

Berend's Waste Region

Berends Waste is well named, for not only is it a barren and arid land, dotted with tall solitary pines, half dead in appearance, stunted shrubs that crawl with nasty prickles and harbour deadly scorpions, with huge rocks thrown around as if by an ancient giant, but it is also the final resting place of the luckless explorer and amateur archaeologist, Sir Norbert Berend.

But although it is so bleak and uninviting, certain 'peoples' do eke out a living here. In particular, there is the settlement of mangy huts and feasting halls of the Redfoam goblins, many of which hunt in small bands across the Wastes, particularly after the adders and lizards that seem to love this environment – even scorpions make a fine meal, after they have been specially treated. Ugh!

In the mountains, near Hagen's Column by an extraordinarily beautiful lake, is the entrance to the Halls of Brokagun. This is the under-mountain mansion of a slowly dwindling clan of black dwarves. They are extremely isolationist, and rather hostile to strangers. It is thought that because of their isolationist policies, paranoia, and dwindling numbers, that many abandoned areas deep below their living and working areas are now inhabited by fell denizens of the dark.

And for the intrepid, foolhardy, and obviously suicidal adventurer, there are the infamous Jimpa caverns, once home to a side-branch of the Brokagun Dwarves, but now, long gone. Who know what treasures are there. Certainly there are dangers, because remarkably few have emerged from the dark entrance to the light of the world again.