

SUPER DUNGEON

EXPLORE

EXPLORER'S HANDBOOK

NINJA
DIVISION

SODA POP
ANIMATURES

Hello traveler! By your unusual garb, I can tell that you are new to these lands. Yes, I suspected as much—a new Hero who has come to prove themselves against the foul creatures of the Dark Consul. You look strong, and by the way you carry that blade, I imagine you've some skill in using it.

Perhaps your strength and skill will carry you—for a time anyway. To truly become a Hero takes more than brute strength or might at arms. To become great, a Hero must also possess wisdom. Knowledge is power after all, and there is much to know about this beautiful and dangerous land.

Ah! Curious are you? Good, good! Then seat yourself by the fire and provide these old bones with a mug of nectar and I shall tell you of this land of —





CRYSTALIA



THE GODDESS

Before Crystalia, there was only the Goddess. Swimming in a vast sea of etherium, she was only consciousness borne aloft. Only a faint mote within the infinite. Then, from the consciousness came laughter, and with the laughter came light. The darkness of the etherium was shattered by the heart and joy of the Goddess's growing warmth and blinding light.

Her beauty shone like the sun. The lands of Crystalia were willed into being by her joyful song. The seas formed from her happy tears as she realized the marvel of creation.

The first soft footfalls of the Goddess were felt upon the surface of Crystalia, and where she walked, life sprang forth. As she traveled the breadth of her creation, the realms formed.

The roots of the Deeproot Tree took hold, giving birth to deep green forests and fertile vales. Chill wind and snow swept through the towering spires of the Frostbyte Reach, locking them in permanent winter. Volcanoes roared and belched forth molten rock, forming the jagged spine of the Dragonback Peaks.

In the blue skies above, majestic clouds caught the molten earth thrown into the sky, forming Celestia. A realm of floating alabaster islands of cloud and dream, held aloft by the Goddess's song.

All around her, Crystalia took shape under her watchful gaze.



Within its heart, she placed a gleaming tower. Its delicate spires and minarets touched the clouds. Its pure surface and crystalline facets reflected the beauty of Crystalia.

From atop her tower, she smiled upon the beauty of her thriving garden, and then bestowed one final gift. With grace and love, she bound a fragment of her consciousness within a ray of brilliant light. Pleased with her work, she cast the light into the sky, where it split into all the colors of the rainbow and gave birth to all the creatures and peoples of Crystalia.

DARK REALM

The nature of the universe is one of absolute balance. This balance is more powerful than all the peoples of Crystalia—greater than the Goddess herself.

When the light of Crystalia was cast forth into the sea of the etherium, a perfect shadow of its stony mountains, lush forests, and cheery fields was birthed into being. In this Dark Realm, the lands were twisted reflections of Crystalia's beauty and majesty. Its inhabitants as cruel and brutal as the land from which they were spawned.

The Dark Realm touched Crystalia, connected by paths no man or creature of either world could ever walk.

RISE OF THE DARK CONSUL

Life infused the vast expanses of Crystalia as the young races began to flourish under the hand of the Goddess. Elves played beneath the boughs of the Fae Wood. Dwarves dug deep within the foundations of the earth. Humans spread across the surface, bringing their diverse and vibrant cultures to all the corners of Crystalia. Above them all floated the gleaming spires of Celestia. First of the Goddess's people, their civilization was unparalleled in beauty and knowledge. The world was in its spring.



Yet evil was not unknown. Where the Dark Realm most closely touched Crystalia, evil began to fester in the heart of a mighty sorcerer. A Celestial consul serving in the verdant and sun-drenched lands of Arcadia, the sorcerer discovered a path to the Dark Realm.

Digging deep beneath the Arcadian Empire's capital, the sorcerer's minions unearthed a mystical cavern filled with the rotting bones of beasts and monsters unknown to Crystalia's peaceful lands. At its center, a great gushing portal of amethyst magic pulsed as more snarling beasts pushed in from the darkness, gnashing at the sorcerer's minions and howling with rage.

Contact with the Dark Realm corrupted the once noble consul completely. Shadow and treachery infused his soul. Gone was the purity and joy of the Goddess. There was only the Dark Consul.

Tapping the power of the Dark Realm, the Dark Consul harnessed the foul creatures that burst into Crystalia through the portal, bending them to his will. In time, the Dark Consul learned how to create more portals, and his army of monsters grew as he sought to enslave the people of Crystalia.

In his hubris, he saw that the only power that challenged his was the Goddess herself.

With all his skill, he forged a powerful weapon—The Midnight Blade—capable of piercing the heart of the Goddess herself, destroying her power in this world forever.

BATTLE FOR CRYSTALIA

It was a horrid shock to the good people of Crystalia when they found themselves first beset by the rancorous legions of the Dark Consul. Darkness engulfed the sky as the monsters of the Dark Realms were unleashed upon the world. The Fae Woods crawled with lurking beasts. The mountain halls rang with the clamor of weapons and shouts of battle. The peaceful villages and townships of Crystalia were set ablaze, flickering in the unnatural night like a candle flame devouring its wick.

As monsters savaged the lands of Crystalia, the Dark Consul assaulted the very heart of Crystalia itself—The Goddess Tower.

The Dark Consul summoned forth the Grim Heralds. The titanic Heralds ripped their way through the veil between realms. No blade could pierce their obsidian hides, no spell could mar their flesh, and no light escaped them. Around them all was void. Implacably, the Heralds formed a perfect circle around the Goddess Tower. With an oath of hate, the Dark Consul channeled all his corruption into a ritual to unmake the Goddess.

Around the Goddess Tower, the Dark Realm tore through reality and breached Crystalia. The howl of the Nether Rifts being born echoed across Crystalia. Above the Goddess Tower, the floating cities of Celestia fell; the gleaming nation and its people devoured by the Dark Realm. In the heart of the maelstrom, only the Goddess Tower stood.



BANISHMENT OF THE DARK CONSUL

Around the yawning chasm of the Nether Rifts, armies fought wherever a banner could flutter. Yet for all the bravery of the Goddess's children, her power ebbed under the assault.

Sensing victory close at hand, the Dark Consul battled his way through the Goddess Tower, and into the throne room of the Goddess's sanctum. The power of the Dark Realm throbbed with amethyst flame around The Midnight Blade. With a sneer the Goddess's last guards were laid low, and with murderous intent in his eyes, the Dark Consul raised his blade to strike down the Goddess herself.

Unflinching, the Goddess spoke. Her divine voice shattered the Dark Consul's ensorcelled armor, and cast him to the ground. No mortal could survive the voice of the Goddess raised against them. Engorged with the power of the Dark Realm, the Dark Consul stood on shaking legs. Amethyst flame burned brightly, infusing not only his sword but his entire being. Snarling, the Dark Consul pressed in against the word of the Goddess.

As the Dark Consul advanced, the Goddess stilled her voice. She closed her eyes and embraced the Dark Consul as he struck, a serene smile upon her lips. The two were engulfed within a radiant explosion of light. From its heart, five brilliant gems, each pulsing with power—Citrine, Sapphire, Emerald, Ruby, and Amethyst—circled the place where the two beings had stood moments before.

Across Crystalia, the light pierced the unnatural night which shrouded the land. In its brilliance the monsters of the Dark Realm scurried to shelter within the shadows. The voice of the Goddess echoed within the hearts and minds of the people of Crystalia.

Be at peace my children, but do not fall into idleness.

Darkness will return, it is a part of this world as much as I.

Do not despair, for valiant hearts will once again return it to shadow.

When I am needed, you will find me in five souls of royal blood.

United, they will once again cast away the darkness.

The voice stilled, reverberating through Crystalia no longer. The world grew a little darker.

THE FIRST KING

With the fall of Celestia and the disappearance of the Goddess, the races were left without the protection of the divine. Worse, the minions of the Dark Consul still lurked within the realm of Crystalia. Even these fell creatures had heard the voice of the Goddess, and the promise of the return of darkness.

The most powerful of the Dark Consul's generals had been gifted with the secret of the spawning points, the sinister portals into the Dark Realm. These powerful bosses sought out the deep places of Crystalia, where they could marshal their forces in preparation for the Dark Consul's return.

Much to their nature, the races of the Goddess receded into their own kingdoms. All but the race of humans; for a human's heart, however mortal, could grasp great love, and had a touch of the divine in its wisdom and kindness. The Goddess had long favored humans, and saw in them great promise.

With the memory of the Goddess's sacrifice and the soft echo of her words still in their hearts, the humans crowned the First King. Humans became the stewards of the land; working with the other races to root out and destroy the monsters of the Dark Realm. Unfortunately, it was a peace that would soon be tested.

THE FORGOTTEN KING

Soon after the coronation of the First King, a minor noble sought to win the hand of the First King's daughter. Though the noble was skilled in both sword and sorcery, the King's daughter saw a shadow within his soul and refused his hand.

Consumed by his own hubris, the noble spread rumors of the First King's fall to the Dark Consul. Still reeling from the Dark Consul's treachery, many loyal servants of Crystalia were deceived by the noble's poisoned words. The treasonous noble declared himself the rightful King and Crystalia was, once again, plunged into bitter war.

The Dark Consul's forces gathered, this time under the banner of the Usurper King. With the Goddess's forces already weakened, the Usurper King quickly pressed his advantage.

With tenacity and cunning, the First King fought the Usurper King to a standstill within the first walls of the soon-to-be-built Crystalia Castle. Time, however, was on the Usurper King's side. Every day, more monsters rallied to his banner while the First King's forces dwindled.

With the First King's forces near the breaking point, the clarion call of a thousand horns pierced the morning stillness. With them, rose the howl of wolves and the deep, earthen call of the Kodama, spirits of the forest. A cry of alarm sounded from the rear of the Usurper King's army as the fury of the Fae Wood struck.

Elvish bows struck with deadly precision. Bounding cavalry of ghost wolves harried the flanks of the Usurper King's army, while mighty treants and bark-skinned Kodama pressed into the panicked ranks of monsters.

The Usurper was not to be denied. With a terrible oath, he unleashed a curse upon his own troops. With howls of pain and fury, the Usurper King's greatest warriors, the Bramble Knights, were transformed into bestial chimera. The result was not what he had intended. Instead of using the primal strength granted by their new forms, the soldiers saw the true face of their false King. In horror, they cast down their weapons and pled for mercy.

The Usurper King and his cursed followers were exiled to the ruined keep of Lordship Downs within the Fae Wood. The Usurper King's name was to be struck from history, so that he might never know pride from his dark legacy. He would remain imprisoned for all time—forgotten forever.



THE PROPHECY OF FIVE

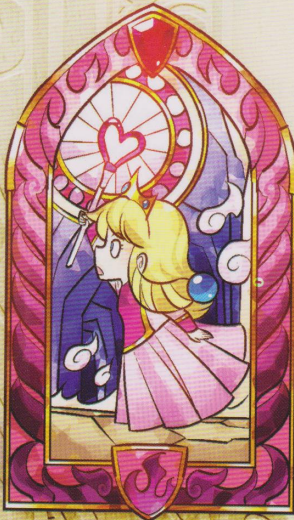


*It would pass into fable, this story that I tell,
Woe betide the king, who does not know it well.
For Goddess's fair hand still holds this world apart,
From darkness and its evil, and blackening of heart.*

*At the dawn of time did folk first see the Goddess's hand at play,
As she granted mortals mind and magic to follow as they may.
But hearts can twist and jealousy can make the mortal fall,
And one such being thought himself more worthy,
and nearly doomed us all.*



*For in a place, far from eyes, this twisted man did dwell;
Upon a forge he magic wrought, to craft a weapon fell,
To pierce the heart of divine grace, and rule the world instead;
To make anew the world he wished, the Goddess need be dead.*



*So she split her soul into five bold shards, and cast them to the sky;
When the shards return to one, the Consul's power will die.
And with each turn of season's kiss, the chance would come at last,
For royal blood through King's own sires to defeat a darkened past;
Five young girls, with colored gems imbued within their hearts,
Would reunite to save the world and banish evil, nevermore to part.*



SHADOW OF THE CONSUL

KING JASPER III

In the summer of the 780th year after the banishment of the Dark Consul, King Jasper III—wise, strong, and merry—was crowned. Seen as the greatest ruler since the First King himself, King Jasper ruled and protected his people in the proud tradition of his line; leading his knights to countless victories to push back the minions of the Consul during his reign.

In the third year of his reign, he slew a particularly horrid beast in the Fae Wood. As he mopped the sweat from his brow, he heard muffled cries for help. Delving deep within the creature's lair he found a captive maiden of enchanting beauty and deep wisdom. Gently, he brought the maiden, Aurora, to safety and the two returned to Crystalia Castle. Soon after, the two fell deeply in love and married to great rejoicing throughout the land.



BIRTH OF THE FIVE PRINCESSES

Jasper and Aurora were soon blessed with the birth of their first daughter. This happy occasion was quickly followed by the birth of another. Within the span of seven years, four daughters were born, and all people of Crystalia began to hope and pray that a fifth daughter would be given to their King and Queen, thus completing the ancient prophecy.

And so it was that in the 10th year of their union, the bells of Crystalia rang with joyful news. The Goddess had seen fit to grant the happy couple a fifth, lovely daughter.

Soon after the birth of Amethyst, the queen mysteriously disappeared. Heartbroken, King Jasper searched far and wide for any sign of his beloved Aurora. As the years passed, he feared the worst, and took solace in the happiness and laughter that his daughters brought to the halls of Crystalia Castle.

Sapphire, Emerald, Citrine, Ruby and Amethyst—the five princesses of prophecy.

First-born was **Sapphire**. Dark of hair with piercing blue eyes and noble bearing, Sapphire was born to rule. Unrelenting and stubborn, she often proved as implacable as a glacier, and in an argument with her sisters—never wrong.

Possessed of singular focus, Sapphire never flinched from her role as heir to the throne of Crystalia. With a wisdom far beyond her years, she patiently learned from her tutors; taking to the sword, mystical arts, and knowledge of history and tactics with equal aptitude.

It was with difficulty that her mother could convince her serious-minded daughter to play with other children. Even then, Sapphire would play only until away from her mother's watchful gaze before retiring to the library or training field.

There was little surprise when Sapphire stated her intentions to journey to the Frostbyte Reach to seek the tutelage of the long-lived dwarven skalds and warriors. Perhaps, she confided in her sisters, she would even make the perilous pilgrimage to learn the wisdom of the ancient Jotnar, who dwelled atop the highest peaks of the Reach.



Second-born was **Emerald**. Bold and adventurous, Emerald cared little for the niceties of court. The wilderness coursed through her veins, and only under the open sky was she truly at home.

Even as a child, Emerald would run away, hiding in the vast garden that surrounded the castle's keep. For hours, her governess would hunt for her. Each time she was found, Emerald would learn from her mistakes. Before long, not even the royal huntsmen could find the young princess when she did not wish to be found.

Finally, the Queen hired a Glimmerdusk Ranger, one of a small band of legendary elven hunters and scouts, to keep watch and train her wayward daughter. Much to Emerald's surprise, the Ranger not only could find her no matter where she hid, often he would be waiting for her before she made it to her next hiding spot.

Under his patient tutelage, Emerald's woodland skills increased tenfold, becoming the match of any elf or creature of the Dark Consul.

Third-born was **Citrine**. A poor student, Citrine was incessantly in trouble; often fighting with her sisters, the stable boy, a serving girl, or anyone else she thought might offer her a decent challenge in a scrap. Exasperated, Jasper and Aurora set her to chores as punishment. Surprisingly, Citrine took to them with great relish, reveling in the physicality and chance to do something practical.

Before long, the hardy princess proved herself stronger than any stable hand—man or boy. Finally recognizing her true aptitude, the King began to personally train his daughter in the art of war. Citrine was a natural. She possessed a keen insight for battlefield maneuvers, and her boisterous and bawdy personality ingratiated her immediately with the soldiery.

With her commanding presence, Citrine found her calling as a warrior and general. Joining her father on many campaigns, her mere presence serves as a rallying cry to the soldiers of Crystalia; her strength at arms turning many a battle in the King's favor.



Fourth-born was **Ruby**. Passionate and gifted with a sparkling intellect, Ruby embraced the joy of being a princess; preferring to spend her days with the noble ladies of Crystalia. Guided by the sure hand of her father, Ruby quickly mastered the art of navigating society.

Possessing keen empathy, Ruby became her sisters' trusted ear and shoulder to cry on. Her caring and kindness earned her high acclaim and, even at an early age, visiting diplomats would seek out the young princess to mediate their dealings with the King and each other.

Deeply spiritual, Ruby follows the divine influence of the Goddess in all things. She converses and debates intently with the scholars, priests, and wizards of Crystalia. Through their teaching, she seeks to understand the glory of the Goddess's creation, and to unlock how she might further the cause of harmonious balance with the Dark Realm, bringing a peaceful end to the threat of the Dark Consul.

Fifth-born was **Amethyst**. Heralded as a blessing, Amethyst was the promised child of prophecy. Bright and curious, she was seen as a symbol of hope to all of Crystalia.

At the news of her birth, all of Crystalia rejoiced. Dwarven holds held raucous feasts and games. Elves lifted their voices to the sky in song; while gnomes and humans flooded the streets in celebration. Even in the bitter cold of the Frostbyte Reach, Freyjan prides roared their pleasure. At long last, the threat of the Dark Consul would come to an end!

Amethyst often shunned the spotlight that her birth thrust upon her. Gentle and shy, she laughed rarely, yet her smile would chase the shadows from a room with its brilliance. With her natural aptitude for sorcery, she spun elaborate illusions to entertain her parents and siblings, conjuring vivid tales of ancient myths to the delight of all.

Despite this, Amethyst embraced quiet solitude, often walking the castle grounds hooded to avoid notice, her fingers tracing delicately over the blooming flowers as she passed.

THE PROPHECY UNDONE

The princesses spent their childhood mastering the heroic arts. Each became a powerful warrior and user of magic. As they grew bolder and more independent, they frustrated their dear father to no end with their endless drive for adventure and desire to join Heroes on their mighty quests.

The Dark Consul's spirit, ever pressing to return to the lands of Crystalia, knew the prophecy the Goddess had prescribed and knew that the princesses could be his undoing. With great effort, the Dark Consul's shadow pierced the veil of his banishment. Little more than a shade, the spirit of the Dark Consul swept across the land.

Within the clockwork city of Arealis, the shade whispered treachery to a gnomish clockmaker and artisan as he slept. Each night, the black words further twisted the young gnome's ambition and fears, until his heart was corrupted and sworn wholly to the Dark Consul. Fiendishly inspired, the gnome tinkerer crafted a powerful golem.

Posed as a gift for the young girls, the king was overjoyed to have such a mighty guardian to watch over his precious girls. The golem remained ever at their side, ever vigilant. Its impenetrable wards and fearsome strength never allowed harm to come to the princesses.

In time, the sentinel became cherished by princesses and king alike. To the youngest, Amethyst, it became friend and confidant. As the fifth child, Amethyst felt the weight of prophecy upon her shoulders more keenly than the others. In the golem, she found reassurance and strength. Often, she would explore the wide castle grounds with golem in tow, as she poured her worries and cares out to her silent protector.

On the morning of Amethyst's 16th birthday, she kissed her father sweetly and took the golem out onto the castle grounds—never to return.





RACES



The colorful panoply of cultures and races throughout Crystalia is breathtaking in its diversity. From this diversity, many myths and legends have sprung concerning the exact manner and motivation behind the Goddess's creation of each race.

Dwarven skalds claim to be the first race born of the Goddess. They believe that she crafted them to build the foundation of Crystalia, for only dwarves could craft a foundation sturdy enough to support all of creation itself.

Of course, Celestians dispute the skalds' claims as nothing but fancy. After all, were they not the purest expression of the Goddess herself? Of all the races, Celestians believe most fervently that they were born of the Goddess's song and light, as recorded in the Goddess Scrolls. Held aloft on angelic wings, few would dispute the claim, or deny that the Celestians are blessed by the Goddess.

Other races care little for the true details of their creation. In fact, creation myths have become something of a national pastime among the gnomish people. It is a favored way to spend an evening at an inn drinking, telling tall tales about how one's ancestors were created as a practical joke by the mischievous Faery Queen, formed from mud by confused troll shamans, or brewed from the Goddess's first batch of stout ale.

Whatever the truth, even the greatest scholars cannot claim to know every creature that walks, flies, or slithers throughout the breadth of the Goddess's garden. Indeed, brave explorers encounter new creatures constantly. One truth unites them all—that all life came from the Goddess, and all the people and creatures of Crystalia are born of her light and joy. At least, that was the belief before the rise of the Dark Consul, and the discovery of the Dark Realm that mirrored Crystalia.

For better or ill, the Dark Realm has a twisted menagerie of life all its own. Despite the horror and destruction unleashed by the Dark Consul

from this twilight realm, it nonetheless possesses a natural order all its own. Who can say what ancient cultures, shadowy societies, or fell creatures call the Dark Realm home? Little is known of the races from this forbidden kingdom.

Certainly, monsters of an astounding variety have come through the Nether Rifts to plague the people of Crystalia. Much debate is given to the nature of these races and their societies. Are they born of the Goddess, just as the people of Crystalia, or are they something else? Something more malign and sinister?

Of all the races of the Dark Realm, only a small few have succeeded in breaking through the fear and superstition of native Crystalians to live alongside them.

Serving as foot soldiers of the Dark Consul in his assault on Crystalia, the demon hordes were varied in form, but unified in their ravenous desire to destroy. Alongside them, the feral, chimeric Freyjans ambushed outposts and isolated patrols. With the banishment of the Dark Consul, the demons and Freyjans lost their singular focus. Many fled through the Nether Rifts to their homes in the Dark Realm.

However, no small number remained in Crystalia, retreating to the hidden corners of this world. For centuries they preyed upon townships and travelers. In time, the shadow of the Dark Consul receded and a cautious few ventured into the light, attempting to integrate with the Goddess's children.

Not surprisingly, it was King Jasper III's grandfather, King Jasper I, who saw wisdom in welcoming the children of the Dark Realm into Crystalian society. Crystalia Castle was opened to all races who sought peace and shelter under the Goddess's protection. Under King Jasper I's patient example, the dark races slowly grew to be accepted. After all, it has ever been the Goddess's desire for all creatures to share in the bounty and joy of her creation.



CELESTIAN

For many generations the Celestians lived in the light. Soaring through the skies and across the verdant land of Crystalia. Great floating cities were built, testaments to the glory of the Goddess. Immortal and beautiful, it was a time that now only exists in legend.

The rise of the Dark Consul cast the Celestians into ruin. Accustomed only to the purity and peace of the light, the Celestians were ill prepared to combat the twisted creatures of shadow that the Dark Consul rallied against them. The floating cities of Celestia crashed to the surface or were consumed by the Dark Realm, their gleaming spires shattered.

As the Dark Consul cast the Celestial civilization into ruin, there were those who were overcome by their despair and grief. These tragic Celestians turned from the light, and as their hearts turned to darkness and shadow, so too did their wings fall from their bodies. They became Dark Celestians, cursed by the Goddess to never again soar beneath the bright rays of the sun.

It is a memory that haunts the Celestial people to this day, and they have become insular and isolated. The sole remaining city of Celestia remains off-limits to outsiders. What little contact the mortal races have with them is limited to brief encounters with the few Celestians who possess a rare curiosity to explore beyond the Celestial City.



DEMON

The race of demons, if it can truly be called a race, is as varied and diverse as the whole of Crystalia itself. None know the origins of the demons, not even the demons themselves. Most believe that they were born of the Dark Consul and are the twisted product of the Nether Rifts of the Dark Realm.

If this is the case, then the Dark Consul did not create a race that is wholly given to evil. For there are a surprising number of demons who have integrated themselves into the populace. True, many of these individuals cater to the rougher elements of Crystalia, running black markets, thieves' guilds and other places of ill repute. Nonetheless, no small number have risen in service to Crystalia, becoming mighty Heroes in their own right.

Because of this, the more adventurous sages of Crystalia speculate that the demons were created by the Goddess herself. These bold theologians believe that the demons were a natural result of the Goddess's creation of the races of light. After all, there cannot be light without darkness. While demons often are a reflection of the baser desires, they are, nonetheless, still mortal and still capable of the same nobility of spirit of other, more accepted, races.

Despite this, demons are still regarded with deep suspicion by most of Crystalia. Demon heroes often find themselves closely watched until they have proven themselves time and time again.



DWARF

Taciturn and resourceful, dwarves are relentless in the pursuit of anything they set their minds to; often to the exclusion of all else, and perhaps all sense. This devotion to cause has elevated dwarven artisans, crafts, and goods to legendary status. A dwarven-craft item is sure to endure time and become an heirloom precious to generations.

However, this single-mindedness leads to dwarves being slow to trust and often outright rude to those they feel are wasting their time. Despite this, once a dwarf's trust is gained, a truer friend is impossible to find.

Over many years, the dwarves have split into two distinct clans: The Hearthsworn and The Brinebreakers. Preferring life below ground or on secluded mountain peaks, Hearthsworn are determined soldiers who favor clanking metal armor, the heft of a stout hammer, and the surety of stone beneath their feet. It is whispered that the vaults of the Hearthsworn are filled with treasures greater than any in Crystalia.

By contrast, Brinebreakers have abandoned the deep caves and mountains of their ancestors for the open sea and crisp air. Making their home in Clockwork Cove and along the coastlines of the Frostbyte Reach, Brinebreakers are the preeminent sailors of Crystalia. Their close work with gnomish families has led to the creation of wondrous clockwork automatons and flying machines that fuse magic and ingenuity as never imagined.



ELF

The elves were not born of the Goddess. Indeed, the first elf sprang fully formed from the acorn of the Deeptree. Sprouted to serve as the guardians of the Fae Wood, the elves quickly flourished beneath the lush canopy of the forest.

Quick witted and curious, the elven tribes soon ventured beyond the borders of the Fae Wood and established new colonies in all of the realms of Crystalia. In time, these colonies developed a culture and history separate from the Deeptree Elves, becoming Lunar and Nether Elves.

Mighty mages and scholars, the Lunar Elves built their homes upon the highest summits of the Dragonback Peaks. The Lunar Elf civilization was all but destroyed during the Dragon Call and the awakening of the dragon, Starfire.

The shadowy tribes of Nether Elves slowly succumbed to the Dark Consul's influence. Possessing rare cunning and intellect among the Dark Consul's minions, the Nether Elves are now counted among Crystalia's greatest foes.

Even as they have grown apart, the wildness of nature runs strongly through all elven veins, and the Deeptree's gentle presence is ever in their heart. So strong is this primal instinct, that all elves can find the direction of the Deeptree as true as a compass points north, even if the elf has never before seen their ancient ancestor.



FREYJAN

The felinoid race of Freyjans hail from the deep snows and rugged mountain peaks of the Frostbyte Reach. Within the dark pine forests, the Freyjan were once counted among the Dark Consul's monstrous minions, and many bitter wars were fought between Freyjan and dwarf for control of those chill lands.

Likely, this state of affairs would have continued if not for a lone monk who made a pilgrimage to seek the wisdom of the ancient Jotnar who call the Frostbyte home. As he made the perilous trip, he was overcome by the bitter cold and treacherous altitude. For reasons unknown, a small pride of Freyjan chose to provide him shelter instead of leaving him to die. As they nursed the monk back to health, he taught them of the Path of the Goddess and the splendor of her light.

Enraptured, the Freyjans begged him to stay and continue to teach them. Within a generation, the majority of the Freyjan prides had converted to the Path of the Goddess, and had become a new, powerful force for light.

Many of these Freyjans made pilgrimages north along the Wandering Monks, venturing into the ruined desert land of Arcadia. In this dry and inhospitable land, the pilgrims formed a new pride, the Tonnerrians, making a new home in the Desert Drop Oasis.



GNOME

No one is really certain where gnomes came from. Not even the gnomes themselves. Certainly, scholars claim, they came from the Goddess as did most the peoples of Crystalia. The gnomes just smile slyly and proceed to spin an outlandish tale of how they were born.

Jovial, impish, and curious to a fault; gnomes are both the favorite inhabitant and bane of many a Crystalian city. Fortunately, gnomes are utterly devoted to family which causes them to be unlikely to uproot, and the primary concentration of gnomes remains centered in Clockwork Cove. So loved is family, that gnomes are ever seeking to extend and expand their own, leading to bushels of babies and frequent marriages between the different families.

The end result is that nearly all the gnomish families are connected by marriage and a small army of cousins. It is not uncommon for a coming of age party for a young gnome to lead to an entire township or city shutting down to celebrate.

Gnomes are adept builders and engineers. Their grasp of magic is often limited to what they can channel through constructed clockworks and golems. This unique aptitude has led to a deep friendship with the dwarves. Together, the two races have been responsible for many of the most incredible buildings, bridges, and other creations in Crystalia.

HUMAN

As the Dark Consul cast down the Celestians, the race of humans were united in their ashes to become the Goddess's sword and the stewards of Crystalia. Bound by this singular purpose, the human race is noble of heart and adaptable as no other race of Crystalia.

With the crowning of the First King and the banishment of the Dark Consul, the human race spread across all of Crystalia.

In the Dragonback Peaks, fierce barbarian tribes roam the jagged slopes battling kobolds, drakes, and fiery elementals. Southward, the Dragon's Breath river flows into Glauerdoom Moor, where hereditary nobles rule with chivalry and honor.

In Clockwork Cove, human adaptability met gnomish curiosity and dwarven ingenuity to drive an explosion of magical and technological wonders. At the base of Frostbyte Reach, fur-clad tribes of fishermen and powerful elemental mages make their home along the coast, working with the spirits of wind, ice, and water.

To the east, the mystical city of Yuyang thrives on a scale unparalleled by any other. Steeped in mysticism, its people pursue the Path of the Goddess. Taking vows to seek enlightenment, the monks commune with their ancestors for wisdom and insight into the Goddess's plans.

At the heart of all the realms stands Crystalia Castle. Built by the First King, it serves as a bastion, not just for humanity, but for all the free peoples of Crystalia. It stands as an eternal reminder of their shared purpose; their sworn duty to preserve the Goddess's creation for all of her creatures.

Yet, even among humanity, the Dark Consul casts his dark shadow, and in those who are weakest, the Consul sows discord and breeds conflict. The Consul recognizes that the Goddess's most powerful weapon can potentially be her greatest weakness.

Despite the constant predations and temptation of the Consul and his minions, humans remain a bright shield against the darkness. Their civilizations and societies are as diverse and vibrant as Crystalia itself.



REALMS



Crystalia is a lush and verdant land of dramatic and colorful vistas, magical landscapes, floating islands, song-blue skies, billowing cotton-white clouds, and endless sparkling seas. The creativity of the Goddess can be found everywhere. The touch of her grace and joy is reflected in the shapes and patterns worked into seemingly mundane growths of trees, the face of a hill, or the spiraling outcropping of rock.

The realms of Crystalia are not just shaped by the Goddess's hand. They are also the home to her children and all the bountiful races, animals, and plants of her creation. Over the generations, the children of the Goddess have shaped the land to suit their needs and to honor the Goddess herself in their own way.

Tragically, the beauty of this creation is marred by the Dark Consul and his minions. There are dark places where Crystalia intersects with the Dark Realm. These lands are mired in blight, chill shadow, raw magic, or worse; ravaged to suit the needs of the monsters who now call the realm home.

Indeed, much of Crystalia has fallen to the predation of the Dark Consul's minions. In the west, the Dragonback Peaks were lost to the Ruby Dragon, Starfire. Now, kobolds and drakes run rampant

through the rocky passes and caves, while the Dark Celestian, Vulcanis, builds an army of fallen angels to assault Celestia and eradicate it once and for all. The once fertile lands of the Glauerdoom Moor and the emerald canopy of Fae Wood have faded to disease. The restless dead walk the cursed lands, and lurking creatures stalk the night, preying on the weak.

To the east, the Arcadian Dunes serve as a grim reminder to all who would fall to the temptation of darkness; a once glorious civilization swallowed beneath the sands. At its epicenter stands the Midnight Tower—prison to both the Goddess and the Dark Consul. It remains the source of terrible power. Around the tower swirls the yawning chasm of the Nether Rifts, an open wound in the fabric of reality and a direct portal to the Dark Realm.

Yet, the children of the Goddess stand firm in resolve and faith. The Deeproot Tree's roots still dig deep and bind Crystalia in the Goddess's embrace. Cities of the free thrive with love and laughter that fills the dwarven halls of Dwarfholm and echoes through the Wandering Monk Mountains. Crystalia Castle reaches to the sky; its bright pennants snapping in defiance, and its people filled with faith that the prophecy will be fulfilled.



ARCADIAN DUNES

Arcadia was the first realm of humanity and became the shining light of human civilization. The pursuit of magical knowledge was paramount and, alongside it, the rise of science. During its glory, Arcadia rivaled and exceeded the greatest creations of dwarf or elf.

It was here that the Dark Consul fell to corruption, and the great sages of Arcadia fell with him. Deep within the Arcadians the shadow of the Consul gnawed at their pride. The thin veil between Arcadia and the Dark Realm became a growing cancer in the heart of the realm. A century after the banishment of the Dark Consul, Arcadia attempted to conquer the divine realm of Celestia. Fueled by the sorrow and rage of the Dark Consul's near destruction of their realm, the Celestian's wrath was terrible. Arcadia soon found itself in a war it could not hope to win.

In a last desperate bid, the warlocks of Arcadia attempted a final, mighty spell to batter through the Celestian's defenses. The Celestians countered the spell, turning its energy upon Arcadia, cursing it to endless drought. Within a generation, Arcadia was reduced to a desolate desert of rolling dunes and savage winds.

Now, Arcadia is sparsely inhabited by tribes of nomadic humans, orcs, and goblins who travel the desert; plundering the ancient tombs and cities of the lost kingdom of Arcadia.



CELESTIA

At the birth of creation, Celestia was an entire nation that floated above the land of Crystalia—a second continent of cloud-like islands that touched the heavens. The rise of the Dark Consul shook the very fabric of Crystalia. The devouring maw of the Nether Rifts opened up, and, with agonizing inevitability, pulled the shining spires of Celestia from the sky, sucking them into the Dark Realm.

When the Dark Consul was finally banished, the soaring civilization of Celestia was no more. Only a single city remained.

Thrown into grief, the Celestians withdrew into their last shining city. Barring the gates, their mages summoned billowing white clouds to conceal their home from sight and refused entry to all who sought to treat with them. In time, Celestia was lost to myth; little more than a faery tale told to delight listeners beside the fire.

While the Celestians fled to seclusion, the pioneers of Clockwork Cove took to the skies. Brave adventurers and treasure hunters journeyed to the abandoned floating isles. There, they sought the lost treasures of Celestia, only to find the ruins reclaimed by treacherous jungle and savage monsters of the Dark Consul.

Yet, these brave souls were not to be denied, and with determination, they forced back the jungle, founding Fort Tolo. In time, the small fort turned into a village; its residents enjoying a simpler life and prospering in their tropical paradise among the clouds.



CLOCKWORK COVE

Not being particularly skilled in magic, dwarves have always sought the application of the practical to solve their problems. Yet, it was when their rugged and pragmatic engineering was paired with gnomish curiosity and whimsy that true wonders were created.

Now, Clockwork Cove is a bustling port. Clockwork ships ply the waters while clanking monstrosities stomp around the docks. Above, whirlygigs and balloons bob and weave on the air currents. From its capital city of Areal, caravans leave for all corners of the land, brimming with goods.

Clockwork Cove is seen by many as a marvel of ingenuity, but there are those who feel differently. Ringed by the Glauddoom Moor and the Mismourn Coast, the cove is considered a place of ill omens by many; a belief heightened by the pirate infested Drowned Isle. Framed by such foreboding locales, it is not hard to see the mindless arcane contraptions, the tinkerer's shops that endlessly belch magical smoke and the clannish gnome families as something sinister and fearsome.

This is a perception that the gnomes and their dwarven allies are quick to dispute. But memories in Crystalia are long, and often impressions are as immovable as stone. After all, was it not one of these self-same "wondrous" constructs that led to the disappearance of Amethyst, shattering the prophecy?



CRYSTALIA CASTLE

With the corruption of the Goddess Tower, Crystalia Castle has become the heart of Crystalia and serves as a shining beacon of good. Over the centuries, Crystalia Castle has steadily grown, ringed with high walls, reaching towers, and sky-piercing minarets. Despite its name, Crystalia Castle is not just a castle. It is also a large and sprawling city, both within the walls and without.

Under King Jasper's rule and the rule of his forebears, Crystalia Castle has grown strong and diverse. Around its central keep is a bustling metropolis that is a reflection and confluence of all the realms. In its winding streets, travelers can find cultures and races from throughout Crystalia; each making its indelible mark on the land; each living in harmony as the Goddess intended.

Here, too, are where Heroes from all reaches of Crystalia train and study. Some even create lives and families amongst the populace. Indeed, many Heroes can recall previous generations of their family who have fought with bravery for the people of Crystalia. When the call goes out, they stand ready to answer.

Assembling in the vast Crystal Chamber, the sages divine the location of the terrible lairs and dungeons of the Dark Consul's minions. They then send parties of Heroes through the chamber's crystal portals to banish the monsters back to the Dark Realm from whence they came.



DRAGONBACK PEAKS

This mountainous, volcanic region curls around the north of Crystalia like a slumbering dragon, granting the entire realm its name. Rugged and blisteringly hot, the Dragonback Peaks are no place to travel lightly.

Once, the Dragonback Peaks were home to proud clans of Hearthsworn Dwarves who dwelled beneath the stony peaks in vast halls. On the surface above, Lunar Elves built delicate towers that pierced the night sky; while noble human barbarian tribes lived within its few sheltered valleys and deep pine forests.

The Dragon Call shattered these once glorious civilizations. In the final moments of the Dark Consul's terrible assault on the Goddess Tower, the ancient dragons awoke from their slumber. The ashes of the battle left the Goddess's children weak, and the dragons wrought new devastation upon them.

Most terrible among them was Starfire. Powerful in his own right, the Ruby Dragon was also a cunning general. The Hearthsworn Dwarves were driven from their holds. The Lunar Towers were shattered, scattering the Lunar Elves to the wind. Ever since, the Dragonback Peaks have been a realm ruled by the monsters of the Dark Consul.



FAE WOOD

The Deeprout Tree grew from the Goddess's first gentle step upon the land of Crystalia. Its roots run through the deep soil of every realm of Crystalia. Its thick trunk and mighty limbs reach to the sky, rivaling even the highest mountain peaks in size and grandeur.

Beneath the Deeprout Tree's canopy spreads the Fae Wood—The First Forest. Within its wild and tangled foliage, the magic of the Goddess can still be felt, like a mother's gentle touch. Here, creatures of pure magic congregate; all manner of faeries, sprites, pixies and spirits of Crystalia dance and play through the ancient wood.

Few mortal creatures are able to remain in the glow of the Goddess's presence for long, and the elves are one of the only mortal races who call the Fae Wood home. Those few who have been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of the elven cities speak of plants that have grown to form living buildings, soaring walkways made of flowering vines, and crystalline towers that sprout from the trees themselves.

Sadly, the Fae Wood is no longer exclusively the home of the Goddess's children. From deep within the Fae Wood, the Forgotten King has, inch by inch, corrupted the wood surrounding his ruined fortress, Lordship Downs. Within these cursed woods, terrible horrors lurk, preying upon the innocent.



FROSTBYTE REACH

Locked in endless winter, the Frostbyte Reach is a cold and inhospitable place of stark beauty and grim people. Life is hard on the Reach. Game is scarce, the growing season is short, and yields are poor. It is no surprise, then, that the inhabitants are both incredibly hardy and doomed to bitter wars over resources.

Deep beneath the Frostbyte Reach is Dwarfholm Bastion, the ancestral home of the Hearthsworn Dwarves. The halls of the dwarves extend down into the very heart of Crystalia, but the Hearthsworn do not claim only the stone beneath the earth. They also claim rights to the snow capped peaks and black pine forests of the valleys on the surface, a claim that is hotly disputed by the feral felinoid Freyjan race.

For generations, these two proud races have fought over the Reach's meager resources and, even in times of peace, skirmishes between the two are frequent. As a result, the realm is covered in ancient fortresses and ruined strongholds, their monolithic stone walls destroyed and crumbling.

On the highest peaks of the Reach reside the Jotnar, towering ice giants of venerable wisdom and primal wrath. The realm of the Jotnar is forbidden to all, not by decree, but by climate. The air is thin and all but unbreathable, and the cold saps the strength from even the strongest. Even so, many pilgrims seek the wisdom of the Jotnar and attempt pilgrimage to their summits. It is said that only one in a generation is able to survive the path.



GLAUERDOOM MOOR

Once, the Glauerdoom Moor was a land of breathtaking beauty. Its border was ringed by the majestic Dragonback Peaks and the verdant Fae Wood. The Dragon's Breath River wound through the realm, creating plains and wetlands, vibrant with life and ideal for farming.

Under the benevolent rule of the Baroness Von Wilding and her successors, the Moor became the vital breadbasket of Crystalia, feeding all of its inhabitants. Those who lived upon the Moor were content and happy.

After the Dragon Call and revolt of the Forgotten King, the Moor found itself isolated and surrounded on all sides. It was then that the Dark Consul struck, turning the vain and selfish noble Von Drakk into a vampire of terrifying might. In a single night of horror, Von Drakk overthrew the Von Wildings with a horde of undead at his command. Only the baroness's daughter escaped, along with her infant son.

The new Baron Von Drakk wasted no time in transforming the Moors into a realm of nightmare. The restless dead walked openly, and cackling covens of witches preyed upon the unsuspecting. The land itself bent to its new lord's will. The sky became locked in perpetual twilight, and the crops blighted and withered in the soil. The Moor had become a cursed land, with only the cruel laughter of Baron Von Drakk echoing in the night.



WANDERING MONK MOUNTAINS

The vast mountain range known as the Wandering Monks has had the effect of isolating its people for thousands of years. In that time, a wholly unique culture has risen; one based on the enlightenment of the inner spirit in the quest to ascend to a state true to the Goddess's own being.

At the base of the mountain is Yuyang, a city larger than any other in Crystalia. Its citizens follow the Path of the Goddess and study perfection in all of its forms; whether it be the martial arts, agriculture, or cooking. Yuyang is a distinctly calm and cerebral city, largely owing to its position at the base of the stairway which ascends to the Temple of Clouds.

Those who seek true enlightenment follow the Path of the 1000 Shrines. Built by monks throughout the mountains, the Path of 1000 Shrines is no path at all, for the whereabouts of all the shrines is not known. Regardless, each spring many embark upon the path, seeking the Goddess's wisdom in the wilderness.

It is a perilous trek, for the Wandering Monk Mountains are full of danger. Tengu sweep from the skies to prey on the weak, while chimeric Wukong monkeys steal food and lay deadly traps for the unwary. In the night, shapeshifters lure pilgrims away from their campfires to fates unknown, and restless spirits drain the life from those who sleep.



THE MIDNIGHT TOWER

The Midnight Tower was once the home of the Goddess. Gleaming in the pure sun, its pearlescent surface danced and shimmered with an ethereal beauty. When the Goddess banished the Dark Consul, only the five Goddess Crystals remained; perpetually bound to one another, sealing the Goddess's and Consul's power alike.

Yet, the Goddess's sacrifice was not enough to undo the destruction the Dark Consul had already wrought. Around the tower, the Nether Rift had opened, a permanent portal to the Dark Realm. At the epicenter of the rift, the Goddess Tower changed. Its gleaming spires turned obsidian and jagged, earning it a new name: The Midnight Tower.

Few know what lurks within The Midnight Tower. The Dark Consul's will is a physical presence, driving even the strongest minds mad with sinister whispers and an aura of despair.

As the Dark Consul's grip upon Crystalia strengthens, the monolithic statues around the Nether Rift known as the Grim Heralds stride forward, the rift expanding behind their advance. When a Hero is fortunate enough to defeat one of the great generals of darkness, the Heralds withdraw and, with them, the rift recedes.

Thus, the Heroes of Crystalia are forced into endless war. Should they rest for even for a moment, the Heralds will advance unopposed, and all of Crystalia will be lost to the Dark Realm.

I see that you are still hungry for more. That is good! I have only given you the beginning of the tale. It is up to you to finish this story.

There is much more to learn. Much more than even an old soul such as myself can tell you. Your path will be fraught with peril, and the shadow of the Dark Consul deepens the darkness. But I see that your spirit burns brightly.

I have no doubt that you will do well. Perhaps, one day, you will even find yourself at an inn much like this one, teaching a young, aspiring Hero.

Well now, it appears the hour has grown late, and the innkeeper is eying us with a mind to retire for the evening. Take a word of advice from this weary old adventurer. Get your rest when you can. Sleep is rare for a Hero and makes you stronger than you know. So I bid you, "Good night. May the Goddess's song be ever in your heart."



Soda Pop Miniatures™ LLC, Garden City, ID 83714

©2014 Soda Pop Miniatures™ LLC, All Rights Reserved.
Published by Ninja Division Publishing™ LLC, Garden City, ID 83714. Super Dungeon™ and Forgotten King™ are trademarks of Soda Pop Miniatures™ LLC.

Designed in the USA

Made in China

First Printing



WWW.NINJADIVISION.COM
WWW.SODAPOPMINIATURES.COM

