



You live in the world of **Titan**, on the continent of **Allansia**. For a daring ambitious adventurer, this land offers the greatest treasures but also the greatest dangers, for the Forces of Evil grow ever stronger and misfortune befalls the Good. In the north, corrupt humans release wild magic into the world, knowing little of their repercussions. To the south, creatures stir in the vast swamps, dominating anyone who comes in their way.

Allansia means 'the Teaming Place' in a very ancient, much corrupted Elven tongue, for this land has always been covered with a multitude of races, ever fighting for dominance over their tiny corner of the continent. But when most people speak of Allansia, they mean the small pocket of life cowering alongside the northern shores of the Western Ocean, contaminated by the unholy vermin-pit that is Port Blacksand.

Blacksand is a relatively new city, only a couple of centuries old, built on the ruined docks of Carsepolis – a much larger city destroyed and abandoned in the years following the cataclysmic War of the Wizards. Because of its location at the mouth of the Catfish River, another settlement quickly grew up on top of the old remains but was not designed as spacious and geometric as it's ancestral ruins. Instead, drunken looking ramshackle heaps of wooden extensions pile on top of stone foundations, separated by the mixture of dirt roads and old cobbled streets. Inside, many houses have confused layouts with multiple staircases, dead ends and secret rooms, most having cellars, some hiding portals into sewers below the city. Port Blacksand is a haven for thieves and brigands, pirates and cut-throats who prey on one another and on more innocent citizens. The city is ruled over by the mysterious Lord Azzur, a tyrant known both for his great ruthlessness and for his quirky acts of 'charity'. Despite the reputation for villainy, violence and depravity, many people of all races get married, have children, work businesses and join the various guilds.

This corner of the continent is wild- mostly rough hill land interspersed with tangled forests and its climate varies considerably from sticky, sweaty summers to frigid, snow-bound winters. Despite the best attempts of sages and weather mages, the weather on Allansia remains annoyingly unpredictable. The land is bounded to the north by the frozen peaks of Icefinger Mountains, which manage to shelter the lands from the colder gusts that billow down from the Frozen Plateau nearly a hundred leagues further north across the ice plains.

There are no organized kingdoms in this area of Allansia, just several villages and city-states coexisting in a feudal-like system. The notable cities in the region include Salamonis, Port Blacksand, Fang and Stonebridge.

The Settled Lands

Tracing the southern edge of the foothills of the Icefinger Mountains (a desolate mountain range, inhabited by wild isolation-loving creatures like Yeti, Orcs and Goblins), the wide River Kok is littered with barges, boats and galleys and connects the main settlements of Zengis and Fang, some twenty days apart. Fang, capital of the province of Chiang Mai, has an economy built on extracting extortionate taxes from the passing traders and the river can be treacherous for any novice merchant. Fang is a prosperous place, ruled over by the Baron Sukumvit. Every year the locals make a monetary killing from the many visitors who arrive for the Baron's Trial of Champions, a vicious death-test with a prize of 10,000 Gold Pieces for the warrior who can survive it.

South on the River Kok, the Pagan Plains stretch for many, many days, dotted with small settlements of simple peasant folk – being mostly humans, half races, halflings, and gnomes. The north-eastern corner of the Pagan Plains is watched over by Firetop Mountain, rumoured to house a subterranean dungeon ruled by an evil warlock. Heading further south is Stonebridge, a Dwarf town famous both for its mines and its leader Gillibran, whose legendary magical hammer returns to the hand of the wielder when thrown! The Dwarves of Stonebridge are friendly towards adventurers, preferring to vent any anger upon the local tribe of Hill Trolls, with whom they have been warring for many decades.

South again, comes the Red River which bisects Darkwood Forest, a wild and dangerous tangle of trees, home to a great many evil creatures. Local legend tells of a large city of Dark Elves in caverns deep beneath the forest and it is certainly true that hunting parties of Darkside Elves roam after sunset, burning isolated farmsteads and abducting humans to be their slaves.

The lower reaches of the Pagan Plains are windswept and less hospitable. There are fewer settlers on these lands and a traveller wouldn't reach safety until the ancient Forest of Yore and the walled city of Salamonis. Salamonis is almost as old as its surrounding forest of which is many thousands of years old. Situated on the banks of the fast-flowing Whitewater River, which runs through the Vale of Willow, the half-Elven tribes who live there speak guardedly of its many ancient secrets. Salamonis itself was built before the War of the Wizards and derives its name from the Salamon line, who have always ruled over the city, the present king being Salamon LXII.

Trolltooth Pass is a dangerous place, only three leagues wide at its narrowest point. This gateway to the settled lands is bound by the Moonstone Hills and the northern reaches of the Craggen Heights, two ranges of inhospitable highlands which give shelter to all manner of human-hating races. Along its length are the ruins of watchtowers and fortresses, built by various local rulers through the centuries to fortify the pass against intruders. The ruins are haunted by ghosts of the thousands of warriors who at one time or another gave their lives to defend this narrow strip of land.





The Flatlands

When an Allansian wishes to express the size of something so big it cannot be imagined, they simply say ‘as wide as the Flatlands’. The gently rolling plains stretch for many weeks’ ride, spanning an area far larger than that of old Allansia, until they slowly dip down to the shores of the Sea of Pearls on the other side of the continent. In comparison to the Pagan Plains, they are sparsely populated, but humans and other beings do live there. Apart from trading caravans, many small tribes of nomads roam these wastelands, setting up their villages for no more than a few days before moving on. Horses run wild on the Flatlands, and worse creatures too; both are hunted by tribespeople, who are experts at wielding bow and lasso from the backs of galloping horses. The tribes could be a great threat to settled Allansia if they were ever brought together as a single fighting unit, for they are hardy warriors. It would take great power to unite them against a common cause for they are fiercely loyal to their own tribe and know better than to mix in the affairs of others.

Sardath, built on stilts over a lake, is squeezed precariously between two sheer mountain peaks. It is inhabited by rough humans and dwarves who built the city centuries ago as a base while they exploited the many resources of the inhospitable region. North of Sardath, in the foothills of the Freezeblood Mountains (known to Dwarfs as ‘Wall of the Gods’) gold mines penetrate deep into the earth, trappers hunt beasts for their luxurious pelts, and lumberjacks work timber from the thick forests.

Frostholtm

Further north still is Frostholm, a land of mountains and fjords inhabited by a race of hardy, broad-shouldered humans who live alongside Dwarfs in their stone and timber settlements. Vynheim is the only major settlement in Frostholm, though every inlet of Bjorngrim's Sea (named after the ancient giant-slaying hero) is dotted with farmsteads and small villages. The City perches on a plateau overlooking Vynfjord, from where boats set off for the open ocean beyond the Giant's Teeth, even as far as Gallantaria across the Ocean of Tempests. The people of Frostholm are strong sailors and spirited warriors, for they have had their share of conflict, especially in the legendary wars against the Frost Giants which are celebrated in song whenever the people get the chance.

The Dwarfs, for their part, respect the northern people as great warriors, and there are many links between the two races. However, there are some things which Dwarfs will always keep to themselves, and for this reason no human

has ever entered the great citadel of Fangthane. Ruled over by King Namurkill, Fangthane is revered by Dwarfs from all lands as the focus for all Dwarf peoples. Carved from the insides of a mountain in the Time of Legends, while the first humans were still learning how to throw rocks, it is truly one of the wonders of the world of Titan.

Shabak and the Southlands

Far away, south across the Sea of Pearls, the small domain of Shabak thrusts out into the Ocean of Tempests, perched on a peninsula which is part of a much-feared stretch of coastline known as the Storm Coast. Gales blow across the ocean from the east, bringing hurricane winds and whirling tornadoes which batter against the side of Allansia. Shabak itself consists of little more than the single city-state of Bakulan, which hides away on the western side of the Shabak Peninsula. Little is known of this land, save that some of its merchants occasionally trade with the subhuman peoples who dwell in the Plain of Bones further inland.

The Plain of Bones is another desolate, wind-swept land. It is bounded to the north by the sweltering Plain of Bronze, to the east by the impassable Bay of Storms, to the south by the uncrossable Mountains of Grief, and to the west by the swamplands of Silur Cha, known throughout the south as the domain of the Lizard Men. The Plain of Bones takes its name partly from the dinosaurs which roam across it, and partly from the primitives who hunt them. While there must have been civilisation here many lifetimes ago, only occasional ghost-haunted ruins of small settlements and fortifications dot the plains now.

Further south still, beyond even the Mountains of Grief, a few small communities cling precariously to the coast around the Glimmering Sea. Isolated from the other civilised parts of Allansia by the mountains and the plains and visited by few merchants from the far north as a result, they have not grown much beyond tiny city-states, ruled over by dynasties who occasionally trade with one another, and occasionally war with one another, but who never influence the rest of Allansia. Little is known about these lands by the scholars and sages of the north.

Silur Cha and the Swamplands

Covering an area almost equal in size to the Pagan Plains and lining the wide Gulf of Shamuz, thick jungle and swamplands spread their vines across much of the southern half of the continent. Even worse, they mark the full extent of the Lizard Man Empire, an evil domain which is slowly threatening to spread out across the face of the southlands. Except in the scrying pools of sorcerers, no human has ever seen the unholy city Silur Cha and its Lizard Man emperors, for Lizard Men hate all intelligent life and will allow nothing to cross their swamplands. The swamplands themselves cover an area almost equal in size to the Pagan Plains, and are inhabited by giant snakes, crocodiles and, of course, the Lizard Men.

The northern extent of the evil Lizard Man Empire is currently spread along the Vymorn River, at the mouth of which stands the besieged city of Vymorna. For six years now, the city has been cut off by the inhuman troops, which have slowly pounded away at the walls until they have reached the inner fortifications and the keep. Vymorna is an old city, built to withstand a great deal, but its back is broken, and its people cannot hold out much longer. When Vymorna falls, as it surely must, the Lizard Men will find that they are opposed by the equally vile Caarth, the Snake People who dwell in stone cities excavated on the fringes of the Desert of Skulls known as the Snakelands.

Arantis and Kaynlesh-Ma

Just south of that stretch of the Western Ocean known as the Pirate Coast (the stretch of water around the Bay of Elkor), the city of Kaynlesh-Ma guards the head of the River Eltus, as capital of a land called Arantis. The people of Kaynlesh-Ma are strange, being highly religious and learned, but also hard-working and physical. The city and the land are governed by the Overpriest, who is widely believed by his subjects to be the incarnation of a messenger of the gods and is therefore treated with incredible reverence and loyalty by his subjects. The priests of Arantis are known for their learning, even in old Allansia far to the north, but even more famous are the exotic spices, oils and

cloth which merchants bring to the northern lands. Galleys regularly travel up and down the coast from as far away as Fang – making them ideal prey for the pirates of the Bay of Elkor and Blacksand itself!

While the two cities which face each other from twin peaks at its seaward end, Halak and Rimon, are not especially aligned to Evil, they are havens for thieves, pirates and gamblers, though most of these have their hide-outs among the many inlets of the bay itself. Every so often, the piracy gets so bad that the powerful merchants of the three cities force the rulers into action, and for a few weeks the pirates are driven underground – some caught and hanged. But when the fuss dies down, as it always does, the pirates re-emerge and continue their dastardly trade as if nothing had happened.

North and east of the Bay of Elkor there is only the arid expanse of the Desert of Skulls, which stretches as far as the minds can imagine. Within these endless wastes great treasures are rumoured to be hidden among the ruins of cities like the legendary Vatos, but few adventurers would be so foolish as to try to cross them without an overwhelmingly good reason. Even the rampaging Lizard Men may have some difficulty adapting to the searing heat of this waterless wilderness. Around the northern fringes of the Desert of Skulls, traders and nomads trek on camels, bringing goods to the few settlements of the northern edges of the Plain of Bronze, but they do not go far into the desert, for they know how inhospitable it is.

Beyond Allansia and far, far across The Western Ocean and The Ocean of Tempests are the other continents of Titan – The Old World and Khul. Most Allansians know little of these places, made irrelevant by the great distances separating them.

