

# CONTENTS

*Cara Fahd wants to build a library and asks for some books to get them going? We can sure spare some. But I do hope they are going to catalogue them appropriately. No sense having a library without a list that tells you where to find what you are looking for...*

• MERROX, MASTER OF THE HALL OF RECORDS •

<b>INTRODUCTION .....</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>How to Use This Book .....</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>At the Brink of War .....</b>	<b>10</b>

<b>SURVIVING IN CARA FAHD .....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>A Word From Krathis Gron .....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>On the Nature of This Work.....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>The Seeds of Cara Fahd .....</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>On the Growing Lands of Cara Fahd .....</b>	<b>13</b>

The Northern Border.....	13
The Northern Passes .....	13
The City of Claw Ridge.....	14
Our Vast Forests .....	14
Entering the Deep Jungle.....	14
On the Shores of Our Rivers.....	15
The Southwestern Plains.....	15

<b>On the Conflicts Tearing at Our Land .....</b>	<b>16</b>
The Orks of City and Plain.....	16
Ways to Earn Respect .....	17
On the Delicate Balance of Power.....	18
On Those Factions That Divide Cara Fahd.....	20
On Those Eyes and Ears of Cara Fahd.....	21

<b>On the Daily Lives of the</b>	
<b>Citizens of Cara Fahd .....</b>	<b>22</b>
The Ujnort's Guide to Cara Fahd .....	22
Cara Fahd After Dark .....	24
Concerning My Experience with Scorchers .....	25
On Establishing Trade in Cara Fahd .....	26
On Ork Customs of Worship .....	28

<b>ON THE HISTORY OF CARA FAHD .....</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>On the Great Uprising .....</b>	<b>30</b>
The Battle of Grallen Field .....	31
The Heroic Sacrifice .....	32

<b>Regarding the Golden Age of Cara Fahd .....</b>	<b>33</b>
On the Formation of the Eight Tribes .....	33
Choosing a King .....	33
Life in the Golden Age.....	34

The Fall of the First Dynasty.....	35
<b>Ancient Enemies and Age of Wars .....</b>	<b>36</b>
On Conflict with the	
Humans of Ancient Landis .....	36
The Formation of Ustrect.....	38
On Conquest in the Delaris Mountains.....	38
On the Harassment of Throal .....	38
<b>Concerning the Orichalcum Wars .....</b>	<b>39</b>
The Revenge of the Forgotten Queen.....	39
The Reign of Wujemba Backstabber.....	39
The Rising Tide of War .....	40
On the Betrayer.....	40
The Inferno of the Eight .....	41
The Fall of Cara Fahd.....	41
<b>On the Effects of the Scourge .....</b>	<b>42</b>
Entering the Kaers.....	42
Outside the Kaers.....	42
On Emerging from the Kaers.....	43
On Relations with Vivane Province.....	44

<b>ON THE FATE OF OUR NATION .....</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>On Cara Fahd's First Concerns .....</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>On Possible Alliance with Throal.....</b>	<b>46</b>
On the Drawbacks of Alliance.....	46
Of Throalic Diplomats in Cara Fahd .....	46
Of Orks in Throal .....	47
Throal and the Theran Behemoth .....	47
<b>Of War with the Theran Empire .....</b>	<b>47</b>
Of Theran Spymasters.....	48
<b>Of the Ravenous Skull Whargs.....</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>Of the Crystal Raiders and Their Airships.....</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>On the Venomous Snakes Who Rule Iopos .....</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>On Other Potential Allies.....</b>	<b>49</b>

<b>ON THE CITY OF CLAW RIDGE .....</b>	<b>50</b>
<b>On the Construction of Claw Ridge.....</b>	<b>50</b>
The Glory of Wurchaz.....	50
Inside Wurchaz .....	51



Claw Ridge Landmarks .....	52
<b>Of Mountain's End .....</b>	<b>53</b>
<b>Of Harvest .....</b>	<b>54</b>
<b>Residents Noble in Manner If Not in Birth.....</b>	<b>55</b>
 <b>ON THE TRIBES OF CARA FAHD .....</b>	 <b>63</b>
<b>The Changing Ways of the Metal Fist .....</b>	<b>63</b>
The Tale of Metal Fist.....	63
On the Way of Djoto .....	63
On Those Who Ride in the Metal Fist.....	64
On the Life of a Metal Fist Raider .....	66
Concerning Our Place in Cara Fahd .....	66
On Our Mighty Leaders .....	67
Bronze Eyes' Stajian .....	68
Tresseg's Thundra Beast.....	69
<b>The Broken Fang: First Orks of Cara Fahd .....</b>	<b>70</b>
A Glimpse of the Glorious Broken Fang .....	70
Clans of the Broken Fang .....	70
On Our Ancient Customs .....	71
Our Unswerving Loyalty to Cara Fahd .....	72
On Our Most Loyal Leaders.....	72
Charok's Thundra Beast "Mantor" .....	73
<b>The Ballad of Asok's Armbreakers .....</b>	<b>75</b>
Canto I: The Mahuta Arrives.....	75
Canto II: Herok's Response.....	75
Canto III: Asok's Choice .....	76
Canto IV: Asok Speaks.....	76
Canto V: Joining Cara Fahd.....	77
<b>The Celestial Destiny of the Thunderers .....</b>	<b>77</b>
The Formation of the Thunderers .....	77
On Life as a Cavalry .....	79
On Choosing Cara Fahd.....	79
On Those Influential in the Thunderers.....	80
Titanstroke's War Horse .....	81
Haracha's Griffin.....	82
<b>A Few Words from Rejruk's Foxes.....</b>	<b>83</b>
On the City of Gevosht .....	83
Our Particular Talents .....	84
Important Persons Among Us.....	85
<b>A Reprimand of Zarass' Chargers .....</b>	<b>86</b>
<b>The Royal Grace of the Fists of Fahd .....</b>	<b>88</b>
Of the Riches and Might of the Fists of Fahd .....	88
<b>On the Minor Tribes .....</b>	<b>90</b>
Concerning the Righteous Vipers.....	90
My Experiences with Hankarr's Spears .....	92
Concerning the Thunderborn Cavalry .....	93
On the Formation of Thunderaxe's Cleavers .....	93
On the Elf Eaters.....	94
On the Unification of the Two-Hands Tribe .....	95
On Those Mysterious	
Orks Known as Namdroth.....	95

<b>BEYOND THE TRIBES .....</b>	<b>96</b>
<b>On Exploring the Deep Jungle .....</b>	<b>96</b>
In Search of Ancient Cara Fahd .....	96
Finding the Hold of Courage.....	96
On the Mystery That .....	97
Holds Zarass Icethought.....	97
<b>Concerning Other Namegivers in Cara Fahd.....</b>	<b>97</b>
On That Powerful Human	
Known as Dvilgaynon.....	97
On the Boats and Pots of Kelpoya .....	99
The Miracle and Menace of Black Quarry .....	99
On the Refuge of Lelishthala .....	100
<b>Of Possible Enemies Within Our Borders.....</b>	<b>101</b>
Of Those Mad Questors, the Iron Legacy .....	101
Of the Legion of Damnation.....	101
The Resistance of Basstown and Kerup.....	102
The Theran Filth of Grimeye's Crossing.....	103
 <b>ADVENTURES IN CARA FAHD.....</b>	 <b>104</b>
<b>Getting the Heroes to Cara Fahd.....</b>	<b>104</b>
<b>Campaign Themes.....</b>	<b>105</b>
<b>Campaign Ideas .....</b>	<b>106</b>
<b>Using Characters to Create Adventures.....</b>	<b>107</b>
<b>Adventure Frameworks .....</b>	<b>108</b>
 <b>GAME INFORMATION.....</b>	 <b>112</b>
<b>Gahad .....</b>	<b>112</b>
<b>The Library of Cara Fahd .....</b>	<b>112</b>
<b>Tribal Ork Characters.....</b>	<b>113</b>
<b>New Skills .....</b>	<b>115</b>
Guhvuul.....	115
Thunderers' Astrology .....	115
 <b>GOODS AND SERVICES .....</b>	 <b>116</b>
<b>Money and Trade.....</b>	<b>116</b>
<b>Weapons.....</b>	<b>117</b>
<b>Provender .....</b>	<b>119</b>
<b>Poisons .....</b>	<b>120</b>
<b>Mounts.....</b>	<b>121</b>
 <b>CREATURES .....</b>	 <b>122</b>
 <b>MAGICAL TREASURES .....</b>	 <b>124</b>
<b>General Treasures .....</b>	<b>124</b>
<b>Krathis' Gifts from the Passions .....</b>	<b>125</b>
<b>Other Unique Treasures .....</b>	<b>128</b>
<b>Soul Stones .....</b>	<b>130</b>
 <b>CHARACTER INDEX.....</b>	 <b>131</b>



# The Beautiful Fire of Mera-a-a-arg

**T**o the Orks of Barsaive:

As I am a Troubadour, I shall tell you a tale. Although you have heard it since your birth, you may not know this version, so have patience if it seems strange or is over-familiar.

Long ago, in a time not yet lost to history, two lovers lived at the center of the world. Although others looked at their home and saw rocky soil, barren fields, and ferocious beasts, the lovers recognized their land's beauty. They looked upon the craggy ground where mountain met earth and beheld the face of Astendar, known in our old tongue as Mera-a-a-arg. When wild thundras fell beneath their spears, the couple remembered the animals' beauty and thanked them for giving their lives to grace their table. When they reclined on a sandy riverbank and let the water's melody play counterpoint to their leather drums, Mera-a-a-arg touched their hearts. And though others rejected their ways as coarse and rough, they were content. Even alone, the lovers felt surrounded by friends, for they needed no one else. Their own company seemed as a party of thousands and joy filled the hours, for their love held them deeper than any before or ever since.

And though others rejected their ways, the Passions blessed the couple, for they planned their lives with love and their customs pleased Mera-a-a-arg. And in time, the others grew jealous. They gathered around the edge of the lovers' home, and peered through their windows, wondering what hid inside that kept the couple so young and beautiful, what treasure they owned that gave them such delight.

And when the man demanded they leave, and told them to go from his house, for he needed space for his wife and children, the spying neighbors fled. And as they ran, they cried cacodile tears and howled to their families that the lovers attacked them. So the throng gathered arms and descended on the couple, declaring that for punishment, they would rip the man from the warm arms of his lover and throw him into the world alone.

And though he slew a hundred men, his enemies still came from all sides. They boiled under the walls of his house and tore into his wife even as she clung to him and they rent her flesh and lit her on fire. As the flames licked at his arms and around her dead eyes, the man fled, never to return in eleven centuries of mourning.

But he does not know that his lover lives still, deep in slumber, awaiting his kiss, for Mera-a-a-arg does not let so powerful a love die.

An ugly story, you say? You have never heard a tale of such tragedy, such brutality? Then it is only one of many as lost to you as the lovers to each other, for we orks remember few of our own tales. The verses of the troll-written Battle of Sky Point come easily to our lips, and our bodies move to the rhythms of elven dance, or tremble at the majesty of the sculpted gates of Throal, but we have forgotten our own arts, lost our own loves. And we have lost Mera-a-a-arg.

True, She may stir your blood for a night of passion, move your hands as you beat drums to a furious tempo, or echo your footsteps as you dance the lukro under the new moon's sky. She may even smile in approval when you look up from a tattoo to find

that a day and a night have gone by, but your vision now lives on the skin of your subject.

Mera-a-a-arg rejoices at such times, when we remember our own beauty and do not drown it with the empty patter of elves, or the rigid pontificating of dwarfs.

But She smiles little of late.

For She remembers (and how many of you do?) the days of Cara Fahd, when orks worshipped Her in their minds and words and actions, their arts unsullied by others who lack the passion to understand Her needs.

In Cara Fahd, orks lived by their passions. When love took us, we gave in to love and our days and nights were warmed by it. But when the ardor dissolved, we let it go, not soiling beautiful memories by continuing a relationship which had run its course. How many of you in Throal have the courage to do so now?

In Cara Fahd, our children knew that anywhere they went they would be cared for, for orks lived as a single family and their hearts held love for every member. How many of you in Kratas would let your neighbors alone with your daughters, or allow your sons to play untended on the streets?

In Cara Fahd, orks understood that the only true judgments are made in love. When gahad gripped someone and he turned to his tormentor, he was judged not by unfeeling law books, but by his wives, his sisters, and his neighbors, and they decided what made an act a crime, not a magistrate who cared more for parchment than people. How many in Travar would bring gahad as an explanation before the Magistrates?

In Cara Fahd, we created art as we lived, building iron statues that clawed for the sky, complex whorls of tattoos that recorded the artist's gahad in bright ink, and songs that shook the walls of Veren Canyon when sung in unison by ten thousand throats. Orks wove living crystal into the orichalcum threads of the Crown of Cara Fahd until even Queen Failla of Wyrn Wood admitted its beauty. An ork captured a mountain in a fragile glass jar to create a weapon that made crystal raiders tremble. An ork composed the Hero's Sacrifice on Grallen's Field nine days after Hrak Gron breathed her last, and sang it with enough vigor to make the Moorsarantyoikan Liferock cry.

We understood that art was more than a pretty story to hide in a dusty library, more than a mural on the wall of an unlit home. Art filled our lives and our souls, and if you wanted to fall to your knees in a city street to draw King Wudra and the Obsidiman in the dust, we stepped around you until your work was done.

It is time to return. To rekindle ork traditions, to remind ourselves of Mera-a-a-arg, to feel Her fiery touch blaze through our veins once more. It is time to come together and awaken the land with our kiss.

It is time to return to our lost lover, for her Name is Cara Fahd, and without her we have been mourning for eleven hundred years.

—Krathis Gron



# What Tranko was and will be

**T**o the Orks of Barsaive:

I once rode astride a bull thundra alongside a mercenary company, because I had heard that by doing so, I would learn courage. And we came upon a legion of proud scorchers attacking the town we had sworn to protect. The scorchers drove through the dwarfs' defenses like a hammer through glass, filling their arms with riches. Then we arrived, clad in gleaming chain mail, and accepted pouches of gold to protect the inhabitants. Our battle lasted until the field was swampy with blood.

As we withdrew, both sides let loose joyful shouts. They had wielded steel against one another and galloped off rich. They had survived another day. But most importantly, as the chieftains of both sides retreated, the scorchers rejoiced that their army fought with such skill that the deaths would please Tranko himself, for they had shown true courage. And our mercenaries screamed as eagles do, and said that their side, too, had pleased Thystonius, the Passion of Conflict.

My companion told me, "That is not true courage. Those deaths were merchant's deals: orks killing orks in return for coins stamped with the faces of dwarf kings. No ork won that battle."

So we rode through western Barsaive searching for courage, and I saw a second battle. Ork slew ork over a year-long blood feud. By the end of the day, horse and rider alike were strewn like a child's toys, gasping and dying on the ground. As the two tribes withdrew, they swore their war would last forever, for nothing could repair their stained honor, and their willingness to fight in the face of so many deaths showed their courage.

My companion told me, "That is not true courage. Such wars exhaust the orks, and that is what the Therans love best. They will come soon and enslave the wounded."

So we rode through eastern Barsaive, and I saw a battle to end all battles. Two large groups of thundra riders charged each other, crushing small trees beneath their feet. Poisoned arrows fell upon Elementalists and their fires turned night to day. The chieftains were the last to fall, and as they lunged at one another with dripping axes, they screamed that they killed for no reason but battle itself, because courage lies in the desire to please Tranko.

My companion told me, "That is not true courage. Those deaths were pain for the sake of pain, and that way pleases only the Horrors."

And I knew, as you do, that he spoke the truth, for my companion is the Passion, Tranko, neither dwarf, nor Theran, nor Horror; He is a Passion, and blesses only those who feel His touch in their fights.

Alas, we have left a scar on Tranko's heart. He waits for us silently, for Tranko does not ask for help, though His gahad rages still. Is this not the same Passion we know when racing our swiftest horses among rocky cliffs that would make an Air Sailor shake with terror? The Passion we know when we are pinned in a grumog choke and our breath and vision fades, yet we hurl our opponent to the earth anyway. The Passion we know when we defend our children as Theran fire cannons rain down on our tents and houses?

Yes.

Yet everywhere in Barsaive, it is the same. On the Dinganni plains, orks charge one another, calling Tranko's Name as if He were a ready weapon. In villages along the Serpent, orks defend t'skrang from troll raiders, calling on Tranko as if He were a petty reinforcement. In the Throalic slums of Bethabal, orks fight for the pleasure of dwarf bettors, calling upon Tranko as if He were a last-ditch trick.

We have been sundered and scattered, not by a worthy enemy, but by apathy. Our legions fall, not before the five hundred ponies of the Throalic King's Lancers or the four thousand Theran Swordmasters of Sky Point, but in the face of complacency. As our children settle in dwarf towns and human cities, we turn and run, afraid not of a battle, but of our own past.

Because once we were so much more than we are now.

Once, we felt true courage in our veins, and our cause pleased Tranko every day of our lives. We had a kingdom Named Cara Fahd. Its ground shook like an earthquake beneath the charge of twenty thousand cavalry of horses, thundras, dyres, and griffins. We swept through Barsaive like a mountain torn from the earth that rolled over all in its path.

We fought not out of greed or hate, but to defend the land of our ancestors, where no ork feared whip or sword, where Hrak Gron died so we would always be free. When three nations tried to savage this glorious land, our king consumed them all in a blazing inferno so Hrak Gron's promise would not be in vain. In the stillness after our kingdom fell and its ashes dusted the jungle trees, our ancestors whispered to Tranko. Cara Fahd was not beaten yet. Its hope lay in its children, and its children's children, and in all orks.

Why have we not reunited, returned to Cara Fahd where our ancestors fought proudly to defend a nation they built and a king who looked like them?

Why do we insult the favored of Tranko, leaving our families dishonored, their deaths unavenged? Why do we not join together and fight to take our nation back?

Because we have no courage. We spat in the face of our ancestors' heroic sacrifice because we could not admit to Tranko that we were too weak, too petty, and too afraid of other Namegivers to claim our place.

And if you do not want to kill me because of those words, then there truly is no courage left in the children of Hrak Gron.

So take up your arms, and put aside your differences to show Tranko that orks have courage, that orks feel His fire in their veins. Show that eleven hundred years are as a day to a true warrior, and return to Cara Fahd.

—Krathis Gron



# The Promise of Bork



to the Orks of Barsaive:

I understand that many of you will not approve of what I have to say.

Perhaps you will argue that you have established your own ways in a new age, and that I ask too much when I say to leave your dwarf and human friends, your profitable business, your comfortable life. If so, this letter is for you.

For long ago, the Passion, Lochost, whom we knew then as Bork, looked upon orks and saw a people who did not value freedom. They had been enslaved for a hundred generations, and for a hundred generations they promised that their children would throw down the chains, and their grandchildren would take up spade and pickaxe to kill their masters.

In their hearts, they felt passion, but they had been too long without light, and darkness swallowed their hopes. Still, they spoke of the Mahuta, the one who comes from the midst of many, who brings us together in liberty. In those dark times, the Mahuta was Hrak Gron. In her, passion for change and freedom burned fiercely and her gahad tore through their fear, for she refused to free herself alone. Her fight was for all orks, and she tried to rouse them each night with stories of freedom.

"But it is dangerous," they said. "It could be worse than what we have now."

And when Hrak Gron broke through the wall and led them to the forests, only then did they know what they had missed. No ork looked back except to spit, and Lochost's fervor spread through them like the wind.

And what now? What does Bork see when He looks down on you?

Does He see a people who fight for liberty? Does He feel your need for Him; hear your prayers for perseverance as you continue His struggle against slavery?

No. He sees a people who are content. A people who no longer wish change if it will bring them hardship, fewer silvers, a bed on cold ground instead of soft feathers. He sees a people whose lips shape His Name while their hearts lie empty.

You deny this charge. Is it not enough that you wear no chains? That you spit when you hear the word Thera? That you attack a slave wagon when one happens across your path?

No. For we are still slaves if we do nothing with our freedom. Are you afraid to break your chains simply because they bound you so long that you know no other way? Can you see the shackles that bind your mind and tongue?

Every time you turn calmly away from an innkeeper who will not let you stay because he does not trust your tusks, you are a slave. Every time your children speak in Throalic and not Or'zet, you are a slave. Every time you beg for a job far beneath your abilities, you are a slave.

So Bork is leaving, for He does not wait for those whose passions do not stir Him. He turns from your gilded prison, from the words that hold you tighter than any chains. Words that say that to be an ork and free is to be a criminal. Words that claim we cannot earn the respect of other races; that we do not need a nation of our own.

Throal pretends to be a haven of freedom, to fight slavery always, but its words are only a bandage on a thousand years of oppression.

But we knew a land that was founded in freedom; that grew from the seeds of rebellion into a nation of change.

When I was growing up, among slaves in the Wejoto mine, we had a holiday every year on the first of Mawag. For one day, we refused to work, refused to let the masters and their whips tell us how to live. Instead, we gathered together, quietly praying to Bork to free us.

And we swore an oath. "This year we toil under whips and hot irons. This year our fingers blister and burn for someone else's livelihood. This year we eat what we are served and are grateful for the scraps we are spared. Never again. Next year we will be free orks. Next year we will sever the chains; we will burn the scraps; we will kill the masters. But we will never heal our wounds. And we will never forget."

We told the story of the Mahuta, reminded ourselves that our heroes did not live only in the past, and remembered that Bork swore that whenever we truly needed it, a hero would rise from our midst, would break His people's shackles, even if they fought to keep them. That when we truly needed it, we could return to Cara Fahd. And we never did.

When the moon set, we let Bork set with it. We let passion leave our hearts, and became the slaves everyone thought us.

Never again.

For all orks who were bought and sold by slave holders, who fought to defend a kingdom where they are not welcome to live, I ask you. For all orks who heard their children curse fate that they were born orks, I beseech you. For all those who have suffered silently, or lost themselves to rage, I entreat you. For all who have stayed in their prisons because they did not know where to run, I plead to you. For you, I accept the burden of the Mahuta, and I implore you to look to Bork. Realize that in your comfort you are as much a slave as any in Thera, but you hold the keys.

Long ago, when others looked at us and said that orks did not deserve the same opportunities as other Namegivers, we did not listen. We knew that their words hid fear that the Passions had granted their greatest gift only to orks, fear that gift would turn on them: the fear of gahad.

And we laughed as they hid in their traditions, for then we had a home. We had a kingdom. We had Cara Fahd.

Now our ears are filled with the words of other Namegivers, and we seldom have time to listen to orks. And Bork turns His face aside.

We must return to Cara Fahd. Now is the time, for Thera lurks on the horizon, ready to turn our silken chains to iron and our glass prisons to stone. Now is the time, because while you hurry to please your ujnort friends, you forget to change and rebel in the name of Bork. Now is the time, for the Mahuta has returned and she demands that you follow, that you break free before she cuts through both shackle and foot to lead you to freedom.

Now is the time to recreate our land, to re-forge it with the blood of orks, spilled not in warfare, but in a promise. A promise that for as long as we or our children or our children's children live, Cara Fahd will be home to all orks, united in change and protected by the love of Bork.

And we shall never be slaves again.

—Krathis Gron



# The Slow Flame of Jrikjrikjrik

**T**o the Orks of Barsaive:

You may be ready to begin, your hands on your sword hilts as you wait for the battle to take back Cara Fahd. You are ready to carve a nation from the broken armies of Thera and Throal, and proclaim your glory for all the Passions to hear.

But what then?

What will you do when the armies are slain, when the chains are shattered, when lovers reunite? Will you leave your land and seek out new battles? Will you be distracted by the beauty of new lovers, or hold yourself imprisoned with new chains? Or will you stay to turn the blood to sweat, the passion of battle to the passion of hard work, a lover to a family, a victory to a nation?

It takes more than a declaration of freedom and a banner that stretches ten days' walk across Barsaive to build a nation.

You who would come to Cara Fahd, are you ready to throw down your swords when necessary and cut only stone to build roads? Are you ready to take off your helmets and see that the man you fought beside, who saved your life, was a blood enemy, a criminal, or a beggar? Are you ready to put aside such differences, to embrace those you destroy, to build a home together, stone by stone? For there is passion in such work, as much as in any thing, and this Passion, too, was hurt by the indolence and neglect of orks. This Passion is known to the dwarfs as Upandal, but your ancestors knew him as Jrikjrikjrik, who watches for us always. He is the one who digs a well so that we may quench our thirst, and the thirst of all who come after. He is the one who fashions a hammer so that we can break not only our chains, but those of orks everywhere. He is the one who builds a fortress so that when we are too exhausted to fight, we may sleep safely and rise again.

Some of you turn away in disgust, and say Jrikjrikjrik has no place in an ork's life. You remember the years of slavery after the fall of Cara Fahd, when orks were chained in great lines and forced to build, forced with mortar and shovel and axe to prepare the great kaers for the Therans and the Throalites. You remember building dwellings to which you were not welcomed, and being given the broken shovels and the dried-out mortar to build for yourself. And you remember the self-righteous slave drivers who told you that such was the will of Upandal, for Upandal cared not for orks.

And so you turned your face from Him, but is He the true target?

Jrikjrikjrik did not force us into slavery; the Therans did. Jrikjrikjrik did not force us into hiding; the Horrors did. Jrikjrikjrik worked beside us, back and arms as tireless as any ork, to create a dwelling that would outlast the Scourge, so that no matter what the future held, we would emerge safely into it.

And we must turn to Him again, as free orks now, to build a nation that will last, to forge it with iron and hammer and wood so it will never fall—stronger than any kaer, more enduring than even the mountains.

And with Jrikjrikjrik we can do this, for He is not a momentary Passion who grabs us and leaves us spent. Jrikjrikjrik plans for the future, teaches us to build an ork nation that will be the rival of any nation in Barsaive. For if you buy a house, then you may make a home, but if you learn to build a house, then you may make Cara Fahd.

Still, I know some of you do not believe my words. What need have we for building? You ask. Was not Cara Fahd a kingdom of warriors? Did not the orks of Cara Fahd live unfettered and free, traveling where the wind blew them without care for wall or border? Is that not what we strive to recreate?

Yes, I say, Cara Fahd was such a nation, and it grew like an oak that was nourished by the blood of its enemies. It grew strong and it spread its roots deep into the hearts of all orks. Yet when its enemies were too many, when its people gave up, when their gahad took them to other causes, Cara Fahd fell.

For we know the flame of gahad flares and sparks, lighting first from this Passion then the next. One morning we sing a song to greet Mera-a-a-arg, then wrestle at noon with Tranko, and in the evening run free to feel Blook's blessing. And we scatter ourselves like the seeds of that great oak, catching in fits and starts. Some of us die of thirst in the plains, some of us are caught and chained in the mountains, and some of us ride to crush our enemies in the hills.

Cara Fahd fell, and for eleven hundred years we have been known by the wind not as free warriors, but as lost children, for we have forgotten how to build. We have forgotten to call on Jrikjrikjrik and the slow-burning gahad, as hot and as ruthless as a blacksmith's forge. His fire does not run in search of battle, but marches inexorably toward our goal. It does not leave us like a lover's ardor, but nurtures with a mother's love. Nor does it make a land of constant strife, where we must fight always to escape our foes' arrows, but builds a wall to shield us and guarantee our freedom.

For Jrikjrikjrik's fire is not the blaze of desire, but the steady flame of belief. For so long, we have believed nothing but what we saw before us: money, friends, tribe.

But when we work together to build a future, we believe in so much more. We believe in a land where any ork is free from the hate, the greed, and the power of other Namegivers. We believe in our history not as a myth, but as a homeland and as a way of life that we had the courage to reclaim as our own. We believe in the mightiest land army in the Selestrean Basin, and the courage it takes to put aside clan loyalties to build something more powerful than all of us together.

We believe in orks.

As a people we are the seeds, scattered so far and so long ago, yet never taking root in inhospitable soil where we are yanked from the ground as soon as we plant ourselves. We must join together, so many seeds blooming and growing at once, and spread ourselves across the land so firmly that we can never again be uprooted.

We must become a nation.

A nation that will stand against all who will try to destroy it.

A nation that will be open to any ork in need.

A nation that will last forever.

—Krathis Gron



# INTRODUCTION

*We live in tribes, clans, and cavalries. Out tongue knows words like dramar or lelkrang that other peoples' tongues don't have equals for because they do not recognize relationships beyond a direct blood line can be close. What more proof do you need that it is our nature to live united? And that we have just forgotten.*

• ASCRIBED TO KRATHIS GRON •

**T**he age of **Earthdawn** was an era of magic that existed thousands of years ago in our world's dim past. Magic touched every aspect of the lives of men and women of the Namegiver races: humans, elves, dwarfs, orks, trolls, windlings, t'skrang, and obsidimen. However, as the levels of magic rose, so did the dangers in the world. The rise of magic brought the Horrors to Earth, creatures from the depths of astral space that devoured all life in their path. For four centuries, the people of Barsaive hid underground as the Horrors devastated their lands during the dark time that came to be called the Scourge.

Now the Scourge is over, and people have emerged from their sealed kaers and citadels. From all across Barsaive, bold heroes step forward to champion their land, arming themselves with powerful spells and magical treasures. Through magic, skill, and daring, Barsaive's heroes strive to heal the world of the scars left by the Scourge and fight the oppression of the Theran Empire. By doing so, they become Barsaive's living legends.

**Nations of Barsaive Volume Three** offers gamemasters and players an in-depth look at the newly reborn ork nation of Cara Fahd, forged only shortly after the Therans' return to Barsaive. This book provides detailed descriptions of Barsaive's mightiest ork tribes, featuring revised and updated content and new material for adventures in the world of **Earthdawn**.

## HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

**Nations of Barsaive Volume Three** is a sourcebook for the **Earthdawn** game. This book provides a detailed exploration of the newly reborn ork nation of Cara Fahd. This book features a description of Cara Fahd's recently founded capital city of Claw Ridge and describes its leaders in detail, including the most significant and powerful ork scorcher tribes and cavalries that have joined this new nation and the conflicts that motivate them. Players can use this information to enhance their characters' backgrounds and increase their knowledge of the world of **Earthdawn**. Gamemasters can use the wealth of opportunities in this book to create new adventures, flesh out the game world, and expand the scope of evolving campaigns.

Aside from the **Player's** and **Gamemaster's Guides** and **Companions**, the gamemaster and players need no other material to use this product, though gamemasters may find other published **Earthdawn** products useful; for example, more information on ork culture can be found in the **Namegivers of Barsaive**. Gamemasters using this book may also find helpful the material in the **Earthdawn** adventures in **Blades** published for previous editions (found as a standalone product by that same name or in the **Adventure Compen-**

**dium**). The adventures in **Blades** explore the history and legacy of the **Blades** of Cara Fahd, important magical items from Cara Fahd's past that can play a part in the ork nation's future success or failure.

Most of the individual chapters of the first part of this book are taken from a work being compiled for the Library of Cara Fahd under the guidance of Getaft Allthought, advisor to Krathis Gron, Cara Fahd's leader. The work starts with an overview a guide for **Surviving in Cara Fahd** that describes the geography of the land, highlights the tensions between the different types of orks who have come to live there, and looks at the daily lives of orks in this new nation. It then describes the **History of Cara Fahd**, starting with its origins before the Scourge and leading up to its fall during the Orichalcum Wars. Following the history section is a chapter describing Cara Fahd's capital **City of Claw Ridge**, built on the same spot where Krathis Gron first declared Cara Fahd a sovereign nation. Following this are sections devoted to **The Tribes of Cara Fahd** that make up the bulk of the ork nation's population. These two sections each include information about the customs, practices, and territories of the various tribes, along with descriptions of the tribes' leaders. These are followed by a section detailing other important people and places in Cara Fahd, **Beyond the Tribes**, including many nearby settlements that are none too happy about their new ork neighbors. The final chapter of this part includes notes on running **Adventures in Cara Fahd**, including several adventure frameworks. The book also features reproductions of the Seeds of Nation, the letters Krathis Gron wrote after her Passions-inspired vision to rebuild Cara Fahd.

The second part of this book offers game mechanics and rules for situations that might arise when adventuring in and around Cara Fahd. **Game Information** provides rules for ork characters and dealing with ork characters, both of interest to players and gamemasters alike. The **Creatures** chapter provides descriptions and game information for a variety of new creatures and unusual plants. The **Goods and Services** and **Magical Treasures** chapters include descriptions and statistics for various magical and common items that adventurers may encounter on their travels in Cara Fahd.

Like other **Earthdawn** sourcebooks, **Nations of Barsaive Volume Three** provides the gamemaster with detailed background information to read at his leisure. It also offers plenty of solutions for problems that gamemasters are likely to run into in the course of an adventure. The tribal lands of southwestern Barsaive are a huge and dangerous area, so this sourcebook can't possibly describe it all. Gamemasters may find it difficult to predict exactly where the player characters will go and what kinds of trouble they will stick their noses into. The purpose of this sourcebook is not to fill in all the gaps, but to open the doors of the gamemaster's and players' imaginations.