



the
GORGON'S
CROWN

DAUREN

MUR-KILAD

KIERGARD

MARKAZOR

the Sielwode

BARUK-AZHIK

VAMPIRE'S HOLD

ROHRMARCHE

ELINIE

COERANYS

the
Khutinlachs
CHIMAERON

OSOERDE

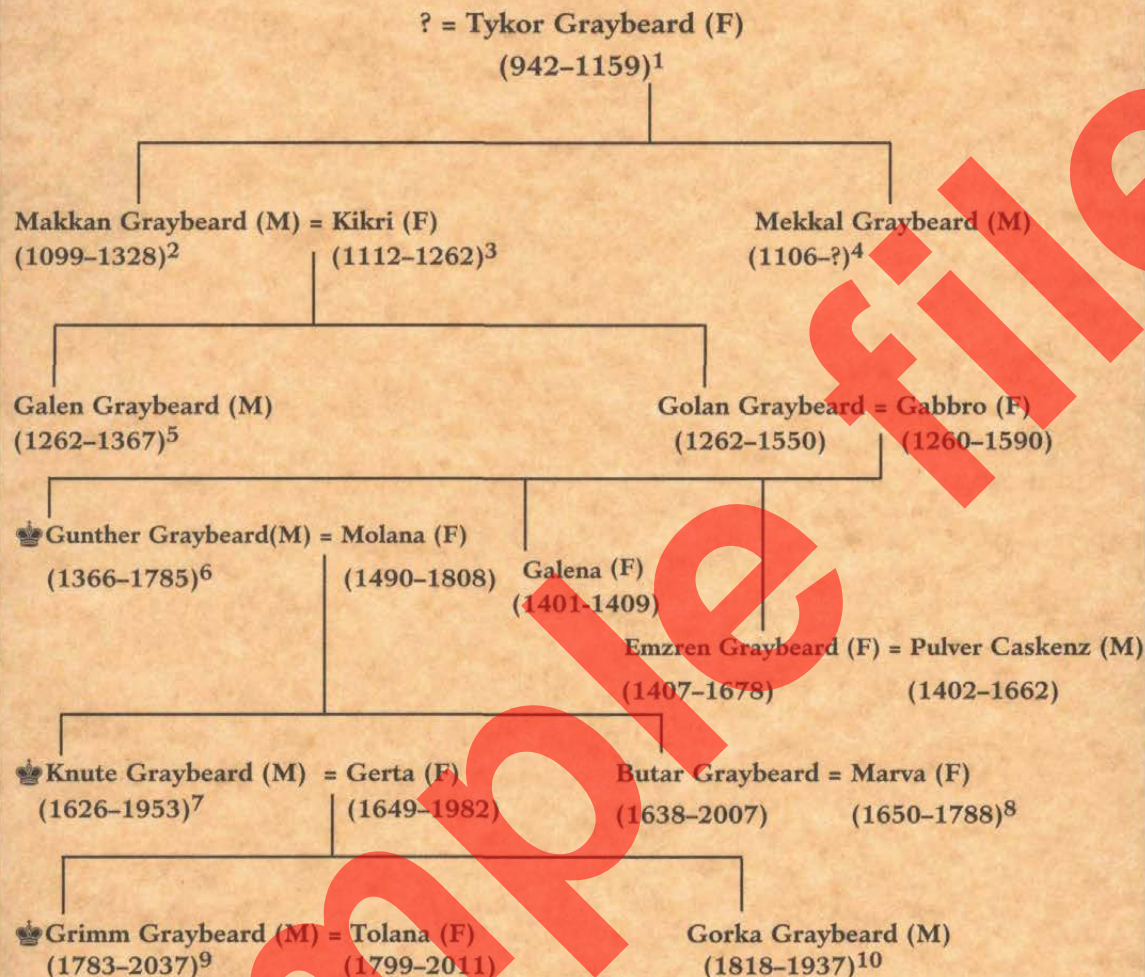
GULF
OF
COERANYS

the
HARROWMARSH

N



Lineage of The Graybeard Overthanes



- 1 No record exists of Tykor's husband. Why this information disappeared remains a complete mystery.
- 2 Killed; ambushed while on a diplomatic mission.
- 3 Died in childbirth.
- 4 Mekkal disappeared in 1182; no satisfactory explanation has ever been offered.
- 5 Galen was killed in a cave-in resulting from a trap in the orog realms.
- 6 Ruled 1595-1785; ascended to the throne following the death of Overthane Mokkor Ironfoot. Gunther died of old age.
- 7 Ruled 1787-1953.
- 8 Marva died of illness six years after the marriage. Butar never remarried and never had children.
- 9 Ruled 1955-2037.
- 10 Gorka was killed in the orog wars.

the
SIELWODE

KIERGARD



Vale of Moradin

Rivenrock

Moradastrik
Rax
Doxik

Bran's Retreat

the Promontory

Land's Victory

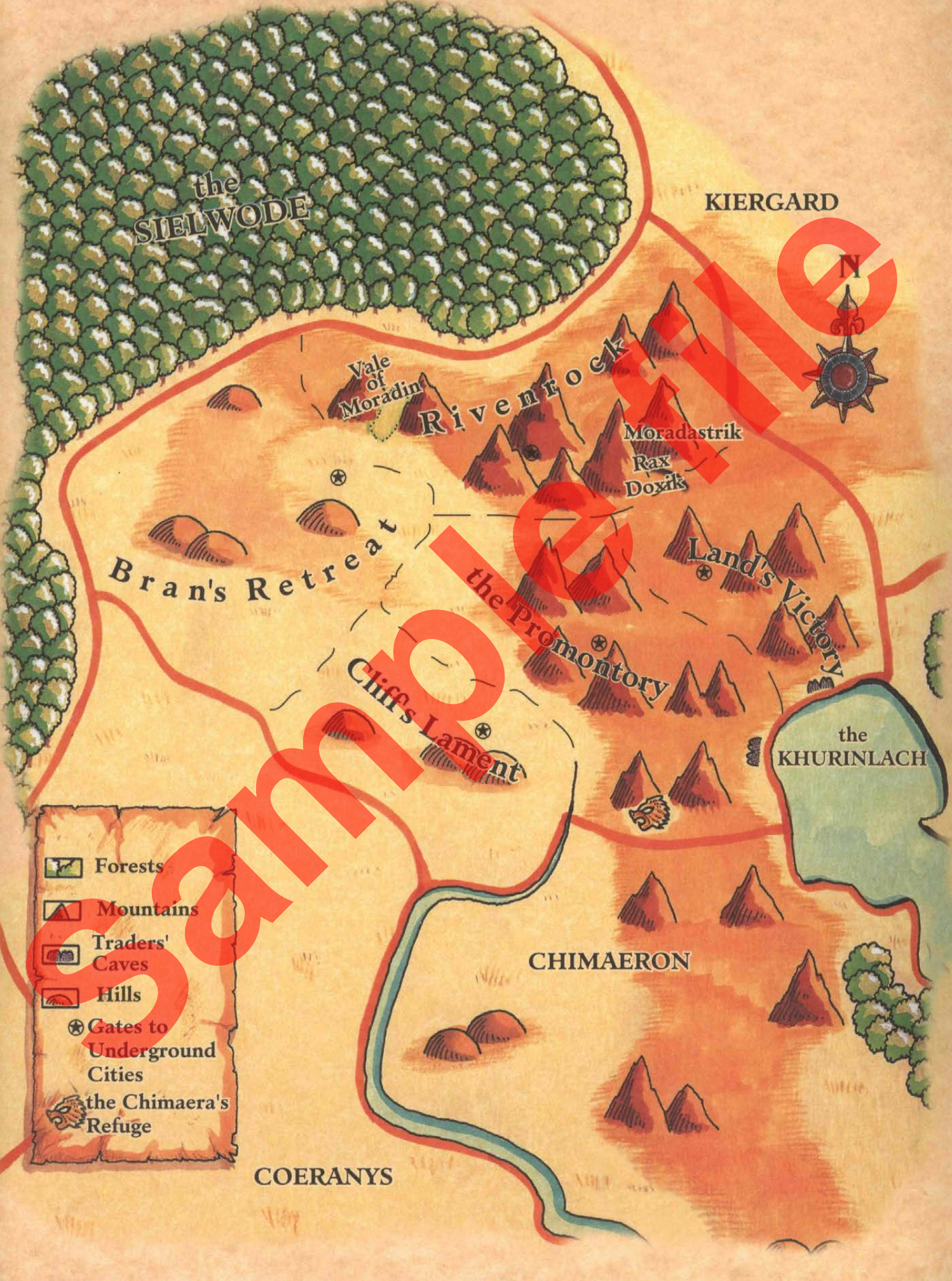
Cliff's Lament

the
KHURINLACH

CHIMAERON

COERANYS

	Forests
	Mountains
	Traders' Caves
	Hills
	Gates to Underground Cities
	the Chimaera's Refuge





baruk-azhik

table of contents

Coronation of the Overthane.....2
 History of the Realm.....4
 Geography6
 Culture12
 The Dwarves of Baruk-Azhik.....18
 Assets and Holdings24
 Rumors, Secrets, and Plots28
 Strategies32



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The weathered crests and valleys of the Iron Peaks hardly seem a hospitable place. A handful of human merchants and traders brave these slopes in the gentle months of summer, but even such stalwart travelers could never be convinced to call the mountains home. But to the dwarves of Baruk-Azhik, home lies beneath these ancient mountains. Deep within the granite depths, chiseled caverns and gleaming cities beckon to the dwarves who have occupied this land for untold centuries. To a dwarf of Baruk-Azhik, these ringing halls and networked caverns are nothing shy of cozy. Today, this underground domain recognizes a new leader—your player character.

what you need to play

This domain sourcebook is designed for use with the BIRTHRIGHT™ campaign setting. In addition to the *Player's Handbook* and the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide for the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®* game, you or your Dungeon Master (DM) should have a copy of the BIRTHRIGHT boxed set. Before attempting to incorporate this material into an existing campaign, be sure that you and your DM have read this product thoroughly.

using this domain sourcebook

This product is designed as an aid for players who wish to install a character as regent of Baruk-Azhik or as a vassal of the overthane. This sourcebook expands upon the information in the BIRTHRIGHT boxed set and provides details of the underground dwarven strongholds, progress in the wars against the orogs, the current political situation, mineral and gem resources, and the mysterious disappearance of Grimm Graybeard. It also provides an examination of the ecology of the dwarves and their natural ties to the earth.

Like all game products, this sourcebook may be modified by the player and DM to suit an individual campaign. Because a player character is assuming the role of regent; that player is free to drive Baruk-Azhik's future in any direction. This material is also appropriate for a DM wishing to play Baruk-Azhik as a nonplayer character domain.

The vaulted audience hall of Baruk-Azhik stretches before you. Deep within this mountain at the heart of the dwarven realm that is your home, you stand ready for the ceremony that will crown you overthane of your people—if the Council of Ancestors finds you worthy.

The audience hall rings with the murmurs of the assembled populace of Baruk-Azhik—tens of thousands of dwarves stand assembled here. Who else but the dwarves could have engineered such a marvel as this chamber? The arching granite ceiling rises more than a hundred feet overhead, yet not a single pillar is called upon to offer support. Chandeliers of quartz crystals hang per-

coronation of the overthane

haps 15 feet

from the floor, their oil light reflecting in the facets and casting occasional rainbows on their surrounds. Underfoot, marble tiles stretch the full length and width of the hall,

alternating in bands of deep green and maroon. As you have done since you were a child, your thoughts turn to the men and women who labored to carve out this chamber many generations ago. You know that your ancestors contributed their lot to its construction—were they the miners who hollowed out this cavern, or perhaps the masons who laid the massive marble floor tiles? Could they have dressed the crystals for the chandeliers, or were they perhaps among the teams that carted stone away to other reaches of the homeland? Whatever their duties, it matters little, for you know that each task bore its own nobility, its own importance, for every duty contributed to the completion of the whole.

As a child, you never dreamed that a day such as this would come—a day on which you would find yourself standing at the rear of the audience hall, awaiting the procession to mark the beginning of your coronation ceremony. Your day-

are suddenly interrupted by a signal from the herald. The assembly falls silent, and you see the black, gold, and white banner ahead of you flutter forward down the long aisle. The white-robed acolytes and gold-robed priests slowly follow. Then the honor guard with their polished halberds and gleaming armor clink and rattle almost musically down the aisle ahead of you.

It's your turn. You start down the aisle in your golden tabard, the symbol of the candidate for overthane. Before you've taken even a dozen steps, a cheer arises from the assembled crowd, growing louder as you make the long journey to the front of the audience chamber. The roar of the cheering dwarves seems to shower down on you from the high reaches of the ceiling. You're barely aware of High Priest Ruarch Rockhammer and the three thanes who follow you up the stairs to the platform at the head of the chamber.

an address by wulfram wainier

My brothers and sisters in the mountains, children of Moradin, fellow thanes, and candidate for overthane of Baruk-Azhik:

"May the favor of Moradin flow within us on this noble occasion! May the ghosts of our ancestors bless our new overthane and lend him their wisdom! May the spirit of our beloved Grimm Graybeard smile upon our assembly!

"This is a day like no other—a day which our realm witnesses perhaps once in a century. This is the day on which our carefully chosen candidate for overthane—our hope for the future—stands in judgment before the spirits of our ancestors and the essence of our mountain. May their wise and omniscient counsel find our candidate worthy and befitting of this honor. May they find him to be an example of all the tenets set down by our great god Moradin!

"Our candidate faces the greatest honor of his life—and the greatest set of challenges. Like overthane's past, our new ruler's first priority is the safety and well-being of our kingdom. Like

overthanes past, he must lead the fight in the wars against our mortal enemies—those dread creatures of the underrealms. I shall not taint this honorable and sacred occasion with the mention of their name.

"Finally, our new overthane must be mindful of the activities of the humans who dwell on the sun-blasted surface of Kuldartzik. In the days of our ancestors, their kind was but a sprinkling on this fair land. Now, they not only lay claim to large portions of these lands, but they seek to seize every last plot that strikes their fancy. We have escaped many of their designs—luckily, they favor lands which we ourselves view as inhospitable.

"Our overthane's greatest blessing, though, is his people. The dwarves of Baruk-Azhik are the most loyal, hardworking, honest folk on this continent. Our liege knows that he may draw upon their strength and perseverance at any time. He knows that his people stand ready to aid and defend him in all endeavors. And he knows that he may call upon his followers to take up arms and skillfully fight any threat to our lands—whether below or above ground.

"Fortunately, our overthane needs worry little about our human and elven neighbors. Aside from our grudge against the scoundrels of Ber Dairas who have never repaid their debt to us, and have no doubt forgotten the incident in their short human memories, Baruk-Azhik is without enemies above ground. We have no desire to infringe upon our neighbors' flat lands, and they realize that our mountains are too treacherous to anyone but dwarves. The few humans who have staked small parcels of land in our realm are watched closely and ejected if they appear to be working against us.

"Our overthane is also fortunate to rule such a prosperous domain. Our communities are able to support themselves almost entirely, with some trade within our borders and a small amount of trade without. But should any situation force us to lock our gates and survive below ground, our nations could live indefinitely on our own resources.

"The overthane benefits from the finest advisers in our thanes and high priest. Cairn Vahan, Thane of Bran's Retreat, Hadassah Endrede, Thane of Land's Victory, Bayard Laccolith, Thane of Cliff's Lament, and myself, Wulfram Wainier, Thane of the Promontory, have pledged ourselves to the service of our people and the overthane. Ruarch Rockhammer, High Priest of Moradin's Forge, provides us with excellent leadership and guidance in spiritual matters.

"Let us officially voice our approval of our candidate for overthane. May the Council of Ancestors find you worthy!"

The crowd erupts into an earsplitting roar so loud that the walls should shake. But the quartz chandeliers barely quiver in the din. Ruarch Rockhammer steps forward in full ceremonial regalia and raises his hands for silence.

"My brothers and sisters, we must now ask our ancestors for their approval. Join me in calling upon them." The dwarf begins to hum at a pitch so low that it is barely audible. The first few rows of dwarves pick up the sound and it is quickly carried to the far reaches of the audience chamber. The hum rises to the ceiling, filling the chamber and causing the walls to vibrate in harmony.

The ceremonial forge of Moradin occupies the center of the platform where you stand. Rockhammer lights a torch from the forge, then lights two smaller forges. Your pulse quickens as he then extinguishes the central forge, an act which you have never seen in your lifetime.

"Spirits of our ancestors, we call upon you to favor us with your wisdom. If our candidate for overthane is worthy, light the forge of Moradin to the witness of all who stand assembled here!" Rockhammer motions to you to step forward and kneel before the forge. The assembled dwarves continue their deep-throated hum.

The flames of the small forges dance and flicker as if weighing their decision. Then, in a flash that illuminates nearly the entire chamber, flames leap forth from both smaller forges to light the central forge. It roars to life, nearly searing you in the heat. The dwarves erupt in a cheer that all but knocks you over, then the four thanes step toward you bearing the moraskorr crown and halberd.

You turn to your subjects as the crown is placed on your head. You grip the heavy halberd and gaze at the thousands of dwarves who hail you. From this day forward, you are overthane of Baruk-Azhik.