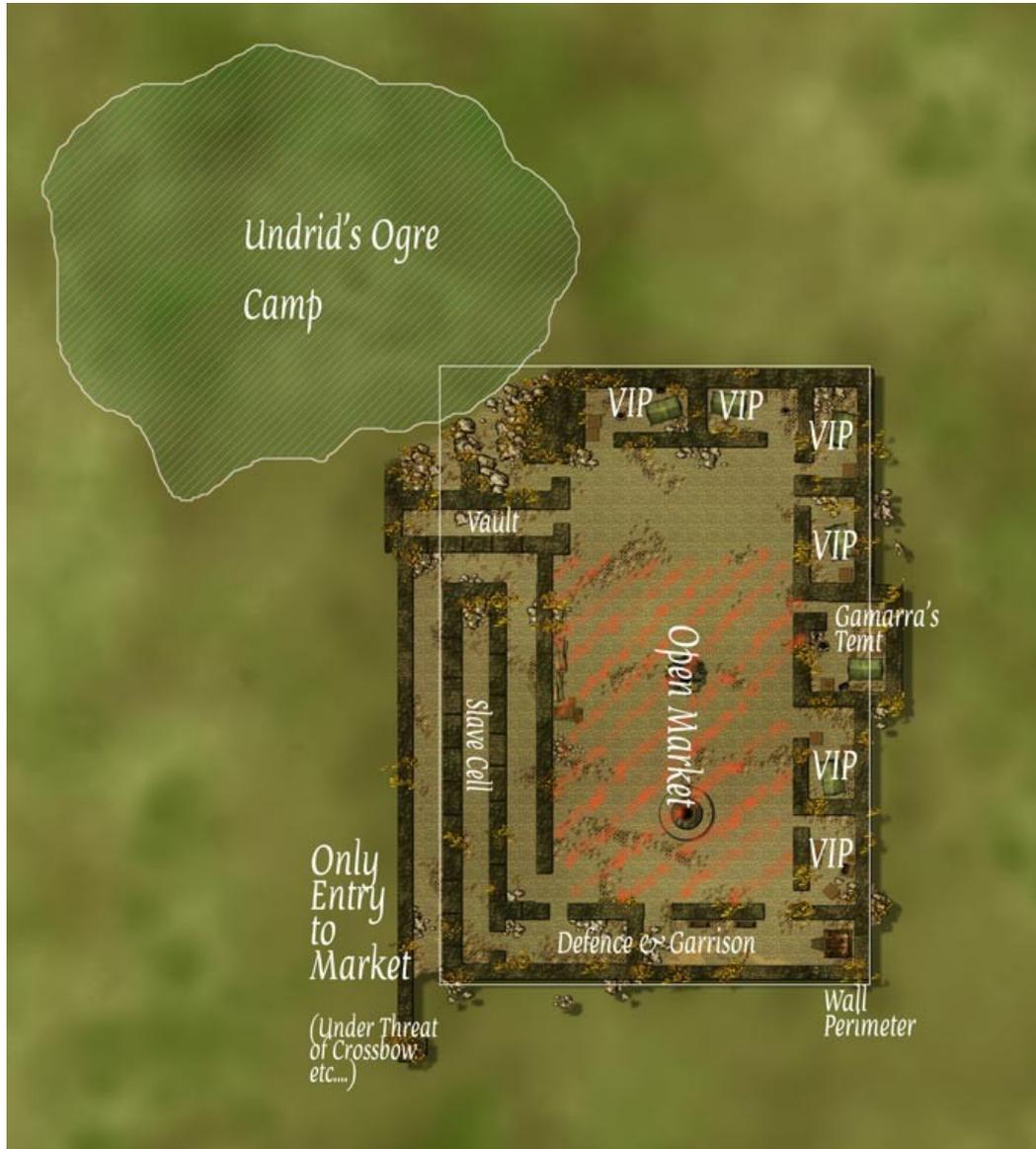


THE "MARKET TOWN" OF UNDRID BLACK OGRE



Undrid had never liked running. The Ogre's of his tribe had always struck from surprise, carried off what they could, and continued to wander. In days they would be hungry again and most everything they stole became lost, ruined, or worse discarded as useless. What was an ogre to do with silk surcoat?

So it was that the ruined stronghold showed such great potential to Undrid. Here was water, flat lands and good hunting. Yet how could he keep his kinsmen from wasting the comforts, depleting the food and forcing him to move on. Soon the merchants would know to avoid the roads of the valley and the animals worth eating would be gone. The stout walls were little good to his people accept as shade. Perhaps there was another way.

The stronghold was a simple stout construction without windows and only a few entrances. Despite its

ruined tower it remained solidly built - could it hold others in as well? Perhaps a place to keep prisoners until the meat supply was low?

His people fell upon a traveling caravan dragging all that they could back to the ruin. They would need materials and workers repair the cells.

Among the caravan there was a woman bound in chains, a powerful witch who spoke many strange languages. She told Undrid of the food and wealth the cities could offer. If he would free her she would be a suitable advisor and help him establish a powerful home for him and his people.

The ruins were made useful. Gammarra took personal pride in working her previous captives to death, rebuilding walls and removing useless rubble. Around the square she built catwalks for archers and stout doors to lock in the prisoners. Undrid converted the longer rooms into personal vaults to pile all the treasure he might trade to Gammara's contacts. She would bring him captives to keep for many days. In time the captives might be retrieved and then there would be a baggage train with great feasting. Some of the rooms were made ready to host allies and impress corrupt slavers from the city.

This is what I see very clearly in your map. I hope you don't mind me attaching a story to it.

If you are inclined to modify the map along these lines I think it would be very cool and I know I'd use it as a setting in my game. :)

Sigurd