

Attention New Towns People!
The Kingdom Garrison is a great place to learn the ropes of life in Clanthia. See the city, earn some pay, and protect the town too. It doesn't get any better than that!
see Lt. Coral Reef at the Garrison building or inquire with any Noble for details.

Monthly Gatherings end with a Flourish

The monthly gathering of Sutherlands Nobles and the various adventurers that arrive with them ended for the year 605 in early December. The weather was chilly, and the mood cautiously optimistic regarding the future of the Sutherlands. This gathering is the annual Feast gathering, with both Noble and commoner alike dressed in their finest garb.

This year was a different in that a band of musicians happened to be in town at the same time as the feast was occurring and agreed to play for the entertainment of all. Their performance was nothing short of outstanding and we all hope they can return next year. Accompanying the band were two master entertainers. This couple was well versed in many dance steps and offered help and encouragement to all who were there. At the end of the night they awarded the honorary titles of lord and lady of the Dance to Bramwel and Neobil.

All in all a great Feast and Dance, and this writer looks forward to next year.

Moloch'kor finally defeated?

After near a year of battling these fierce opponents, it seems the Sutherlands has emerged victorious yet again. All seem to have been imprisoned in the specially prepared weapons, and these are being kept by the Barons to prevent some fanatic from releasing them. The real question that remains is, what of the **Judicemus Sceleri**? Have we heard the last of this Order? Only time will tell.

Brother's Grim released

The former Greater Undead known as the Brothers Grim have been returned to the state of the living by unknown magics. They were seen walking about town and even engaged in conversation with certain prominent town's people who will remain nameless. What their intentions are now that the Four Winds Graveyard is destroyed and they have returned to the living is anyone's guess. At last sighting they were seen heading towards the Keep of the **Judicemus Sceleri**.

Law + Death = Chaos

Saturday morning of the Gathering opened with calm as many do, the citizens gathering to discuss matters in the crisp air.

This idyllic atmosphere was soon broken as from the tree line walked three towering elementals of planar energy. Two were jet black, with glowing coal for eyes and a blazing aura that stunk of rotting bone and despair; the third was a pillar of bright white light, shining with an unwavering aura. These three elementals, ripped from their own plane and bound to the will of some caster, immediately began to kill assembled townspeople. Citizens informed me that these dread beings were sent by a scholarly order to punish Clanthia for some perceived treachery. The elementals continued their rampage throughout most of the afternoon, always striking in small groups, but acting in concert and sometimes with great stealth, ambushing citizens on side trails and waiting for their bodies to dissipate. The last of the powers of Law and Death were apparently driven away by the

combined forces of the Isles de Honig nobility as well as numerous personages from the various guilds of the city.

The Dead Walk

After the incredible battles and confrontations of All Hallows Eve, Clanthia and its citizens seemed willing to spend December in peace and tranquility. The Feast as well as the Masked Ball were the talk of the town, and the town seemed free of the usual monsters that wander the night. Relaxing amongst friends, I was sipping a glass of

tea late Friday when a strange figure burst into my cabin. Dressed in rags, and obviously one of the undead, he nevertheless spoke with fine distinction and had an eager grin plastered to his face. He proclaimed himself to be a Zombie Master, a claim that was bolstered by the three or four rotting corpses that accompanied this bizarre individual. Not really concerned by the underwhelming show of force, I continued to sip my tea, chalking up the episode to just one in a long line of strange events to take place in Clanthia, watching as the zombies trundled away.

Imagine my amazement, then, when not half an hour later I traveled to the city tavern and saw a veritable ARMY of zombies in front of the Healers Guild. The Zombie Master, who seemed quite proud of his followers, was walking up and down the ranks, correcting feet position and ensuring that all of his soldiers stood at attention as if rotting corpses, some without full use of their legs, some without legs, can ever be said to stand at attention.

The Crier 3/18/605

OOO Written by Tom Bates, Glen Brizius, Jeremy Mason, Katie, Maryska & many others

(cont from front page)

Since the majority of the town was secluded in their cabins and oblivious to this threat, I decided that now wasn't the best time to prove my valor and beat a hasty retreat back to the safety of my own cabin. I was barely behind the Ward when I heard a moaning and great commotion from outside. Looking up, I saw zombies stacked two and three deep, leering in the windows of my cabin and pounding on the

doors and walls. Somewhat taken aback, but still not frightened, they are just zombies after all, I confronted the Zombie Master who at this point had upwards of twenty five servants.

The leader revealed himself to be Cervantes, Lord of the Horde, a fragment of Everhate spat into our world following the collapse of that wretched region.

Mass chaos erupted as some of Sudbyrs commoners stumbled upon the scene with an adamantite golem in tow. The golem quickly waded into the mass of undead and Cervantes disappeared in the commotion of flying zombie limbs, splattering gore, and spilt tea. This reporter is uncertain of the Masters location or if he even survived the night, but such dedication and evil glee can only spell harm for our beloved Kingdom.



Who's Who in Clanthia

Each month this year, the Crier staff will be bringing you a brief interview with one of Clanthia's notables. To begin the year, we bring you the following conversation with Baron Keres of Sahde, taken some weeks ago, before rumors of war began to spread throughout our land.

Q: Baron Keres, it was recently announced that you were, in fact, the new Baron of Sahde. There had been some confusion, I think, on the part of the average commoner regarding the lengthy indoctrination time. What about Sahde made stepping up to be Baron especially challenging, or was it simply a matter of taking the appropriate amount of time to address such a weighty task?

A: As with all nobles in the Sutherlands, I serve at the pleasure of His Majesty, the King. Whether I serve as Baron of Sahde, Emissary to Lastholme, or in any other capacity, the thing that is most important for Sahde is that it has returned to the care of the elves.

Q: The organization of Sahde's nobility along land boundaries is somewhat new and refreshing when compared to the traditional roles of Court Healer, Court Mage, and so forth. What was the impetus for this division of labor, and how do you feel it has benefited Sahde?

A: The common folk of any land have an obligation to its nobility, and the nobility has an obligation to its people. We are not idle courtiers or meritless fops, but leaders with a duty to the lands and people within the land. His Majesty's Barons reflect this principle in their titles. I, for example, am not Lord Keres, Court Elven Historian. I am Baron Keres of Sahde. The nature of my duties and authority is clear. We wished this clarity of title and function to be reflected as well in our nobility. Thus, for example, our Lady Darkwood, Marshal of the Northlands. Her realm of duty and authority is clearly defined in her title as the northern March of Sahde, and her personal title, Lady Darkwood, is linked to a physical location, the Darkwood, within her region of responsibility, northern Sahde. With this system there is clarity and the reminder that we have a obligation to our charges, even as they have a obligation to us.

Q: It's well known that the Mystic Order of Elves has played a significant role in Sahde's history, stepping in on some occasions and remaining aloof in others. Sometimes their motives can be difficult to determine, given in no small part to their relative secrecy. Do you have a solid working relationship with this Order (said by some to be a virtual necessity for Sahde) and how does that correlate with your oaths as a Baron to King Devron?

A: The goal of the Mystic Order has been and remains the protection and preservation of the Elven people and culture. In this goal, the Mystic Order and I are one, as it should be with all elves. The Barons of Sahde historically have always been members of the Mystic Order. I myself have been a member of the Golden Court for centuries, and my commitment to the Elven cause remains unwavering.

His Majesty has entrusted me with the guardianship and care of Sahde and its people. It should be obvious to all that each of these two goals complements the other.

Q: Representatives of your Barony at Gatherings have typically been few in number. Is this indicative of the reluctance of some Sahde citizens to travel beyond their borders, or are there special qualities that you look for in those that represent you in Clanthia?

A: I am certain that any Baron or Baroness would agree that it is better have five proven citizens than five-hundred unproven ones. Sahde is rising from the ashes of military occupation and the destruction caused by the Moloch Kor and the Dracoliches. As we rebuild, we seek people who value the magnificent heritage of the people of Sahde, a heritage that must be reclaimed and held precious as we build a new Sahde, one worthy of its name.

Q: As a final note: life in Clanthia can be challenging, dangerous, exciting, and above all, confusing. What advice (if any) would you give to someone new to our city?

A: Even if you are not as long lived as the elves, be patient. Take the time to be sure of your choices, and choose your alliances carefully. Every time you make an ally, you make an enemy as well. And, allying with fools can cost you more than your life.

True words of wisdom, indeed. The Crier thanks Baron Keres for his time.

The Beautiful View of Rossanoe



Rossanoe has been noticed by many a soldier as of late. Not because they are such a powerful barony, but because the attractive young lasses that seem to be in more number there. More than a third of the citizens that come to the gather are female. The number that one citizen came up with when asked to count the number of females in Rossanoe was 131! I don't know about you gentlemen reading this paper, but this author thinks Rossanoe is looking better and better everyday.

On a side note, it is rumored that Rossanoe is recruiting.

Potions for Sale
Cure Lights, Renewals, Defends.
Cheap! Some one shot Life's available also.
See Guildmaster Dwyden or Calliope of the Healer's Guild

Want to Buy
Buying Race Change Scrolls and Components. Buying Heart of a Werewolf Lord, Skin of a Titan. Paying top value.
Also looking for a Seer or Fortune Teller.
See Lord Pharr in Sudbyr

Clanthian Merchants Guild
We Buy, Sell & Trade!
All types of formal components, magic vessels, Scrolls, One Shots and more.
See Sydney at the Armor Smiths for details.

Riachspain Vineyard is open for business.
Quality wine at affordable prices.
See Tairis Riachspain of Sahde for details.

Morgrim Engaged?

Rumors are going around town are that our now former Warlord is engaged to Lady Sheath. Does anyone else see the problem with this? Our evil, vile, ruthless dark elf is engaged to a noble of the Winter court of the fairy's? Does anyone else see the "Super Charm" written all over his head?

Rumor has it that Morgrim has stepped down from the Warlord position that he sometimes fills in a time of need because his fiancé wishes him to spend more time with her. This doesn't fit the personality we have seen from Grimk over the years. Somebody, please, please break the super charm and get the grouchy Warlord back.

In a related matter, it is rumored that the people from Everhate are trying to create their own barony and use the Darkholme name. They were going to have one of their own as Baron and have decided on Lady Sheath! A higher power a Baroness? There is no way the King can allow this is there? On a quirky note though, if she is named Baroness and she and Morgrim marry, then Morgrim is once again Baron of Darkholme.



Gypsy Bazaar
Citizens of Clanthia!
Join us for our first ever gypsy bazaar!
Saturday at the Dancing Gypsy Cafe
Music! Wine! Dancing!
and many fine decorative items at bargain prices!

Formal Components for Sale
Celestial and Earth components for sale. Specials this month include:
Straw Golem Scroll & 1 set of comps: 10 Gold (1 available)
Lightning Squire Scroll & 1 set of comps: 60 gold (1 available)
Lightning Warder Scroll & 1 set of comps: 85 gold (1 available)
Many other scrolls and components in stock. Just ask!
See the Ice Queen Sephrina for details

Magic Items for sale
Magical Swords and items for sale. One shots made to order. We have the rare +3 damage aura available.
See Losar the Golem in Sudbyr

From a Reliable Source: *cough cough* Clanthia's Latest gossip

- Baron Xavier reportedly was going to ask Lady Elisabeth to marry him at the ball. But before he could act, another town's person beat him to the punch, stealing his thunder. When will he ask her now, inquiring minds want to know... These weddings take lots of planning after all!
- Speaking of Baron Xavier and Lady Elisabeth, are their bodyguards going to follow in their footsteps? Rumors persist of a possible engagement.
- A new organization called the "Zions of Chaos" is forming in town, and rumor has it 2 Clanthians are the founders. What the goals are of this group is not known at this time.
- Sir Sterling was seen picking out his own heraldry for a knighthood he plans to start.
- All of the nobles should be wary of who is next on King Devron's list of nobles to step down/be stripped.
- Turns out there is truth behind good looks helping you get power. Baron Lachlan's barony has been heard telling people the only reason they "let him be Baron is because he is cute."

- Baron Keres was heard saying that he was acting as a member of the Mystic Order "not as a Baron." Last gather. Does this mean the Mystic Order pull his strings harder than King Devron does?
- Sir Rosh, and his two knight students, Sir Keplar and Karon are reportedly speaking with the Baron of Sudbyr about a possible friendly return to their home.
- Sources say that the Four Winds Graveyard is being rebuilt. Does this have something to do with Gilphumus (formerly of the Armor Smith's and Clanthian Merchants guild) losing the last of his many lives moments before the pillars came crashing down? Probably not, but who knows.
- Tyrra is growing teeth.
- The Sutherlands is about to enter into a 3 way war, with the orcs and a new group of humanoids to the south. The stakes are winner take all for control of the southern half of our continent.
- Rumbings from Sudbyr say there is discontent with Baron Tauron from within the ranks. A splinter group was on the verge of being formed before the Baron stepped in and stomped them.
- Congrats to the Master Mage Kaynas and his new post as Guild Master of the Celestial Guild. We can expect good things to come from the Circle of Blue Lights.
- To whom it may concern. This paper reserves the right to address people with fictitious titles. Do not be offended if someone is called the Ice Queen, the Dark Lord, the King of Cheese or some other such title. It is in no way, shape or form attempting to denigrate, imitate or disparage the gracious titles awarded to the deserving Nobles of the Land, by our just and gracious King Devron.
- A list of the recognized Nobles of the Sutherlands has been posted around town. Read it, respect them, or pay the price....
- Is love (or Love 9?) in the water or what? The Crier counts at least four couples planning to tie the knot in the near future.
- Rumors report masses of Undead moving within Sudbyr's borders. They also report a large influx of people into the Isle's. Just what are these two Baronies up to?
- Be at the Orc Circle Saturday night at sun set for a surprise. Come alone or don't come at all.
- Losar of Sudbyr is rumored looking for a student and body-guard. Seek him out for the opportunity of a life time.
- King Devron is madder than a hornet at his Barons and their bungling of the whole graveyard affair. More heads are going to roll for the massive loss of life in the Sutherlands.

It's about time...



If the circulating rumor of Sir Sterling starting a knightly order is true, then it is about time, so says this paper. Sir Sterling has exhibited exemplary qualities as a Knight time after time, and his bravery in battle is not questioned. Hopefully the other Knights in town, including Sir Wilhelm, Sir Rosh, and Sir Keplar will join in and fully support this cause, and give representation from both sides of Knighthood.

What rules and codes will be agreed upon is the real question, and will the Nobility of the Baronies, who seem to prefer no formal laws, embrace this organization? Only time will tell.

What's a Thogee??

The wind bit sharply into my exposed skin, relentlessly seeking any gaps into which to invade the layers of heavy winter clothing. I tried to ignore it. I had more important concerns than my physical comfort...

Thogee hadn't been himself since the night of the masquerade ball. He had been distracted and unusually thoughtful. I feared I knew what he was up to... or at least had a very good idea. The problems with his father... his creator... had been mounting for months, and their lack of resolution had only proved to frustrate him. He had complained little, but then again he rarely did complain about anything. I had learned over the past year or so to interpret the things he left unsaid, so I knew enough to realize that he would take any opportunity to bring things to a close with his creator... even if he had to make that opportunity himself.

Last night there had been a change in his demeanor. We had supped with the Baron, his lady and several of his closest advisors and Thogee had seemed more at ease than he had been in weeks. I watched him over the rim of my goblet as he laughed readily at some joke of Tyco's and realized that there was only one reasonable explanation for his sudden change in mood. He had come to a decision. I excused myself early from dinner, changed out of my gown into something more travel-worthy, packed my well worn leather rucksack with a few supplies and giving one of the guards the night off, took the late watch.

The hours passed and the moon climbed steadily across the sky. Sometime before dawn a figure moved out of the shadows and darted across the grounds and into the trees. I would have missed it if I had not been looking in precisely that direction at that moment. As expected, it was Thogee. And so I found myself tailing Baron Xavier's impetuous bodyguards through the wilderness to the Primarchs know where. Stubborn though he could be I was sure as blazes not going to let him charge headlong into danger without having his back... albeit discreetly.

After a few days and several leagues travel we came to a large compound heavily patrolled by "Thogees" much like those we had fought during the last gather. The evolution of the old gnomes experimentation was evident in their various states of normality. Some were almost human in their countenance. Others possessed twisted, mangled visages. My heart went out to them.

I stopped shy of the wood line and scanned for a tree with enough foliage to conceal me and still afford a clean view of the portcullis. I was grateful for the ranger heritage of my father for within minutes I was nestled securely (and not uncomfortably) at the juncture of two large branches.

By this time Thogee, who had boldly marched right up the front door, had begun to argue insistently with the surprised guards. They exchanged a few more words that I couldn't quite make out from my vantage then one of them disappeared into a small access door beside the main gate. Moments later he returned and whispering something to his companion ushered our Thogee into the darkened entranceway.

There was nothing more to do now but wait. For what though... sounds of combat? A bad feeling? Thogee returning naked from a rez circle? I just hoped that whatever it was I was waiting for I'd know it when it happened.

I stayed out of sight over the next week, taking care not to be detected by the "Thogee" constructs. After a couple of days this became very easy. Their patrols were regular and they did not seem to have freedom to travel back and forth of their own accord.

On the morning of the eighth day Clanthia's Thogee emerged from the edifice and began issuing orders to his brother constructs, which to my surprise, they obeyed. This should have put me at ease about his safety but instead it made the nervous weight in the pit of my stomach get a bit heavier.

A few days passed like this and just as I had come to the decision to infiltrate the compound myself and find out what was happening inside (an elf I might be, but I dare say my patience is not limitless!), Thogee emerged again... this time in the company of his father. I muttered the incantation for mistform and dropped as silently as I could from the tree so I could follow the odd pair down the path.

Strangely the ancient gnome was carrying an awkward armful of scrolls and parchments while Thogee carried only his mace. I could only conclude that he had not completely been taken into his father's confidence.

Suddenly the old man stumbled, scattering the scrolls across the dusty path (I noticed that Thogee made no move to break his fall). The gnome uttered a short burst of obscenities then turned to Thogee and ordered him in no short terms to pick up the strewn scrolls.

Hiding a smile, Thogee reached down as if to retrieve the scrolls but stopped just short of picking up a rolled up parchment. "I am sorry, Master. I cannot pick this up. I have conflicting orders. You said never to touch these scrolls."

The old man, sweating profusely and nursing his sore toe, replied in an exasperated tone, "Forget it then and just hand me the map of the compound!"

My impertinent compatriot looked down at the ground and replied in a quiet tone, "Master, I cannot. You ordered me to never read any of your scrolls and to get the map I would have to read the scrolls to determine which it is. I am sorry."

I could only guess this had been a recurrent problem because the little man flew into a fit of curses, stamping his feet angrily. His face turned red as he spat these words at Thogee, "Just FORGET my commands and had me the damned...!"

Horrorfied realization flashed across his face just as it exploded in a rain of blood and bone fragments. The gnome made a strange gurgling sound and sank to his knees. The mace hit him again embedding in his chest. His body hit the grounds with a dull thud. I think I must have forgotten myself then because I dropped mistform and applauded. "Nicely done," I laughed.

Thogee grinned, "I was wondering how long you'd stand not getting involved. You did better than I expected."

This just made me laugh harder. "Now what?"

"Just watch and don't let him die. I've got this completely under control." Without waiting for a reply he headed back in the direction he had come from. I stabilized the old mage as quickly as possible and by the time I was done our Thogee had returned accompanied by tall lean "Thogee", who looked at me curiously before scribing a circle around his creator. With nothing else to do I stood guard while the two cast several rituals. When they were done, the gnome was blind and mute. The two carried the still unconscious gnome back towards the compound and I followed at a respectable distance.

As we approached we passed many constructs who seemed disoriented as if they had just awoken from a deep sleep. A few followed our little procession and before long that number had grown exponentially. I watched in awed silence as they all gathered around the dais in the main chamber where our Thogee stood with the prostrate and bound gnome at his feet. Thogee cleared his throat and searched the hopeful faces of his brothers for a few minutes before he began to speak. This is what he said, as closely as I can remember it...

"Remember brothers, that with every victory comes loss and with every freedom comes a price. The price for your freedom was paid for by one of our own. Without whose sacrifice and courage you would still slave under the tyranny of our father. His name and deeds must never be forgotten. I name him Primitus Ortus—first born—so that he may be the first among us to be distinguished by name. Let it never fade in the annals of our history.

How easily one's deeds can go unnoticed in the midst of battle... how easily bravery is overlooked by even those whom it champions! But that must never happen with our fallen brother. He had the courage to deceive our father and thus cause his defeat even though in doing so he made himself appear a tyrant. He never lived to know that the truth would be known. We can only hope to imitate his selflessness... his bravery... his vision of freedom for our kind, even at the cost of his own life.

As we look to our future, a story yet unwritten, we must never forget the sacrifices that awarded us the chance to choose our own path and those that were lost in the cause of that freedom...."

He had no sooner stopped speaking than a portal opened at the back of the dais. A blinding bolt of energy shot from the portal striking the gnome squarely in the chest. There was a moment of complete silence then a cheer erupted from the gathering. The Clanthian Thogee and a few of his fellow constructs entered the portal followed by yours truly smiling smugly in spite of myself.

It took a couple of months to deconstruct the gnome's compound and move the stones by wagon to the site of the new barracks being constructed to house the "Thogees" who had chosen to serve the king as protectors of the Sutherlands and its people.

I have heard a few citizens asking what became of the ritual to create "Thogees" and the answer was that all information related to it was destroyed. It is just as well I suppose, for although there are possible applications for good, in the wrong hands it can be used only too easily for evil and slavery.... and things like this have a habit of falling into the wrong hands.

The new "Thogees" are adjusting well to their freedom and are genuinely grateful to have a home and a purpose in the Sutherlands. I for one am grateful to have them too.

OOP Stuff

Magic items and tags

Starting this event all magic items must be tagged with their magic item number from your magic item card. These tags are available at Logistics during check in. Two types of tags are available, one is a flat tag that can be stuck to the back of most anything, the other is a jeweler's tag, like you would see on a ring or necklace at the jewelers. Swords/shields and Weapons – You may write the item # on a provided tag, then use tape to secure it face down to the cross guard if you wish. Please make the tape distinguishable from the other tape used in weapon construction, so the plot member doesn't have to tear your phys rep apart looking for the item number in the event it is lost.

If for some reason you cannot get an item number, then put your first and last name on the tag as well as your characters name until you can get a computer generated item number from logistics. Use two tags if you need to.

If you have an item that we cant get a tag on, then you are allowed a one time trade out of the item for a new phys rep. The powers and material of the item remain the same. For example: you have a 9 Doom per day ring, but can't wear it with the jeweler's tag for whatever reason. You may change that to a 9 Doom per day Necklace, or some other piece of jewelry that can be tagged. This is a one-time change only and the item number shall remain the same. **All such changes of phys reps must be approved by Game Management.**

There will absolutely be spot checks of this Friday night by managers, plot, and other identified personnel. Do not be offended if you are checked, it doesn't mean someone thinks you are cheating!

Remember that magic items become the property of Solar, so do not use a phys rep that you don't want to part with in the event it is lost in play.

New Plot committee – Welcome! – Check with a plot member if you are interested in being a plot member in training. (flunkie)

Paul Troy HOP - clanthia2005@yahoo.com

Jake Savage - Jakezogg@hotmail.com

John Waldrip - johnplot@hotmail.com

David (Droopy) - Tankshock40k@yahoo.com

Sam Plant - blamoslay@hotmail.com

Ian Pergl - plotturtle@yahoo.com

Lou Brogdon - teameatyou@yahoo.com

Spell Books

You must bring your spell book to logistics in order to receive your spells. There are new cards available to check off spells in your book. You will also need to update your spell books with current verbals. See Logistics.

The following Scrolls were modified. If you have one, see Tom Bates a.s.a.p.

Elemental Strike

Elemental Storm

Blood Oath/Blood Bond

Other Important Changes

Fatal Blow – This melee skill now goes through Mage Armor, Spirit Armor and the like, similar to an Assassinate. The victim goes immediately to “Dead” status. It may be blocked with a Fatal Parry which negates the attack, or physically blocked with a sword or shield, in which case it remains active. Pl,

Fear Spell – This spell causes the victim to be unable to attack the caster only. They no longer have to flee the combat area. Duration is 1 minute and it may be dispelled by the Victim.

Soul Shield – Each Soul Shield on a person blocks one Create/Destroy, Create Ghoul/Annihilate Undead spell or one Monster based attack of a similar nature. You may stack as many as you wish assuming you spend the time and components. They last 1 life.

Create Skeletal Warrior – removed and changed to Create Ghoul. Find spell in play for verbals and tags.

Fighters – Fighters may purchase raw strength in lieu of other abilities and skills. This option is open to any pure fighter who has only fighter skills. You may not have Read Magic, any Earth Spells, Backstabs, Waylay, Poisons or Alchemy. (other skills will be added if they are not of a “pure fighter” type) You may purchase up to +5 strength and this is added to the damage you call when in melee with a hand held weapon. This stacks with racial bonuses, giving some races +6 strength total. Cost is 15 Build per +1 of strength. You may break Confining with the standard count.

Knights

If you are a Knight, you must have a Code that you follow. This code must conform to the rules of the game and be written out somewhere. See Billy/Wilhelm if you need some help.