





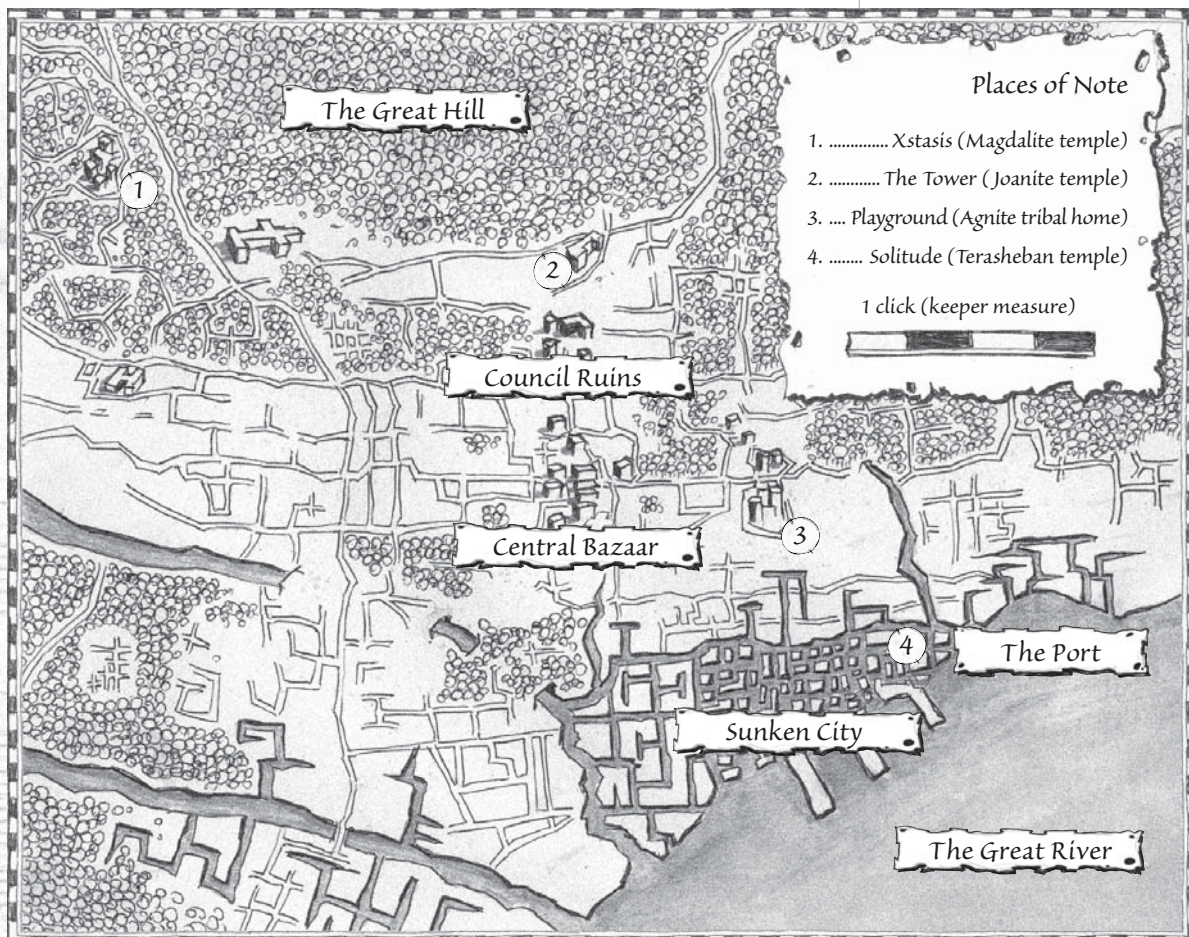
Bazaar

Anna Sera, Fallen Dahlian, speaks to Ural, a newly banished Yagan:

So, Ural, I can tell that you've spent most of your days near Mortuary, home of the Yagans. It's written all over your pale skin. Toiling day in and out in murky graves and crypts, it's time to see the light of day! Don't be insulted, it's just that you are one of us now, one of the Eighth Tribe, and there is much to learn. Now, come with me, there are a few places I want to show you before we leave for Hom. Let's start with Bazaar.

What you already know is that Bazaar is the largest market and gathering place for the Seven Tribes: its many stalls, tents, shrines and homes practically define tribal life. Yet Bazaar is really nothing more than a ghost town. True, the tribes have given it a facelift, but underneath you can still see the skeletal frames of the ancient buildings, the wind howling through their vacant rooms. Architecturally, it is a mishmash of scavenged parts and rubble. Buildings from before the End — those still standing that is — have been cannibalized, their interiors gutted into small markets or temples while their exteriors are decorated with a few scavenged lights, leather tarps and runes.

Wood and steel bridges span the chasms between buildings on the lower levels. These, combined with the chaotic shacks and stalls of the market, have turned the street level into a maze. During the winter, huge leather, rubber and canvas tarps are draped over central areas of Bazaar, shielding it from the snow, but most of the business during the cold months is done indoors in the Emporiums.



Hom

Anna Sera, Fallen Dahlian, speaks to Ural, a newly banished Yagan:

You can see Hom as you cross the Fallen Bridge, a small settlement under the looming shadow of the South Tier bridge. From afar it looks like nothing, a motley collection of shacks, patched-up buildings, tents and dives — a home for those who no longer belong. The area that surrounds Hom itself we call the Barrens. Nothing grows there, except ruins and dust. Some have made their homes there, mainly the Doomsayers. There's something about the swirling dust and rubble that attracts them. Some Squats live there as well, though they prefer the shanty towns that dot the island of Hom instead. Really depressing places, some of them, you can smell the death and excrement as you pass by. Occasionally, tribals come here in packs and kill as many of the Squats as they can, beating any Fallen who gets in their way.

This was originally a place of death — a no-man's land, a place that the tribes said was cursed. Many summers ago, the small hollow island of Hom — hollow because the Keepers believe it was man-made, and that it has tunnels running under it — was nothing but a barren rock. A place where criminals, Squats and the occasional Z'bri were sent in exile, isolated from the island by the turbulent rapids of the Great River. But that was then. Over the years, the few who survived (and the many more who were cast out) transformed the island from a desolate place into what you see now. Small fields cover the small island, though we still need to trade because we are not fully self-reliant. It makes the times when the tribes close the Fallen Bridge more bearable.

When compared to its surroundings, Hom is more lively; there are few places in Vimary that are as dynamic and vibrant. See, we have nothing except what we make for ourselves, and we see Hom as our chance to remind the tribes of who they cast out. The tribes would love to see us wallow in our misery, so instead we revel in our freedom and use every opportunity to show how lucky we are. Remember this, Ural, Hom is our Eden and bastion, a place to call home. A place to belong. Now come, it's getting late and it's not safe to be caught outside Hom after nightfall. We're almost there, just over the Fallen Bridge...

