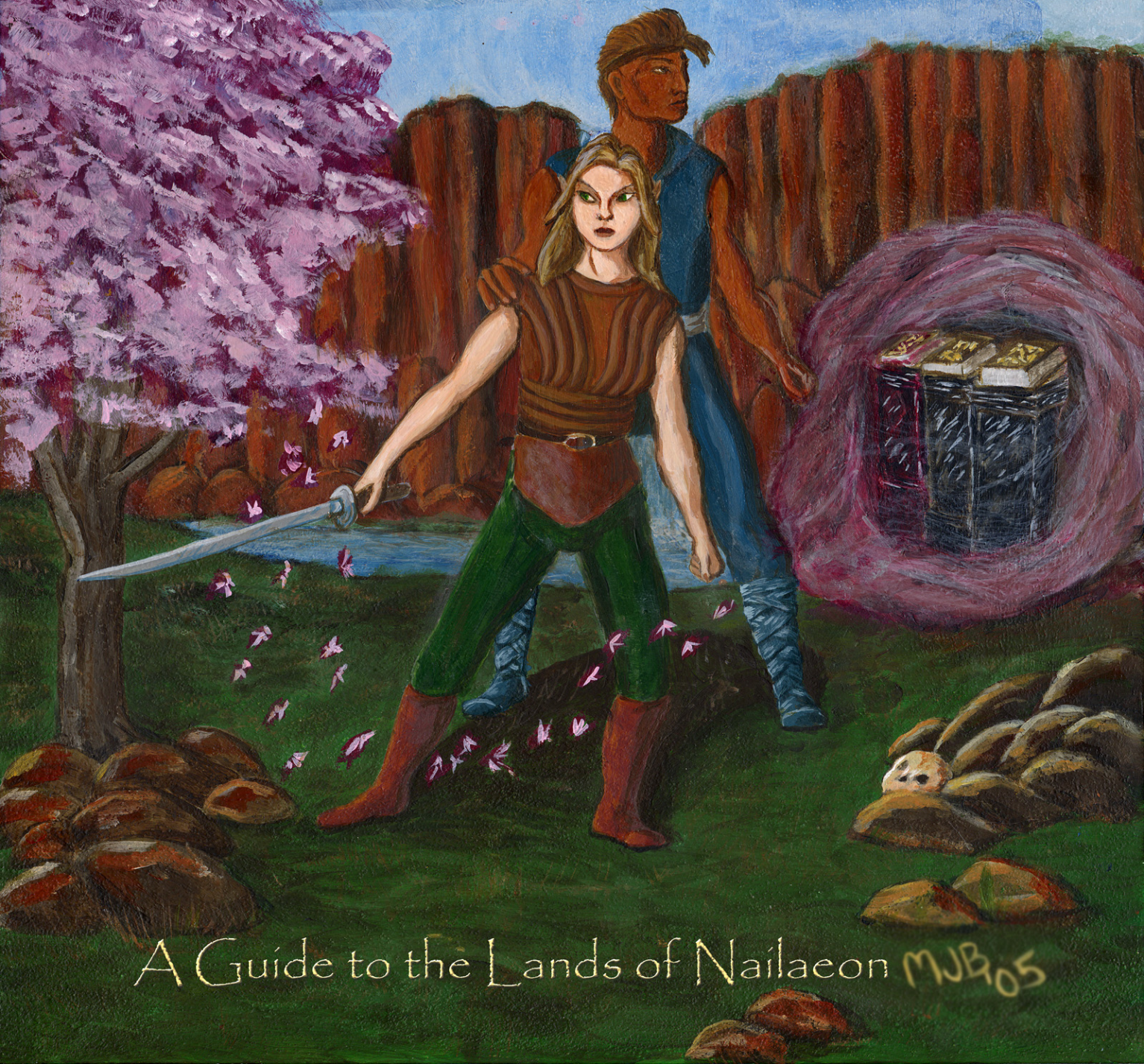


The Fold: Player's Handbook



A Guide to the Lands of Nailaeon MJB05

THE FOLD...CONTRIVED REALITY OR NIGHTMARE...

The Player's Handbook: A Guide to the Lands of Nailæon

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The World of Nailæon • The Void

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The Mists Beckon...

In the darkening mists, in the swirling pools of the mind, there exists a place. A place that bends and shapes reality unto itself. A world that breathes the foul stench of fear... In the distance a bell tolls... Its single, solitary noise is like a thunderclap that eats and gnaws at the soul...It is the only reality...it is the only sound that exists between the here and now, and the reddening mist that swirls at your feet beckoning you to enter...

...Enter you will, for you are caught between the real and the fold...

Welcome brave adventurers...welcome and be greeted...Your first step has begun, so tighten your grip upon your weapon, give light to that torch in your off-hand, and follow your thoughts into the depths of the void...

You begin your descent into the bowels of the land; torchlight casting strange shadows upon the rough, chiseled, stonewalls. The shadows dance above your head...perhaps it's a trick to the eye, but the shadows seem to beckon and call you further into the blackness... You come to the first room...in the centre are three old and worn tomes, each upon a highly, polished obsidian podium. Each of these books gives a tell to the ages that have passed...You step closer and a faint light seems to bathe each podium.



The words scribed upon the gold inlaid cover of the first tome, The Birth, feels warm to the touch. You open the cover and the words bury into your soul -- calling you deeper...deeper... You continue to the second tome, The Gathering, and finally your feet take you to the last The Taint... Your breath escapes in a soft, slow hiss, the moisture becoming visible in the coolness of the cavern. Your torch flickers a few times, and you continue your journey...

A hooded man stands behind you as you begin to rise from the last of these books.

“Ah, welcome traveler. I see you are ready to begin your journey. There are many others like yourself...Living and prospering here in Nailæon. There is a place nearby, one where you can find the answers you seek. Should your questions need these answers, perhaps you should head for www.thefold.org”

Shivering from the cold, you turn to thank the stranger, only to find he has disappeared. The only evidence he was ever there was a name lingering on the winds...*Ga-shadin*...

Requirements

I C O N K E Y	
	Required Files
	Important Info

You head for the caverns entrance, and as you reach the threshold, a booming voice sounds out, echoing around the chamber: “Welcome to the world of Nailæon, the land of the Fold. You will encounter many strange and wonderful creatures and people here, so prepare yourself...as the mists are parting, and the world slowly comes into focus...

To partake in the adventures and opportunities the Fold has to offer, you will need the following items already equipped:



Neverwinter Nights original
Neverwinter Nights - Shadows of Undrentide (Expansion Pack I)
Neverwinter Nights - Hordes of the Underdark (Expansion Pack II)

In addition, the following extra items (haks) will be needed to access the wonders of this land:



TheFold2daV#_#.hak
TheFoldItemV#_#.hak
TheFoldMobsV#_#.hak
TheFoldPlaceV#_#.hak
TheFoldTile2V#_#.hak
TheFoldTileV#_#.hak

Note: ‘#_#’ = Hak Version Number

All the above extra items, and not listed optional files, can be collected from the [The Fold's Neverwinter Vault Profile Page, located at The NeverWinter Vault.](#)



Ensure that these items, and only these items are prepared in your ‘hak folder’ [Default installation Neverwinter > NWN > Hak], and you are ready to pass.

You should also have access to the [Fold Crash Support Tool](#). This tool should be used prior to your first journey into the lands, as it will allow you to see if you have anything stored within the ‘hak folder’ that should not reside there (i.e. Files marked with the extension of .txt,.zip.rar,.doc, etc). These unwanted extra items have been known to waken the dreamer on occasion”

Installing The Fold's Portrait, Hak, and Head Files

1. Direct your web browser to www.thefold.org
2. At the top of the screen are 4 links: Home – Downloads – Your Account – Forums. Click on Downloads

3. You should be directed to the Fold's Download page on NWVault
4. Right Click on the link: "Nailaeon: NPC Portraits by Nerangdoor and Greenlion420" and choose "Open in New Window".
5. Scroll down and click on the link: "Download File"
6. Save the file to a convenient place where you will be able to find it. The Desktop is often such a convenient place.
7. Return to the Fold's Download page (Step 3) and repeat Steps 4-6 for the links: "Nailaeon: 2da by Las", "Nailaeon: Items by Las", "Nailaeon: Placeables by Las", "Nailaeon: Tiles by Las", "Nailaeon: Area Pak 2 by Las Civious", "Nailaeon: Mobs by Las"
8. You have now downloaded all the required files to the convenient place you used in Step 6. Now to install them to the correct location.

9. Navigate to where you installed Neverwinter Nights. The default location is c:\NeverwinterNights.
10. Open the NWN folder.
11. Open the hak folder. If you used the default, you will now be at c:\NeverwinterNights\NWN\hak.
12. Using WinRAR (www.rarsoft.com/download.htm) or any other decompression software that handles .rar files, extract each of the files you downloaded earlier into this folder (the hak folder).
13. You should now have 6 files in your hak folder. The "#" symbol below refers to the version number of each hak. This will change as the haks are updated to introduce new content.
TheFold2daV#_#.hak
TheFoldItemV#_#.hak
TheFoldMobsV#_#.hak
TheFoldPlaceV#_#.hak
TheFoldTile2V#_#.hak
TheFoldTileV#_#.hak
14. Take a moment to double check the hak folder. You may have more than these 6 files within the folder. If you've installed and played other modules or have visited other servers with haks of their own, you may have those files already installed. This is okay. However, every file that is in this folder must end with the .hak extension. If there are any files with different extensions, then move or delete these files. This includes .tga, .txt, .zip, .mod, .erf, .rar, .doc, and every other file that does not end with .hak. Having these types of files within the Hak folder is a known source of server crashes. Please be aware of this, and apply due diligence.
15. Return to www.thefold.org and scroll down until you see a category named "The Players" on the left side link-bar. Click on the link "Server Crash App" and download the file.
16. Extract this file into c:\NeverwinterNights\NWN\
17. Find the executable file "TheFoldCrashSupport.exe" and start the program. When it starts, click on the button "Report" in the top right corner.
18. A window will open. About halfway down in the window is the heading HAKs. Below this should be a list of the 6 haks required. If all 6 haks are listed, then you have correctly installed the haks.
19. Check just below the listing for TheFoldTile2. If you see the message "Non-Hak Files" then you have files within the hak folder that do not end with the extension .hak. Please return to Step 14. If you do not see this message, then you have no non-hak files in the hak folder.
20. You have now installed the required files and prepared the hak folder. If you wish to install the optional but recommended content, continue.

21. Return to the Fold's Download page on NWVault.
22. Click on "Montlethia Heads Pack - HOTSU Compatible by Sebastian Cain". Download the file.
23. Find the Override folder within c:\NeverwinterNights\NWN. Open this folder.
24. Extract the Head Pack into this folder (the override folder). A very large amount of files will be extracted.

25. Return to the Fold's Download page on NWVault.
26. Click on "Nailaeon PC Portraits pack 1 by Nerangdoor and Greenlion420" and download the file as before. Do the same for "Nailaeon PC Portraits: Addendum 1 by Vyrar" and "Fold Portrait Pack Addendum 2 by vyrar".
27. Return to the c:\NeverwinterNights\NWN. Extract the file "Nerangdoor_and_Greenlion4201079653316467FoldPCPortraits.rar" into this folder (the NWN folder).
28. Now, find and open the Portraits folder (c:\NeverwinterNights\NWN\portraits). Extract the other 2 files (both starting with "Vyrar") into this folder (The portraits folder).

29. Run the FoldCrashSupport.exe program again. Click on "Report" and verify once more that no non-hak files are found within your hak folder.
30. You have now successfully installed the required and recommended content needed to experience The Fold.

Logging unto the Server

"To find us, please follow this information offered by one such as yourself, known to some as DWNSHIFT:"



- o Establish your Internet connection.
- o Start Neverwinter Nights.
- o Click on <Play>.
- o Click on <Multiplayer>.
- o A new window will open. Click on <Continue>. This will log you onto the NWN database.

- o Click on <Join Internet Game>. The Gamespy server window will open up.
- o In the upper left there is a section displaying categories of Game Type. Scroll down until you see Role Play and click on it.
- o After a few seconds, hundreds of role-playing servers will start listing in the main window. Wait a bit for the list to download.
- o Scroll down until you find The Fold (alphabetically under T for The) and select it. Click on <Connect>.
- o Note that in the future, you can quickly find The Fold in the History tab on this screen.

Player Policies

You begin to make your way towards the hamlet, realizing for the first time that you truly are a stranger in a strange land. You understand that in any world, on any plane, there are rules that should be

understood, or at least you should be aware of them. As you stop to contemplate this, snow begins to fall around you. Startled, you look up. The sky is clear...how can it be snowing?

The sound of beautiful laughter behind you startles you, and you quickly spin around, curious as to what else this new land has in store for you. Before you stands the most heavenly creature, her features radiant. You realize that you are in the presence of an angel.

“Please, do not be afraid. I am known to all as Arachne, though my name is a little misleading for my appearance, would you not agree?” Once again, Arachne laughs, sending a wave of happiness flowing over you.

Arachne, looks you over, and nods in approval. “Yes, I think that you will do well here. However, there are a few things that you should know about the lands. You stand on a plane outside of true existence, a place of contemplation before you reach the land of Nailæon. In Nailæon, you cannot truly ‘die’. You simply slip into another plane, similar to this one, known as the slumbering. Here you can speak with the dream watcher, who can send your soul back to your body, at the cost of some of your vitality. As a mark of respect, a tombstone is left, marking the point at which you fall. By praying to the elders at this tombstone, you can retrieve some of your lost knowledge.” Arachne notices with satisfaction that you are listening intently. Satisfied that you have understood this, she continues,

“There are other ways to die here. One of them is clearly starving or dying of thirst. It is important to realize that even the most hardy of adventurers will fall if they do not pay attention to their own needs. You can buy a meal in the many Inns we have here, or if you do not feel like socializing with the local tavern hounds, you could always pick fruits from the trees or bushes...there are many ways to get food and drink here.” You nod in understanding, feeling hungry yourself for the first time...

“The lands of Nailæon are known to the elders for the populations overwhelming desire to interact. This is one thing that we rely on. Should someone be found to be acting to overdevelop himself or herself, then the elders would have no recourse but to send them to another plane of existence. That is how much the elders care for this world. It is a delicate balance, but one that we all must try to uphold, don’t you think?”

Curiously, you explain to Arachne that you are not sure of what the rules are of this Nailæon. Arachne smiles, and takes your hand as she leads you closer to the hamlet. She thinks for a moment, and then smiles.

“I think that if you really want to know what is allowed here, then you need to visit [The Fold’s Player Policy Page](#). This place is a holy place where the laws of the lands are written. However, as we are close to the border where I must stay, I will tell you a few of the more important ones:

Please use PM (Private Messages) to work out problems. If it gets posted on the forums then it may get out of hand and some sadness will occur. Please PM a member of the Core to help resolve problems -- everyone will save face that way!

Please try to keep Out Of Character (OOC) talk to a minimum. If you set your chat option to 'party' then it is up to the party leader as to how they want to handle talk between party members. PCs can and will be banned for flagrant OOC violations or persistently irritating to other PCs IC behavior. If you have a question as to what this means, ask other PCs if you're seriously bothering them. The only people who can authorize a ban are active Fold DM's or the Core.

Please do not abuse this gesture of goodwill. We all bought NWN to play a game dear to us. No one enjoys spending all of their time attending to administration duties. This includes our DMs and Core. If a serious problem or incident has occurred, then proceed accordingly but for the most part, when you see a DM playing online (as a player), please respect their desire to play the game.“

You thank Arachne, and smile as she turns and begins to walk away. You get the feeling that this will not be the last time you encounter the angel. Ahead, the buildings of the hamlet come into view. You begin to quicken your pace.

PvP Combat

Something to your left draws your attention away from the hamlet. As you look, you see several people fighting. Curious, you head towards them. As you reach the fighters, you see that they are within a circle marked on the ground. At the side of this circle stands a gruff looking man. He catches your attention, and motions to you to come speak with him.

“What do you think? Fight to the death eh? Nothing gets the blood pumping more than a little steel on steel action.“ The man offers his hand to you, “Frosty’s the name.“ You take his hand, surprised at the grip the man has. His warm smile assures you that you are not next into the circle.

“Look, I know that you are one of these travelers we have seen passing through to Ingerii recently, and I know you must be eager to get on with your journey, but you need to be aware of a couple of things with regards to fighting with other travelers such as yourself. There is a code of conduct that must be maintained whilst you travel in the world of Nailæon, and I am the guy who has to tell you this code, so please don’t make me say it more than once...it can get to be a little bit of a mouthful.” He laughs a hearty laugh.

Frosty takes a breath, and after saying something to one of the fighters about his mother fighting better than that, he begins to explain:

“You cannot just walk up to someone and fight them, that is bad form. In time, you may develop some history with others here, but for now keep your head down. If you do develop a history, then make sure that the elders are aware of it. There is nothing worse than getting you or a friend sent to the slumbering because of a missed word. Make sure that you and your target know what you are getting into. Should you or another traveler fall, the loser of the combat must avoid the area he or she fell in for a while. It is common sense really, I mean, would you want to go back to the scene of your defeat right away? Finally, should you find that you have become the victim of an attack without justification, please let myself or any of the others you have met know as soon as you can. This will allow us to advise the elders of the problem, and the appropriate divine action taken”

You thank Frosty, and he motions to the hamlet. “Go on, Vyril is waiting for you. He has a few things you will need to hear before you begin to see the sights of Nailæon.” As you turn to leave, you hear Frosty shouting at the combatants once again. You hope that one day you are as skilled as he appears to be.

Player Character Background

You finally reach the hamlet of Ingerii. Leaning against the wall of a small shrine is a man, the one who Frosty referred to as Vyril you assume.

“Well met. I am Vyril. I see you are almost ready to begin your journey, but there is something not quite...ah of course! You are still incorporeal. A side effect of traveling the planes. It is nothing to worry about, but I would be sure that you keep your wits about you. There are many people here, and most will be eager to hear your tale. You do have a tale to tell, don't you? Let me tell you about a few of the people here, to give you an understanding of the type of people we have here. Understand that there are many more, and they all have an interesting tale to tell. Maybe you will be fortunate enough to hear them over a mug of ale in Gadeions Gate.

Phoenix Silvermane is a bounty hunter sent by the council of Bryre to hunt down the traitorous Woodsman of Bry Valley. He has hunted him for several months, and now at last has caught up with his quarry.

Phoenix is not a bad person, merely misguided by his employers. He now knows that the Woodsman is innocent of any crimes that the council has accused him of, and seeks retribution for the misuse of his talents and also the unjust poisoning of the Woodsman, which the council has performed.

Since speaking to the Woodsman, Phoenix has sworn to uphold justice the only way he knows how: Through the use of his skills and talents as a fighter. He plans to petition for paladinhood when the Woodsman is taken to the Temple of the healer, and hopes that the goddess Kan, the mother of the wilds, will hear his prayers and grant him this boon.

Maus tends to exaggerate things out of proportion. Some in the small hamlet where he was raised say it was the strange "goggles" that the town wizard's apprentice gave him, and that it skewed his Halfling eyes.

To him, a giant looks like a dwarf, and a sack on the ground appears like a mountain of gold. When he learned how to cast the spell "light", he proclaimed himself an Arch-Mage of illusions and promptly left for the town of Ingerii. With his pet panther Kat, he had soon skinned enough "gold mountains" to equip himself for longer journeys.

Maus is quick to run straight into the biggest of fights, and just as quick to flee, when he realizes the folly he's gotten himself and others into.

He's always ready to comment on just about anything, and like most Halflings; he is entranced by anything shiny.

Raised and nurtured by a sect of Druids, **Mebrindrith** had been found as a babe within their glade. She looked elven enough, though whispers were often spoken amongst them still. Mebrindrith possessed intense violet eyes and hair silver white. A strange ability to see even better than any true elven scout within the darkness of night or caverns deep was apparent from childhood. Naturally taught the language of the elves, common and the ways of the druids, her skill at casting druidic spells rivaled even that of the oldest known druids of Nailæon.

At the age of 120 years Mebrindrith left her druid family venturing out on her own, two callings pulling the maid. The first: to find out the nagging truth of her heritage. Her only clues in this endeavor: a beautifully crafted brooch with which she can summon Nidal, a panther of magical strength, and a scrap of strange fabric that she had been swaddled in. The second: the answer to the dreams that call to her to search for the answers to the Gilmari and the Jalhadri.

Player Character Creation

Vyral smiles politely as you spin your own yarn of intrigue. “A gripping tale indeed. You will fit in well here. Now you have to form your body. The usual vessels {player classes / races} are available, but there are others sub-races that are unique to these lands. If you wish to learn about these vessels, please take the time to visit [The Fold’s Races / Sub-Races web page](#). When you are ready, begin to mould your vessel into your image.”

“I have heard that one of the people who you may well meet during your time here, DWNSHIFT, has spoken about the creation of a vessel.” He thinks for a moment, before continuing. “Ah yes. Now I remember. Here, let me pass on what he has spoken of:



- *A window will open showing your Fold character vault, which is empty at this point.*
- *Click on <Create New Character>. Make your new character, remembering to pay attention to sub-race and deity if you so desire. Also, don't forget to type in your brief character description.*
- *When you are finished creating your character, click <Play>.*

You will see the familiar Neverwinter Nights interface window showing your brand new character. Your character is in a special area for brand new characters; don't worry, there are no monsters here, although you might see other PCs. Your hit points are reset to 1 every time you log on so the first thing you want to do is Rest.

- *After resting, press <Tab> and you will see highlighted two statues of crouching gargoyles.*
- *Click on either one to bring up the entry dialogue.*
- *Select “I wish to enter!” You will go to another special area just for brand-new characters.*
- *There is a door on the opposite side of the tower you stand on. Go inside and talk to the woman. She will ask you a few questions about your life before you became an adventurer.*
- *Once you have described what you did before your heart called out to travel, you will be sent to the serene hamlet of Ingerii. Welcome to Nailæon...welcome to The Fold. “*

“Once you have decided on your vessel, you will need to decide which profession you will take. You will be aware that there are many paths a person can walk, and this is true of Nailæon also. However, there are some slight differences to where you may have walked before. The path of the Arcane

Archer is strict, and as such, you will need to have trained in the arcane arts for at least two periods before you can pursue that path. Also, the path of the Red Dragon Disciple is very strict, therefore you will need to have studied the arcane arts for at least three periods rather than the usual one.”

Vyral grins at you as your vessel takes form. “Now, all that is left is for you to take control of your vessel, and for me to wish you safe journey. Don’t forget, the southern coast is always the safest route for new travelers. Now go on, explore!”

The Pantheon of the Gods

“Without hope there is nothing...”

--- *Vance Dartayn, Cleric of Silestra*

You enter a small house on the outskirts of Ingerii, and are greeted by a portly man.

“Well hello there! People call me Bill. Here, give this a read, the information will serve you well.”
Bill hands you a small tome. Etched in gold on the cover are the words ‘The tale of the Elders’.

Taking a seat, you begin to read.

‘There arose in the second age, before the Tower Wars, a group of nine among the Watchers and Warders. There was something about them set them apart from their fellows. These nine could touch the worlds of Jalihdua (The Dream Lands) without the use of the Ways or the Wyrd (Magic). Because of this they were not affected by the madness that without fail came to possess others that traveled to the lands of Jalihdua.

Of the Nine that would become the parents of the Begotten (the gods) one chooses not to use this gift of touching the Dreams. Instead Kan tied herself to this world; drawing from the magic that the Ways and Wyrd spilled forth into it. The other’s walked the worlds of the dreams and spending so much time among them began to become more dreamlike themselves. Many merely an essence of who they once had been. Each gathering power to themselves as they lingered in Jalihdua.

The unrest in the world grew as the conflicts between the Way users and the Wyrd users began and Kan sent to the Nine calling them to return. The Nine gathered. It was decided that they were now too incorporeal to influence the events, which went on around them. And so by an intermingling of themselves they breathed their spirits into the bodies of carefully selected Watchers and Warders. Thus came the Begotten. Kan having so much at risk being tied to the very fabric of this world gave more of herself than the others. Six of the Begotten sharing in her power.

And so in the first days of the Tower Wars the Begotten came to walk the earth. In some the intermingling of powers produced as great a champion of light as could have been hoped for, but others among them were flawed, tainted and as the darkness and conflict in the world grew they were drawn to it.

The Mother (Kan)

Love and Nature in Balance

The Children of Light (Begotten from Kan)

Delulduil – Temperance – Monks

Drevin – Resolve – Paladins

Shangalia – Charity – Healing

Silestra – Hope – Clerics/Bards

Quercus – Integrity – Druids

The Child of Pride (Begotten from Kan)

Synthirr – Pride – Lust for power

The Children of Kan were mighty in the aid of the Warders who desperately sought to close the portals to this world from the lands of Jilhadua. The Children of Light, with Kan and Gouka at their side, worked with the Warders to stem the tide of evil that flooded into the world via the Ways and the Wyrds. Synthirr gave ear to Inamros and his poisonous whispers. His heart was darkened and the envy planted by Inamros grew appealing to his pride and thus he betrayed the Children of Light abandoning their cause.

The Warlord Brothers

Gouka – Valor – Knights

Gorruk – Wrath – Blackguards

The Warlords were brothers of great stature. As they walked among their fellow Warders they were afforded great respect. Few were more skilled in battle than these two. They were a force to behold when they entered the fray in battle. The touch of the Nine came to these great Barbarians and Gouka and Gorruk became much more than they were. But in their forming an unbalance came. Gouka pulled towards the Light and Gorruk fell towards the Darkness. The love of battle became a noble, valiant struggle in one and a wrathful spilling of blood in the other. Inseparable in life they became bitter enemies when they stepped upon the field as Begotten. The rings of their blows would sound for days as they battled on after the rest of their armies had fled the field.

The Three (The Fallen, The Tainted)

Inamros – Envy – Thieves

Also includes Synthirr – Pride – Lust for power

Also includes Gorruk – Wrath – Blackguards

The Serpent. Inamros. Envy. His lies and half-truths have turned the hearts of more men than can be counted to the Dark. His tongue swayed the loyalties of Synthirr and Gorruk against their kin. The Three they came to be known. Corrupting men's hearts with lust for power and battle. Many a wyrd or way user was swayed by Inamros's silver tongue. If evil had an empire these three would sit on a trio of thrones at its head.

The Impartial

Esmerdsa – Prudence – Business
 The Watcher – Judgment – Laws/Courts
 The Sage – Enlightenment – Gathering of Knowledge
 Flampil – Invention – Crafters/Merchants

The Impartial did not partake in the struggle for power that would be come to be known as the Tower Wars as the others among the gods did. Watching and witnessing and choosing their followers among those who realized that life must go on after the struggle for control was complete. Lovers of peace, merchants, crafters, diplomats, judges, businessmen, and scholars number among their followers.

The False

Jibaku – Destruction – Death

Jibaku is not truly one of the Begotten. Ciravea, the Lord of the Dead, one of the true Begotten, was overthrown and his place taken by another. There are many rumors as to how this happened, and many of the tales tell that Inamros had a hand in it. Jibaku's rise is also shrouded in rumor and little is truly known of how he came into power. His undead minions are found throughout the land regardless, evidence of his continued quest for power. Surprisingly this usurper and his servants are hated almost as much by the servants of the Three as by the Children of Light, and yet The False's power grows still. Many of his followers patiently pray for the day when his power will grow to the point that "The False" will become a name long forgotten.



At the rear of this book, a small sheet unfolds...

God	Dreamer's...	Union of...	...with	Domain
Gorruk	Wrath	strife	power	Strength, death, destruction
Esmerdsa	Prudence	harmony	justice	Travel, knowledge, protection, water
Synthirr	Pride	love	greed	Knowledge, trickery, war
Delulduil	Temperance	spirituality	love	Protection, strength, sun
Inamros	Envy	knowledge	greed	Trickery, knowledge, air
Drevin	Resolve	harmony	love	Protection, good, war
Watcher	Judgment	knowledge	justice	Fire, earth, sun, knowledge
Shangalia	Charity	knowledge	love	Healing, plant, knowledge
Silestra	Hope	justice	love	Magic, knowledge, travel
Quercus	Integrity	honor	love	Animal, protection, earth, water
Kan	Love			Plant, good, healing, protection
The Sage	Enlightenment	spirituality	knowledge	Knowledge, travel, magic
Jibaku	Destruction	unknown		Death, destruction, evil
Gouka	Valor	honor	power	War, protection, strength, healing
Flampil	Invention	knowledge	power	Earth, fire, knowledge, magic

God	Traits	Portfolio
Gorruk	Fury, blind rage, unfocused anger	Battle, war, warriors
Esmerdsa	Cautious, resourceful, weighs risks with reason	Trade, negotiation, safety
Synthirr	Conceited, egotistical, ostentatious	Warfare, trickery, intrigue
Delulduil	Self-mastery, restraint, avoids extremes	Duty, oaths, security
Inamros	Deceitful, opportunistic, trickster	Theft, stratagems, vengeance
Drevin	Honorable, courageous, tenacious	Competition, perseverance, determination
Watcher	Impartial, vigilant, unwavering	Justice, ethics, politics
Shangalia	Generous, benevolent, caring	Grace, medicine, suffering
Silestra	Wistful, whispering, distracted, fickle	Magic, dreams, desire
Quercus	Honest, loyal, strong convictions	Duty, natural order, balance, harmony
Kan	Nurturing, careful, kind	Joy, the world, interconnectedness of life
The Sage	Insightful, wise, crotchety	History, lore, texts
Jibaku	Blood lust, anger, torture	The dead, entropy, necromancy
Gouka	Honorable, forthright, ferocious, unerring	Duty, obedience, loyalty
Flampil	Intelligent, cluttered, aloof, focused	Craft, construction, smith work

The Known World

"Evil is a shadow—it is simply a lack of light. No blade nor bow shall harm it. Strong words, or might of fist will neither keep it at bay nor dissolve it. In order to cause a shadow to disappear, you must shine light on it."

— *Legobev*

Thanking Bill, you head out into the hamlet. You run into a group of people, who introduce themselves as Shin, Mordrid and Defender. The three hurriedly chatter amongst themselves, before turning to you. Shin speaks first, "Nailæon is a harsh place, and can be dangerous to the unwary. Some of the more experienced adventurers have taken it upon themselves to produce a map for you to use, to get your bearings as it were. The map is a reasonably accurate portrait of the area of Nailæon known as The Outlands of Ka' Dur. There are several towns in the area. Ingerii, where we are now, is the first."

It [Ingerii] be a pleasant place to start your adventure, almost deceiving in its beauty. More like the calm before the storm you will traverse when you bid Ingerii adieu. Take your time to really enjoy the laid back serenity of Ingerii. Meet some of the locals—possibly the boy who, it seems, is forever looking for his lost dog. No doubt his innocent pleading eyes and true nature might get you involved to look for his latest lost pup.

No stop is complete without a customary ale or meal at Gadeion's Gate. What's that you say? Well it is the local inn and tavern built by a resourceful dwarf named Angus McGrew. There is a whole story in itself of how the inn came to be, and such might be recounted at another time. Here you will find many of the locals and a few travelers such as yourself. I am quite sure the pretty lass Laura who toils endlessly within the inn's walls would welcome a conversation. Especially if you have already met up with her no good husband, who it seems is always on extended guard duty (is that what he calls it now?). He has a habit of sending newcomers with news of his extended absence, to which Laura has a smile for the news, among other things, when you let her know.

Careful as you explore the rest of Ingerii. Time passes slowly here and the locals are a trusting sort. Why they do not mind if you help yourself to a fruit from its many orchards or a vegetable or two from the many gardens that take up fertile plots.

Up a small hill there and down you might wander. Until you find the local shop for supplies or the armory if you need a new blade for your travels. Do stop and talk with Luke and Lucy Goodman; you'll find the elderly couple tending to some sort of chore. The happy pair, some say married nearly 60 years, bickering lovingly with each other. Such pep and spirit for a kindly pair of founding settlers. If you are lucky maybe they will sit a spell and recount the tales of the town and its founding.

Rice patties high atop the main hill. Dragonflies playing merrily along the waters edges. Blossoming trees along the temple where the local priest can be found, reading tomes and answering questions of a divine nature. Life inches by lazily in the serene town. One almost does not want to bid Ingerii goodbye, its natural beauty entices the odd few to stay, settle, craft, and become part of its lore.



Now, Mordrid takes over the talk. “The next town in Ka’Dur along the Southern Shore is Clarendon.”

The rickety bridge groans and creaks as your weight causes the structure to tremble beneath you. Its oaken beams and planks are stained with blood and weather worn. This bridge is the entrance to a small hub in the vast realm of Nailæon. Clarendon be its name, a seaside port. Home to only the adventurous, hardy fools and long yarned sailors.

Breathe in the air—a pungent mix of the sea, fish, salt, and grasses of the stagnant tidal flow that meanders under the bridge. Gulls fly overhead catching the swift, salty air pockets—sometimes dropping a wet package on unsuspecting folks beneath them. Muttered curses, ramblings, arguments are all kept in check by a most ornery looking dwarf named Orum. He is, I suppose, the closest thing to the law in the lawless town. He goes around muttering to himself and stopping the occasional drunken fool that has been tossed from the main structure in town. The Lionshead Inn. A somewhat modest inn and tavern to the boisterous seaport of Clarendon.

The sun reflects off the water, striking your eyes sharply and causing you to squint as you look around the town. An odd sort stands at one end on a dock speaking to an invisible person. You approach this man staring, puzzled into his distant blue eyes. He offers to touch your hair and comments on how brave you seem. You step back unsure. Yet, as he does this you notice that he seems lost in an imagined world of his own mind. Noobler be his name and he continues to speak aloud at his invisible friend.

You take note of the lone storefront, knowing that inside is likely a most prosperous merchant who has no doubt made a hefty profit from those travelers that stumbled into his store. It is no wonder that he is the only one with his own dwelling while others hawk their goods from wagons, crates, and barrels.

Three of these others stand poised outside the Inn. The Brothers Three they are referred to: Vicho, Daric, and Moriano. They sell fine arms of the blade and the wood. Armor to protect one's more delicate parts. Sometimes they can be seen arguing over who's turn it is to cook the nighttime meal. But, more often than not, their fair prices bring many an adventurer buying.

Tucked in behind the side of the inn and behind the store is another, gruffer sort. Warnon is a merchant of the bargaining sort. He buys and sells many a ware. It's no secret he dislikes Bill in his fancy roofed store. This short, stout fellow stands in front of his skins, crates, and bundles. Sometimes you would think he was a statue, not even blinking if a cold northwester comes off the water as it most often does in Claredon.

Continue around following the dense stand of trees east and the crafter's hall awaits those that wish to tinker or forge. Be careful of the old man that furiously tends his beloved garden. Lorin be his name and, perhaps, if you approach him in a polite manner he might have a story or quest to speak of. Just do not take his first words to harshly—he is merely a farmer after all. Or is he?

Cows, chickens, fruit trees, bushes, rice ponds, and streams abound. Scattered about are trees that bend and shelter the odd adventure who rests under them. For as much as Clarendon is a seaside town, it still displays a certain rustic farm charm as well.

Turning south leads you to the Ministry of Trade. Be sure and check that all your papers are in order before you try to visit the Duerger or Drow of the Outlands—lest you pay their fee with blood instead of coin.

Finally, under the shade of the giant windmill that grinds and grates the wheat from the Outlands, you might bump into a sullen dwarf named Desur. Be sure and have a chat with the armored, patrolling old-timer. He seems to always be breaking his beloved pickaxe and, if that happens to be the case, he might have a task for you.

Clarendon. Not a bustling city by any means, but many is they who find respite in this place within the harsh world of Nailæon...

Groups and Guilds

"Without truth, justice is naught but a reason to kill"
--- Phoenix Silvermane.

Defender then speaks for the first time; "There are many groups here. I will tell you of a few..."

The Lionshead Legion

The Lionshead Legion, or more simply called "The Legion" came into being over a good deal of bragging over mugs of ale in Clarendon's Lionshead Tavern. Several adventurers had come in after a long day of hunting goblins, and were regaling one another with tales of their daring. They decided that there should be some group about town that others of their like could join with to venture forth into the wilds, as it can be hard to find like-minded souls with so many new folks coming and going.

A strange being known as 'The Crow' at one time challenged the Legion, but little is known to the common folk about the details of this conflict.

After the Legion's founder mysteriously disappeared, the leadership of the guild was handed off to a cleric of Silestra, by the name of Vance Dartayn. During the seasons under his command, another faction known simply as 'The Order' challenged the group. The Order, which vowed to crush the Legion, ran into considerable obstruction against the Legion's might. It was not long before the threat evaporated.

THE CROW

A bandit mastermind, this shadowy figure has become the arch-nemesis of the Legion. Linked to Jibaku, the God of Death and Destruction, this charismatic character has been earning power by presenting himself as a savior of the people. Perhaps he is – his true motives have yet to be discovered.

In the recent seasons, the sightings of the Crow have risen. Still, knowledge of his goals has been elusive. His presence could be the reason for the recent rise in followers of Jibaku.

THE ORDER OF THE HIDDEN

The late Arayel Cujo, a visitor to the Outlands who remembered little of his former past, formed the Order of the Hidden. Seeking to turn the current state of the region into a controlled environment, he rallied together a group of particularly lawless individuals and attempted to design a militaristic hierarchy around them, hoping that they would face little resistance in a takeover of the realm.

It was not long before the Lionshead Legion began to meddle in the affairs of this Order, and some small skirmishes erupted between the two factions. Although there had been talk of war and a lot of saber rattling, little seemed to come from it, unlike many had expected.

It has been rumored that the leader of the Order was slain by his own, in a bloody coup. The voices on the wind say that this has divided and dispersed the members of this group.

THE BOUNTY HUNTER

Phoenix Silvermane. This is the name that has made the rounds among the local tavern-dwellers. There had been talk of a bounty, and Phoenix Silvermane – the hunter.

The barkeep in Kara Torin might tell you that the hunter finally caught up to his prey, but not in the way that he had hoped. A bounty hunter with a conscience is a dangerous thing, some would say. Perhaps the hunter has hung up his blade...time shall tell.

THE SILENT SOJOURN

It was said that the Silent Sojourn, a group of mercenaries for hire, would do what it took to get the job done. Willing to bend the rules, and break a few laws (for the right price), they were contracted out by locals to take care of the dirty work. Those who claimed to have spoken with members of this group said they were relatively harmless, and mostly good-natured, but they have since seemed to dissipate. It is not known, for sure, if this band of mercs ever existed.

THE ORDER OF LIGHT

Little is known about the Order of Light. A handful of priests, druids, and other holy folk made up the ranks of the group; who claimed that their agenda was to drive all evil and chaos from the blessed lands. It is unknown which - if any - deity granted divine guidance to this group of self-proclaimed do-gooders.

Tavern Tales and Recipes

“Tis true what they say, gold crowns do indeed buy happiness.”

--- *Henrik Bludhaven.*

Finally, the day growing older, and your body weary of travel, you stumble in Gadeion’s Gate. Ordering a mug of ale, you sit at a table in the corner, listening to the banter that flows so freely in taverns.

“...yeah, I heard of the Legion. Some damn fool adventurers who got themselves all worked up and started on about protecting’ the Outlands...lotta good them people done, we gots bandits coming right up to the bridge in Clarendon now. Desur be the only man who stops ‘em these days...”

“...I found this coin on the body of a dead woman. Thought it would fetch a pretty penny with the...‘market traders’. Turns out, it’s a marker of some kind, and they wouldn’t touch it. Said was bad luck for someone to handle a marker who weren’t given it. Something about ill fortune. I like the pretty pattern though...like a bird flying away from a fire...”

“...Clarendon? Yeah, I heard of the place. Just head east from here, ye can’t miss it. Stick to the shore though...I heard tale of some nasty stuff the further inland ye get...”

“...Heard some folk saying that the caverns north of Kara Torin had been cleared, reopening the path to the cursed Blight. Sounds like a dangerous place to me, likely have been better if those caves had stayed blocked...”

“...Did you hear about that evil cult, the one hiding in the caverns at Canak Vale. Apparently they were trying to crossbreed magically enhanced wolves and worgs into some kind of super-beast. Sounds like some of those adventurers took care of them for us, though...”

You wander absently into a small building near the store, and meet a young elven woman.

“Hail and well met. I am Eldrowade. I am one of many crafters here in Nailæon. I work primarily with the woodland, and as such, I can produce some useful items, including these.” She motions to a rack of bows, the treating oil still fresh on the wood.

“Wood isn’t the only thing you can craft with here. We have many crafters, some work with wood like myself, others like Mordrid work with metals. Others still have a flair for the more exotic enchanting crafts. It is best to speak with the people around you to find out what’s best for you...it all depends on you at the end of the day.”

Eldroware stands motionless for a second. Her face then lights up. “Would you like me to show you a few pointers when working with wood? Having a bow in the outlands is a boon, believe me.”

“To make a short bow, you are going to need a light string, and a short stave of Hickory. You can make the bow from other wood, but Hickory is the easiest to work with for now. You are also going to need some carpenter’s tools. Once you have these things, all you do is come to a crafters hall like this, and use the carpenter’s bench. Put your ingredients onto the bench like so...and away you go!”

Hickory Short bow

Carpenters Tools must be in your inventory to use the bench.

Requires:

1 x Short stave of hickory

1 x Light bowstring

Place the items into the bench, and a dialogue box will appear. Select Weapons, then bows, then Hickory Short bow. This will then advise of the chance you have of successfully creating this item. Select the ‘Craft it!’ option, and this will attempt to craft the bow. If you are successful, you will lose the items that are required to make the bow, but will have gained some experience for making the bow, and the bow itself will appear in your inventory.

Eldrowade looks up, and then gives you a small book to read through. The book is entitled ***Crafting for dummies***. As you read through the tome, you realize that the book contains recipes for other common items...

Apple Juice

Requires:

4 x Apples

1 x Juice Bottle

2 x Bags of Sand – Required to make the Glass Ingots

2 x Glass Ingots – Required to make the Juice Bottle

Dig up the bags of sand from any pile of sand you see. Then, take the sand bags to a tinker’s furnace to create the Glass Ingots. From here, use the ingots you have just created at the same furnace, and create yourself a juice bottle. Finally, take the apples you have gathered to a press, and make sure that the juice bottle is placed into the press with the apples. If successful, you will find a bottle of apple juice in your inventory.

Hickory Quarterstaff

Requires:

1 x Long Stave of Hickory

1 x Hickory Branch – Required to make the long stave of Hickory

Take your branch to a carpenter's bench, remembering that you must have the tools to use the equipment. Select the option to create a long stave of Hickory. Once this is successfully made, place the long stave back onto the bench, and select the weapons option. Finally, select the Quarterstaff option. This recipe will work for other woods as well, so be on the lookout for other wood to work with.

Small Mold

Requires:

1 x Lump of Clay

Using your shovel, dig up a lump of clay from any of the mounds of clay that you find. Take this lump of clay to a tinker's furnace, and select the small mold option. The larger the mold, the more lumps of clay will be required in order to make.

Quick Start Guide

- Near the bottom of your screen there is a thin, horizontal blank area: this is the text window. Click here (or simply press <Enter>) and type messages for your character to speak, then press <Enter> again and your character will speak your message.
- The Fold prides itself on being very open and friendly. At any time (except when you are entering a text message) press <P> to bring up a list of all the players currently online, listed by their current character's name. Select anyone from the list and click on the [Tell Player] button at the top of the list (looks like two silhouettes facing each other), and you can type a message to that player, regardless of your location in the Fold. [Tells] are usually considered Out-Of-Character. Use this to ask ANY questions you have regarding any problems you are having or whatever. The rest of the Fold players will be delighted that you came to play with us and will do everything possible to answer silly questions or help you out in any way. Someone might even discover your new character and introduce themselves through roleplay or offer to show you around. PLEASE feel free to ask questions. No, we aren't desperate for new players, but we are desperate to be the best role playing server ever. As such, we will do whatever we can to help you and make you feel welcome.
- In the Fold, your character will have to eat and drink. In town, you can drink from wells and fill your canteen. Better take water with you if you leave, but you will also occasionally run across streams where you can drink and refill your canteen. The town you start in has many trees and bushes where you can pick fruit to be eaten directly. We don't eat raw meat or fish in the Fold so look for a fire where you can roast it ("use" it on the fire), or use your flint (in your inventory) to light tinder or branches for a campfire.
- Role-play and have fun!
- When you venture away from the safety of town, a general rule of thumb for the areas near Ingerii is that the farther north you go the more dangerous it becomes. It is recommended that you stay south, near the shore, until you get a feel for the dangers you might face.
- To switch your log –out/in save point stay at an inn. This will persistently set your new start point.
- If you have difficulty logging on, check your firewall. It might be interfering

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Outlands Map

Shinkutsu

Rumours

Vyral

Bane

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