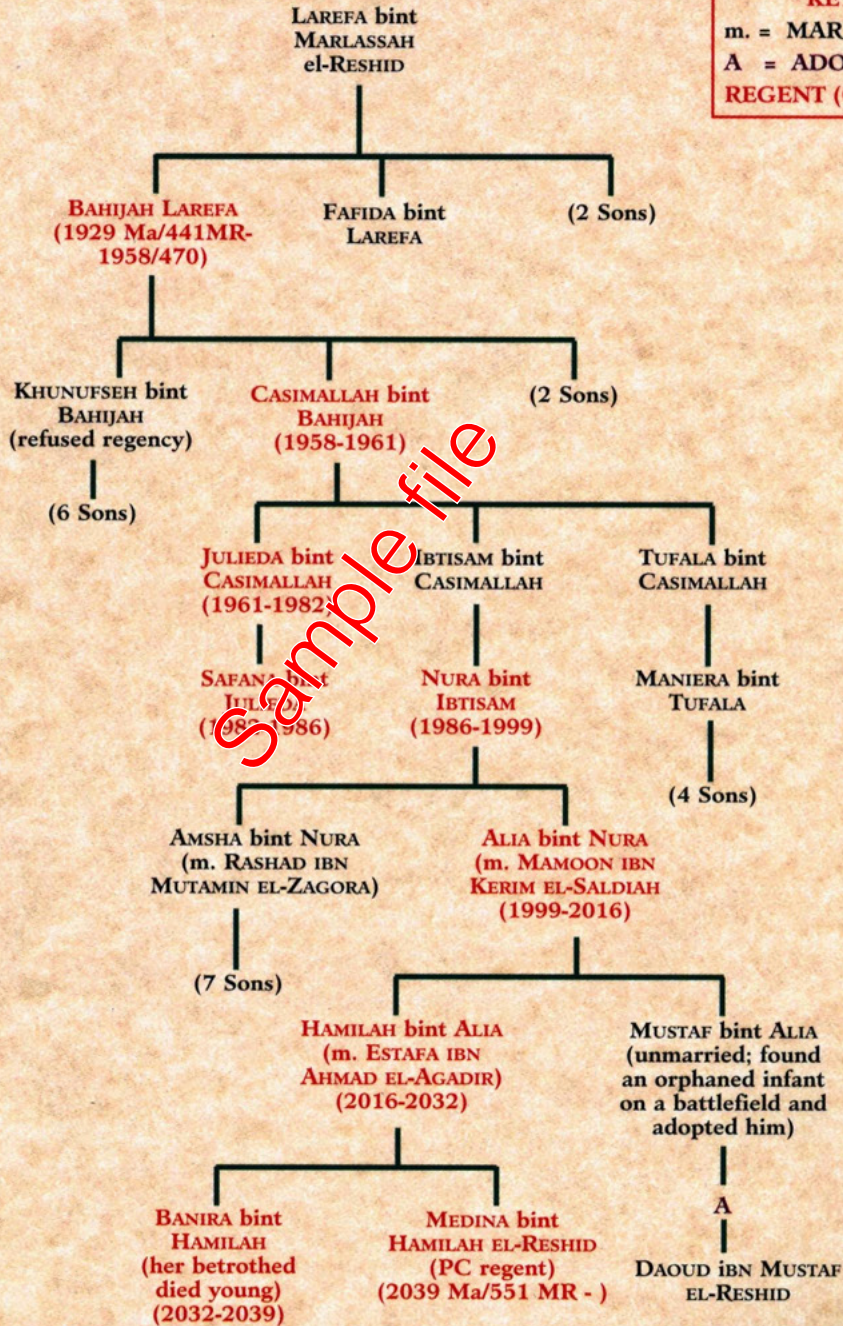
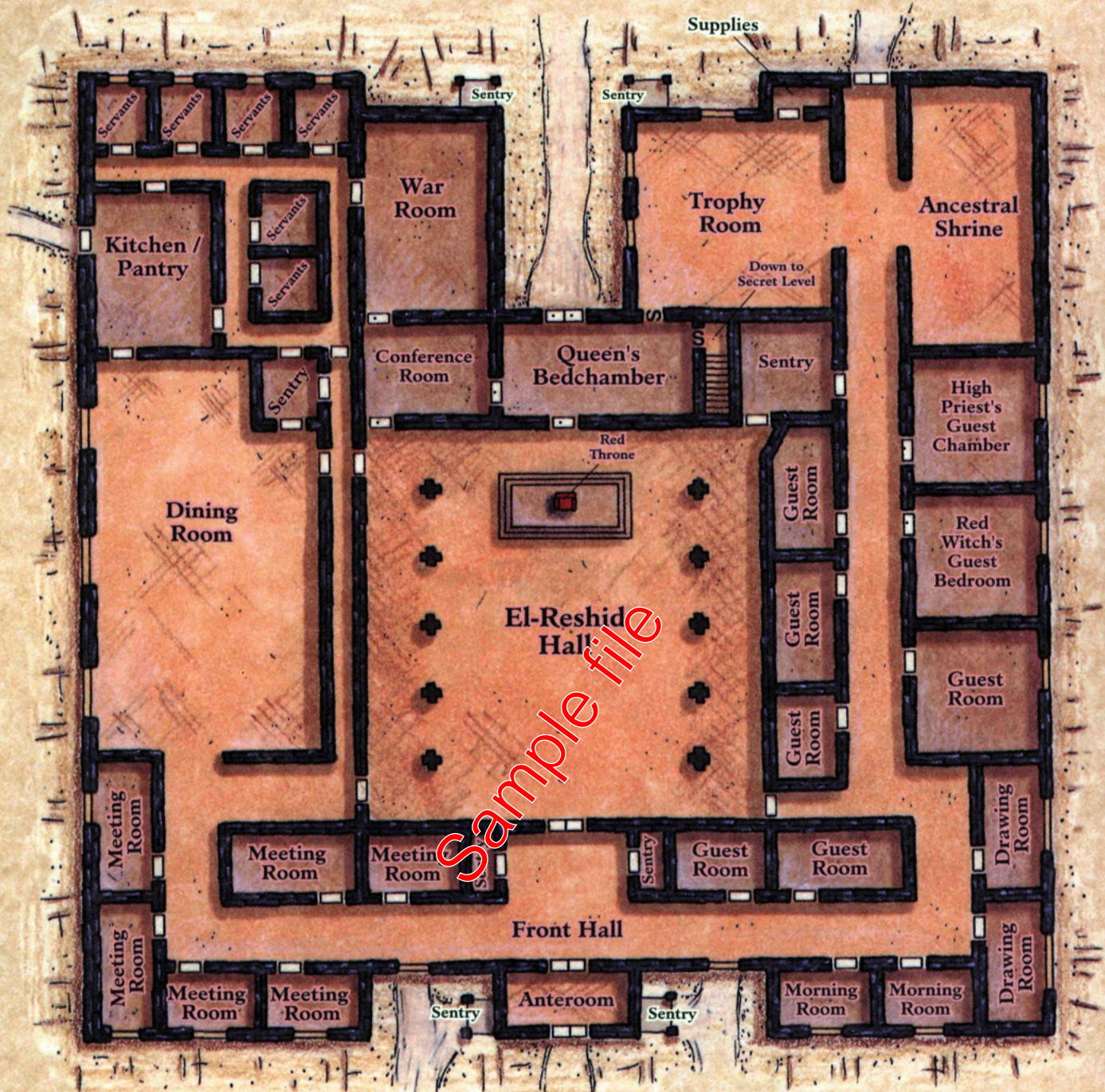


THE DESCENT OF THE EL-RESHID LINE

Dates are of regency. Dates are given in Masetian Reckoning (Ma) except where noted. (MR = Michaeline Reckoning)

KEY
 m. = MARRIED
 A = ADOPTED
 REGENT (QUEEN)





Reshidia



KEY

- Door
- Locked Door
- Secret Door
- Window

0 10 20
Feet



Secret Level



SENDOURE



the HARROWMARSH

the SPHINX

ZIKALA

Sample file

Law 1
Hyd 3
Bin 2

Law 1
Hyd 2
Bin 2

Law 1
Hyd 1
Bin 1

Law 2
Hyd 1
SC 3
Bin 3

SC 1
Bin 1

Bin 1
SC 1
Bin 1

Law 1
SC 1
Bin 2

Law 1
ETT 2
ZTA 2














SC 1

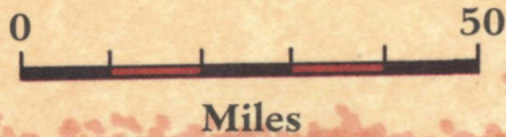
Law 1
ETT 2
ZTA 1

Sea of the Golden Sun

Binsada

KEY

-  Rolling Hills
-  Scrub
-  Needlegrass
-  Light Forest
-  River
-  Waterhole
-  Province Border
-  Road
-  Capital
-  Town
-  Ruin
-  Source
-  Ley Line



HOLDINGS

Law Holdings are in blue. They belong to the regent except as noted.

Guild Holdings are in red.

ETT: Extraordinary Traders of Turin

Hyd: the Hydra

SC: Saera Consortium

Temple Holdings are in green.

Bin: Binsadan Temple of Leira

ZTA: Zikalan Temple of Avani



Ber Dairas



binsada

table of contents

The High Priest's Exhortation 2
 History 4
 The Land and Its Nomads 7
 A Wandering People 11
 The Fortress of the East Wind 16
 Notable Nomads 18
 Holdings 25
 Rumors, Secrets, and Plots 28
 Strategy and Advice 32



Written by Allen Varney
Edited by Suzanne M. Kugath
Creative Direction by Karen S. Boomgarder
Cover Art by Tony Szczudlo
Interior Art by Karolyn E.M. Guldal
Cartography by Diesel
Typesetting by Nancy J. Kerkstra
Art Coordination by Bob Galica
Page Backgrounds & Frames by Dee Barnett
Production by Dee Barnett and Sue Billings

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 201 Sheridan Springs Rd.
 Lake Geneva, WI
 53147
 USA

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 120 Church End
 Cherry Hinton
 Cambridge CB1 3LB
 UNITED KINGDOM

The many-headed Hydra slithers in the Harrowmarsh on your western border. The Sphinx prowls its blasted lands, breathing a venomous wind upon the lush savannah. The Harpy's birds of prey circle in coastal salt breezes, raiding laden ships. It seems as if Binsada, your land of simple, nomadic cattle herders, is hemmed in by monstrous enemies on all sides.

Although your subjects face horrors beyond imagining, their loyalty and fervor do not falter. The holy flame of Leira burns in every heart, and her High Priest's vision of conquest drives the thundering hoofbeats of your zealous cavalry. They shall slash a scimitar swathe through the lands of the infidel, and pitch your Red Tent over their so-called Iron Throne.

Soon, by divine right, all Cerilia will be yours!

what you need to play

This guide is an accessory for the BIRTHRIGHT™ campaign setting. You or your Dungeon Master need the BIRTHRIGHT boxed set to play, as well as the AD&D® *Player's Handbook* and DUNGEON MASTER® *Guide*. Your DM will find the BIRTHRIGHT supplements *Cities of the Sun* and *Blood Enemies* helpful but not essential.

how to use this book

Player's Secrets of Binsada details the people, provinces, customs, and landmarks of the domain of Binsada, a Khinasi state on the south central coast of Cerilia. You may play either Queen Banira, the ruler described in *Cities of the Sun*; Banira's younger sister, Medina el-Reshid, described in the "Notable Nomads" section of this book; or a new regent character of your own, preferably a Khinasi female fighter or thief. This pack assumes Queen Banira has appointed you her lawful successor and abdicated—though, for reasons that will become clear, few of your subjects realize this! This pack is also useful for nonregent characters who live in or come from Binsada.

Change anything about this domain that you don't like. Then, lend the book to your DM, pointing out specific details about the kingdom and the plotlines that suit your character. Remember, if anything doesn't fit the campaign, the DM is free to reject it.

Player's Secrets of Binsada is designed to show a regent's rise to power through her courage, her positive attitude, and, above all, her flair for the dramatic. Go forth and conquer!

Greetings, my lady, on this wet night. No doubt you wonder why an old priest asks to meet with you alone. I shall tell you, but you must solemnly swear by the Flame Goddess not to reveal what I say—not for many years, at least.

“My deputies, the mullahs and imams, occupy the tent next to this one. They saw me come here as they were preparing tomorrow’s invocation to Leira. Perhaps they wondered if aged Haswan, for all his years and piety, hides immoral yearnings for Queen Banira’s lovely sister. Hah! I only wish I were visiting for a reason so petty as illicit romance!

“Swear by Leira, and then speak no more while I explain.”

his righteousness tells of a grave crisis

“Queen Banira remains lost in dementia, as she has for many weeks. You know I have called down the cleansing flame of the goddess to purge her of madness, but her former self flashes and dies as a popping spark from the evening campfire. I thank you again for your part in our charade. I must say, you have so perfected your speech and mannerisms that no one suspects you are not Banira. Thank Leira for that magical turban that you wear to look like your sister!

“We have talked with a sage from Ariya and consulted many scrolls of the great healers. Her Highness has succumbed to the mind-sickness that has blighted so many in your family. Thirty-three is rather young to fall prey, it seems, but not excessively so. She now believes she is a girl of six, learning horsemanship from your late father. Though very weak and beyond hope of a cure, Her Highness seems quite happy. It wrenches our hearts to see her fine intellect fade away, but as tragedies go, hers is more merciful than most.

“I can guess your thoughts. ‘She has appointed me her lawful successor and invested me with her power. I am regent in all but name. Shall I now carry her Red Tent from province to province in my own person, as ruler of Binsada?’ Would that you could! With a strong, vigorous, involved ruler like Her Highness—like you—the People of the Wind

could spread the truths of Leira across the world. And we will! My goddess-granted vision tells me this is true!

“You are well aware of the risks involved. General Vorduine has always commanded our armies. His loyalty is to Queen Banira alone, and I think he would leave in a heartbeat if our ruse were discovered. Those Anuireans are temperamental and fickle, and his departure would mean no good for Binsada. Your ambitious cousin, Prince

the high priest’s exhortation

Daoud, might try to claim the Red Tent for himself. The struggle would leave our border with the Sphinx unguarded. By maintaining your disguise, we avoid these nuisances.

“Furthermore, still another problem has arisen that would make your accession to the Red Tent difficult. We have received reports that a feline monster, apparently an agent of the Sphinx, prowls the northeastern countryside. It stalks our people and demands an audience with Queen Banira. It threatens to slaughter three people daily until it meets her personally. A courier is due in an hour with details.”

his righteousness speaks of opportunity

“You see, my lady, that a personal claim to regency would be inadvisable now. However, these are minor inconveniences. Leira has assured us that Binsada is destined to conquer all Cerilia.

“And why not? What other peoples can ride as we ride? What others swing a confident leg into the stirrups before they can walk, and sit proud and upright in their saddles until they die of old age? Who else crosses the open plains so swiftly and fights with such ferocity?

“Other kingdoms—they are weak. Saddled with homes, furnishings, ties of business and learning and effete luxury, they are weighed down like tortoises. We move freely and quickly, strengthened by the spirits of our ancestors. Homes? Our homes are our tents, our saddles. Homes are for the settlers who pay us tribute, as all Cerilia will pay tribute.

“When I traveled in foreign lands, I heard many dismiss our nomads as ‘illiterate barbarians.’ They