

The Trials of Mount Farnor

Dragonland

["The men of Brisingard rarely display a single sign of their noble ancestry; their village was once the mighty capital of men, before the first orc raids began. With the east growing increasingly perilous, the most wealthy and privileged sought a new home among the elven ruins of the west, and the poor were left behind to face the creatures of the northern Darklands with whatever means they could.

Their king, now no more than a chieftain, still proudly sits upon the golden throne in full imperial regalia, ruling no more than a few hundred and seems more jester than King. Only one important task was left to his line by Ethil I, first king of Westmar; to safeguard the Century Horn of Mount Farnor, built in ancient times to gather all peoples of Dragonland once blown into. And such is the only hope of the Islander and his dwarven companion, but the vain King of the East is no longer the horn's sole guardian - a foul beast, unseen by any man now lurks on the mountain top, according to local lore; a fabled savage Frost Giant"]Deepest into the east

Where vast ridges meet the Ivory shores

Winds of the Zephyr chill the blood in frostbitten heartsTreacherous! Furious!

Surely the mountain will bring us to fallLord of the winds

Let our passage be swift

Ruler of mist in this age-old ruin

King of the East

Let the trials begin

Grant me the secret for I seek the Century

Horn of Mount FarnorAs a blizzard draws near

upon the highest mountain we stand

thundering footsteps strike a fear into our heartsVicious thrall!

Answer our call!

Hear us, come forth and unveil who you are!Lord of the storm

To this quest I am sworn

Ruler of mist on this age-old mountain

King of your kin

Let your trials begin!

Speak me your riddles for I seek the Century

Horn of Mount FarnorFirst; the answer is clear

But dawn breaks before the second word's voiced

One final riddle strikes despair into our heartsQueen of leaves!

Returned to me!

Surely, your words bring the giant to fall!Lord of the bones

So assured of your throne

Ruler of men among thousand towers

King of your kin

Now your war will begin!

Thousands are gathering as I sound the

Century Horn of Mount FarnorDevious!

Glorious!
Brother, I will find you wherever you are!

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