

Tindamir was a great king in a great land, a rich and prosperous place with many peoples living both within its walls and in the surrounding countryside. He was a kind king, a source of prosperity and pride. Life under his rule was well known in many nearby kingdoms as merchants would travel and carry rumors of the happiness of living under King Tindamir.

The neighboring kings, however, grew jealous of Tindamir's fame, as powerful men often do, and began to send challenges to "test the truth" of this great nation. One nearby king summoned forth a great serpent from a nearby cave, and told the serpent that in Tindamir's castle there lay the most deliciously fattened goose to ever walk the earth. The serpent greedily took the bait and invaded Tindamir's kingdom. The serpent burrowed in through the sewers and terrorized the people there day and night in search of the fattened goose. Eventually the serpent lost hope and decided to ask Tindamir directly. As you can imagine, the serpent's entrance into the throne room caused quite the stir, but Tindamir was unafraid.

"Why do you terrorize my castle" asked Tindamir of the serpent.

"I was told of a fattened goose, but I see no geese of any kind here" replied the serpent.

"There is no fat goose here" spoke the king "For my wife is allergic to them. Leave this place, and no longer heed those who fed you this lie"

And with that the serpent left the castle, never to be seen again.

A second nearby king sent word to the nearby goblins to say that the people of Tindamir's kingdom were hoarding great piles of delicious mushrooms, a rare delicacy of goblin culture. The goblins, of course, put together their war bands and started to raid Tindamir's kingdom. Each day new raids would come, and each night villagers were robbed and beaten by the vicious goblins, but the goblins went home hungry. After many weeks of sustained assault, the goblin king withdrew his forces and sent a note to king Tindamir to explain his raids. The king read the letter and responded to tell the goblin king that no longer would the kingdom of Tindamir trade in goblin wares of any kind, and any mushrooms they DID find would be used as seasoning for their own food instead of sold to goblin merchants, a response which did not please the goblin king one bit.

A third nearby king was so jealous of Tindamir's reign that he hired Shadowrunners, a type of mystical assassin, to remove king Tindamir from power entirely. Shadowrunners are a fierce and powerful race of beings, and their mission was of course a success, something that is of no doubt to any readers familiar with Shadowrunners.

With their king gone, the people went into a week-long lament. Songs were sung in the great king's honor, and anger boiled through the streets at the great loss. After the week-long funeral was over, the people gathered together in rage at the nearby kingdom. A great army was assembled overnight and attacked the neighboring kingdom the next morning. The king there was a cowardly man, ill-prepared for conflict not ended by an angry scowl, and wrote to his

allies for aid. He awaited responses, but all he got in return were rumors. It was said that his ally to the east had been taken hostage by a great serpent who encircled the city and refused to allow anyone to leave. It was said that his ally to the south had been burned to the ground by goblins, and no single stone remained taller than the shortest of the diminutive race.

It was also said, weeks and years later, that the once separate kingdoms of this land were brought together at last in memory of the greatest of kings. A statue was erected in his honor, and stands watch over this peaceful land even to this day.