hannah saw the smoke dance in the moonlight that that helped light the way. It was a full moon that night and gave off just enough light to see smoke rising above the tree line. She said to the other Rangers. "Look, smoke. Something's on fire." Jaedann and Rathgar couldn't see anything, but they never doubted her instincts. Jordan asked if she could climb a tree and see what was burning. Hannah was very skilled at such things. She quickly scurried up one of the big redwood trees just enough above the tree line. Hannah saw what was burning and said. "It is a small ship next to the broken dock. Crowthornns set it on fire." She could also see the Barbarians slaughtering people on the beach. They were not doing a good job defending

themselves against the Barbarians raiding the area. Most of them were dead already.

Jaedann, Hanniah, and Rathgar sprinted to the small port, hoping to catch the Barbarians by surprise. As they reached the base of the tree line before the beach started, Jaedann stopped them. He commented. "They are mostly women, that ship is not a smuggler's ship. This is something else. why are Crowthornns interested in this ship."

Hanniah got annoyed as women were screaming while being hacked to death on the beach. She replied. "It doesn't matter, we need to stop this." Jaedann was going to say something, but quickly realized she was right, and they needed to help. Their mystery if why the Crowthornns were there, could be solved later. He ordered Rathgar to go around and flank the Barbarians. He and Hanniah were going to use their bows and drive the Crowthornns towards his direction by shooting arrows at them while remaining hidden in the tree line. Rathgar smiled at the idea and even commented. "Great, my axes just got sharpened and need some blood on them."

Rathgar snuck around and flanked the croutons while still being hidden in the tree line. Hanniah and Jaedann stood side by side and got into position while also being hidden by the trees at the edge of the beach. They raised their bows. Steadied their arms and aimed. Arrows flew from the trees. Two Barbarians went down, then two more right after as more arrows came flying from the darkness of the tree line. The rest of the Crowthornns did not know what was happening and started to scatter. Jaedann and Hanniah shot two more arrows and killed two more before emerging from the trees. Jaedann's strategy was working, Crowthornns were running in the opposite direction toward where Rathgar was hidden. He came out of the tree line like a ghost and two Crowthornns did not even see it coming as



his ax blades swiftly severed their heads. He swung the axes with precision and killed two more. The rest of the small barbarian army were trapped between Rathgar and his axes plus, Hanniah and Jaedann with their bows and swords, and the water they hated more. Sure, there were more of them than the three Rangers killing them with ease, but they had little chance as the Rangers took care of business. Rathgar didn't even get a scratch on him, but his newly sharpened axes were coated in Barbarian blood. Jaedann was out of arrows as the last Crowthornn came running towards him. He ducked and rolled behind him, pulling his sword out and slicing the Crowthornn down the back just to get him down. Then he finished the job by cutting off his head. They had killed all the Crowthornns except for one who escaped into the woods and ran away. Rathgar remarked that Crowthornns were cowards compared to other Barbarian clans, but he had never liked the Crowthornn clan anyway.

Most of the people who had been on the ship and had gotten off were found dead on the beach. As the Rangers were searching the area, Hanniah found an old woman still alive, but bleeding out. She was still conscious. Jaedann knelt beside her and asked. "Why did they attack you?" He was hoping that she had some clue to why these innocent people were attacked. The old woman replied as she coughed up blood. "You must protect here."

The Rangers looked at each other with curiosity and then looked back at the old woman. Jaedann asked. "Who?"

"The woman repeated. "Protect her, she is the one."

"Who is *her*?"

"The old woman gasped for air as blood filled her mouth. Then she grabbed Jaedann's arm and with last words said. "You must protect her with your life." They were ominous words, the kind that could send shivers

through your body. The old woman died before she could say anything else, but her word left all three of them wondering who this mysterious girl was. The Rangers were confused, but that was to be expected. Rathgar spoke up. "Her, any idea who the woman was talking about? Is there anyone else alive?" They all looked around and could see that no one was moving on the beach. Hanniah suggested they check the small ship that was docked. Jaedann and Hanniah climbed aboard. They searched the ship, but found nothing of interest. Hanniah was the one who spoke up first. "I don't get it, there's nothing on this ship except the bare essentials they would need to sail, nothing of value."

She was right, there was nothing of value. The cargo hold barely had anything in it, which made the entire situation even more strange. The ship had nothing that Crowthornn Barbarians would want. Then Jaedann heard a noise coming from the back wall. After looking closely, he spotted the hidden storage room, covered by barrels filled with fruit. He and Hanniah cleared away the barrels and opened the storage door.

Whoosh! An Arrow went whizzing by Jaedann's head. His quick reaction knocked it out of the way. He and Hanniah saw that it was a young girl. She was frightened, but still tried to load another arrow in the crossbow and then she stumbled backwards, tripping over a boxed container. The girl fell, hit her head and knocked herself out. It was a bit amusing to Hanniah. She laughed and commented on it. "What was that?"

Jaedann softly smiled. "I guess we have a survivor. An unconscious one, but a survivor. Maybe if she comes to, she can tell us what the Crowthornns were looking for." Jaedann and Hanniah got the girl off the boat. To Rathgar's surprise, he asked. "Who is that? Is that girl that old woman was talking about?"

Jaedann replied. "We don't know, but she's the only one alive and may have answers to what really happened here."

"We're not taking her with us, are we?"

Jaedann nodded. "Yes, maybe Vorak can help her and I want to know why Crowthornns are venturing this far. Let us see what she has to say about it."

Rathgar grumbled. "She's dead weight. We should just leave her here for the Crowthornns. They'll just keep coming back until they get what they want. We should save the Liberus the headache...let he Crowthornns have her and they will be gone."

Hanniah shot him a dirty look. "We don't leave innocent women behind despite the half-wit notions of Barbarians, especially Ravennbeaks."

Rathgar was about to say something, but Jaedann interrupted. "It's best not to argue with her when she's mad. You tend to lose important body parts when you stoke the fiery wrath of Hanniah Bloodshout and I guarantee you'll miss what she takes from you." Rathgar didn't say anything after that. The look by Hanniah was warning enough that the best decision was to shut up and go along. Jaedann put the unconscious girl over his saddle in front of him and the Rangers rode off into the night back to the trading city they had sworn to protect.

## 2

The two men sat on their horses beneath the moonlight on a hilltop that overlooked a valley. The night was getting cold. Finally, Yvain asked the man next to him. "Sansonn, how long is this supposed to take? These Crowthornns should be back by now. I thought you said they could get the job done and quick?"

Sansonn chuckled. "Relax, they will be here. Sometimes, Crowthornns take extra time with the women after they are done pillaging...if you know what I mean."

Yvain gave him a dirty look. He did not like that remark any more than he liked Sansonn. Yvain considered himElf a virtuous man and did not approve of such things. "Of course I do, but raping is usually a quick sport in my experience with the soldiers I have commanded."

"Not to Barbarians. Just like with food and drink, they take the time to enjoy what they consider the spoils of a good hunt."

In the distance they could see the silhouette of someone running through the trees up the steel hill. It was only one Crowthornnwhen there should be twenty. Yvain commented on that fact. The Crownthorn reached the top of

the hill where they two men were sitting on their horses. It was the leader of the group and both men were gravely surprised to see only him. Sansonn spoke first. "Khonnd, where is the rest of your men."

He grumbled. "Dead, all of them."

Sansonn, stunned a what he was hearing asked.

"Dead...how? Who did this to your kinsmen?"

"Rangers. They shot arrows from the woods like cowards. And there was another Barbarian...I recognized his battle axes. I barely escaped."

Yvain replied. "Or you ran instead of fighting. That is the truth, isn't it?"

Khonnd growled back. "Crowthornns do not run from a fight...we only leave the fight to get more men if need be. That's what I am going to do so we can hunt these Rangers down and spread their insides throughout the valley."

Yvain did not like having to deal with barbarians any more than he had to. He did not trust them and believed they should only be used as fodder in a battle. He was about to say something snobbish and condescending, but Sansonn interrupted. "Khonnd, did you find it?"

"Everybody is dead. We killed them all before the Rangers showed up."

Yvain responded. "Then why don't you have the head. Our deal what that you bring the head of the Elf."

"We found no Elf."

"Then you didn't get everybody."

Khonnd grumbled. "Maybe there was no Elf on that ship."

Yvain gave the barbarian a fake smile. "There was because someone a lot more powerful and certainly a lot smarter than you, saw it."

Khonnd grabbed the bridle of the horse Yvain was sitting on and in an angry tone replied. "Are you calling me a liar."

Yvain quickly pulled out his small dagger from its sheath and in a downward motion used it to cut off a few of Khonnds fingers. The Barbarian grabbed his hand in pain and was about to attack when Yvain grabbed his head and put the dagger to his throat. "I'm not calling you a liar, but you are clearly mistaken. If you want to see the rest of your gold and weapons, then you will gather a small force and find the Elf. And the next time I see you, you better have its head with you."

Sansonn said to Khonnd. "If the Elf is not among the dead, then the Rangers probably found it and took it back to Liberus, which means you will need a much larger army, but there should be plenty of wealth there to make it worth your while before you burn it to the ground."

Yvain sternly looked at Khonnd. "You have a week, after that I will find another clan to get the job done and we have plenty of gold to make sure the job gets done right." Khonnd was about to respond, but Yvain and Sansonn rode off before he could growl a final word. As the two men rode off into the night towards the village they were staying at, Sansonn asked. "If you suspect who you are looking for to be in Liberus then, why not just send your own army to sack the place. You would be within your right since there is no telling how many black-market goods from your kingdom flow through there every day. "

Yvain gave him a stern look as if to say, *how dare this man suggest such a thing*. He simply said. "Anntheia cannot be involved yet. If we send an army then other kingdoms will ask questions and no one must know our true intent. They must not know who we are looking for." Sansonn was confused. He was just a mercenary who brought people

together for the right price. In order to be trusted and continually get business, it meant he could not ask too many questions. But this job had him overly curious, so naturally, he wanted to know more. Yvain shot down any further questions by saying. "We will not talk about this again. Just make sure this Barbarian clan gets the job done or you will suffer the same as them." Sansonn knew well enough not to press the issue and stayed silent for the rest of their ride back to the village.

# 3

The Rangers finally arrived back to the large trading town known as Liberus. The place carried on like a trading post with no permanent residents, only visitors, although at least a third of the folks and two generations there had lived in Liberus since it was first established over fifty years ago. Liberus even had it's own government and its own code of conduct that everybody who lived there or passed agreed to live by. There was a Magistrate and a small council that the people themselves elected. Something unheard of in a land with kings and noblemen, and hereditary titles. This is what made Liberus one of the best free cities to live in for those who did not want to live under the rule of a kingdom or had been banished from their homeland.

Liberus was buzzing with excitement when the Rangers arrived back. The place rarely slept as visitors entertained themselves through most of the night with drinking, gambling, and whores. And there was plenty of brawling between sailors looking to trade and merchants all too eager take their goods and give little coin in return. Some were friendly and just there to blow off steam, and some where more of a serious nature. Rathgar looked around as they rode in and to him it felt like one big party was happening without him. He commented. "From the looks of it, I will not be getting much sleep tonight."



Jaedann laughed. "How many women will there be tonight?"

Rathgar smiled. "At least there with plenty of ale in-between."

Hannah responded in jest. "Is that three at the same time or spaced out through the night?"

"We Barbarians always do things in threes. It's just a matter of how many times." Jaedann and Hannah laughed at his thunderous enthusiasm. Jaedann told him that he could join the festivities and he was not needed for the rest of the evening. He and Hannah could take the girl to the Cleric.

Vorak kept to himself. He enjoyed a nice ale every now and then, but as the cleric for Liberus, he was the religious prefect, the doctor, and record keeper. He spent most nights writing down the history of this place, the same kind of job he did in his former life. Vorak was startled by the knock at his door, but assumed it was important. It was Jaedann and he carried the unconscious girl in his arms. He explained to Vorak what had happened on their patrol and how they found her including how she knocked herself out. Vorak had him lay her down on the extra bed, he had in his cabin for folks who were sick or hurt. He asked. "Was anybody else hurt?"

Jaedann replied. "No, everybody else is dead. Killed by a Barbarian clan called the Crowthornns?"

Vorak was surprised. "That is strange...clans don't usually venture down to the coastal lands."

"That is what we thought too. But we need to talk to this girl. Is she going to live?"

Vorak did a quick examination. He replied. "Yes, she hit her head pretty hard, but she will wake up, eventually."

Vorak went to his mending table and made up a sticky substance out of herbs and moss. It was an ointment that would help heal the wound on the back the girl's head. She was wearing a hat that resembled something more like a bonnet and when it was removed by Vorak, her long beautiful light reddish hair fell down covering most of her face and chest. But Vorak, Jaedann, and Hannah all noticed her ears at the same time as they were

poking out of her long hair. Jaedann said it first. "Holy Fuk, she is an Elf." Hanniah looked at Jaedann, stunned, but Vorak took a closer look at the girl's eyes. "No...actually, she is a Half-Elf and what is even more strange, she has one blue eye and one green eye. Elves usually have piercing blue eyes or green eyes, having both is a sign, but I do not know of what. "

Hanniah asked. "How did a Half-Elf even get here? I didn't know there any around."

Vorak said. "They are not common, but you can find them in the port towns of the Elven Kingdom of Dorwinn. I believe a good majority of them live in some of the small villages on the edge of the Kingdom of Belmere."

Jaedann spoke up. "That is true, usually the bastard children of Belmere children and Elf maidens, but I don't think this one came from there. She came from west of here, from across the Sea. There were things on that ship that were not from Annmar and I believe they came with them from their port of origin; from across the Elmsonn Sea. So the bigger question is what is a Half-Elf doing across the sea and why did she came to Annmar?"

Hanniah responded. "That wasn't a merchant ship the Crownthornns raided. You don't suppose the crew were hiding her?"

Jaedann shrugged. Vorak finished putting the ointment on the girl's head and said. "We won't solve that mystery until she wakes up. There's nothing you can do until then. Go get some sleep or get drunk...I'll find you when she wakes up."

Jaedann was going to say something, but Hanniah stopped him. "Jaedann, let it go...it can't wait. In the meantime, buy me a drink. You need one too and perhaps we can blow off some steam." He was extremely curious about the girl, but didn't argue. They left to join the al the fun that would be raging until early morning, perhaps even until the sun came up. Hanniah remarked that other than a drink Jaedann could benefit from the soft touch of a good woman. Jaedann agreed.



# 4

There were multiple spots to drink and gamble in Liberus, but the most popular place was The Devil's Tavern. It was also the biggest. The place even had a fighting pit right off the outside deck for friendly brawls and blowing off steam as Jaedann called it. Rathgar was in the pit giving his opponent quite the beating and taking even fewer punches when Hanniah and Jaedann walked into The Devil's Tavern. They were talking about the girl as they walked in and made their way to the bar. Jaedann said, "All I'm saying is this was not a normal raid by a Barbarian clan, there's something strange about that girl." The bartender handed each of them a mug of ale.

Hanniah replied. You're overthinking this...she's just a girl who got lucky and survived a raid. Before you claim that Crownthornns coming down this far is strange, barbarian clans venture further every year with their raids when they can't find enough plunder. It was only a matter of time before they came this far.

Jaedann took a sip of ale. "I wish that were true, but I think you're wrong, I fear that this is a warning of some kind. Something bigger is coming our way."

“Did you see an omen because you do not strike me as someone who believes in those sorts of things?”

“No, just a feeling. It’s like when you get restless the night before a big battle.”

Hannah took a sip of her ale. “And how would know that? Have you been in many big battles?”

Jaedann softly smiled. “Just like you, I wasn’t always a Ranger. A long time go, I was a soldier.”

“What army?”

“It does not matter, but when you’re a soldier, you learn to read the signs and believe more in your instincts when it comes to big events especially that of war.”

“The same as reading an omen.”

“It’s different. It is feelings based off of experience and not superstitions. To me, it feels like something bigger is going to happen and this wasn’t some random incident. I don’t know what it is, but I know it’s coming.”

Hannah finished her mug of ale. “As long as it’s not coming tonight, I don’t care. I want to get drunk and ravished...and sleep way past the sunrise. You should quit over thinking this and do the same. You may need those things more than I do. Everything can wait until the morning.” That’s all she said as she walked off to find the fun she was looking for. Hannah was a wild spirit and on most nights she needed to be tamed so she could feel like something new the next day. Jaedann in many ways was the same way. He just wasn’t as boisterous about it like his fellow Rangers, but had his regular thing with with a fair haired maiden in Liberus by the name of Milley. She was the unmarried daughter of a merchant who traded in stolen and borrowed goods.

It was early in the morning and just a little past sunrise when the girl finally woke up. Vorak was asleep himself when he heard her screams. The girl had no idea

where she was and the last thing she remembered were people with swords standing over her. Of course, she was scared, her screams were only normal. Vorak quickly woke and ran to the girl's bedside, trying to calm her down. He said. "Girl, it's okay...you're safe. You're not hurt...look at me, you're safe." She stopped screaming just long enough to ask. "Where am I?"

"You are at the Cleric's house in Liberus."

The girl was still scared. "I don't know what that is."

"It's a safe place, I promise."

"What happened to me?"

"I am not sure, except for the fact that you hit your head. If you want more answers then you will need to talk the Rangers who found you and brought you here." Vorak motioned to the other young girl in the room that served as his assistant most of the time. "Go find Jaedann and the rest of them, tell them the girl is finally awake."

His assistant replied. "It is awfully early...I am sure they're all still drunk and passed out somewhere."

"Most likely, but trust me...they will sober up fast for this."

It did not take long to find the Rangers. All three of them were curled up with a companion, staying warm and getting past the hangover that had begun the night before. The news was like an instant wakeup for Jaedann, making him jump to his feet while barely getting his shirt on as he rushed to Vorak's building. Hanniah and Rathgar were both awakened in the same fashion and they both rushed from the people sharing their beds to Vorak's building.

The girl didn't say anything to all those standing in the room. In fact, she was so frightened that she was shaking. Vorak tried to calm her down by telling her that everything was okay and she could trust them. But trust is a funny thing when you were just attacked by Barbarians and

then wake up to a room full of strangers who may just want to kill you all the same. How could she trust these strangers? Vorak handed her a cup. She inched away and didn't take the cup. He said. "It's just a broth with some herbs, it will make you feel better. You should drink it."

She had only asked one question until now, but she was starting to become more curious than afraid. "What is this place?"

Jaedann softly answered. "You're in Liberus. It's a small city outside the law of any kingdom in Annmar. It's essentially a trading town governed by the merchants who started it."

"You're not part of a kingdom?"

"No."

"Who are you?"

He reached out his hand to greet her. "My name is Jaedann Lionnshade, I'm a Ranger and help keep the peace around here along with my friends, Rathgar and Hanniah." She hesitated for a moment, but eventually took his hand to greet him back. She was still a little afraid, but Jaedann had a trusting face. Somehow, she felt at ease around him.

Jaedann asked. "So what about you...where was your ship coming from." She answered the question with a question of her own. "Where are the other people that were on the ship?"

Rathgar spoke up with a stern tone. "They are all dead."

The girl was frightened again after hearing the news. "Dead...they can't all be dead."

Jaedann replied. "It is true, you are the only one who survived. Do you remember anything?"

"We were attacked by some kind of warrior clan."

"They were a Barbarian clan called Crowthornns. But what I am curious about is what they were looking for, you

did not have anything of value on your ship like gold or precious metals. And the ship had just enough food for a short journey."

The girl did not say anything for a moment, but finally replied. "I do not know...we were just attacked."

Rathgar said to her. "Barbarians don't come this far to the coast just to raid ships. They're an inland race. They were looking for something."

The girl replied. "I do not know."

Jaedann said to her. "I guess the captain of the ship did not tell you what was going on."

"What do you mean?"

"Rathgar is right, the Crowthornns were looking for something they thought was important, it was not just a simple raid, but perhaps the Captain or the rest of the crew did not tell you what they were really hiding."

She was a bit surprised to hear that and responded. "Hiding?"

"The crew had to have been hiding something for Crownthorns come this far, but maybe you do not know what it is, that is what I am trying to say."

She did not respond, but finally took a sip of what Vorak had given her. Jaedann asked. "Where were you going?"

"A town called Ellisar."

"I have never heard of it... what kingdom is it a part of?"

"Not sure, all I know that is where we were going."

Jaedann looked at Vorak. "Have you heard of this place?"

Vorak thought for a moment. "I am not sure. Perhaps it is somewhere in Guirinn, but why would a Half-Elf come by sea and travel to a Dwarvian kingdom?"



The girl seemed surprised by the comment. Jaedann could tell that she knew more than what she was saying, but didn't want to pry too much from the frightened girl. Enough tragedy had already beset her. Vorak suggested that she be prepared a bath and get something to eat. There would be time for more answers. The Rangers left. It was early in the morning and the sun was starting to rise above the treeline to the east of Liberus. The Rangers would be up in a little while anyway, so they decided to start their day. Rathgar suggested they get some breakfast and ale. It was how he normally started the day. All of them agreed and as they were walking to their usual breakfast spot, Rathgar asked. "None of you believed her story, right?"

Hannah replied. "She hit her head and may not remember everything, but it will come back eventually."

Jaedann responded. "No, Rathgar is right. She is hiding something."

Rathgar grabbed his Ax. "Then let's get the truth out of her."

"We don't need the ax, Rathgar."

"My axe would say different."

"Easy big guy. She will tell us when she is ready."

"Why, when we can easily speed this whole thing up."

Jaedann smiled. "So that she will trust us. You always get more truth with trust."

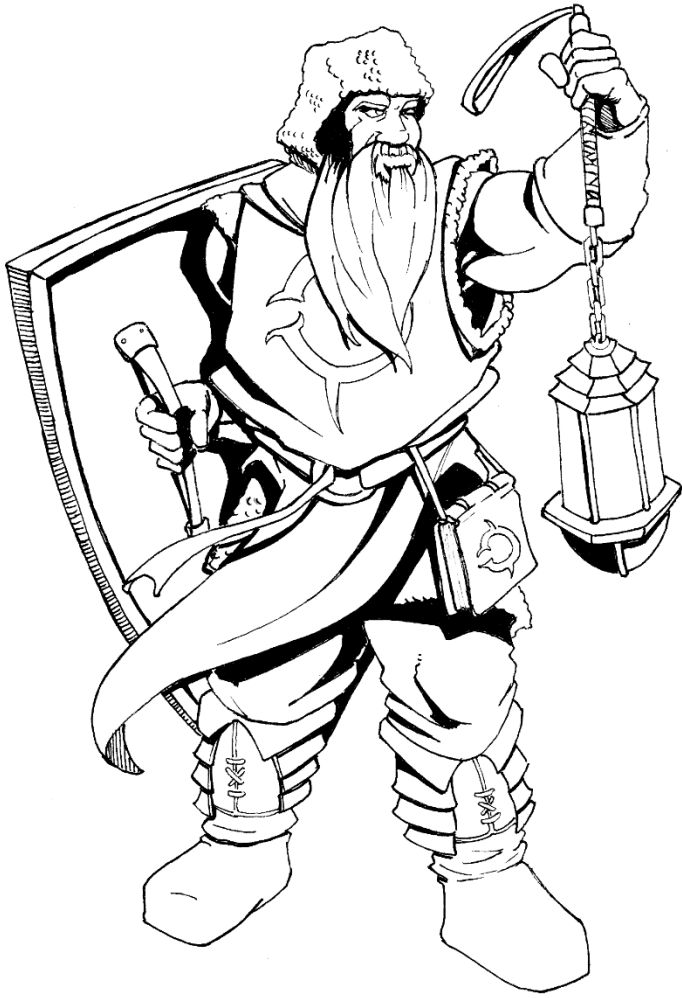
"I trust that my ax can get the job done."

"And most of the time, I would agree with you. But let's try not frightening her anymore and see where that gets us. Also, she may be just like you, get a little food and ale in your belly, and it will quench your fear or your thirst for blood."

“Rathgar laughed. “I do feel better with food and ale in my belly so we will give it a try, but if it does not work, my ax will make it work.”

Laughing at the comment, Hanniah said. “You are like a little boy with a new toy...a new ax and you want to kill everything.”

Rathgar let out a thunderous laugh. “I’m a Barbarian, weapons always make the best toys, especially when you can use them to take someone’s head off.” All three of them laughed at the Barbarian’s simple logic and he certainly was not wrong.



# 5

Vorak's assistant was preparing a bath in the big wooden barrel that had been fashioned into a tub. She was heating some water in a metal colander over a wood pile when Vorak brought a plate of food for the girl. It was some bread, fruit, and a little bit of venison. The girl couldn't remember the last time she had something to eat. She was famished and quickly started to scarf down the food, almost choking on it in the process. Vorak responded. "Slow down, you have plenty of time to eat and do not have to eat it all in one bite."

The girl smiled. "Sorry, I guess, I am really hungry."

"Did they not feed you on the ship you were on?"

"Not meat."

"We have lots of it, if you want it. This place is well supplied with meat between the forests that provide us game and the merchants that keep Liberus well stocked with goods."

"Thank You. That is very kind."

Vorak walked closer to her. "Do you have a name?"  
You never gave us one."

The girl clearly did not want to answer, but eventually gave her name "I'm Sernna."

“It’s nice to meet you. I’m Vorak and as you can see, I’m the local Cleric.” He pointed to his assistant who was still preparing the bath. “This is Lorna. She helps me around here. If you need anything, ask either one of us.”

Sernna asked. “What’s going to happen me?”

“You are safe here. Liberus is a place where all those who come are safe from the outside world. You can stay here if you want or we can find someone to get you to where you were going if it exists.”

Sernna gave him a strange look. “You don’t think Ellisar is real?”

“I am not saying that, but I have never heard of it and it doesn’t sound like a common place. I would have to look at a map in order to find the place and it would have to be a map of the ancient world as the name is not of the common tongue. But we will help you get there. For now, get cleaned up.”

She was grateful for the Cleric’s generosity. It had been her experience that strangers were not generally that nice. Lorna finished filling the tub halfway. There was enough water to get her bath started. Sernna got undressed as Lorna was fetching more wood for the fire to heat more water. She got in the tub and the water was a nuke warm at best. It did not exactly make her feel warm compared to the brisk cold air that blew through the cracks in the wall of the cleric’s building. Sernna shivered a little bit as she sat in the water. Lorna said to her. “You do not have to get in right now, I have almost got some more hot water ready.”

Sernna ignored her and just sat there in the tub. She was frightened, at least a little bit. Sernna remembered hearing the screams when the barbarians attacked and started killing everybody on the ship. The screams haunted her. The water in the tub started to cool down fast. It made her shiver even more. She closed her eyes. Then she

clenched her fists and all of sudden a tiny glow formed in the center of her palms. Sernna felt warmth. Her hands were warmer than usual. The glow was some kind of power that she had never felt before and it caused the water to heat up inside the tub. Her fear was not because of the place she found herself in, but what she had just done. It happened again and she could not control it.

Lorna walked back into the room with the tub and saw the steam rising from the top of the water. Lorna was shocked. She thought it was strange and commented on that fact with her question. "What happened? How did the water get warm?"

Sernna didn't want to answer, nobody would believe her. There was a part of her that didn't believe it herself. Maybe it was a dream! But Lorna didn't say anything else except. "Well, I guess you don't need anymore hot water. Enjoy the bath."

The bath was wonderful, Sernna had to admit. She felt rejuvenated. After she got dressed, Sernna walked back into the main room and found Vorak tinkering at on his workbench. He asked her. "Do you feel better?"

Sernna smiled. "Yes, I do. "Thank You for giving me a bath." Vorak smiled and nodded back. He also noticed some thing, she was wearing a necklace of some sort. It looked as if it had been forged in metal with a blue stone in the middle. It was in the shape of a Penntacle, an ancient symbol that had not been seen in Annmar for over 100 years. Vorak had only seen a drawing of the symbol in a book. He commented. "Your necklace has a curious design; I never saw anything like it before. What is it?"

The girl replied. "I am not sure, It was given to me when I was younger. I was told that it was my mother's." She put the necklace back under her robe and out of the way of prying eyes."

Vorak said. "Well, it's pretty."

Sernna was more talkative now since she was more curious about where she ended up. "What is this place called, again?"

"You are in the town of Liberus. It's more of a trading post than anything else, started by merchants who wanted a place where they could trade their goods at a good price and not be taxed by kingdoms who want just a little bit more than they need and require a license to trade in their ports."

Sernna softly laughed at the disdain in his voice. "These merchants, do they deal in what is referred to as black market goods?"

"You've heard the term?"

"Yes, my moth...the woman who looked after me taught me what it means?"

"I see, was she your mother?"

"I think so, but it doesn't matter. She's dead now."

Vorak gave her a look of sympathy. "She was on the boat, wasn't she?" Sernna nodded yes. Vorak continued. "I'm sorry, why don't you take a walk with me. I'll show you Liberus."

Sernna agreed. As they walked out of the building and into the main street, she asked. "You're not going to ask me more questions?"

"I know you're not telling us everything and that's okay. Everybody who comes here has a secret past and one of our rules is you don't have to share that past. If you want to share anything, that's up to you. Liberus is a refuge for lost and banished souls."

Sernna smiled. It was nice to hear. "Thank You."

"Now in answer to your previous question, yes, there are black market goods sold here. Most of them are necessary for the people who need them the most. Liberus is

a place where goods can be smuggled, no questions asked” Vorak smiled. “You have something that needs to be smuggled?”

Sernna could see that he was being humorous with his last statement. She smiled back and said. “Not today, but I will let you if I need to smuggle anything another day.”

Vorak and Sernna walked down the street. It was in the morning and the streets were bustling as the townfolk were getting up and starting their day. Vorak would visit different places as if he was a doctor making rounds. As the town cleric, he was the closest they had to a doctor. Sernna asked. “How long has this place been around?”

Vorak replied. “It’s been some kind of port for probably 100 years. About 60 years ago buildings went up and people started living here, making it a permanent trading town. I think it was about that time, somebody called it Liberus.”

“How long have you been here?”

“I’ve been the cleric here for ten years.” Vorak gave Sernna a curious look. “You are awfully curious about this place?”

Sernna nodded. “I have never heard of this place.

Vorak said. “Then you are not from Annmar, are you?”

“Why do you say that?”

“Because everybody in Annmar knows of the town that defies the rule of any kingdom and is the second largest port in the land. And I suspect that the ship you were on came here from the sea and not another port in Annmar.”

Sernna felt nervous. How did he know that? “The look on her face gave her away. “I’m not supposed to tell you anything.”



Vorak. "And you don't have to. As I said before, everybody around here has a secret past and you do not have to say anything. But you also don't have to lie."

"Can you I find transport here?"

"You can, for the right price. Do you have any money? Do you even know what the currency is in Annmar because not everybody deals in the same currency? Then again, you are girl and have a currency that is valued among all men."

Sernna got angry at the thought and then her impulsiveness got the better of her. She slapped Vorak for even suggesting it. Immediately she felt bad for what she did. Vorak was more surprised, but also smiled. "You got some fight in you...that's good. Now, I apologize, I only meant that some will expect that and you don't have to give it to them."

Sernna tried to smile and let Vorak know that she was sorry. "I have never hit a Cleric before. I cannot believe I did that."

"Nothing to be sorry for, it's not the first time I have been hit and by a woman."

Sernna softly laughed. "I don't know what kind of Cleric you are to be a hit by a woman."

"A Cleric who can be too honest at times." They continued to walk. Vorak said to the girl. "I should also tell you that if you decide to stay here then you will have to meet with the Magistrate. She meets with every newcomer to Liberus."

"She?"

"Yes, the Magistrate is a woman."

"That does not seem common."

"It is not. Her name is Thorsha. She and her husband came here about 20 years ago after being banished from Anntheia. Not sure why. But with his merchant contacts, he

tripled the amount of trade that came through Liberus. He died about 10 years ago and she took over while also being voted by everyone on the Council of Liberus to be the Magistrate.”

Sernna was impressed. “She sounds like quite a woman.”

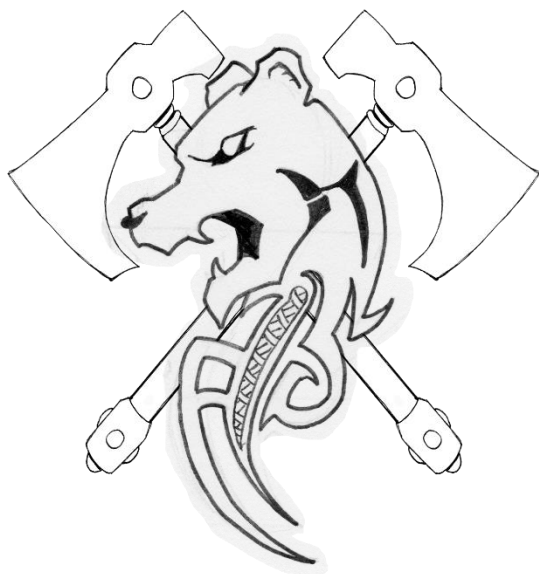
“Thorsha is a force to be reckoned with. You may like her.”

Sernna nodded in agreement. The Magistrate sounded like an incredible woman, but she had been taught to be weary of strangers in a foreign land. Annmar was a land filled with strangers.

# APPENDIX



# Kingdoms



# Belmere

“By the blood of the old gods, we defend  
what is ours and fight for those who cannot.”

**B**elmere is the northern most kingdom in Annmar. It resides in the northeast part of Annmar and has the coldest climate in Annmar. The kingdom is made up of Humans, although some Dwarves do reside in Belmere. Belmere has seven minor kingdoms made up of 7 royal houses. Belmere also has the second largest army in Annmar. The citizens of Belmere are fierce and stern, made tough by the climate they live in. It is mostly cold, but Belmere can get hot in the summer months. Belmere is made up of mountains, forests, and hard flat lands. There are parts that are very beautiful and some that are very harsh. Belmere is known for being fiercely independent as a kingdom. Soldiers are known to be the toughest in Annmar, especially the soldiers from House Fensenn. The one thing that Belmere is truly known for is their Blacksmithing skills, especially swords.

Belmere is generally known for making the best swords in Annmar because of the minerals and ore found in the mountains of Belmere. The Bellmora Mountains have the best minerals and ore. Belmere does sell swords throughout Annmar, even to Kingdoms such as Anntheia. It is there number one commodity. The kingdom of Belmere has some uneasy truces with the Elven kingdom of Dorwinn and the Dwarven kingdom of Guirinn. Belmere's biggest enemy is the kingdom of Anntheia where tensions are often high since they share a border. The kingdom of Belmere may not be liked in some parts of Annmar, but they are respected for their honor and being true to their word.

One royal house is usually in control of Belmere and the senior male, first in line of that royal house becomes King of Belmere. When there is not a natural heir, the Lords of Belmere will vote and select a new king from one of the royal houses of Belmere. Wars have been fought because of this rule of law. The last time someone challenged for the throne was in 90 AG and it started a civil war. But Belmere

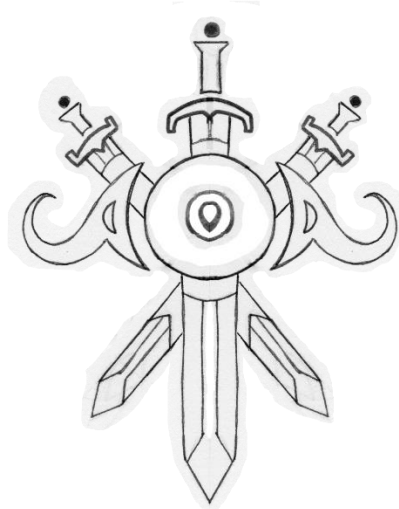
survived and it is ruled by one king with 7 royal houses who still pledge their loyalty to the throne. No one has ever successfully invaded Belmere, invaders have been pushed back every time because Belmere has the toughest army when they are fighting together. And only Belmeriens know how to fight on the terrain in their country.

## Royal Houses of Belmere

House Barrenn  
House Fensenn  
House Carstonne  
House Annsier  
House Mackwinn  
House Hamsennd  
House Searnonn

**\*\*\* Surnames are based on the House a person belongs to. Those with different surnames are not of noble birth and some are usually bastard offspring with one of 5 surnames, Carac, Lamburnn, Ricon, Simonn, and Adkinn.**





# Anntheia

“We are the light that shines  
through the darkness of Anmmar.”

**A**nntheia is the largest kingdom in Annmar. It is located in the Southeastern part of the world. Anntheia has multiple climates from warm and tropical in the very Southern regions to cold and winter like conditions in the northern part, close to the border it shares with Belmere. It also has a variety of Landscapes from flat grassy plains to mountain ranges. Part of the kingdom contains thick dense forests and lush meadows like the elven kingdom of Dorwinn. With Anntheia being the largest Kingdom in Annmar, it also has the largest ports for trade thus making the kingdom have the largest economy in Annmar. The kingdom is divided by eight providences with each of those Providence is being controlled by a royal house. There are eight royal houses in Anntheia. The kingdom is seen as a symbol of elegance especially it's largest cities such as the capital, Wimbornn.

Anntheia also has the largest army in Annmar. The kingdom has 8 different Legions that take their name from the Providence from which they reside, with each Legion containing at least 50,000 soldiers. There was also the capital region which guards the capital city and is made up of men from every Legion. The armies of Anntheia are well-trained and are considered the most professional of armies from fierce infantry units to heavy cavalry and larger, more devastating weapons such as ballista. Anntheia may not have the fiercest warriors in the world of Annmar, but the armies are usually considered the most well-trained throughout the land.

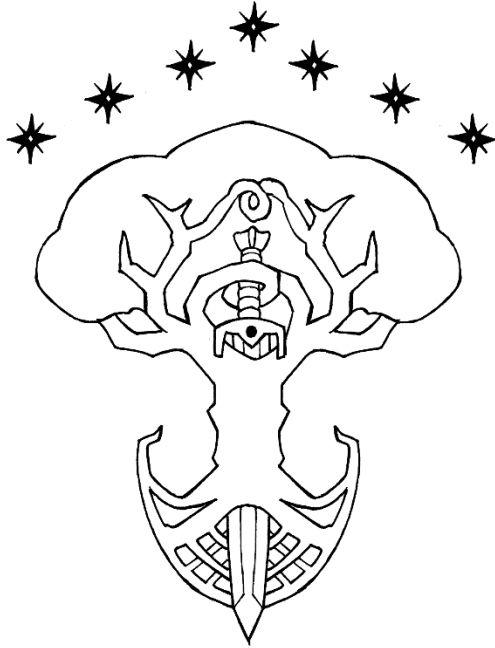
What was once a small kingdom has quadrupled in size within a hundred years since the fall of the gods and they are always seeking to increase the size of their kingdom. They do this through having small outposts in different parts of Annmar through treaties with other kingdoms or simply taking over other parts of the world and

creating new borders. They are constantly at odds with the kingdom of Belmere. Anntheia is primarily known for having the richest economy, the largest army, and shipbuilding. All of the best-made ships are constructed in Anntheia. The kingdom also has the largest navy. The kingdom is viewed as the epitome of civilization and enlightenment. Anntheia wants to make the rest of the world in the very image of Anntheia.

## Royal Houses of Anntheia

House Kesterinn  
House Fairimier  
House Hollowenn  
House Duramonnt  
House Alinnac  
House Galliot  
House Wynnwell  
House Robintonn

**\*\*\* Surnames are based on the House a person belongs to. Those with different surnames are not of noble birth, some are usually bastard offspring with one of 5 surnames, Edonn, Sadonn, Bloodshout, Gregornn, and Fulkspear.**



# Dorwinn

“Wisdom is the essence to living a long life.”

**Dorwinn** is the Elven Kingdom in Annmar. It is located in the Northwest part of the world. A land with a mixture of climates from comfortably warm to mildly cold. It is considered the most beautiful part of Annmar with its rich green meadows, beautiful waterfalls, mountains, and lush landscapes. Some say the sun shines extra bright over Dorwinn. The Elves live long lives. Some say well over hundreds of years. They are considered the most intelligent of all beings in Annmar and their knowledge is considered unparalleled to all other races. They even have some of the largest libraries in the world that would even rival the great Citadel-Monastery of Lenntis who is known as the largest record keeper in the world. Elves speak their own language (Elven language), but also speak in the common tongue.

The kingdom of Dorwinn is made up of 6 royal houses. The Elves do not have a king but are governed by an Elven Council made up by the Lords of each royal house. The great capital city of Dorwinn is located in Taranonn. The Elves for the most part are considered a private race and do not often share their secrets outside of their Kingdom. They are more in tune with nature and can wield the metaphysical elements of nature. While it is not considered magic, it is deemed as power. For Elves have the ability to conjure natural elements for the use of medicine and weapons. It is these abilities that allow them to make powerful steel. Elven steel is considered sacred and as some of the most powerful Steel in the world, only rivaling the kingdom of Belmere. But the secrets and how they create their powerful steel are not shared whereas steel from Belmere is traded throughout all of Annmar.

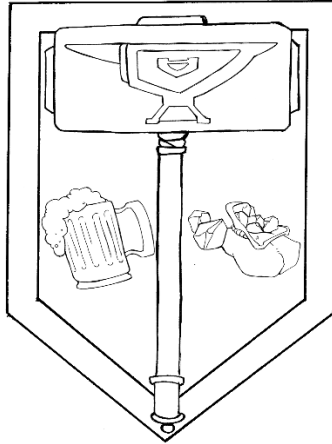
The Elves are also excellent warriors. Fierce and brave, they are known as the best archers in the world. But because of their skills with steel and making swords, they are also great Swordsmen. Fast and nimble, their armies

have always been hard to defeat. But elves have also been known for their Naval skills. They great ships, their ship building skills rivaling that of Antheia. While elves are not prone to war since they look for more peaceful solutions, make no mistake, elves can be one of the greatest enemies in war or the best ally because of their speed when it comes to their sword and archery skills. Dorwinn does not often align with other kingdoms as it keeps to itself, but when they do become an ally as in the case of Belmere, it is often in perpetuity unless the treaty specifies otherwise. Elves are known to be a wise and gentle folk with long life, but deadly and violent if need be when it comes to war.

## Royal Houses of Dorwinn

House Mirarel  
House Tyriall  
House Anfalenn  
House Volwinn  
House Rhistell  
House Thallann

**\*\*\* Surnames are based on the House an Elf belongs to. All Elves belong to a Noble House. Half Elves will not have a noble name. The most common surnames for Half Elves are Ralnnor, Jassinn, Alred, and Devdann.**



# Guirinn

“Pride and anger are the jewels that make a kingdom.”

**G**uirinn is the kingdom of Dwarves. The kingdom is located in the middle of Annmar within the Kerrodeenn mountains and borders three kingdoms, Belmere, Anntheia, and SKallvynn. The kingdom is a mixture of homes within the mountains and small villages. Guirinn has five royal houses with one of the royal houses being the ruling House of the Kingdom. The king or queen will always come from one of the royal houses until their line is distinguished and a new royal house becomes the ruler of the Kingdom. The capital city of Guirinn is Thoridunn and each royal house has their own capital city. Dwarves can be half or two-thirds in height compared to a human being. They may be short in stature, but they are also strong and capable Warriors.

Dwarves are known as the finest miners and tradesmen in the world. Their blacksmithing skills are impeccable, rivaling that of Belmere. However, it is their mining and stonework for which Dwarves are truly known for in the world. Within the mountain ranges where the kingdom resides are some of the finest jewels and gold found in Annmar. This makes them one of the richest kingdoms. The finest jewels in all of Annmar usually come from Guirinn. The most prestigious hilts and pummels for swords are made in Guirinn because of the jewels that are placed in them. Also, because of their skill in stonework Dwarves are usually commissioned to help build castles in other kingdoms. Dwarves can always find work in Annmar.

Dwarves do not naturally gravitate towards war. They believe in hiring out their trade and building commerce with other kingdoms. Because of this they for the most part remain neutral and whatever war they take part of is usually amongst their own kind. If they were to have an alliance it would probably be with Anntheia because that is where most of their business takes place. They have an uneasy truce with the kingdom of Dorwinn and Belmere.



When dwarves fight, their weapon of choice is usually an ax, a long hammer, or club. Dwarves are known to be stubborn folk, but they are very loyal to their allies and to a cause if they take it up. Dwarves can be boisterous in their celebration. That may have something to do with brewing some of the best ale in Annmar. The most common ale served in taverns throughout the world is brewed in Guirinn.

## Royal Houses of Guirinn

House Morgor  
House Thornnmer  
House Snoddrik  
House Groomheim  
House Ellric

**\*\*\* Surnames are based on the House a person belongs to. Those with different surnames are not of noble birth and some are usually bastard offspring with one of 3 surnames, Ghof, Dhimm, and Starnn.**



# Skallvenn

“A sword, ax, pike, or hammer  
can make anyone honest.”

Skallvenn is the kingdom of Barbarians (Example: Vikings). They are a violent and warring race that worship not only the god Anion, but many gods as well. Skallvenn has many terrains from the flatlands and forests to rivers and mountains. It resides in the Southwestern part of Annmar. Barbarians are divided in twelve clan instead of small kingdoms. They do not have castles, but each clan has a capital city and has a large building or Great Hall that is their seat of government. Skallvenn does have a King and Queen. The king is selected by signs from the gods they worship or of trial by combat if someone would challenge for the throne. The king may choose someone to fight in his place for trial by combat. The capital of Skallvenn is the town of Horvarkk. The largest building in Skallvenn is the Great Hall of Horvarkk, which serves as its seat of government.

Each clan is ruled by a Chieftain. Barbarians do not have royal houses. Chieftains or "the Chief" are chosen by the clan they rule over through a vote or trial by combat. Clan names are based on the animals and creatures in Skallvenn. Barbarians are only really known for war and the unusual sharp weapons they make. While Barbarians do know how to farm and have blacksmithing skills, they get most of their things through plunder. Barbarians will raid and pillage parts of their kingdoms. Barbarians have an incurable thirst for blood and gold.

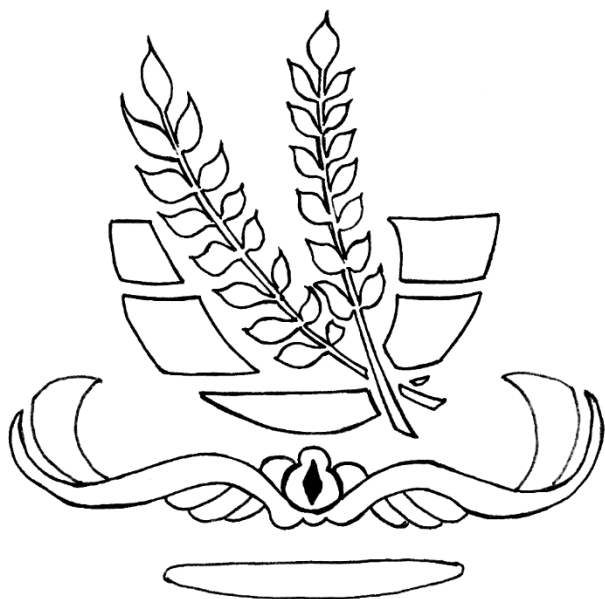
Skallvenn is not a rich kingdom, but Barbarians can easily make a living beyond plundering other kingdoms by hiring out as soldiers. Because of their penchant for war, Barbarians make for great mercenaries. The king and lords of Anntheia hire Barbarians a great deal for their secret wars

and for the uglier jobs in war. The clans of Skallvenn do war with each other as it a rite of passage. They do not always get along, but will unite under a king's command. Barbarians do not have much use for politics, their politics is that of war. The most unique thing about Barbarians is each clan has their own language, but most Barbarians speak the common tongue.

## Clans of Skallvenn

**Ravennbeak  
Crowthornn  
Stormhounnd  
Bearcrusher  
Eagleclaw  
Deerhornn  
Wolfclaw  
Badgerpikes  
Snakehornns  
Toadraiders  
Ironntusk  
Shadowrams**

**\*\*\* Surnames are based on what clan they are from. Barbarians are a part of clans, but can also have nicknames like "the black," "the executioner," or "the hunter."**



# Yorynn

“No journey is complete without a good smoke,  
a good ale, and the company of friends.”

Yorynn is the kingdom of Halflings and Gnomes, sometimes referred to as the kingdom of Half-Folk. Gnomes, or the forgotten folk as they were sometimes known. They are small humanoids known for their eccentric sense of humor, inquisitiveness, and engineering prowess. Halflings are clever, capable opportunists. Depending on the clan, Halflings might be reliable, hard-working citizens, or they might be thieves just waiting for the opportunity to make a big score and disappear in the dead of night. Halflings adventurers are typically looking for a way to use their skills to gain wealth or status. Gnomes are more craftsmen and love building and making things whether its out of wood or farming. Both groups do co-exist together, but not necessarily in the same village. Yorynn does not have small kingdoms or castles. They do not have royal houses or lords. Yorynn is made up of villages with their own unique name, but the kingdom does have a capital city, called Dermwist where the elected King of Yorynn rules. He is chosen from one of the magistrates who rule over a village.

Gnomes and Halflings do not have much to do with the outside world as they mainly keep to themselves. Halflings deal more with the outside world through trade and commerce, but also because they are opportunists, some engage in criminal activities as well. Halflings make the best burglars and can be pretty crafty thieves, but mostly they deal in trade. Most Gnomes and Halflings from Yorynn are peaceful. They are mostly farmers and craftsmen. Gnomes are great crafters of musical instruments. The finest in Annmar. Halflings are great tailors and make the finest silks in Annmar. The one thing that Yorynn is truly known for is the tobacco farming. The finest herb and tobacco is grown in Yorynn. That is their main commodity. Gnomes and Halflings do not involve themselves too much in the affairs of the world unless it's through trade and commerce. Most

do not venture outside of Yorynn unless they are the adventurous type or take part in trade and commerce as well as criminal activities.

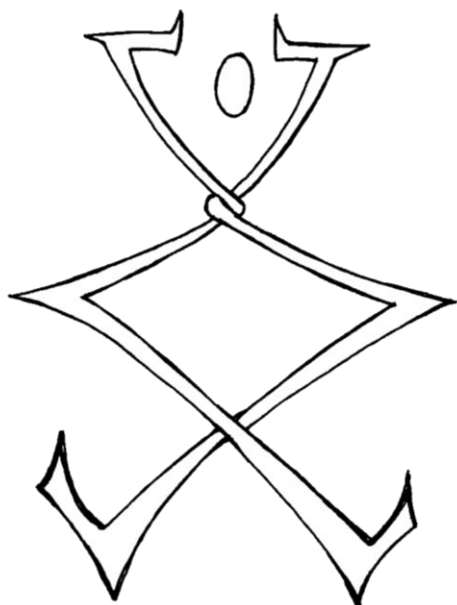
Yorynn generally gets along with all other kingdoms and has good relationships with them because of trade and commerce. Because of this, Gnomes and Halflings generally do not take part in wars, but because some halflings can resort to criminality, they can be used for stealth activities such as being spies or even assassins. They can get in out of without being noticed and because they are folk who are largely ignored by other races. Halflings have been employed as spies by other kingdoms, mostly Anntheia. But mostly the inhabitants of Yorynn want to be left in peace. The land is some of the most beautiful and all of Annmar. Because it shares a border with Dorwinn, it has some of the same beautiful landscapes from rolling green meadows to enchanted forests. And just like Dorwinn the climate is not too hot or cold. The temperature is almost perfect. Yorynn strives to be a peaceful place and that is why it's citizens work hard to maintain the trade of tobacco, it's main commodity, instead of seeking war.

# Clans of Yorynn

Hallbim  
Gimdinn  
Tukmier  
Wegrinn  
Frimzock  
Klingrest  
Wolvroot  
Baknnecks  
Rabnnooks

\*\*\* Surnames are based on the village they are from. The village names are their surnames.





## The Emberwild

“Magic lies within the secrets we keep, for only those who are worthy will know our true heart.”

The Emberwild is the most secretive place in Annmar. It is the kingdom of the Fae or Faerûn (fairies). They are mystical creatures that live in the thick forest known as The Foxxwood. The Emberwild is located between the kingdoms of Dorwinn and Belmere. The forest area between the kingdoms is the Emberwild. Not much is known about the Faerûn, they remain mysterious on purpose. The Emberwild is a natural defense from the outside world and the Fae's villages reside deep in the forests and high up in the trees, making them hard to find. Fae can live on the ground and in the trees. In fact, there are cities in the trees including a hidden city called The Cohnnwood reserved for Fae, Elves, Gnomes, and Halflings. The outside world rarely ventures into the Emberwild and Fae mainly keep to themselves, while being very suspicious of other kingdoms. This just leads to their mystique in Annmar.

Fae can be as tall as a human being or small as a tenth of their size. But all Fae have beautiful luminescent wings, which allows them to fly. They are the only race in Annmar that can fly. No one knows what godly power gave the Fae that ability. It is another one of their mysteries. Faerûn are capable warriors. They are fast, which makes them good swordman, but true strength lies in their archery skills and because they can fly it makes them deadly especially from long distances. Fae do not fight in other race's wars. Their wars are among themselves. Fae do not have royal houses. The Emberwild is made up of ten villages along with the secret city. But the Emberwild does have a capital city called Bramblemoonn where the king resides. There is a king or a queen that rules over the Fae, chosen through prophecy by the oracles in the Faerûn kingdom. They choose who will best serve the Fae at that time and place.

The climate of the Emberwild varies from warm to cold. There are great snowfalls that come to the Emberwild since it borders Belmere. But the Fae are in tune with the weather as they are with all living things in their kingdom. The Fae are the one race more in tune with nature, even more so than the Elves. Since Faerûn are for the most part a mystery to the rest of Annmar, they are however, known for one thing. It is the one commodity they

trade with other kingdoms. Wood. The Emberwild has the strongest wood in Annmar. The strongest bridges, buildings, and cities in the trees are built with wood from the Emberwild, especially wood from the Foxxwood forest. And while many do not venture into the Emberwild, there is one city that is the center for most of their trade. It is Roseloch, which is located on a lake along the Marasonn River that separates the kingdoms of Dorwinn, the Emberwild, and Yoryynn from the rest of Annmar. Roseloch is a vibrant trade center for mostly wood and other goods, and its main entry point into the Emberwild and the world of the Fae.

## Clans of The Emberwild

Mosswick  
Littlestone  
Fernnspark  
Brightmeadow  
Lemonhornn  
Firegust  
Silkglade  
Shimmerthistle  
Greennpuff  
Quickriver

**\*\*\* Faerûn (Fairy) don't have Surnames, they have first names and say where they're from. Example: " Willow of Firegust." But Fae also have common surnames like, Plumgloss, Sunstarr, and Woodglenn. These are Fae that do not belong to a village.**

# Liberus

Liberus is a trader's town that is not under the rule of any kingdom. It is the largest market center and port in the western part of Annmar. It also happens to be the second largest port in Annmar next to the Ship's Haven port of Anntheia. Liberus started out as a smuggler's port even before the fall of the gods. There are many places along the western coast that smugglers still bring in their goods to avoid port taxes by other kingdoms. The town was created in 40 AG by a smuggler's consortium who wanted to build some rule of law instead of seeing ships get robbed all the time. It was built with the idea that all could take advantage of the profits of bringing in goods to Annmar instead of paying high taxes and a percentage of the sale in other ports like Anntheia. The man who started it all was a merchant, but also more of a pirate than anything else. His name was Odinnel Ymbertt. A governing council was created with a Magistrate at the head of the council.

Liberus has always been a source of contention for other kingdoms as all of them would like to control the trade that goes through Liberus. But the town brings a lot of goods into Annmar and every kingdom does business with Liberus. Some refer to it as a necessary evil. Even when the town has been attacked and burned to the ground, it has always been rebuilt and trade has continued through Liberus. The town has also tripled in size over 60 years since it was created. All are welcome to trade in Liberus and it does not require port taxes, just 10% of the value of their cargo that the merchant intends to trade, which is still cheaper than a port that will charge port taxes and 20% of

the value of cargo passing through the port such as in Anntheia.

Smugglers still try to bring in their goods bypassing even Liberus by using some of the hidden ports around the town and that is why Liberus has Rangers who patrol the area. Liberus does business with all kingdoms and does not seek to have enemies even though some kingdoms view Liberus as an enemy. In order to maintain peace with other kingdoms, Liberus will trade all goods with all kingdoms. Those who trade in Liberus do so on good faith that they will get a fair deal and have their cargo protected from thieves and pirates. And more importantly, that they have the freedom to prosper as merchants. That is the philosophy of Liberus. In fact, the name of the town is a word for freedom. Liberus is also known for the special alcohol drink they distill, called Ruminn, from a sugarcane molasses that is only found in that part of Annmar. It the number one commodity that comes from Liberus and traded heavily throughout Annmar.

# Lenntis

Lenntis is the oldest Citadel-Monastery in Annmar. It has the largest library in Annmar as well. Lenntis contains all the recorded history of Annmar and has been around for over 1,000 years. It is located in the center of the world, high in the mountains between the kingdoms of Guirinn, Skallvenn, and the Emberwild. A Citadel-Monastery is a fortress that protects a huge library and a place of worship. The Monks that live there worship the 5 gods and maintain their secrets especially secrets of their power. Because they are also record keepers and keep the history of Annmar, Monks also keep the written history and stories about the 5 gods so that none in Annmar will forget them and who created the world.

A Monk's sole purpose is to record the history of Annmar, but more importantly to record the deeds of lords and kings. The actions of lords and kings effect history more than anything. Lenntis is a neutral site in Annmar. Lenntis takes no part in wars. Lenntis takes no sides so part of the Monk's job is to record the deeds of all races in Annmar in order to have an accurate account of their actions in history. And because Lenntis is neutral, all treaties and alliances are signed there; at a place called Kingswatch. Even secret alliances because there must be a record of everything. The Monks at Lenntis keep meticulous records from history to prophecies and even legends. Now while some history from the war of the five gods has been lost, Lenntis has the most accurate records of what happened about the fall of the gods and the beginning of the first age since the fall.

Monks are not just recordkeepers, they are also warriors, although they rarely fight. Their fighting skill is a

form of what is known as martial arts along with exceptional skills in archery and swordsmanship. They become Warriors to protect the history of Annmar. The Monks of Lenntis rarely leave the Citadel- Monastery, but sometimes they travel to complete special tasks that are essential to preserving the history of Annmar. Lenntis is also known for one more thing besides recording the history of Annmar. The monks also make a special kind of wine that is traded throughout Annmar. While other kingdoms ferment their own wine. The monks at Lenntis make a special blend that is in much demand and can be expensive. It is how they earn money for the upkeep of the citadel-monastery. The wine is called Allistarr Wine, named for the brightest star that shines over Lenntis

# Providences, Towns, Capitals, and Shrines



# Belmere

TOWN	DESCRIPTION
<b>Blackburnn</b>	<b>Capital of Belmere</b>
Craydonn Rock	Seat of House Barrenn
Bannburgh	Seat of House Fensenn
Dornnwich	Seat of House Carstonne
Runnswick	Seat of House Mackwinn
Sliverkeep	Seat of House Annsier
Reddwater	Seat of House Hamsennd
Hullhornn	Seat of House Searnonn

# Dorwinn

TOWN	DESCRIPTION
<b>Taranonn</b>	<b>Capital of Dorwinn</b>
Galaronn	Seat of House Mirarel
Elnnaril	Seat of House Tyriall
Kullerinn	Seat of House Anfalenn
Yesanith	Seat of House Volwinn
Halifarinn	Seat of House Rhistell
Nelldor	Seat of House Thallann

# Anntheia

PROVIDENCES	DESCRIPTION
Irraginn	Location of House Kesterinn
Accuriann	Location of House Fairimier
Burkharm	Location of House Hollowenn
Exertinn	Location of House Duramonnt
Gillamornn	Location of House Alinnac
Miramurnn	Location of House Galliot
Oldihann	Location of House Wynnwell
Redonna	Location of House Robintonn

TOWN	DESCRIPTION
<b>Wimbornn</b>	<b>Capital of Anntheia</b>
Draycorninn	Seat of House Kesterinn
Jongvale	Seat of House Fairimier
Eldiham	Seat of House Hollowenn
Accritonnus	Seat of House Duramonnt
Fohmskirk	Seat of House Alinnac
Killtharnn	Seat of House Galliot
Miristonne	Seat of House Wynnwell
Grimmsbyynn	Seat of House Robintonn

Anntheia's legions are names after the providence from where they come from. Anntheia has 8 legions of soldiers.

# Yorynn

VILLAGES	DESCRIPTION
<b>Dermwist</b>	<b>The Great Hall and Capital of Yorynn</b>
Hallbim	Village with a Greal Hall of Law
Gimdinn	Village with a Greal Hall of Law
Tukmier	Village with a Greal Hall of Law
Wegrinn	Village with a Greal Hall of Law
Frimzock	Village with a Greal Hall of Law
Klimgrest	Village with a Greal Hall of Law
Wolvroot	Village with a Greal Hall of Law
Baknnecks	Village with a Greal Hall of Law
Rabnooks	Village with a Greal Hall of Law

# Guirinn

TOWN	DESCRIPTION
<b>Thoridunn</b>	<b>Capital of Guirinn</b>
Klogholm	Seat of House Morgor
Nozmore	Seat of House Thornnmer
Jokorinn	Seat of House Snoddrik
Dormholl	Seat of House Grookheim
Uminndike	Seat of House Ellric

# Skallvonn

CLANS	DESCRIPTION
<b>Horvarkk</b>	<b>Capital of Skallvonn</b>
Ravennbeak	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Crowthornn	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Stormhounnd	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Bearcrusher	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Eagleclaw	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Deerhornn	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Wolfclaw	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Badgerpikes	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Snakehornns	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Toadraidrs	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Ironntusk	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law
Shadowrams	Village with a Great Hall of Clan Law

# The Emberwild

VILLAGES	DESCRIPTION
<b>Bramblemoonn</b>	<b>Capital of The Emberwild</b>
Mosswick	Village with a Great Hall of Law
Littlestone	Village with a Great Hall of Law
Fernnspark	Village with a Great Hall of Law
Brightmeadow	Village with a Great Hall of Law
Lemonhornn	Village with a Great Hall of Law
Firegust	Village with a Great Hall of Law
Silkglade	Village with a Great Hall of Law
Shimmerthistle	Village with a Great Hall of Law
Greennpuff	Village with a Great Hall of Law
Quickriver	Village with a Great Hall of Law

# Neutral Cities

## Liberus

Trader's Town not under the control of a kingdom. Second Largest Trading Port in Annmar.

## Cohnnwood

Secret city in the trees for Elves, Half-Elves, Fairies & Halflings. Located in the Foxxwood Forest.

## Dragonnshead

Neutral city for Sellswords and banished Barbarianns. Located in the west off the coast north of Liberus. The town sits off the coast of The Gleaming Gulf and has a small port.

## Island of Oakheart

Home for the Rogues of Hamlinn. The island is located north of Belmere. The Rogues of Hamlinn are a group of or small army that

## Rosefall

Religious City where all faiths are welcome. Rosefall is near Lenntis. It is located north at the edge of the mountains between Guirin, The Emberwild, and Belmere.

## Shainnleia

Temple where Shadowguards train. Shadowguards are a Secret Order that protect magic users and magical secrets.

# Shrines & Temples

## Shrine of Nydar

The place where Eras died and the power of the gods disappeared. It is the place where magic will return.

## Shrine of Ellisar

The place where the gods first arrived. It also the birthplace of magic and the power of the gods. It is where life was created. Ellisar is A Citadel - Monastery for Magical History and is taken care of by the Druids.

## Kingswatch

The neutral site where king's meet. The alter is located at Lenntis at the top of the mountain where Lenntis is located.

## Temple of Folwimm

A sacred temple of the gods. It is the Temple for the God Eras

## Temple of Vulmmer

A sacred temple of the gods. It is the Temple for the God Dresda

## Temple of Simimarr

A sacred temple of the gods. It is the Temple for the God Cimis

## Temple of Darthoridann

A sacred temple of the gods. It is the Temple for the God Anion

## Temple of Thailia






A sacred temple of the gods. It is the Temple for the God Gennier

# Military Ranks





Annmar Military Ranks	Military Rank Equivalent	Insignia
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Field Marshum	5 Star General	
Sea Marshum	Admirant of the Fleet	
Admirann	Admiral (Navy)	
1 <sup>st</sup> Genneral	4 Star General	
2 <sup>nd</sup> Genneral	3 Star General	
3 <sup>rd</sup> Genneral	2 Star General	
4 <sup>th</sup> Genneral	1 Star General	
Capitaunn	Sea Captain (Navy)	
Commander	Colonel	
Commander	Naval Commander	
Magerus	Major (Army)	
Magerus	Lt. Commander (Navy)	
Captainn	Captain (Army Only)	
Cennturius	1 <sup>st</sup> Lieutenant	
Master Sargenn	(Master Sgt. & Sgt. Major)	
Sargenn	Sergeant	

<b>Corpus</b>	<b>Corporal</b>	
<b>Privamenn</b>	<b>Private</b>	
<b>Legionnaire</b>	<b>Member of A Legion</b>	
<b>Guardian</b>	<b>Bodyguard</b>	
<b>Sentinel</b>	<b>Regular Guard</b>	

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# ANNMAR CHRONICLES

## Rangers of Liberus

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### The One with Magic

#### Book 1

**It** has been 100 years since the fall of the gods. Dark times have fallen over the world of Annmar as the power of the gods have disappeared. Humans, Elves, Dwarves, Halflings, and Fae try to live in peace, but are suspicious of one of another. Kingdoms, for the most part, keep to themselves, but the kingdoms of Belmere and Anntheia are on the brink of war yet again. And now a power that has not been seen in Annmar since the fall the gods will return. A mysterious Half-Elf returns to Annmar in search of her family and this will set off a chain of events that will change the world forever. Along her journey she must find a secret place only known to those who once used magic. But as she steps foot in Annmar, she is attacked by barbarians only to be rescued by the Rangers of Liberus. Outcasts from other Kingdoms, the Rangers could be just the right band of heroes who can help her fulfill her destiny. The Dark Ages are coming to an end and the first War of Magic is fast approaching.

This book is set during the First Age of Annmar and is book one of the Rangers of Liberus Saga. The story takes place in the first hundred years of the First Age not long after the fall of the gods during the years known as "After the Gods." It is the beginning of the new age on the eve of when magic will return to Annmar and what will become the First War of Magic in the Annmar Chronicles.



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