

# Lands of Porphyra



**PATHFINDER**  
ROLEPLAYING GAME COMPATIBLE





# Lands of Porphyra

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## Foreward

Welcome to the *Lands of Porphyra Campaign Setting*! This campaign setting has been in the making nearly as long as Purple Duck has been in existence, and it has become as intertwined with our products as chaos-ribbon in the Opal Emperor's hair. What began with references to fantasy nations and characters in the *Legendary* series of scalable magic items carried over into new player character races (drawn mostly from art for *Monsters of Porphyra*) and got a full head of steam with the collective of over a dozen writers composing gazetteer entries for the 50-plus nations of a new and fragmented world. The *Purple Mountain* megadungeon and the *Fehr's Ethnology* series was integrated into the legendarium, and so on, and so on. Ideas built upon ideas, such as “porphyrite” borders separating wildly different ecosystems, the absence of gods on a young world, orcs and elves in desperate alliance, a “World Changing Conflict” in the past, Elementalists revering beings from the Realms Within locked in a struggle against the Deist followers of the New Gods... we got to play with a lot of cool new concepts, and share ideas with contributors.

The name of our world and setting, Porphyra, comes from Mark's favorite color and the name of the company—namely, purple. One can imagine the long violet twilights of the disparate nations, colored by the omnipresent glowing ‘porphyrite borders’ of mystic maroon crystal, the soughing sound of purple sage in the restless wind, the haunting calls of mawgriff drifting across the plains... and we hope that the places, people, gods and monsters within inspire you to great deeds and imaginations in your fantasy tabletop gaming. We encourage you to work with the material, add to it, make it your own, build on the races, nations, gods, monsters, history, whatever piece of Porphyra makes your eye gleam, and enjoy.

A few special acknowledgements; the awesome cover, depicting the cosmic hands of Elemental Lords and New Gods playing a game with the mortals of Porphyra, the traditional zendiqi game of “arbakampsi”, by Rick Hershey—captured Perry's vision perfectly. Tom Fayen for the full-color, downloadable digital map, which we hope you take full advantage of, print the thing, its cool! The works of Michael Moorcock (erkunae, Erkusaa) and Edgar Rice Burroughs (xesa) and many other authors from our childhoods, whose characters and lands dance through our brains.

In the name of The Calling, and The Four, we bid you enjoy...

The Patchwork Planet of Porphyra!

Mark Gedak, Perry Fehr, Purple Duck Games



## Introduction

*"One would think that a document of such import as an eye-witness's account of The Calling, the arrival of the New Gods on the world of Porphyra, would find a storage place of prominence... but all it is, a dry sheaf of mawgriff-hide plainly visible as 'M'...*

## Year 1

*You can see forever, Mythusa thought, gazing from the top of the vast monolith. In all directions was thick jungle, a canopy, like a second surface of the world. Not like the canopy back home, not like the Great Green, where Mythusa was born. As a mere infant of twenty years, the memory was as fresh as the breeze from the ocean, which was now many leagues from where Mythusa stood, but visible as a line of blue-green. That line of blue-green was his responsibility, with his exceptional eyesight, a fact which made Mythusa proud.*

*All who were on The Task had jobs, all who could walk- and some who could not. From the watch-promontory, a knob of coppery stone that marked the highest point of the monolith, Mythusa could easily see the camp where Kreg Raagma, the "ancient" orcish runereaper, carried on a litter by guard-bearers younger than Mythusa himself. Ancient. At the age of sixty-two. Hrakath! Mythusa understood his job, though, as well as Kreg Raagma did. He must watch from the promontory, as that was the best task for him, while the runespeakers and runereapers worked at The Task.*

*They wouldn't tell Mythusa what The Task was, just that it would help the elves against the Hairy Men- and help the orcs, too. Mythusa was kind of frightened of the orcs, their pointy teeth and red eyes. He was even more afraid of the Half Elves. Or Half Orcs. He wasn't sure and didn't want to know. He shuddered in the breeze, with its flavors of salt and stone, rain and rot. It all seemed so much, all of a sudden. I'm just little, Mythusa thought. I haven't even eaten meat yet. Why do I have to watch the stupid sea, stupid blue line, it's blue, it's green, it has waves, nah nah nah n- But it wasn't all blue, or green any more. There were dark spots on the horizon, like flies on the windowsill, a line of them.*

*Mythusa stared for a second, then dove for the satchel at his feet, pulling out a circle of clear material- "glass", Kreg Raagma called it. It hurt Mythusa's head to look through the glass, but he did so now, and quickly focused on what he had seen. The spots jumped forward. Black dots, with colored specks running around on them; overhead, specks flying*

*in the air- birds? Mythusa remembered the word-shapes of his father's "voice"... speak in detail, sharp-eyed one, tell what you see, not what you guess... They were not birds. They were Men. Men on... flying blankets, and swooping things above... djinn... living clouds- no!*

*Elementals...*

*Mythusa's training kicked in again, and he bolted for the camp. He barely remembered to stuff the "glass" into his tunic as his slender legs carried him across the bizarre landscape of the top of the monolith, like a mote on the end of a copper needle in a green giant's eye. The information was relayed swiftly to Mythusa's mother Tharesa, and father Athak, and both hard-faced elves strode to others-*

*Tharesa to the orcs and half-orcs, Athak to the busy elves and half-elves, (Will I ever be able to tell them apart? thought Mythusa) and fully half of the camp emptied in the space of a few moments. The orc elders screamed a blessing to their warriors, the elves placed motes of their magical essences into jars held by the elders- and the half-orcs (half-elves?) just armored up, pulled sword and left. Most climbed on the backs of three huge dragonnells, as Mythusa knew the big purple "Da-na-sahrs" were called by the hairy mahrog mercenaries.*

*Though Mythusa was just a sprig of twenty, he could see that by the way most of those leaving looked at those staying, that they did not expect to see them again. Mythusa's incredibly sharp eyes saw a series of flashes of light make their way through the jungle below, even, as he guessed, the boats of the enemies- the Elementalists- were being towed into shore. He relayed what he saw to his father. <i was worried about that> read the glyphs in the air in front of Athak. He turned from Mythusa, cold and hard and a little frightening.*

*<THARESA> his glyphs shouted.*

*His white-faced wife, in a slim bodysuit for better somatics, came over. Mythusa sat on the coppery stone, hugging his knees, all but forgotten. < the elementalists have a couple of gangs of air elementals elders I would guess which we expected and carpet-wizards which we did not>*

*"We need more time, Athak. The distance is far, their voices distant. Elder Rayyn and Kreg Raagma grow tired and-"*

*<SILENCE>*

*Even the scrambling Alliance members who had their backs to Athak and Tharesa winced and turned around. Athak drew himself up to his nearly seven feet in height and deliberately began to form word-glyphs in the air- reflex-*

ively Tharesa spoke the glyphs for those who could not read them...

<elves of the forest orcs of the mountains children of both half elf half orc i will address you one last time before this task is done our enemies come our oppressors those who have stepped upon us with their heels of stone beat us with their whips of fire withheld the waters of life and the air of existence >

The glyph-filled air was clear for a moment, the silent runespeakers turned and regarding Athak, pale, rare elven sweat upon their brows. The breath of the orcish runereapers was harsh beside them, but they regarded Athak, as well, their blood dripping on the coppery stone, runes of power glowing through their flesh. The half-orc summoners and wizards providing the fleshy fuel for the 'reapers were more suspicious. They had the most to lose in this world, this world dominated by men and their cruel, alien Elemental Lords.

<the task is near done the place of arrival prepared the names of our deliverers inscribed the power to bring them from the great beyond at its peak this has been done by you my friends my brothers all it is our hour to live all life in one single second>

He bent and placed a small item at Mythusa's feet and the brassy token expanded into a hawk-headed lion. Athak picked Mythusa up bodily and put him on the griffon's back. Tears unbidden came to his large, maroon eyes. Overhead, there were multicolored clouds beginning to form, like

Mythusa's kaleidoscope toy, back somewhere, in the Green.

<our lives may be spent here now but i will tell you that they will not end the ones who we Call will take us further further than any of Porphyra have gone to places and realities undreamed of by their petty dirty lords>

The runereapers, runespeakers, wizards and summoners turned back to their work, and as Mythusa rose into the air, he could see tears running down their faces, though some laughed and cheered. Like a clod of dirt on the surface of a mirror... things... came into view, still far off in Mythusa's sight, but closing fast.

<for on this day this day of THE CALLING we will find for ourselves something greater than our short mortal existence we will be part of the realm eternal we will find>

Mythusa was flying now, but his ears were nearly as sharp as his eyes.

The sky above seemed to split, somehow, and there was something beyond it

<we will find GODS>

<say now THE WORD>

And as masses of foul winds and snarling motes of the four elements reached the towering promontory of the Menhir, a great, glowing HAND reached down from the sky, and Mythusa knew no more for a time, rushing on, and on, south towards some place of refuge, some place of refuge before the growing storm...





# The World of Porphyra

*Halan wasalan! Khotlah bkda Erkusaa!*  
*Lena thani`n hi`y- Azag`tor kraga!*

Welcome to the Patchwork Planet of Porphyra...

Porphyra is a different sort of world, among the myriads of worlds in the vast multiverse, even in that it contains many of the facets that make other worlds singular, in different proportions, but strange, all the same. In the beginning of things, when all things in all places began (according to the scholars who spend their time thinking of such things) Porphyra was a small world, spinning alone around a small star, possessing one small moon. Perhaps it was overlooked by the gods, perhaps that it was spoken for by something far more dreadful than gods. Perhaps life there started in some other, stranger way. But life there did begin, much like other worlds. Few races claim to be the oldest of Porphyra, as many state, with some pride, that they “came from somewhere else” as though aspiring to be invaders or conquerors, like the Landed Deists. The sphinxes say that they were the first thinking beings, brothers to the animals and successors to their magically-engineered creation. They also assert that who engineered their creation is none of lesser races’ business, as they came after. The various sentient reptilian races have a strong claim to the title of true first civilizations of Porphyra, namely the ancient Saurian Empire of Jengu-Na, slowly declining but largely unaffected by the events of the latter millennium; the rare dragons of Porphyra were once their mounts and engines of war, so the chants of the Scaled Empress say. Elves orcs, erkunae, goblins, samsaran, all have apocryphal stories of “The Great Journey” of their races, from persecution, or outright Armageddon. It would seem that a young world like Porphyra served as a “sanctuary world”, hidden from the view of cosmic disaster.

Native Porphyran humanity has a surprisingly long legacy, having claimed always to have been present there, but probably owing their origin to the enigmatic progenitor of the sphinxes. Porphyran-native humans claim the ancient Oliti River valley as their cradle, and have been drawn to other ‘Mother Rivers’ such as the Drool, the Chiuta, even the Trollwater. Brown-complected and gray-eyed, they now comprise the zendiqi people of the southern deserts, the clan-people of the Fourlands, the

## Map of Porphyra?

It turns out that long ago when we were first working on the Lands of Porphyra Campaign Setting we created a world much too large to include a map of it directly printed in this book. Fortunately, due to the advent of digital technology we can point you directly to a digital version of the map.

**Map:** <http://www.rpgnow.com/product/123108/Lands-of-Porphyra-Map>

Throughout this section you will see additional regional maps that have been commissioned as part of our work on the Heroes of... line of regional supplements for players and gamemasters.

Reedlanders of the Fenian Triarchy, and isolated mixed-blood tribes scattered throughout the lands. They were staunch adherents of the Elemental Lords, a cadre of godlike beings from the Realms Within- those of Air, Earth, Fire and Water. With these Lords’ support, the Porphyran-human minority was the ruling force on Porphyra for 25 centuries. At that time, the assumption of Porphyran-Elementalist power, the Kayanoi race arrived in the world, minions of invading cosmic horrors known as the Great Old Ones. The Elemental Lords defeated and exiled those unknowable alien powers, establishing their presence and power on Porphyra. The odd, pale humans that were the servants, armies, thralls (and likely, the food) of the Great Old Ones were mostly ignored. The Kayanoi were allowed to live in protectorates in the undesirable cold northern lands, even forming petty empires to be bullied around by the mercurial and mad erkunae Opal Empire.

For 25 centuries the Zendiq order and the Elementalist Lords dominated Porphyra, quashing free-thinkers like the Savants of the Fifth Element and pitting vassal kingdoms against each other. Humanoid and demi-human races were especially persecuted, with orcs being used as forced miners and elves subjugated under a series of puppet dictators. Only the unlikely alliance of those

disparate races, and their secret study of the phenomenon of the Realms Beyond and “Gods” ultimately broke the power of the Porphyran Zendiks and the Elemental Lords. With the combined power of innovative rune magics and rituals performed at a secret mystical site at the nexus of all the natural power of Porphyra, the Cormazog Alliance of orcs and elves created and spoke THE WORD, which engendered “The Calling”, a sundering of the transdimensional borders of the Multiverse, and a summoning of those divine beings known as Gods to Porphyra, where there were none before. The potential for Gods to enter Porphyra’s reality came to be, and they did come, from other realities- many also were Arisen from the will of Porphyra’s people themselves, an eventuality made possible by The Calling. The gods Called to Porphyra brought Lands with them, from dying dimensions, for sentiment’s sake, for preservation from their own decline- for as many reasons as there were Gods. They added them to the physical structure of Porphyra, sealed and joined with the mystical mineral porphyrite, preserving native climate, flora and fauna, and culture, to a certain degree. Some, like Fenris Kul and the Jheriak Continuance, mostly abandoned their transported Land, while others, like Aleria and the Gardens of Meynon, maintain an almost physical presence. Even Risen gods got into the cosmological real estate game, where Nemyth Vaar added a new moon to the heavens, and Toma Thule, embodiment of Honor, brought a fragment of Heaven to the Empire of the Dead.

The inhabitants and rulers of Porphyra, the Elemental Lords and the mortal Zendik Council and their many vassal states were not pleased at the new arrival, and they were not meant to be. The Cormazog Alliance intended that there would be a great reckoning between the oppressed people of Porphyra and the Elementalists. They were not exactly expecting a one-quarter increase to the landmass of Porphyra, with its accompanying millions of sentient worshipers, but the reality quickly came upon all of those involved. There would be war, world-spanning war. It was dubbed the NewGod War by the God-brought and the God-Bringers (known as the Deist forces), the Second Invasion by the Elementalists and their allies (as if to suggest that, like the first, it would be repelled), and it grew to nightmarish proportions before two winters had passed. Armies of genies, elementals, sorcerers and camel-riding cavalry clashed with angels,

inevitables, paladins and pikemen. Leaders were assassinated, vassals changed sides, artifacts made and used, Gods battled Elemental Lords in physical combat that threatened to crack the world, like the magic-less waste of Nor-Du-Mag. It was two centuries of heroism and craven cowardice, of genocide and pacifist retreat, of magic beyond comprehension and thrown stones and pointy sticks. In the end, however, the final offensive of the Elementalist armies was thrown back from the gates of the Deist capital, Sanctus Templum, and chased back to the sandy crucible of the Elementalist Zendiks, Siwath, where a final treaty was signed, ending the war and declaring the total victory of the expired Cormazog Alliance and the Landed Deists, forced to fight to live in their unwanted home.

And today? Nearly eight-hundred years since sheikh and paladin-general faced each other down on the dusty lands south of the Oliti, where legend held the first two-legged life stood up in the sand, conflict is constant and peace is precarious. Many gods have no love for one another, without a common enemy. Racism and prejudice interfere with trade and learning, and old enemies lurk in the background to take their place, when the time is right. Some equilibrium must be established, somehow, but only beings with a stout heart, a strong hand, and great will may make their mark- in the soft purple twilight of the Patchwork Planet of Porphyra...





## Porphyrite Borders and Landed Territories

The Landed Territories brought to Porphyra by the New Gods are, quite literally, pieces of other realities incorporated into the body of that world. The intrusion of these lands is maintained by the gods themselves, through the mystical substance of porphyrite, sometimes called godstone. All of the Landed Territories are surrounded by borders of porphyrite crystal, usually in a rough hedge of about 1' in height, but that can vary. This border projects a pale, barely visible purple light into the heavens, making a wall, that prevents the movement of most living beings, and most molecular movement, especially weather. Thus, there can exist an arctic wasteland (The Frozen 'North') beside a tropical jungle (Californ), a magical mountain (Purple Mountain) can sit within rolling fields, and a celestial castle (Digirn, the Celestial Bastion) can exist within a nightmare land (Empire of the Dead). Moving physical objects lose half of their velocity when passing through a porphyrite border—this effectively halves range AND damage from missile weapons passing through, but not magical ones. Many beings on Porphyra call these 'godswalls' and dislike their proximity, as their faint light disturbs sleep. Undead instinctively avoid them, and even incorporeal undead cannot pass them.

Passage through godswalls requires a certain ritual, taught to mortals by the god Shankhil. Porphyrite is his creation and jurisdiction, as the god of doorways, and certain of his priests administer border crossings at designated places, changing money or goods for flakes of porphyrite, known as 'flakes' in common vernacular. 'Flakes' are used as a medium of exchange away from the borders, as well, a flake of porphyrite being the equivalent of 5 pieces of gold; platinum is not recognized as a trade metal on Porphyra, being ridiculously rare and hard to smelt. Flake can be obtained in other ways than changing it with Khilite priests (colloquially called 'Methysti'); such as stray deposits in certain areas, and naturally decay from some border areas. A being that holds a flake of porphyrite and walks through the barrier may pass—Khilite priests encourage a prayer to whatever god the holder reveres. The flake 'returns' to the porphyrite grid, and the traveler goes on. Creatures of intelligence less than 3 are usually sprinkled with powdered porphyrite, one flake affecting 5 such animals. Some species have adapted to ingest certain muds and

waters near godswall borders, and as such migrate when it pleases them.

Godswall borders in a few areas (Karkoon, Creeper's Rift, Isles of the Lost) are said to be intermittent by scholars, 'blinky' to laymen. Due to otherworldly energies, or conflict between the gods, certain porphyrite borders 'come and go', often around islands, or in underground areas. There seems to be no predicting these 'blinky' areas, though Khilite priests often use augury with some success. Even at sea, where godswalls usually appear 10-20 miles out in the ocean, purple Khilite ships can be found facilitating passage and keeping an eye on things; Khilites have a network of knowledge of the comings and goings of sentients on Porphyra second to none, rivaling the Divine Record for information. Attacking a Khilite border-station is taboo, even among most evil races, though most are fairly capable of defending themselves. It may be noted that in some cases, the border of a Landed territory is not necessarily a porphyrite border; in the millenium since the Calling kingdoms have expanded and changed, so that they must negotiate godswalls within their own lands. Khilites are especially welcome at such border crossings. Finally, to further facilitate large numbers of border-crossers, a divine spell is available to convert channeled energy into a magical porphyrite aura; the spell is listed below.

### Porphyrite Passage

**School** transmutation

**Level** cleric 1

**Casting Time** 1 standard action

**Components** V, S

**Range** 30 ft. radius

**Target** living creatures within the circle

**Duration** 1 minute/level

**Saving throw** Will negates (harmless); **Spell Resistance** yes

This spell converts channeled energy, positive or negative, into porphyrite energy required to cross a 'godswall' or porphyrite border. During the spell duration, whenever the cleric channels, each 'point' of healing or damage equals one 'flake' of porphyrite conferred on a living being within the spell radius. Conversion of 5:1 for beings of intelligence less than 3 applies here as well. Clerics of Shankhil gain +1 point per level when casting this spell.

# History of Porphyra

The for purposes of this history time is recorded using the deist calendar and years are marked as BC (Before Calling) and AC (After Calling).

- **Naming of Dey Ayun Marek (2500 BC)** The approximate present location of Port Arkham in the Boroughs of Dunmark is the site of a titanic battle that begins the rulership of the Elemental Lords on Porphyra.
- **Breaking of Nor-Du-Mag (1550 BC)**
- **Founding of the Opal Empire (1497 BC)** - Arrival of the erkunae on Erkusaa and subsequent enslavement of dhosari.
- **Completion of the Fortress of the Eye (1009 BC)** - Cyclopes of Kesh complete their fortress and hold dominion over the region.
- **Erection of Kadeg's Pyramid (505 BC)** - The pyramid of the ancient renegade wizard is erected in the sphinx territory of northwest Siwath
- **Height of the Opal Empire (104 BC)** - The empire of the Opal Throne stretches from the Isle of Erkusa west to Parl Pardesh.
- **Last Chapterhouse (100 BC)** - The library of the Savants of the Fifth Element is eradicated by the forces of the Elemental Lords.
- **Negotiations (80 BC)** - Long thought impossible, negotiations between elves and orcs began to formalize an allied response against the tyranny of the Elemental Lords.
- **Cormazog Alliance formalized; Reign of the Mummy King (23 BC)**
- **The Calling (0 AC)** - The New Gods and their favored territories join with Porphyra. Environmental upheaval is prevalent for at least two years.
- **Edict of Aethys (4 AC)** - Elementalists rulers in the eastern continent sign a pact of cooperation against the deist arrivals. Purple Mountain is laid to siege.
- **Battle of the Amethyst Plain (5 AC)** - Deist troops lift the siege of Purple Mountain. Beginning of the NewGod Wars. Codion Grimas IV declares anathema on all elementalism.
- **NewGod Wars (5 AC-206 AC)** - Porphyra racked by global war. Giants are bred by the elementalists, commanded by genies and supported by summoned elementals. Deists employ celestial outsiders and other planar beings. A great surge in elemental-kin and native outsiders takes place.
- **Arrival of the Imperiax (33 AC)** - Crash of the mother vessel 'Venusia' in the Silent Mountains south of Iffud.
- **Red Night of Ghadab (51 AC)** - Empress Shi'an XXI massacres her people and draws the attention of Mâl.
- **The Fall of Greencastle (88 AC)** - Mountain fortress killing-ground of the Codionic Knights falls from within in a day.
- **Blackwater Plague (102-120 AC)** - Avandrool and Azagor are afflicted with a terrible plague that kills or transforms thousands.
- **The Yellow Wall erected (116 AC)** - Iffud, the Fourlanders, and the Elven Nation race to contain the Blackwater plague, and the Elemental-ist agents implicated in the epidemic.
- **Retreat to New Karkoon (191 AC)** - The defeated hobgoblin empire evacuates all remnants and retreats to the stronghold of Kaderach Fel, at the eastern end of the archipelago.
- **Treaty of Siwath signed (206 AC)** - Elemental-ist power is broken, the Elders of the Four flee to their respective domains, and most current borders are set.
- **Collapse of the Opal Empire (400 AC)** - The Emperor's Nurse converts to Ithreianism, slays Yttic LXV and recalls imperial erkunae forces, ending their empire on Porphyra.
- **Artax-Kinser Treaty signed (499 AC)** - Wars between psionic and 'normals' ended on Sharira and other associated areas. Council of Nine established.
- **Hesterian Truce declared (601 AC)** - End of the Dreamer's War between Ulian and Nerian factions in Hesteria, the Wall of Sleep. Free passage declared for those who wish to access the Wall.
- **Asterion the Tyrant falls (945 AC)** - After sinking the isle of Torl, the minotaur Asterion declares himself ruler of the Seven Principalities, and held them in terror until 984, when he was assassinated.
- **Battle of the Red Moors (998 AC)** - The cream of the homeguard of Thame, capital of Geranland in The Middle Kingdoms, is annihilated by Rolterran rebels south of Weston.
- **The Present moment (999 AC)**



## Advent Imperiax

*“The known is obvious: this alluring female race, their language, treasures, culture in general- are beyond anything we’ve imagined. What is unknown is, regrettably, everything else.”* - Intercepted Fudi diplomatic missive

**Capital:** Myxhadriax

**Settlements:** Myxhadriax (21,000), Yhadri-Fhas (17,000), Yhadri-Izhaaf (27,000)

**Ruler:** The Imperiax Triumvirate

**Government:** Gynarchic Geniocracy

**Races:** Dhosari, Erkunae, Femanx, Half-Orc, Human, Squole

**Faiths:** None

**Resources:** Alien technology, intoxicants, godmetals (adamantine, geranite), slaves

**Languages:** Common, Manxic

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (porphyrite north, mountains all others)

## History

Nestled deep within a mysterious, impassable mountain range, the existence – let alone the genesis- of the Advent Imperiax is shrouded in mystery. The other nations of Porphyra see the Imperiax (as it is commonly called) as a curious anomaly, allied neither with the ascendant New Gods or the usurped Elemental Lords. The dominant, unique race of the Imperiax are the femanx, and their leadership knows, as do some few foreigners, that the origin if the matriarchal realm arose in the days of The Calling. A great femanx colonization vessel crash-landed after it was thrown off-course by the appearance of Vaar’s Moon in orbit around the Patchwork Planet. So great was the crash and so large the original vessel, it is said to have caused the formation of the great vale it now occupies, as it punched through the mountains and into a previously subterranean lake. Whatever the catalyst for the crash, the remaining contingent-hopelessly stranded, though with advanced technology and genetics- began what has since become an intriguing realm on their new, precarious world.

The secret knowledge doled out by the Triumvirate holds that the femanx vessel, the *Venusia*, attempted an emergency “advent”, or calculated insertion, and entered

Porphyra’s atmosphere. Terms that are almost holy to the femanx- “matter displacement”, “particulate dispersion” and “environmental control generation” occurred, and three component vessels arrived at hasty coordinates, becoming the three femanx cities. When energy shields were thereafter generated, the eerily beautiful, apparently exclusively female femanx emerged on the stage of Porphyra. The ‘Lost Home’ was then truly lost to this enigmatic race, for good or ill.

As the mountainous destination point of the Advent was remote and nigh-inaccessible, the Imperiax was virtually unaffected by the otherwise world-spanning NewGod Wars, except for an apocryphal legend of a reconnoitering battalion of stone giants and shaitan obliterated by femanx forces. They found no attraction to either side in the conflict, and still do not, preferring to study and watch their odd neighbors and world-mates slaughter each other.

## Current Events

The Imperiax Triumvirate rules the realm and its people, the femanx, with no whisper of revolt in a millennium. The most learned and loyal of the Advent Imperiax, it consists of two Mxyiir, and a titular head, the Mxyiax. These Triumvirs are replaced only upon death, or more often, when stumped by an issue posed by a citizen. Though the femanx are tolerant of divergent views, they do practice slave-keeping-though their slaves are treated very well compared to those in other realms. Due to a very successful ambassadorial relationship of the Imperiax and the Opal Throne of Erkusaa, a great number of their slaves are dhosari, generally content with their judicious treatment while the bulk of their other slaves come from human and half-orc stocks that have wandered into Imperiax territory from Iffud. Though intellectual in nature, the edicts and rule of the Triumvirate are absolute in their realms, with instances of summary execution via “particulate dispersion” not unheard of. Femanx have a strict hierarchy and are not to be trifled with, but otherwise tend toward being unwittingly condescending rather than overtly haughty or callous.

The natives of the Imperiax – and in recent decades honored non-femanx residents—make routine use of highly technological weapons and utilitarian items too numerous to list. Though their remote and largely inaccessible locale has kept their realm nearly mythical, “nearly” is all that’s needed for those who would go to

extremes to learn of their technology—even more so to gain mastery over it. The erkunae have enjoyed the most benefit from this technology, and those of the Clockwork Lands are the most envious of it. Boggles are not allowed in the Imperiax on pain of death...

Though still a very secretive society, in the last several decades the Advent Imperiax has begun limited interaction, trade, and in some cases even cross-residency with other races and lands. The enclave of Ghlidra-Yaam in the Rainbow Isles was the first instance of this, with small steps to follow. The manner in which the femanx bring visitors in and out their cities is cause for much speculation by jealous explorers, doubtless part of their advanced technology. To this point, the Triumvirate expressly forbids the trade of their technology in all but items of the very basest utility. These “minor” items are considered fabulous treasures by wealthy outlanders, and even mundane items such as acro-fizz beverages, cerebro-fume smoking blends and the like are very high quality and coveted by the rich Porphyran “in the know.”

## Settlements

Each settlement’s center is the seat of femanx power, the remnant of the antevocal *Venusia*. It is encapsulated by a spherical energy and/or substance of some sort, half above, half below the surface, a spherical dome.

Surrounding the settlement centre are two concentric rings of colored energy, each serving as a barrier wall and energy source for the city. The two sectors created have become indicators of status, with the privileged inhabiting the innermost.

**Myxhadriax** is the capital of the Imperiax, with the most powerful city and largest energy barrier. Its name means “supreme matron city” and holds the Hall of Knowledge, seat of the Triumvirate. Many artifacts of the ‘Lost Home’ are on display here, and revered almost

as holy icons. High-ranking families and their entourages of weird slaves stroll the exotic gardens, jockeying for social standing and intrigue.

**Yhadri-Fhas** is the hub of industry in the Imperiax, and the “first city” is a wonder of moving sidewalks, flying machines, and robot-constructs producing and moving the goods of the femanx. Foreigners must be extremely well vetted here, as the Clockworkers would pay a humanoid’s weight in gold for descriptions of even a simple waste-elimination probe. The Stars of LostHome, the military wing of the nation, is also headquartered here.

**Yhadri-Izhaaf**, meaning “outer city” is where the highest concentration of non-femanx call home, with a sizable Foreign Sector. It contains all manner of general and specialty shops, pleasure houses, tavern-like equivalents, and short, conkscrew-patterned towers. Moving between energy shields is generally permissible, but access to the city centre is tightly restricted.



## Intrigues

- An Imperiax matron covertly contacts the party through an envoy, with a mission to recover several items of femanx technology stolen by bogus ambassadors. If the problem is dealt with discreetly and quickly, the PCs may earn access to some of the items themselves.
- The race of the squole is odd in the extreme, and is supposed by some to have some ecological connection to the femanx home world. If you could locate a colony of ‘wild’ squole in the mountain ring of the Imperiax, much valuable information could be acquired.
- The Imperiax plans an invasion of a neighboring city to flex their national muscles, and let Porphyra know they are more than exotic pleasure-merchants. Will you join them, or oppose the alien race, facing their deadly superior technology?



## Azag-Ithiel, The Newlands

*"From your perspective the Newlands are an asylum. From our perspective, the rest of the world is a prison."* – Kurabn Ustam, Senator, Master Artificer

**Capital:** Paradigm

**Settlements:** Khambir (9,300), Low'Enath (21,600), Paradigm (33,800)

**Ruler:** Prime Minister Otag Nagen

**Government:** Democratic Republic

**Races:** Dhosari, Elf, Half-Elf, Half-Ogre, Half-Orc, Kobold, Orc, Taddol, Tengu

**Faiths:** Ashamar Shining, Enor Ashlord, Tulis, Yolana

**Resources:** Literature, precious metals (gold, iron, silver)

**Languages:** Common, Draconic, Elven, Giant, Orc, Taddol, Tengu

**Border Conditions:** Limited (porphyrite northwest)

### History

When the Elemental Lords were yet young, a meteor hit Porphyra with such force that it cracked the surface and pushed up a circular mountain range called the Abancoi Nicn, which, translated from archaic Draconic means "Pond Ripple". A millennium ago, a kobold wizard named Kurabn Ustam fled the New-God Wars into this forbidden place, touched a glowing stone at the bottom of vast crater, and, when he awoke, found himself to be immortal. He decided to build his wizard's tower on that selfsame spot, and continue with his experiments in artifice. Fate had other plans. Refugees from the harsh (and nearby) Jheriak Continuance, mainly half-orcs, began to make their way across the high Abancoi Nicns from the oppression they found at the hands of the Iron Crown men. At the same time, elves and their orcish companions came to the Abancois, pursued by elementalists of Enor Ashlord bent on vengeance for The Calling. To everyone's surprise, the ancient, powerful, and benevolently good kobold welcomed them warmly. He saw a new kind of artifice; the creation of a new state, one of equality and democracy, and perhaps a mending of the deist and elemental schism.

Stressing the need for education, Kurabn taught the young half-orcs to read and write, taught them mathematics, philosophy, sciences and art. More importantly,

though, he began to teach them their worth as thinking creatures and that every sentient had rights and should be seen as equals. Many generations grew wise under his protection and tutelage, and the original settlement around his tower, the town of Paradigm, spread, migrated and grew as more oppressed refugees landed on Azag-Ithiel's shores, the name being chosen from the orcish and elven words for "Home." The refugees spoke of the Jheriak war machine—and Kurabn and his students knew that it was time to put his experiment to the test.

A call was put out to all citizens of the Newlands, as they were commonly called, to send representatives to help form a central government. They met in the city of Paradigm, and with their own hands raised the All-Races Senate, wizards, fighters, farmers, Newlanders all. These brave gentlebeings met in chambers at the beginning of summer and argued until the next spring. The results of this first parliament were nothing short of a miracle: the Newlands would be a democratic republic with each citizen, from the richest merchant to the lowliest chimney-sweep would have an equal say in who would govern and make the laws. At the suggestion of a cloister of Yolandite clerics, they also wrote a declaration of rights; that all sentients, no matter their species or country of origin should be treated as equals, and have the right to personal freedom. The Senate elected the half-orc orator Inva Khambir (rumored to have been present at The Calling) the first prime minister, the only time the head of state was not elected by the people, and created a people's army—and none too soon, as the Continuance was flexing its muscles to cruelly invade and destroy the fledgling state. Kurabn Ustam and his arcane students were as prepared as the army.

The first attacks came strategically from the west and north. The Continuance had sent a massive army, outnumbering the Azag-Ithiel forces twenty to one. The defenders of the valley had several advantages, however. The Newlanders were much better equipped; they had several airships that they used to great effect; and their magic arsenal was far superior. Then, of course, there was the legion of ten-foot-tall steel golems, and the contingent of half-ogres and ogrillons wearing golem armor, led by the ogre mage general Tharis Nal, who would later take his turn as prime minister. Even with these advantages, the fight was a stalemate, exacting a heavy toll over many years. The war is remembered on both sides as the No-Win War, a grudging compliment on the

Continuance side, and a warning to later generations of Newlanders: peace and equality comes at a price, never become complacent in the maintenance of justice and freedom.

## Current Events

Azag-Ithiel, while not completely secure, is breathing a sigh of relief. The national system of roads nears completion, connecting all the cities, towns and villages. The Newlands has had their first “peacetime” election in decades, and while the proceedings were slightly combative, Prime Minister Otag Nagen—of half-orc/half-elf heritage, was elected for a second term.

The Newlander government is adept at treaty-making, good examples being those with the Clandoms of the Foulrlands, the Clockwork Lands, the Skandari, and even a non-aggression pact with the Red King of the Northlands. They are currently courting the Advent Imperiax, though the dhosari contingent are at odds with their slave-keeping habits, and their friendship with the Opal Throne.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Azag-Ithiel are:

**Paradigm** is known as the Cradle of Democracy, a marvel in red brick and polished stone. At the center of the town lies Patriot Square and the tower and workshop of Senator Kurabn Ustam. It is a vibrant place full of merchants, smiths, and printers, and boasts three universities within the city proper. It is as racially mixed as a city could possibly be on Porphyra.

**Low’Enath** has significant elven heritage, a racial offshoot known as the Furnace Elves. They are grim masters of industry and the forge, and mixing magic with both. Factory towers rise like monoliths over the valley floor around Low’Enath, and the iron deposits are of very high quality, for some of the finest magic weapons known to the world.

**Khambir** is a military town, containing Fort Karaden, which boasts Fourlander airships, half-ogre shock troops and the crack half-orc legions known as Fists of the Word. Their main focus is responding to border calls and policing the multitude of races found in the Newlands’ cities and villages.

## Intrigues

- Kurabn Ustam, after eight centuries in the Par-



liamentary Senate, has announced his retirement from politics, and will return full time to academia. Recent polls of Ustam’s Unity Party were quite low, coincidentally. With the father of the nation stepping down, the Senate has called for external observers to keep the peace until stability can be restored to Azag-Ithiel.

- Reports are pouring in from the observer posts on the border that the Continuance is massing forces along the mountain roots. This provocation is worrying, but not as much as the disconnection with Azag-Ithiel’s allies in the Clockwork Lands. Something is blocking teleportation and messages, and teams are being sent out to find what the Continuance is up to.
- Rumors are spreading about the Junior Representative from Low’Enath, T’kree Chk’ka. She is the first tengu to be elected from that area, a banker from a wealthy merchant family, and a member of the Conservative-Federalist Party, the largest opposition. Some say she bought the election, some whisper she sold her soul to Eshsalqua for power. She is seeking aid from those who would help clear her name.



## Barony of Tuthon

*"Oh, a sky whale ain't so tough, once you toss a few dozen spears into 'im. I'd be more worried about choppin' trees that fought back!"* - Gizen Hamik, mayor of Bugtown

**Capital:** The Jawed City

**Settlements:** Barbledrum (21,000), Bugtown (2,500), The Jawed City (9,000), Newport (5,000), No Return (8,000), Sanity Lost (2,000), Shadowlight (4,000)

**Ruler:** Baron Octavius Vark

**Government:** Barony

**Races:** Fetchling, Human (Kayanoi), Orcam, Serpentfolk, Skulk, Zif

**Faiths:** Great Old One (Bokrug), Najim, Shade, UI'UL, Veiloaria

**Resources:** Exotic wood (darkwood, gaspwood, snakewood), mercenaries, relics (pre-Elemental Lords), seafood, sky whales

**Languages:** Aklo, Old Porphyran, Terran, Undercommon

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (porphyrite membrane on the Sea of Ithreia, Birdman Mountains to the south)

### History

Since time immemorial Tuthon has been a land of the strange and the awe inspiring. Forests breathe and writhe, stones bark, and men walk on the underside of suspended mountains where the rain flows in both directions. There is even a great sea of membrane that gives off a purple glow. Some say that the land is a remnant from the reign of "The Old Gods", for the first Kayanoi settlers built upon ruins, and are racially quite different from Porphyran aboriginals. Others think it a land cursed by a forgotten war among the Elemental Lords. No matter the case, Tuthon is a strange land where only the brave or mad venture.

Long ago, kayanoi humans that possessed both qualities settled the land. Using powerful magics they erected walls around their cities, keeping the madness of the land at bay. In that early age Tuthon was part of a larger kingdom that lay claim to northern Iskandar, Dunmark, and many of the valleys of the Birdman Mountains. Its name was stricken from the history books, as is the name of its capital, now ruins in the southern Wanderstones.

After its ancient fall, Tuthon became an independent barony under the House of Strat. Their main trade was in mercenaries, mentally hardened against the horror and war by the strangeness of their homeland. The soldiers of Tuthon could be given the grimmest of missions—bravery their blood, and steel their flesh.

House Strat fell several centuries ago when the zif, a likely race for the land of madness, erected their city on the north-central shore and claimed the coast for themselves. With only the Shadowlight enclave, the fortunes of House Strat declined, with the result of House Vark sweeping them aside, making treaty with the zif, and building Newport. Unfortunately, they also brought a fervent devotion to The Dark Mistress, a powerful succubus aligned with Shade. The aristocracy was neutralized by means of debauchery and hedonism, skulks infiltrated the barony in waves, and only the guidance of Veiloaria's omnipresent Xia way-priests saved the people as a whole. The peasantry were encouraged to leave the slums of the cities, and live off the peculiarities of the land: sky whales, snakewood, zif-trade, and the odd barking stone. The schism of sensibilities is actually rather apt for Tuthon, and everyone, noble and serf, gathers for the Festival of the Dancer, where they dress in masque to honor UI'UL, patron of celebratory madness.

### Current Events

The Calling seemed like just another war to the Tuthoni, though the various invasions did spell the end for House Strat's military strength. The zif took advantage of the chaos to exert their influence, and are still there today. Today they trade with the odd inhabitants of the Ithreian isles; the monks of Owl Island, the savages of the Isles of the Falcons, and the intrepid explorers of Whale island. They also serve the Skandari and the penal colony of Gulag Blue. As in ages past few come to Tuthon willingly, but there are exceptions. Many followers of UI'UL and Veiloaria are present there—for devotees of The Mad Maiden, Tuthon has become a holy land, second only to the Wall of Sleep, and her Festivals are world-renowned. Likewise Xia of the Wayfinder have found a home on the strange roads of the region. Who else would be braver or more curious than adventurers come to see the horrifyingly wondrous sights of Tuthon? Many Flower and Compasses have been built to accommodate those seeking to test their mettle and mind in this mad realm. These inns are prevalent in Barbledrum, where the zif are

pleased to meet so many interesting people.

Not all the New Gods are as benevolent, though, and House Vark's patron, Dark Mistress, has a portfolio filled with dark thoughts and acts. It is an open secret that the arcane assassins known as the Evening Shades have an agenda to help their Dark Mistress emulate Nemyth Vaar and Toma Thule, ascended gods who brought their own territories after The Calling. From their pleasure fortress in Shadowlight, the Evening Shades and their fetchling and skulk minions plot, and plan, and wait in the twilight.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Thuthon Barony are:

**Barbledrum** is the capital of the zif snail-people, a city of shells and canals, erected on the Purple Membrane itself, on the Sea of Ithreia. Trading ships can sail directly into the city itself. The buildings all resemble swirling sea-shells, much like the ones the builders carry on their backs.

**Bugtown** is the largest settlement in the Reverse Lands, home to the Sky Whalers in their balloon-ships. Bugtown is precariously balanced in a range of hills north of the Vale of Loss, and named for the vast swarms of insects that plague the region and feed the sky whales.

**The Jawed City** is capital of Tuthon, and home to The Baron's Keep. This city on the edge of the Reverse Lands is divided into two parts. The Keep, a high-towered complex that reaches high "up" from the underside of the largest suspended mountain. The City is on the side of normal gravity, and the towers of its burgomasters give the illusion, at a distance, that the split city resembles a set of jaws coming up from the land itself.

**Newport** is just that, a reaction to the zif migration, a matter of necessity to utilize the Sea of Ithreia. The skulk have taken to seafaring, oddly enough, giving the nickname to seabound Tuthoni ships, "Empties".

**No Return** was once just a sign left behind by shaken peddlers, it is a sleepy city serving the farms of the Eastmark, and the doomed miners and treasure-hunters of the Graz Doep. One can often hear some Common in No Return, as a few Enorian and Middlelanders have timorously come to trade.

**Sanity Lost** was once known as Sarnath, one of the few names remembered from the Forgotten Kingdom. The 'city' is actually the inhabited part of the vast ruin, and its mildly mad people harvest snakewood from the



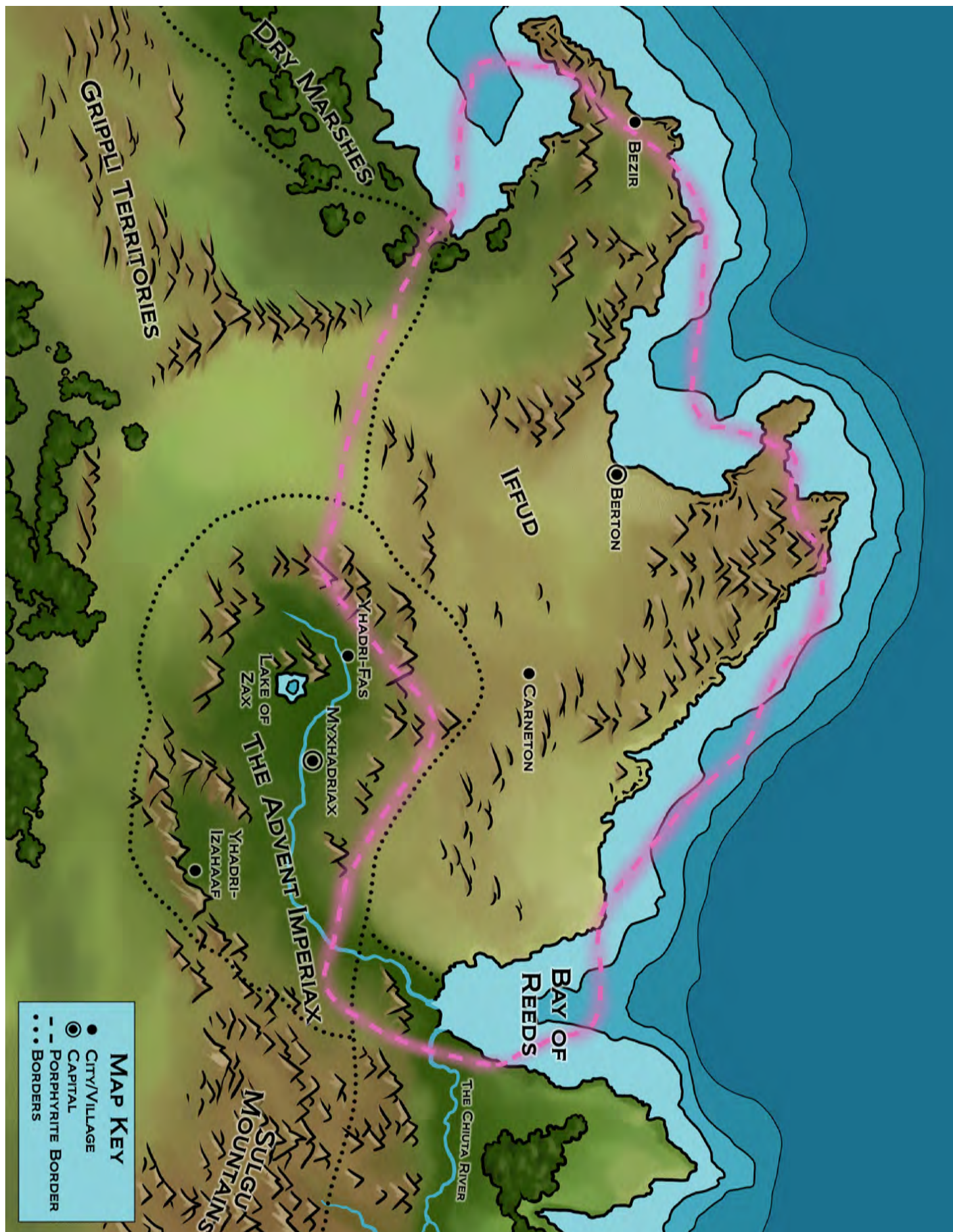
like-named forest, and occasionally trade with Dunmark and Iskandar.

**Shadowlight** is located on the Membrane itself, a city of ill repute built within an island-chasm that the sea flows around. Forever tinged in the purple light of the sea, this is a city of hushed whispers and sharp pains in the back. Fetchlings are common here, as are skulks and like-minded humans.

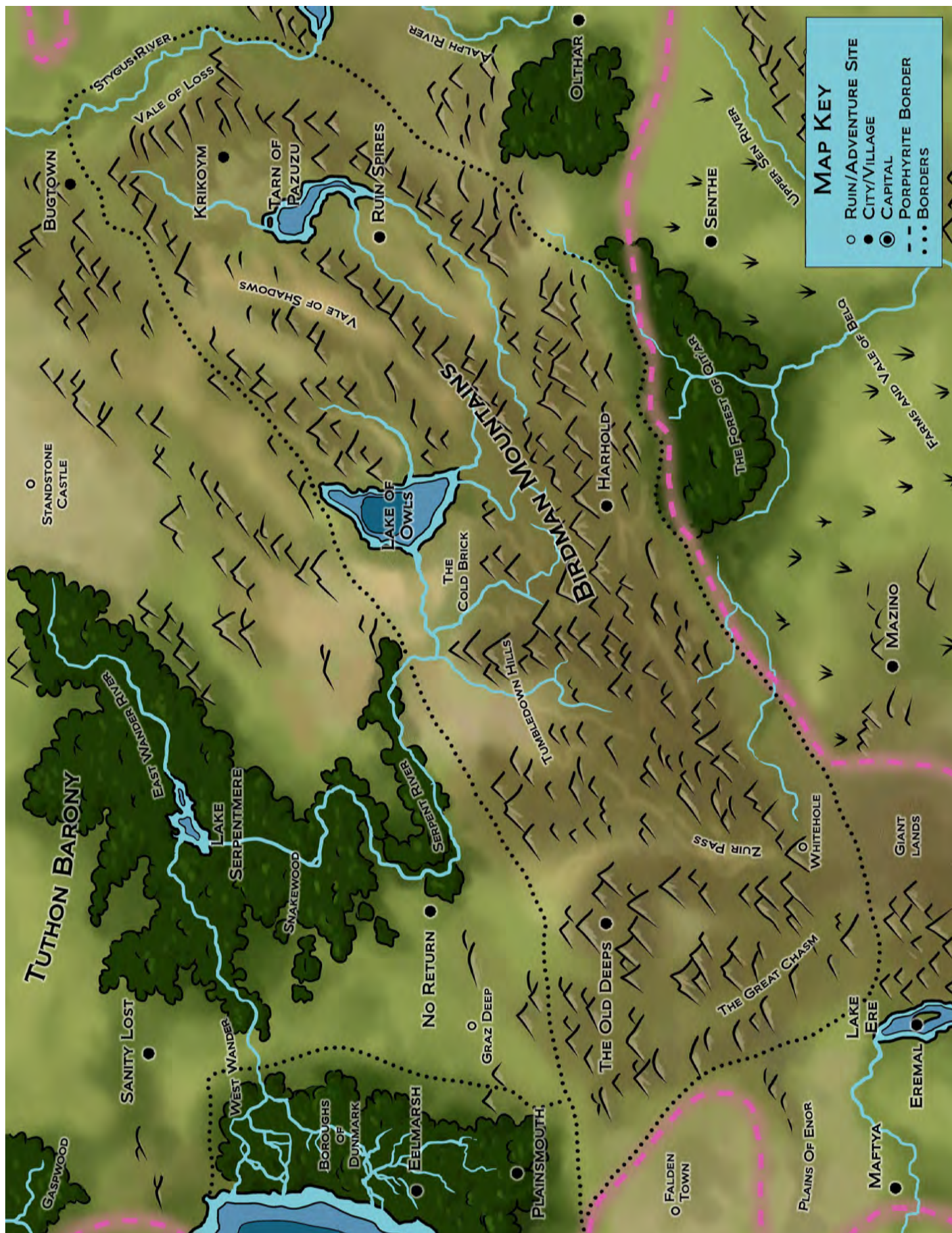
## Intrigues

- Old grimoires speak of a pre-elemental relic located in a catacomb in the ruins of Sarnath, next to Sanity Lost. A zif archaeologist has a map, but would like some protection while exploring the unnerving city.
- While in a tavern, a plot is overheard to disrupt the Ulian Festival at No Return. If so many frenzied dancers are all interrupted at once, the results could be bloody.
- A whaling guild in The Jawed City has put out a bounty on a great white sky whale that has been attacking their ships. Thar she blows!











## Birdman Mountains

*"I hate shadows. Shadows mean there's either something behind you or something overhead. Neither of those is good."*

— Igwald Fearfoot, halfling prospector

**Capital:** Harhold

**Settlements:** Harhold (2,500), Old Deeps (2,000), Ruin Spires (500), Screehold (1,500), Vadenhold (800)

**Ruler:** Flightmaster Vey of Clan Harfael

**Government:** Tribal

**Races:** Half-Harpy, Halfling, Harpy, Kestrel, Strix, Urisk

**Faiths:** Eshsalqua, Ithreia, Myketa, Pazuzu

**Resources:** Metals (copper, iron, gold, uranium), relics (xax)

**Languages:** Auran, Halfling, Strix, Sylvan

**Border Conditions:** Limited (porphyrite border south)

### History

In the time before the NewGod Wars, the Birdman Mountains were called Zirakur Ziur; which meant in Protean (the moment the ancient map was labeled) "To Scorn Heaven" or "By Heaven Scorned". These imposingly tall mountains, of mixed volcanic and tectonic origin became nearly hollow with the carving of the enigmatic xax people. Those strange beings were transplanted here by the imperialistic Empire of the Opal Throne, as a resource-generating scheme. Their vast mansions spread from the mountains' roots to their myriad peaks.

Living alongside the xax in those ancient days were halflings, a minority class of merchants and load-bearers. Though never integrated into the alien conglomerate that existed between xax cysts, they lived comfortably and were treated well by their bizarre neighbors. A true regret exists among the Ziur halflings, centuries later, in the ancient loss of their inhuman masters.

When The Calling happened, the goddess Ithreia saw the Zirakur Ziur mountain range, and desired its precipitous peaks. She claimed it as her own in a dream that was shared by every living creature within the mountains. She cursed the xax as spawn of elemental chaos (which they were) and bid them crawl back to Erkusaa. The xax were defiant. They set their wrongly-angled jaws and dug in their heels against this new bird-goddess.

And then the harpies came.

For years, the xax held off the harpies who flocked and fluttered around their cloudy cities. The main turning point was the halflings. They, too, had received Ithreia's vision and their hearts were more open to these new gods. Led by a burgeoning devotion to the Old Mother Owl, the halflings rose up against their old allies and threw open the doors to the open air, allowing the harpy forces free entrance.

With feather and talon, and assisted by the retreating flocks of the strix race from the south, the fall of the xax cysts was inevitable. In time, even the old Protean name was forgotten. Today, people look up at the jagged points and only whisper the name, "Birdman Mountains."

### Current Events

Today, much of the inner mountain range is empty of earthbound inhabitants. The odd urisk gambols from valley to valley, or wanders down into flat lands of the west. They are keen guides, for the most part, and know the ways of the flying ones and the halflings, both. The harpies and strixes that call the Birdman region home prefer the vertical cities as their homes, as they afford direct access to the open air. Many other subterranean and mountain-loving creatures that have crawled into the many caves here, as well.

It is said that "The harpies won the Birdman Mountains, but it is the strixes who keep them." The strixes have taken over much of the largest and best vertical cities in the mountains. They organize themselves into clans which have good commerce between them, and most intertribal conflict is resolved with exchanges of tribal members or gifts.

As a foil to the strixes, the harpies live on the fringes of the strix cities. There is peace for the most part between the two races, but harpies make poor neighbors and often raid when they think they can get away with it. Still, the strixes believe the harpies to be long lost kin, and are disinclined to make war on them. The harpies have largely fallen to worship of an avian avatar of Eshsalqua, and the strixes seek to convert them back to worship of Ithreia.

Underneath these all, scurrying like ants, are the halflings. Changed by their life among the feathered peoples and their racial sorrow at betraying their long lost masters, they are a bit different than their ground-dwelling cousins. The halflings of the mountains can scramble

up cliff-faces and the handholds of the ancient xax, but mostly live in old stone buildings, disliking the open air and the domain of the hated harpies. They have learned to fight when needed, though, and retreat once the point has been made. Halflings often venture into old mines to scrape out bits of ore, which they trade to the strix for food and tools. The strix in turn trade with groups such as the Nor-Du-Mag giants for slaves, beer, and weapons.

The strix tribes form the core of the civilization of the Birdman Mountains, such as it is. It is they who organize the majority of trade between the mountains and other races, avoiding humans if at all possible. The harpies are too savage to carry out these dealings, and the halfling underclass does not have the racial clout to do so with authority.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Birdman Mountains are:

**Harhold** is the seat of power for the black-winged strixes. Tribe Harfael makes its home in this vertical city of honeycombed stone. From here the flocks of the strix fly over peaks and valleys, imposing their will as they see fit, as Flightmaster Vey has notions of owning all that he sees. And he can see a lot from Harhold.

**Screehold** and **Vadenhold** are twin cities comprised of abandoned xax fortifications built into the side of a mountain. Great gardens have been planted on the crumbling projections that jut outward from these cities. They are home to the strix tribes of Scree and Veden'lo, respectively. These tribes remember well the stories of their ancestors being driven by men from the kinder Calinsur Mountains, and hate men of all kinds.

The **Old Deeps** are actually the upper portion of the

hollow insides of a mountain, but are probably 'deep' enough for the halflings that live there. Inside these halls, these close-knit people worship Myketa, the Patient Lady, who helps them work together, hide from harpy raids, and mine ore for trading. Deep halflings are probably the best slingers on all of Porphyra.

The **Ruin Spires** is a city inhabited entirely by harpies, whose many clans fight for choice homes in these blasted, ancient towers. Neither strix nor Halfling begrudges the harpies their territory, which has become full of their pollution.

## Intrigues

A party of dwarves has invited the PCs to come on an unexpected journey to establish a colony in the Birdman Mountains. They speak of a halfling that knows a secret entrance to an abandoned xax stronghold, just ripe for repopulation. The success of the mission may depend on his willingness to enter the dark depths.

- During the NewGod-Wars, when the harpies drove the xax from their ancestral home, not quite all the xax were destroyed. A hive in the center of the mountain, Krikoyim, was shut tight early in the conflict. Wards and runes sealed the 400-some inhabitants before the other strongholds fell. It is assumed, by those that knew of the doomed beings at all, that they all perished within, but no one has been able to open Krikoyim to verify this. What could lie within? A lost race? Aberrant spirits? The xax were known to be excellent miners- perhaps the treasures of a lost era?
- Alachak Grym is a red dragon that invaded decades ago, and ate so many harpies that he fell into a deep slumber. This pleased the strix and halflings, but now Grym is awake, too fat to leave the caverns, and is intent on causing earthquakes and disturbing the whole region. All the races of the mountains would be grateful, if the wyrm were put down.





## Boroughs of Dunmark

*"I cannot be dead, I will eternal lie, for with strange eons, it is Death that will die."* - Dunmarker funeral chant

**Capital:** Port Arkham

**Settlements:** Eel Marsh (330), Plainsmouth (2,000), Port Arkham (20,000)

**Ruler:** Governor Randolph Charteris

**Government:** Republic

**Races:** Human

**Faiths:** Great Old Ones (cults)

**Resources:** Agriculture, game, seafood, wood

**Languages:** Aklo, Common

**Border Conditions:** none

### History

Little is known of Old Dunmark. The locals do not care to talk or even speculate on the past. Instead, they are content to live their safe, quiet lives, as they have "always" done. According to records of the surrounding regions, Dunmark is one of the original lands of Porphyra. The population is almost exclusively human of Kayanoi stoack, and speak Aklo with a decided maritime—one might even say Aquan accent. The zendiqi lords of Enoria named it Dey Ayun Marek, "Old One's Defeat", and old tablets there recorded a great victory of the Four in eons long past there, and regarded it a graveyard, a devastated battleground fit only for salting. Both sides ignored it, for the most part, though some few refugees from both sides settled there after the NewGod war.

It has always been secluded, and considered by outsiders, even Freeporters and Tuthoni, to be an unsettling place. Gossipers and writers from the large cities of the east have always found it trendy to pen tales of unspeakable horrors and faceless terrors stalking Dunmarker villages and ruling Port Arkham in secret. Such sensational fear-mongering is foolishness, of course. Records from visitors all describe a simple collection of towns and villages having little fear of the wilderness. For reasons only speculated at, foul beasts seem to steer clear of the region. The worst things travelers have ever reported encountering were bears and wolves.

However, an obscure tome glimpsed in a Wathisi tomb spoke of horrors in Old Dunmark in a different manner. The author spoke of the land as a sister to that of

Tuthon, claiming that they were both realms of the "Old Gods" whatever they were- or are. He warned any foolish enough to consider entering Dunmark to slake their curiosity to beware, and be grateful that the Elemental Lords replaced what came before. Few have read this tome, and those who have think the author quite mad. Still and all, those who visit the Boroughs of Dunmark speak of a strange atmosphere in the land. Though the district boasts no monstrosities, and magic is rarely seen, something in the air hangs wrong, and full of foreboding.

### Current Events

The inhabitants of Dunmark have lived in the same way for generations. Some tend the fields, some fish, and some speak in town halls. Most keep to their own business, and none worship the New Gods, vaguely claiming a tradition of neutrality in the clash of deist and elementalism. In fact, very little religion can be found on the village streets of Dunmark. There's little risk of missionaries gaining footholds because the populace as a whole merely tolerate outsiders as the occasional pest. It's not that they hate foreigners, only that they are cold and distrustful of them, as a rule. More often than not, if an adventurer comes to town, their business is taken, but practically shunned outside of shops. Some foreign ships may find their way to the large harbor at Port Arkham with rumors of strange things in the water, but they always leave port rather quickly thereafter. The one non-human race considered lucky amongst these somewhat xenophobic people are the undines, probably due to a not-so-secret smuggling operation that once ran (and may still do) to the Rainbow Isles, quite under the Governor's nose.

Things appear normal enough in the Boroughs. The villages, on the surface, are just like all other small secluded settlements. When one stops and really pays attention, however, they begin to notice things, small things that seemed insignificant only moments before. For instance, though the citizens practice no organized religion, nor do they practice magic with any notable frequency, strange runes can be found painted over every door; the weather is fouler-overcast and stormy- far more than in lands just over the borders; and though no monsters stalk the wilderness, strange calls and lights can be observed in the night. The townspeople speak nothing of these things, practically denying their existence if

questioned.

For those who are observant enough to lift the veil of denial, they will find that something is not right in the Boroughs of Dunmark.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Dunmark are:

**Port Arkham** is the only settlement in Dunmark that could possibly be classified as a city, and is the capital of the region. With cobbled streets and a fair sized population, it is considered the height of civilization in the land. The Governor's political office is located here, as well as the Thurston Institute of

Higher Learning, which actually boasts a few foreign professors. There is an alarmingly sizable sanitarium, the Howard House, a few miles out of the city. Lastly, a finely built harbor lines Arkham Bay, though it is not used for trade, but for the local fishing and diving fleet.

**Plainsmouth** is a large farming town in the heart of the Dunmark, known mostly for the surrounding large corn fields and livestock ranches, and the markets that serve both. The town itself is fairly small, with only the most essential of businesses, including a single tavern, The Slaughtered Lamb. Otherwise, residences are spread far apart, separate by the many fields. Foreigners who have visited Plainsmouth often speak of how they initially believed it was a dull place until they witnessed "rather severe harvest rituals".

**Eel Marsh**, lost in the mists of the large mire of the same name, is larger than most villages in the Boroughs, and hometown to quite a few past Governors. The village has little to offer beyond reluctant business owners and cold stares. A scant few miles north of town, however, where the ground grows firm, is a valley that sinks low between a pair of hills. In the valley are the ruins of a once vast city containing unusual structures. The village does not acknowledge that such a place exists, and often treats those who speak of it as lunatics, running them out of town.

## Intrigues

- The night after a harsh encounter with locals, the PCs find their tavern empty and surrounded by a mob of armed, robed figures. All means of escape are blocked save a trap door once covered by a piece of furniture. Going through it leads to a set of stone catacombs built at odd angles...

- On a late night, a drunk regular of the tavern rambles on about strange things in the fields surrounding the village. He is escorted home by a kind patron, but he does not return to the tavern the next night, or any after.
- A young woman working in Howard House seeks aid when patients start going missing, and no one seems to be doing anything about it.





## Bulwark of the Halfling Nations

*"Killing málites? Easy once you get the knack. Why do you look so surprised?"* – Nutley Butterbelly, halfling cavalier

**Capital:** Quisay

**Settlements:** Eremal (9,000), Faldon Town (3,000), Maftya (5,000), Quisay (6,000)

**Ruler:** Queen Aleanora

**Government:** Monarchy

**Races:** Eventual, Gnome, Goblin, Halfling, Kobold, Muse

**Faiths:** Aleria, Eshsalqua, Mâl, Rolterra, Saren

**Resources:** Agriculture, salvage, spices

**Languages:** Celestial, Common, Draconic, Goblin, Gnome, Halfling, Infernal, Málite, Sylvan

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (multiple Porphyrite borders to the west, mountains to the east)

### History

In antevocal times, Enoria was the strange garden of the Elemental Earth Lord called Enor Ashlord, who tamed volcanos to cultivate great spiraling towers of volcanic glass and complex patterned ash mounds over vast magma-carved caverns and swooping ridges. Enor's servants comprised a tribe of unusually cruel zendiqi elementalists who used their greater size to push around smaller gnome, goblin and halfling slaves. The little folk pruned the lush vines and brush that covered the unearthly landscape and built temples and cities in Enor's honor. When The Calling brought new gods to Porphyra, Enor was attacked on two fronts by the upstart gods. First, Mâl, Destroyer of Worlds, used his influence to create a spreading area of tainted jungle, called the Forest of Gora, which crawled with málites. This dire place takes up much of the western and central area of Enoria. This affront prompted Enor Ashlord to abandon his land as he futilely hunted the god responsible. Secondly, a large piece of Landed territory manifested itself in the north of Enoria, a vast ruin of urban area from a destroyed world. This was the world of Rolterra, a revolutionary deity followed by clans of surviving muses. A few Landed kobolds and the muses immediately took Her banner to the small slaves of Enor, and inspired them to overthrow the slave-masters who dared use the gnomes and halflings as fodder on the battlefield against roving

bands of málites.

Eventually, through stealth and guile, a group of slaves managed to escape and trap the slave-masters' leaders before a horde of onrushing málites. Before their cruel end, however, a young muse received a vision from the goddess Aleria which bade her appeal to the rebels' leaders to remember why they rebelled—not to repeat the crimes done to them, but to protect their families. The stripped the zendiqi slavers of their treasure and branded them villains, exiling them to the southern wastes rather than leaving them to the málites. Soon, halflings and gnomes had taken control of Enoria and mounted their own campaign to slow the expansion of the Forest of Gora.

### Current Events

Enoria's current ruler, Aleanora, is a cunning descendant of leaders of the old rebellion. Over the years of halfling rule, their strategies have varied greatly, but generally focus on intelligence-gathering and concealing their movements from málite eyes, by any means necessary. Their gnome peers usually provide illusions and clockwork contraptions that serve as artillery and heavy weapons on the battlefield. Aleanora has amassed many magical allies and stout rangers as the leaders of the Enorian military units, helping the nation see a rare level of stability. Her soft-defense strategy requires constant adaptability, which is taxing for those near the war zone. These Enorians have been called upon many times to melt away into the shadows as their homes were stolen, then wear down málite invaders over time with traps and guerilla tactics led by intrepid adventurers.

Although málites constantly harass Enorian territory, the small folk refuse to seek any special aid from the "Big People" neighbors in other lands, fearing attempts to control them. They ask only for fair trade, usually with their mercantile cousins in Blix, so they can fund the war effort. The only big folk they allow to take part are the muses, who have proven willing to sit back and offer gentle advice rather than insisting on leading the charge of giving orders.

Goblins and kobold clans who have adopted the blasted Faldon (fall-down) district in the north are widely mistrusted, but their aid is essential in resisting the málites which threaten them all. Leaders of the goblin clans follow Eshsalqua, whose foul teachings include valuable lessons for predicting and thwarting málite attacks, and the kobolds have had generations of experi-

ence extracting materials from the Rolterran ruins and supplying them to their eternal enemies, the gnomes. An uneasy truce has remained in effect for almost as long as the invasion has threatened, but is jeopardized by unscrupulous thefts and raids by splinter tribes of goblins and kobolds.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Bulwark of the Halfling Nations are:

**Faldon Town** is the general description of the largest concentration of humanoids in Rolterra's District, the Landed territory of war-torn ruins in the north of Enoria. Occupied by goblins, kobolds, and the odd muse devoted to Rolterra, it is a strangely ordered place, due to the influence of The Fist of the People. The territory has little food, and visitors can expect to pay heavy tolls.

**Eremal** is a major trade center of Enoria, downriver from the Blixian guild city of Pult. It sits on an easilydefended island in the Almeera River near the nation's eastern border, near the trade routes and ore-rich Calinsur Mountains. Eremal is the only large Enorian settlement which hosts numbers of "big folk" - foreigners such as humans, elves, and dwarves. Visitors are treated well, as long as they do not leave the foreign quarter. Eremal is noted for its gnomish production of inventions of steam and clockwork.

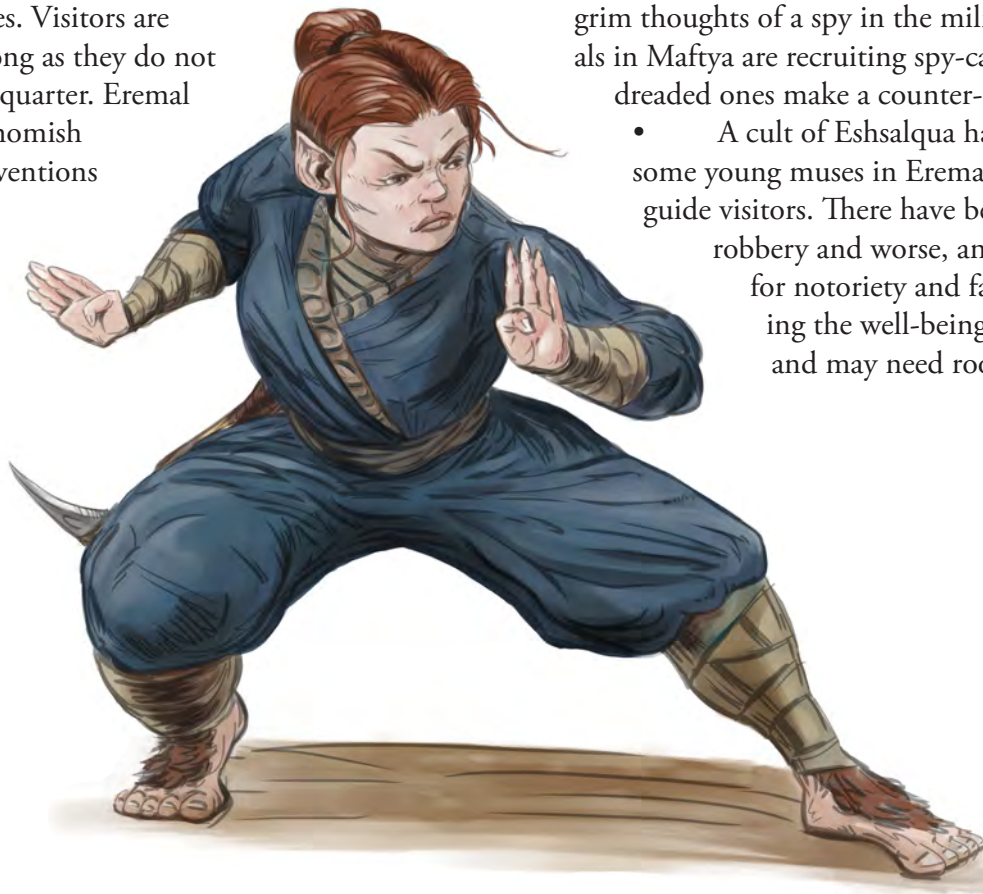
**Maftya** is a large, heavily-fortified town often used to resupply, reinforce, or evacuate positions that are threatened with being overrun by málites. The town has a massive barracks that houses and trains a number

of soldiers who roam the Forest's frontier.

**Quisay**, known as the Windswept City, moves from place to place on the Plains of Aish with the howling winds that blow across Enoria, with the help of half-living transmuters. It is also famous for its many brightly colored pavilions and beautiful minarets, which can be quickly camouflaged with a moment's notice. The court of Quisay is attended by many spellcasters, including muse oracles and weird zif conjurers; all who help defend the monarchy. The Windswept City hosts a large population of muses, who often act as medics for the war effort.

## Intrigues

- The ruins of elemental mage towers have been uncovered in the untamed woods in the no-being's-land near the Forest of Gora, offering the lure of ancient elemental artifacts. The few survivors of expeditions to explore them mention elemental guardians, magical obsidian blades, magma mantles that absorb damage and boots that create earthquakes. The court at Quisay desires them, of course, but the málites are probably thinking the same thing...
- Málite invaders have recently been seeing through Enorian stratagems with alarming speed, causing grim thoughts of a spy in the military. The generals in Maftya are recruiting spy-catchers, before the dreaded ones make a counter-attack.
  - A cult of Eshsalqua has taken hold of some young muses in Eremal, among those who guide visitors. There have been complaints of robbery and worse, and the competition for notoriety and fashion is threatening the well-being of that good town, and may need rooting out.



## Californ, the Eternal Jungle

*"This 'jungle' as you hairy beasts call it, is a single living thing. And it does not like you."* – Arn-Sko, xesa clan leader of Yol.

**Capital:** Verdigris

**Settlements:** Ramble (1,000), Verdigris (8,000), Yol (3,000)

**Ruler:** Yorungar, Serpent of the Wilds

**Government:** Tribal (mahrog), Councils of the Undivided (xesa)

**Races:** Human, Mahrog, Xesa

**Faiths:** Moon cult, Saren, Sun cult

**Resources:** Exotic plants, herbs, wood, woodcraft

**Languages:** Common, Mahr, Sylvan, treespeak

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (Porphyrite border to the north and west; ocean to the east and south)

### History

Californ was once just a good-sized tropical island between the Opal and Lost seas, dominated by a swift river and the pestilential North Delta. Its trees were tall and its undergrowth lush, but both were kept in check by sea storms and sandy shores. The massive surge of natural power that accompanied the arrival of the New Gods struck the valley of the Cal, and flooded the region with both life and death. Most of the life in the area was slain violently, turning to rot and ash, while the forces of nature reeled.

When all had settled, the isle of Californ had become part of the Land of Steam, a super-island of patchwork nations from other dimensions, named so from the clash of the sub-polar Frozen North and Californ's tropical heat. When nature recovered, (with added territory) it did so with a vengeance. Trees and vines began to grow at a phenomenal rate, their roots digging deep into soil fertilized with the bodies of the dead. New life sprang up, magic and madness drawing upon the distant past to resurrect creatures long lost to the world. For the first time in ages, dinosaurs and megalithic animals walked the land again.

Weeks became months of mad growth and months stretched on into many green years before the flora of Californ finally slowed in its resurgence. The entire region became so massively overgrown that vines and

myriad tree branches completely obscured the ground. Ruins of strange old civilizations were platforms for strange growth. As old plants died, new ones grew in their mulch, creating a later of compost and fungus hundreds of feet thick over the region's root-riddled earth.

For a time, the proto-human mahrog were the only sentient life in Californ. They had to stay nomadic because of their constantly changing and growing jungle home. This bred agility, toughness and resourcefulness within them, teaching them how to survive on the move and make the most of their environment. Some of the fauna in Californ proved capable of domestication, providing beasts of burden and mounts for the primitive race.

The land's only other primary intelligent life emerged after the mahrog had already achieved dominance over Californ. The xesa simply appeared into the world, emerging from long-dormant seed pods engendered from the merging of a long-dead human race and their vegetable predators. Their arrival terrified the mahrog, as the primitives believed that they were the vengeful plant spirits of their ancestors. Perhaps they were right. A long and vicious war broke out between the two sides, one that has raged for years, with no clear victor.

Fertility is a constant in Californ, ensuring fertile mating and high, often multiple birth rates for the mahrog. Xesa here reach their Time of Division much earlier here than in their typical haunts. These factors provided constant meat and mulch for the grinders of war, ensuring that neither side could win.

### Current Events

What exists in Californ now is a tentative and fragile truce between the two races, a tense pause in hostilities that defines the entire region. The mahrog dominate, to a certain extent, from the 'city' of Verdigris, while the xesa have retreated from their front-line leaf camps to their overgrown ruin-cities of the north. The understanding of a 'border' is vague at best, and while there is no longer an active war, conflicts and skirmishes are ongoing.

Recently Californ has been receiving a massive amount of rain, even more than is normal during its months-long wet seasons. The rain has driven dangerous fauna and flora out of the flooded river valley into xesa and mahrog territory. At first this was welcomed as a hunting boon, but the numbers are starting to become prob-



lematic. A temporary solution applied by both races has been to divert the streams of displaced life out of their jungle homes into the other nations of the Land of Steam through the natural gaps in Californ's Porphyrite wall. These diversions have so far proven to be only oddities or nuisances for Californ's neighbors, but it is only a matter of time before something powerful and dangerous crosses the crystal border and starts raging out of control.

A very few forward thinking members of both the xesa and mahrog races started pondering the eventual results of these unseasonably heavy rainstorms. All of their musings lead to the same terrible conclusions. If the rising waters and animals do not force the xesa and mahrog to climb higher, the constant rain is going to wash down life from the freezing upper branches of Californ's megatrees. In either case, they will soon have to deal with swarms of their homeland's most terrifying denizen—the wooly mantis.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Californ are:

**Ramble** is a large nomadic tent-camp that moves 'with the moons' in southern Californ. Containing many varied races but a majority of humans, the 'Ramblers' are those that seek to avoid 'civilized' society, and practice ultimate freedom of thought, action, and ingestion of foreign substances.

**Verdigris** exists within a gigantic monolith that appeared when the New Gods arrived on Porphyra. This obelisk is riddled with passages the mahrog use as lairs, creating a city of sorts that is constantly on the move, as vines grow to fill tunnels and die off, freeing others. The city-stone gets its name from the thousands of veins of copper ore that cover its surface, tarnishing in Californ's humid air.

**Yol** is the largest of the ruin-cities of the bizarre xesa, Yol is home to nearly 3,000 of the plantfolk. The arcane skills of the xesa balance the mahrog's greater military prowess, and the Undivided Council there are very interested in magic items from the outside world.

## Intrigues

- Bounty hunting outsiders (namely the PCs) might not immediately be greeted with hostility upon meeting with either of Californ's sentient races. If

they seem powerful and competent, they may be approached with an offer to attack the settlements of the other race. The xesa and mahrog have a truce, but nothing in that agreement says anything about using others to pursue the war.

- There are plants and animals species in Californ that have not existed on Porphyra in millennia. While they would be valuable simply from a naturalist's viewpoint, many of these life forms have magical or medicinal value. In the right hands, these plant and animal components could be worth a fortune.
- The obelisk that houses the cave city of Verdigris is more than just a titanic rock; some sages say its concave pinnacle houses the fabled Theater of Arrival, which bears the keystones of the arrival of the New Gods. As such, the Californ Menhir might hold divine lore of unimaginable power, and wizards and wise men will surely pay handsomely for someone to investigate the claim.



## Calopia, Land of Heroes

*"When the time for heroism has passed, where do we, the heroes, go?"* -last words of Ingomar Ironhand, commander of The Golden Quest

**Capital:** Questown

**Settlements:** Beacon (2,000), Crystalbridge (4,000), Questown (5,000), The Fence (1,500), Towertown (1,234)

**Ruler:** High Quaestor Bromellon

**Government:** Syndicate council

**Races:** Any Non-Outsider

**Faiths:** Any

**Resources:** Game, magic items, mercenaries, relics, tourism

**Languages:** Any

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (Porphyrite border bound to the Crystal Bridge)

### History

When those mortals that came to Porphyra with the Calling arrived on their new world, they had barely begun to examine their situation when their lands were engaged in war. The NewGod Wars were a struggle for survival, a resistance of the new by the old, and heroes were born, made, and perished in short order. The efforts of bands of skilled adventurers played as big a part in the victory of the gods as the clash of armies in the field. No better example can be shown than that of The Golden Quest, a heroic group from the Middle Kingdoms, containing just four individuals: Ingomar, a titanic human fighter; Azimuth, a half-elven wizardess; Girdo, a halfling rogue; and Brother Franc, a human cleric of Gerana. These iconic four breached secret elemental strongholds, recovered legendary items to help the deists, sabotaged plans of the mighty genies, and slew many a giant. When a last, desperate push by a genie/giant army traveled through the Underdeep and attacked the gates of Sanctus Templum itself, it is said they failed only because of the efforts of The Golden Quest, and resulted in the death of Ingomar Ironhand, in the arms of his lover Azimuth, in the tower of the high priest of Gerana. As he breathed his last, his arm pointed where his eyes fell, to an island visible through the tower window. Off the coast of The Middle Kingdoms, it was a island of mossy stone, sea breezes, and peace; the isle of Calo. In

anguish, Azimuth and Brother Franc combined their divine and arcane powers to create the Crystal Bridge to their new home; a thirty-mile span of porphyrite crystal, anathema to their enemies. Warweary veterans of the war, and later, veterans and survivors of long adventuring careers came to the new land, Calopia, now named and held up as a shining memorial to those who fought for their new land, the Land of Heroes. Though Crystalbridge was the first settlement of the heroes, at the landing place of Azimuth and Franc's creation, it came to be that each general discipline of the adventuring life founded their own community, with camp followers and hirelings settling small crofts and hunting camps in the wildernesses inbetween the established towns. The shadowy figure of Girdo, held to be the most skillful of his craft, is sometimes said to be the father of the division of Calopia. The truth is, though, that The Golden Quest is held in almost divine status on the bridge-connected island nation.

### Current Events

The Middle Kingdom's problems are a concern for the people of Calopia, dependent as they are on their overland neighbor and its status. The mercenary business is booming, of course, but even the belligerent Bromellon has the presence of mind to realize that peace is better than war for his populace. The clerics of Beacon agitate for interfering in the conflict at the Wall of Sleep, and the Ullian, Nerian, and Rolterran embassies in that divine enclave are hotbeds of intrigue, and the street shouters have spread even to glittering Crystalbridge.

Bromellon has found himself in the curious position of being a military power without a cause to follow, having no ax to grind in the surrounding nations' difficulties, but profiting from their need of arms. The Rolterrans (so he thinks) have declared Calopia neutral ground, the Shadelings and Rajuki stick to their quarters (with the occasional assassination) and the Malites stay inscrutable. For a psionic being, he is rather insensitive, but his right arm and mind-splitting powers silence most persistent advisors.

### Settlements

The major settlements of Calopia are:

**Questown** is the capital of Calopia was built by retainers of Ingomar Ironhand, on the partially ruined walls of a deist fortified port on the east coast of Calo.

It is a militarily-oriented community, and boasts a small navy and marine corp, quite independent from the Middle Kingdom's, especially now in its troubles with the Rolterrans. Duels, tournaments and lists are common in Questown, and political decision-making often turns on a well-placed blow. Nominally answering to the four syndicates of the adventuring profession, the High Quaestor is typically an experienced warrior, caring more about pomp and circumstance, and the threatening of military crusade.

Calopia's oldest settlement is a rather cynical town named **Crystalbridge**, concerned with trade with the mainland and turning the famous citizens of Calopia into profit for the resource-impooverished island. The wealthy non-adventurers of the land live here, as do many bards and entertainers, and tourists coming across the Porphyrite Bridge delight in the shiny pleasures of Crystalbridge.

**The Fence** is sometimes described as a suburb of Questown. But, The Fence is a seedy waterfront dive of a town, spread out along the coast of Calo. It is said that nearly anything can be sold or bought in The Fence, including lives and souls. Smugglers and fast ships also leave The Fence in small, speedy boats that have a great facility with oceanic porphyrite borders.

**Towertown** is the living legacy of Azimuth, one of the most accomplished wizards of Porphyra, carried on in "The Conflagration of Magical Allies of the Great Tower of Azimuth", or, Towertown. Any kind of arcane item or research can be found here, and the Hall of Artifacts is a tourist attraction the world over. If Questown is the brawn of Calopia, Towertown is the brain, and the eyes; the divination abilities of its syndicate are second to none.

Pilgrimages to **Beacon** by the devoted

of an entire world lend a heavy presence to city, founded by the tolerant, yet incredibly powerful Brother Franc, said to be the first Codion (pope) of Gerana on Porphyra. Though the seat of the church, and its Credons (cardinals) is in Sanctus Templum, His Iron Will comes to Beacon several times a year for ecumenical councils. All faiths are represented here, even the dark ones of Shade and Rajuk Amon-Gore, and the Malite embassy is sure to shock unwary visitors.

## Intrigues

- Several very old retired adventurers have fallen to a particularly vicious assassin. A Xia walking-priest has passed the word to non-Calopian would-be heroes urging help in this mystery, possibly an elemental plot.
- The old ruins beneath Questown were hastily covered over in the expansion period. How ironic would it be for the "City of the Sword" to have an unexplored dungeon beneath it, with the map in your hands?

- For the very first time, an artifact has disappeared from the Hall of Artifacts in Towertown. The Supreme Curator is beside himself, afraid even to ask for divination. Since one of the party is his cousin, could they look into it before someone recognizes the replica in the case?

- The smuggler Holo Saan in The Fence is supposedly the best there is. Try to find him in that den of scum and villainy, and get him to take you a hobgoblin holdout in the Sea of Karkoon; Grand Stallion Kaava of Parl Pardesh has a sealed (for now, anyway) message for the leader there.





## City State of Iluriel

*"Iluriel? Never heard of it."* - Typical Porphyran.

**Capital:** Iluriel

**Settlements:** Iluriel (10,000)

**Ruler:** Lady Aullia

**Government:** Parliamentary

**Races:** Elf, Half-Orc, Orc

**Faiths:** Neria, Paletius

**Resources:** Godmetals (dreamstone), metals (gold, silver), seafood, woodcraft

**Languages:** Elven, Orc

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (A full porphyrite border surrounds and isolates Iluriel)

### History

Not even the Silver Elders remember a time when Iluriel was not a gleaming gem peeking out from the rocks above a foaming sea. The story is told that, when the gods brought parts of their ancient homelands along, a tiny enclave of elves devoted to Neria found a hold-fast on the treacherous, windswept face of a seaside cliff. There, seed-like, that enclave grew, digging roots into the cold stone, channeling hidden rivers for both beauty and industry, until it became the hidden city of stone, water, mortar and gold.

Iluriel's nature has always held it apart from the world. Becoming self-sufficient through hardship, the elves managed to create a thriving civilization that provided for both material and cultural needs. Glimpses of other peoples from afar, however, eventually roused their curiosity, and Iluriel sought to connect with the world at large. It was repaid with mistrust and outright invasion, Iluriel fought off the So'cha Fourlander invaders, and left their camp an infertile, smoking ruin, and once more retreated into isolation. Since then, the So'cha know the place as the "Land of Ghosts" and are as afraid of it as they are tempted by it.

Centuries have passed since. Iluriel remains a secret to most of Porphyra, unapproachable behind its godswall, and revealing itself only to a handful of trusted outsiders, such as a dignitaries from Sil'Arden and Meynon, and a small number of merchants who supply the citizens with trade goods from the outside world. In their time-consuming way, the elves of Porphyra, and the mixed-bloods

of Azag-Ithiel (who have their own spies in the surface camp) wish to include Iluriel in the world community, for good or ill, and perhaps whether the Ilurians want it or not.

### Current Events

Iluriel is in a period of transition that is slowly taking its toll on the population. Exposure to trade goods from far-away lands, and a small group of orcs and half-orcs living in the periphery of the city, has been enough to awaken desires long thought put to rest. A growing number of citizens favor ending the self-imposed exile and making a new attempt at joining the world at large. Though still a small movement, the faction is well-organized and has representatives in all spheres of influence, including some members of the Silver Elders. Though not entirely opposed to the idea, Lady Aullia continues to avoid the debate by retreating into her arcane studies and day-to-day activities.

Sheriff Janar the Swift is dealing with the practical fallout from this new movement in Iluriel. His law-keepers are stretched paper-thin as they patrol the city borders, as well as the Wilder looking for wayward explorers instead of keeping an eye out for potential enemies. Janar has no opinion on whether the city should open its borders or not, though he wishes Lady Aullia and the Elders would come to a conclusion. In the meantime, he will take all the help he can get to keep Iluriel safe, even secretly sending out spies into nearby settlements to seek out intelligence and, perhaps, outside help.

The number of Ilurians struck by wanderlust is growing. Intrepid wanderers go further than the porphyrite borders, by land, sea, or deep into the underground tunnels. As Ilurians tend to get absorbed by their projects for long periods of time, the disappearance of some of these explorers has yet to be discovered. Should the tunnels someday be connected to the Underdeep, that world under the world, Iluriel would change even more quickly.

The clergy of Neria, traditionally upholding her role as patron of the Sky, Land and Sea, have begun to see a shift in their communion with the goddess. Dreams abound with images of travel and exploration. Portents and prophecies speak of a time of exodus. Sermons whispered behind closed doors by radical clerics of Linium tell the people to embrace the unknown beyond the city. Recently, even magical blessings from the goddess have

begun to take new forms, aligning to this new divine message.

The once-secret affair between an Ilurian lass and a trusted merchant orc has become public knowledge, as she prepares to deliver a baby any day now, making it the first half-orc born in Iluriel. Seen as a major portent and quite likely the spark that could ignite a fire, the couple have been moved to Lady Aullia's residence and provided with a personal guard to protect them from both those that would harm them, and those that would use them.

## Settlements

The major settlement of Iluriel is:

**Iluriel** is a place of breathtaking beauty by any reckoning. The city has grown organically out of the cliff upon which it found itself by the use of architectural ingenuity and not a bit of magic. The result is a series of caverns housing various sections of the city, from the vast cave for the central plaza and marketplace, upon which all crossing the Golden Bridge arrive, to smaller grottoes where families make their homes. Marble columns are used extensively to support the hole-ridden rock face, with those out on verandas and balconies decorated by expert sculptors and goldsmiths into fanciful designs that lend the cliff walls an air of the otherworldly.

There are strict rules for dwelling on the outer peninsula, called the Wilder; no permanent structures, avoid all lasting marks, and replace that which you take. Unsanc-tioned sentients are not tolerated, and can expect removal or extermination, their remains thrown into the sea. For hundreds of years, prides of griffons have been encouraged to lair on the Wilder, so much so that some sailors call the peninsula Griffon Point.

## Intrigues

- Sheriff Janar is hiring adventurers to boost the city guard's reach. Though necessary, not all Ilurian guards are happy with mercenaries in their ranks. Native Ilurians are sent to patrol the outer boundaries of the small peninsula, and in the tunnels below. Foreign guards are part of Janar's spy network, tasked with obtaining intelligence on what is

known of Iluriel in nearby settlements and lands.

- Fenian merchants need adventurers to guard caravans to Iluriel, after the last three were attacked. The bandits have been identified as clansmen of the So'cha settlement, destroyed centuries ago. Some, however, whisper that the elves themselves are trying to keep outsiders away, once and for all.
- A traveling orc (perhaps a PC) seeks to reach Iluriel in time to witness the birth of the half-breed baby, though he keeps his reasons a secret. Is he family, friend or foe? A herald of hope, or a harbinger of doom?
- While traveling the countryside, the characters encounter an Ilurian patrol engaged in an altercation with a small group of Fourlanders who bypassed the city-state's border. Can the characters help defuse the situation and avoid bloodshed from happening? If swords are drawn, on which side will they fight: the accidental law-breakers or the 'legitimate' authority?





## Clandoms of the Fourlands

*"The four truths of the elements, the twenty-seven truths of the gods, the One Word- what are the clans to believe?"*  
- the 67th Kama Le

**Capital:** None

**Settlements:** Kama Rue (12,000; A'tez), Solimat (18,000; M'linas), Vestin Za (15,000; I'nsian)

**Ruler:** Can Baniu (I'nsian), Gilna (S'ocha), the Kama Le (A'tez), Tolinmar (M'linas)

**Government:** Confederation

**Races:** Anumus, Dragonblood, Half-Giant, Human, Lizardfolk, Zendiqi

**Faiths:** Chiuta, Lord Grunzol Firestorm, The New Way, Toma Thule

**Resources:** Agriculture, precious metals (gold), spices

**Languages:** Common, Draconic, Giant, Old Porphyran

**Border Conditions:** Limited (porphyrite border south and north-east)

### History

The Fourlands are named for the confederation of dominant clandoms that hold sway in the area, but it was not always so. Once these fertile lands were the home to the Grand Empire of Al'mahk, playground of the genie khans to do with as they wished, a gift from the Elemental Lords for their lieutenancy. The indolent genies amused themselves by placing the Lizard Kings in ascendancy, their Galleries of the Sun held as estates and arenas of homage from lesser giants, zendiqi, and erkunae overseers. But more wondrous even than these were the Colossi—the Totem Shrines. The Colossi rose from the land visible for miles, each Colossus in the shape of the Wyrmlord within, an ancient and advanced elemental Dragon held as the embodiment of power and elementalism. The Colossi were monolithic elemental constructs that, according to fragmentary records, had the ability to move about the realm, literally a living extension of the land.

The chiefest of the fragments, the Book of Zarnu, details the height and fall of the Grand Empire- from the forbidden Anumi Fruit that the Al'mahk thought they could use to become race-creators themselves, to the Nine Trials of M'razzak the Hunter, a Lizard King

convert to Chiuta who was said to have brought low the Lord Grunzol Firestorm and bound his spirit form within the Heartshard of Emelt. The Book also details the myriad giant tribes, the mutable soldiers of the elementalists, that were twisted by the Seven Warlords of Brom as engines of destruction, and even force-bred with humans for a desperate edge over the deists from Xoa, Iffud and overseas.

In the end, the devastation of The Calling and the NewGod Wars obliterated the already-decadent Empire of Al'mahk, and drove the great Lords from the world. The farmers, peasantry and administrative humans stayed out of battle's way, adapting the fierce beliefs of the orthodox to a New Way, and ensuring their survival by not stepping between the Elementals and the Gods. The genie khans were imprisoned in powerful items, the Lizard Kings' gardens left shattered, overgrown and feral, the people blasted back to a primal state; and the Wyrmlord Colossi, the Totem Shrines were reduced to derelict hulks. Many were buried for all time, humbled by the devastation wrought by the new believers. The farmers (M'linas), herders (S'ocha), administrators (I'nsian) and artists (A'tez) bravely made peace with the conquerors, built their cities on top of the pleasure palaces of the Al'mahk, and began to follow the New Way of prosperity.

### Current Events

Today the Fourlands are a more serene place, if no less primal. It is said by many that visit the Clandoms that the very pulse of Porphyra can be felt if one only takes the time to stop and become one with the land. The northeast shore of the western continent is now dominated by the four clans, the inheritors for which the realm is named. Considered the grandest of these are the golden ziggurat temple cities of the M'linas. Clinging to the sides of sleeping volcanoes, the Temple Cities of the M'linas are surrounded by rich and bountiful farms that are often home to a tribe of half-giants that live hand in hand with the M'linas.

The plateau lands of the I'nsian are equally wondrous, as the Mesa Arcologies house as many people as most proud cities in the Middle Kingdoms. The I'nsian also soar the skies from one Arcology to another in large 'skyships' decorated in luminous feathers and great wingsails, emulating the Wyrmlords of old.

The S'ocha are the most known to land travelers in the

realm, as they live a semi-nomadic existence upon the Meridi Plains, following the herds of goats, horses, cattle, even giant stags and glyptodons. They travel between the Ancestor Mounds of their fallen, hunting as they go, and winter within the Mound Cities at first frost, taking to the migration paths at first thaw again. Some have suggested that the Mound Cities may be the remains of the Totem Shrines of the Wyrmlords.

Though insular by the standards of the other clans, the A'tez are a peaceful people. They build tranquil gardens along the shores of Mordeep Bay, incorporated into sprawling cities with vast aqueducts and levees with communal pools where many A'tez spend their time in quiet contemplation. The A'tez are led by a spiritual leader called the Kama Le, who never dies, it is said, but passes into the body of a newborn child when the old body passes.

All of the races of the Fourlands trace their lineage to the times of Old Porphyra and the rule of the elementals, and most practice a progressive form of elementalism called The New Way, which preaches co-tolerance of elementalism and deism. Chiuta is followed by the lizardfolk and a few druidic humans, and cults of Toma Thule are popular among the nobility of all clans. The eastern Landed countries tolerate the New Way, but still send missionaries to the Fourlands to sway them from their elementalist faith.

Tolerance is not felt by all races of the Clandoms, though. Remnant tribes of zendiqi haunt the badlands of the Fourlands, and are as xenophobic and anti-deist as their eastern brothers, though with oddly divergent customs and practices, such as their habit of hooding themselves and learning to fight blind. Dragonbloods are common in the Fourlands, and though suffered to live, are accepted with no little exasperation—at least until one reaches a station of power, whereupon his history is lauded to all.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Clandoms are:

**Solimat**, the Golden Temple, is the most widely spoken of and sought-out city in the Fourlands. It serves as the center of power of the M'linas, and uses gold as other nations use tin or lead. Food is the true wealth here, and many nations know of Solimati cuisine as rare delicacy.

**Vestin Za** is the largest of the Mesa Arcologies, span-



ning almost five hundred square miles, gently populated according to guilds of interest and heritage. The S kyracks are an impressive sight, holding dozens of ready skyships for the Can's wishes.

**Kama Rue**, on the shores of the Opal Sea, is the holy spiritual center of the A'tez. Located near the Falls of Xin, that empty into the sea after cascading over the titanic fossilized skeleton of an ancient Wyrmlord, it is interesting that the Kama Le never visits Kama Rue, preferring to wander the land, visiting his folk as a humble beggar or lama, holding court in tent gatherings.

## Intrigues

- A leader is uniting the scattered packs and clans of anumus into a single force. Rumor is they follow an ancient unbottled genie that survived the ruination of the War and seeks to reclaim former power.
- A plague rumpages through the East, and all divination points to a cure within the Fourlands, within an abandoned Mound City forbidden to even the S'ocha.
- A new colony of missionaries has gone missing in the western Fourlands. The buildings and animals remain, but the people are gone, as if they disappeared in the middle of their daily chores.



## Clockwork Lands

*"What was once a paradise has been transformed by greed into a hell. This is what the corporations call progress."*

-Ovin Trastapotal, elan traveling bard

**Capital:** Crucible

**Settlements:** Beta (The Enclave, 1,000+), Crucible (27,300), Gaytes (27, 900), Pyroness (29,600), Havacord (28,900), Treadwell (11,200)

**Ruler:** Dr. Heinrich Brandeburg, CEO of Gaytes Enterprises

**Government:** Plutocratic Technocracy

**Races:** Blue, Boggle, Dromite, Dwarf, Eventual, Gnome, Goblin, Half-Giant, Human

**Faiths:** Linium, Eshsalqua

**Resources:** Fossil fuels, metals (copper, iron, tin), machinery, robotics

**Languages:** Common, Dwarven, Giant, Goblin, Gnome

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (Irregular border within the Clockwork Lands; Enclave fully-enclosed)

### History

There is little known about the area annexed by the Clockwork Lands before Linium brought his pride and joy to Porphyra. Beyond that it was a verdant region with tall cliffs that overlooked the sea, and a mild climate. The arrival of the Clockwork Lands changed that. Coming from a rapidly plundered jungle world, it brought tropical breezes, cities, and an industrious workforce ready to revel in the treasures that nature and the new world, had provided them. The vast Red Cliffs that overlooked the new Land were inhabited by a large hive of dromites swiftly absorbed into the nation, as was the rich iron, copper and tin deposits within. The new territory provided hardwoods, coal, and petroleum to fuel the factories.

When it Landed, the Clockwork Lands were in turmoil. The rigid caste system that had existed in the old world was showing cracks, as workers, seeing new opportunities, began to organize. The four major Corporations, Gaytes Enterprises, Havacord Mechanics, Imperial Dynamics, and Crucible Industries were at war. It is thought that Linium's Calling was a ploy to divert the espionage, assassination, thievery and sabotage that was

happening. Minor corporations were looking for blood in the water, and Imperial Dynamics was dealing with a feud between the CEO, Magnus Galwater, and the largest stockholder, Emual Pyron. Linium's Land helped little with the NewGod War, and hard-line deist nations such as the Middle Kingdoms and Iffud have never forgotten it.

The tipping point came when Crucible unveiled the Mark I Multipurpose Golem, a seemingly inexhaustible robot that could switch from worker to soldier almost instantly. It put Crucible in firm control of the Clockwork Lands, aided by the fact that they supported Pyron in his takeover bid. Old Pyron, his native city, was burned to ashes, but the new city of Pyroness became the district government of the annexed lands to the west. The Mark 1s became the police force for the nation, and are also used to patrol the border with the nefarious Empire of the Dead to the east.

By the time the Mark 5s entered the market, most menial labor and assembly was being done by golems. The lower classes complained of lack of jobs and poor living conditions, exacerbated by the influx of refugees from Porphyra. A sorcerer from the worker caste, Ko-seem Treadwell, began to gather followers in the west by demonstrating his Null Gauntlets, a magic device that could make golems inert. For a time it seemed that the days of the Corporations were numbered, but greed would be the undoing of the Progressives. Treadwell and his partner, the Blue artificer Xevide Gozen, sold the secrets of the Null Gauntlets to the Corporations in return for enough capital to get a city started in the west, and Treadwell Industries off the ground.

### Current Events

The Corporations keep heavy-handed control over the Clockwork Lands. The streets are kept quiet by golem sentries, and malcontents are threatened with being shipped off to The Enclave, the black-box research colony on the far-off Land of Steam. The Enclave is otherwise rarely mentioned anywhere, as there is a reason for it being so far away. Of the many ships at the port of Gaytes, ships bound for and returning from The Enclave are blank white.

The executive caste (Exec) is made up of the masters and boards members of the Corporations. They are the government of the Clockwork Lands, and their word is law. The life of a citizen (Citiz) is one of corporate spon-

sored consumption and leisure where they are waited on by golem servants that see to their needs. Psionic negotiators (Sikes) are the public face of the Corporations. They are psionically gifted and are both feared and revered. They are currently in favor due to the favorable treaty with Azag-Ithiel to the west. The artificers (Ficers) are showered with praise and worship, true celebrities. They are beholden to their employers, but tend to bend and shape the rules as they see fit. The Worker caste does demanding physical labor such as mining for little reward, and may only advance by volunteering for the army. The religious caste (Clerks) maintains Linium's balance of keeping their rich patrons happy, and seeing to the well-being of the less fortunate. The casteless (Grubs) make a living best they can, mostly at recycling hazardous materials and doing "dirty work" for the Corporations.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Clockwork Lands are:

**Beta** is the rumored name of the offshore research facility in The Enclave, with a rotated staff of bonded artificers and arcane specialists. Its secrets are heavily guarded by all involved, and no other information is forthcoming.

**Crucible** is the capital of the Clockwork Lands, HQ of Crucible Industries, and center for golem design. It is the hub of the Rail Carriage mass transit system, which always runs on time, like everything in Crucible.

**Gaytes**, the City by the Sea, is a beautiful metropolis of glowing buildings, posh casinos, and sparkling night life. It is the HQ of Gaytes Enterprises, which makes personal magic items for the home. It is also the center for sports such as golem fighting and arena dueling.

**Havacord** is said to have three golems for every citizen. This gleaming city of machines is the heart of education for the Clockwork Lands. Havacord Mechanics produces tools and information systems, as well as educated specialists in many classes.

**Pyroness**, the Phoenix City, which rose from the ashes of corrupt Pyron, is the new face of Imperial Dynamics. Pyroness is the forefront of alchemical and medical research, and produces miracles in both areas. The largest temple to Forgefather towers here, visited by many dwarves from all over Porphyra.

**Treadwell**, called the City of Traitors by some, is a city of hard smiles and wary attitudes. Treadwell produces top of the line weapons and defense items, and military magic gear. They will sell to any and all that can pay, and are very unhappy with the Jheriak embargo.

## Intrigues

- There is a rumor that in the city of Treadwell there was a golem that said 'no'. An urban legend and a trope of Linite scripture, the idea of golems evolving both fascinates and terrifies the Clockwork Landers. The city masters admit there was a theft of a prototype golem, but will say no more on the matter.
- The Ultimate CEO, Brandenburg, secured leadership of the Technocracy by presenting an anti-gravity auto-abacus called the Calculatrix. A development period is expected after the prototype is presented, but that time has ended... Sikes of GE have informed the PCs that the Calculatrix prototype has been stolen, and Corporation employees cannot be seen searching for it. The party will have to disguise themselves as Grubs to investigate the theft and recovery.
  - Stories of cults are commonplace in the Clockwork Lands, especially those of Eshsalqua, who promises advancement in the rigid caste system for dark deeds done. A captured Agent is being processed by zealous Clerks in a Pyroness sanitarium, but a dromite seer has come to the PCs with the foreknowledge that it is all an Eshsalquan plot, and the Agent is part of a plot within the sanitarium itself. Time is short before the grim vision comes true.





## Creeper's Rift

*"Some call the Rift the black vault of Porphyra, other say it's the last bulwark against the Underdeep. I call it home."*

-Garret Undershaw, mine owner and merchant

**Capital:** Argentum

**Settlements:** Argentum (11,500)

**Ruler:** The Council of Argentum

**Government:** Oligarchy

**Races:** Dwarf, Gnome, Human, Kripar

**Faiths:** Ferrakus, Linium, Veiloaria

**Resources:** Gemstones, metals (adamantine, copper, gold, iron, mithral, silver)

**Languages:** Common, Dwarven, Gnome, Kripar, Undercommon

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (intermittent within the rift allows access to the Underdeep)

## History

In the time of the Elemental Lords, Creeper's Rift was little more than a crack in the northern Simooni Desert, from which dark things would scurry. It was in the early days of the NewGod Wars that the Rift took on its present form. The flaw on the face of the world became Ferrakus' practical demonstration of how, with enough power and precision, anything can be sundered. Myriad bits of Ferrakus' dimensional domains were attracted into this hole in reality before it eventually stabilized. Many devoted gnomes came through the planar rift, to live in the new physical realm. The crack became a hundred mile long, ten mile wide, five mile deep chasm that sent two of the Elemental Lords' strongholds to the bowels of Porphyra.

For centuries, the Rift and the surrounding lands were considered cursed, and only the gnomes and the odd crook-backed kripars would travel from there to other cities. This isolation came to an abrupt end when an especially reckless gnome, Halugalom (Hal) Undercrunch struck mithril on the eastern cliff, bragged of his claim in nearby Junt, and the Rift Rush was on. Thousands flocked to the Rift to plunder the treasures the rock had to offer. What they found, in most cases, was death. Adding to the danger of mining itself were attacks from dark folk, morlocks, rogue kripar, shadows, and vilstrak,

not to mention fouler beings of the depths. Worse still was the internal conflict, claim jumping, and outright robbery. Through all the bloodletting and wildcat strikes, Hal Undercrunch's wealth grew. Within a year of his first strike, he found a massive vein of gold. His original mining camp became a gnomish boom town which Hal named Argentum, after his eldest daughter. He hired others to take the risks of the cliff and started selling supplies and other mercantile goods to the other miners, which made him one of the richest men in all of Porphyra. Others, following Hal's example, found wealth and power along the Rift. Each of the oligarchs employed thousands of miners, and raised private mercenary armies to keep the horrors, the miners, and their competitors where they belonged. This was the way of things, until the Day of the Black Sunrise.

The Day of the Black Sunrise was a mass attack from the Underdeep against the surface dwellers of the Rift that coincided with an eclipse. It was led by a shadow called the Left Hand of Midnight. The attack took the miners by surprise, but the hordes of the Left Hand were equally surprised by the fierceness of the miners and mercenaries.

Of all the battles that day, none was as brutal as that for the city of Argentum. A half-orc mercenary named Aloysius Blackthorn led a ragtag army of mercenaries, paladins, miners, xia, and priests in a counter-offensive now known as Blackthorn's Stand. Blackthorn himself fought the Left Hand of Midnight, and sent the monster screeching into the depths of the Rift cursing the house of Blackthorn and swearing revenge.

It has been ten years since the Day of the Black Sunrise, and new mining camps and towns have replaced those that fell, but the scars of that day are etched forever into the cliffs of the Rift.

## Current Events

Creeper's Rift is a hard place. It is populated by miners either working for one of the major mining companies, or trying to strike it rich-striving to duplicate Hal Undercrunch's luck. The Rift is rich in mineral wealth, and lacking in everything else. Almost all the sources of clean water are owned by the oligarchs, and temperatures on the surface can reach one hundred and twenty degrees in the day, and minus twenty at night. Water and shelter are power in the rift, but so is will. The Miners United guild controls production in all the mines, and this cre-

ates a level of tension rarely seen in the rest of the world. It is Blackthorn's Irregulars that keep the peace. The Irregulars support the oligarchs as long as the miners are treated fairly. It is a precarious peace, but it has worked for the last ten years. If everyone keeps acting in their best interests, the peace should last.

## Settlement

The major settlement of Creeper's Rift is:

**Argentum** is the only city of note on Creeper's Rift. It is built on mining, vice, and battle. It is, in truth, two cities; Topside, and Low Town. **Topside** is the home of the city's elite. Its polished red walls beckon travelers and traders to visit and leave their goods and money. It is dotted with fine inns and mercantile stores offering the finest of what Porphyra has to offer, sent by way of the Consortium. The Grand Exchange, which sits in the city's center, is the largest market for rare metals, gems, and precious minerals on the surface of the planet. Towering above the Exchange is Argentum's Council Hall where business and the city is controlled by the large mine owners and their representatives referred to as the Oligarchs. The only building in town larger than the Council Hall is the Ordered House of Linium, that also serves as the city's courthouse.

**Low Town** is the home of the miners, soldiers, criminals and priests that keep the city running and safe. Low town is carved into the cliff face, extending nearly a mile into the chasm. It too is surrounded by a red brick wall, marked with the words, "Here and No Further" in Common and Undercommon. It has been a warning that the things

below have learned to take seriously. The main wall serves as both main line of defense, and as a Flower and Compass wayhouse for Veiloaria. The other major chapel in Low Town is dedicated to Ferrakus, erstwhile creator and patron of the Rift and the miners within. The largest compound in Low Town that isn't a tavern or casino belongs to Blackthorn's Irregulars, who act as Argentum's police force and military.

## Intrigues

- A recent adamantine strike near Low Town has brought an influx of dwarves, much to the chagrin of the slum-dwelling goblinoids of the city. The Irregulars are looking for fresh recruits to add to stepped-up patrols.
- Captain Blackthorn has announced his retirement in the coming year, leaving his children to compete for position of leader of the Irregulars. The PCs must pick a faction: that of Garfield, xia of Veiloaria, Meranda, aberrant sorcerer, and William, de facto darling of the local Thieves Guild. Then, the fun will start...
  - A lone survivor of a deep survey crew is brought up to Low Town babbling of horrors in the dark, and the reclaiming of fallen strongholds by things that should not be. He claims their scout is the Left Hand of Midnight, and he and his minions are looking for something, a treasure of the Elemental Lords. The one thing that gives credence to his mad words is his now useless eyes are black as pitch.





## Deserts of Siwath

*“The anpur and the desert gnolls will fight each other to the death for the right to torture you to death. If you’re unlucky, they’ll kill each other. Then the zendiqi will find you.”* – Ali ben Ali, desert guide

**Capital:** The Tent City of the Grand Wazir  
**Settlements:** Ar’Rak (300), Buktu (600), City of Tombs (500), The Tent City of the Grand Wazir (2,000)  
**Ruler:** Grand Wazir of the Siwathu Zendiqi, Ha’aroun al-Rashid  
**Government:** Tribal Magocracy  
**Races:** Anpur, Enigmon, Gnoll, Ifrit, Oread, Sylph, Undines, Zendiqi  
**Faiths:** Elemental Lords (all), Shankhil (anpur only)  
**Resources:** Camels, dates, *elemental gems*  
**Languages:** Aquan, Auran, Ignan, Old Porphyran, Gnoll, Terran  
**Border Conditions:** Restricted (porphyrite border surrounds the Pynian Coast)

### History

Contrary to the romance of many deserts in the multiverse, the Siwath was always a crucible of sand, gravel, wadis, and mesas, with scant shade, little water, and hard-bitten inhabitants. The ancient Porphyrans, when the word ‘zendiqi’ meant no more than the word ‘orthodox’, found it a place of testing, of holy pilgrimage to sites of elemental relevance, but no more than that. In the aftermath of the NewGod Wars, the Deserts of Siwath became the final, ironic, line in the sand. A nameless treaty was drawn up by Gerana, Yolana and Aleria that allowed the survival of the remnants of the elemental forces, and the reservation of the Siwath to them in perpetuity. The bulk of the actual elementals were sealed into gems, and scattered to the sands, sacred ‘jewels of the fallen’ to the zendiqi, and not to be molested. The border was drawn at the Oliti river, and the zendiqi were discouraged from crossing the porphyrite borders to the east and west, with the sea-bound south being known as the ‘Coast of Bones’. In the 800 years since, the zendiqi

have stewed in the Siwath’s dry juices, waxing and waning in their undying hatred of *muhartik*, the divine heretics, and gaining a reputation for deadliness in combat and increasing alienness of behavior.

Due to intertribal friction and famines, there are occasional bands of zendiqi that emigrate from the Siwath, notable in other lands for their blinders, earmuffs and mouth-gags, so as to avoid corruption among the muhartik. Most outsiders think of the Siwath as a land of hard life and harder people. They are mostly right.

The pilgrimage sites still remain, and expatriate zendiqi return when they can, or by summons of the Grand Wazir, especially when a new one is chosen—by arcane duel. Famines come and go, as well as issues with non-humans from time to time, but the Siwath, say the zendiqi, is a teacher, a mother- and a sword.

### Current Events

Though their reigns tend to last longer than kings, grand wazirs of the zendiqi rarely leave dynasties, and succession is seldom smooth. The current grand wazir, Ha’aroun al-Rashid, is a noted progressive, and relations have improved greatly, with no more than a handful of ritual immolations of intruders each year. Al-Rashid is 94, however, and not as spry as he used to be. Courtesy and patience have typically kept challenges from being issued to one so venerable, but any desert mahlana could walk in at any moment and change the face of Siwathu-Porphyran relations in a troublesome way.

Though house warriors do seek outlander work from time to time, especially at succession time, a dismaying number have crossed the eastern border into the Wastes of Simoon and the Plateau of Ghadab, camping in their four-colored tents. The implication is either that they will be given work, or they will extract payment from the good people of the land.

The mysterious relationship between the anpur and the gnolls of the desert is a topic best studied in books, as neither race is particularly friendly, to outsiders or each other. The why have gnolls been raiding the border, with beautiful weapons of anpuri make? Are they stolen, or have they joined forces? And how did they get across the river/border?

As the decadent citizens of Dravi Ankor and the even more debased mixed races of the Pynian Jungle usually stay within their porphyrite borders, the zendiqi are content to ignore them and avoid the godswall. Lately,

however, bands of humanoids too varied to quantify have boldly crossed the border, striking from one of the many jungle ruins. Their probable target is *elemental gems*, though it is strange that the jungle races should be so purposeful.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Desert of Siwath are:

**Ar'Rak** is the largest of the ramshackle villages of the southern Siwath, somewhat more clement than the north. It is well-watered but in a badly defensible valley, and living there makes for jittery citizens. Non-hostile outsiders are usually treated fairly here, unless there are numbers of desert zendiqi in town. Either way, the villagers are entertained.

**Buktu** stands in the northern reaches of the Siwath, a necessary watchpost and rally-point against the anpur settlements and roaming bands of gnolls. Its walls are thick, its towers tall, and its people of a decidedly bunker mentality. A sure way to gain entrance and a modicum of acceptance is to bring trade goods useful for manufacturing, as the Buktuni excel at recycling and crafting useful items on a shoestring. No Wathisi may pass by Buktu without permission of the Grand Wazir (or so he would like to think).

**City of Tombs** is the best translation of the anpuri phrase, referring to the ancient construction of pyramids and fortified walls of the Oliti river in northern Siwath. As the river comes from the mysterious north of New Wathisi, and disappears into the unknowable sea past Kadeq's Pyramid, the anpur see it as a divine highway, overseen by Lord Ankh (as they call Shankhil), their patron. The lands north of the City are the domain of the sphinxes, and it is their alliance that balances power between the zendiqi and the anpur, though there

is said to be a brisk border-crossing business between mercantile zendiqi and less-than-pious anpur.

The **Tent City of the Grand Wazir** is the mobile seat of government and throne of the Grand Wazir, the highest ranking arcane spellcaster in the land. The tents bear the color of the four *bayit* and each philosophical faction, as well as visiting tribal elders, compete for the ear of the wazir. Visiting tribal factions must, of course, bring gifts of supplies, which keeps the city supplied, in turn. Spellcasters of all arcane types are found here in concentration, and it is not unusual to see various races of the genie species among its bazaars and pavilions. A properly vetted and marked outsider could visit this place, though proper chaperones would, of course, be required. It rarely moves north of Buktu; when it does is not a good sign.

## Intrigues

- Ha'roun al-Rashid grows old, and the Siwathu are rightfully concerned over his replacement. Smuggle an enhanced potion of longevity to the ancient sorcerer, and keep the sands blood-free a little longer.
- Gnolls, of all beings, have found an *elemental gem* as large as a horse, in a particularly barren corner of the desert, or so says the scruffy dwarf. They just can't stay out of the Siwath! And what the Rajuk is a 'quartz elder'?
- A caravaneer has brought a weapon from Buktu, made by a zendiqi smith. So what? It is a masterwork pepperbox rifle, scoped to 30 yards, with black powder made out of camel dung! Maybe that Buktuni artisan could stand a visit from some foreigners.
- The pilgrimage sites that mark the four elemental houses sit at the corners of the great desert. If an outsider can prove he visited all four, the Society of Wanderers would award the Grand Prize: a *ring of limited wish*!



## Empire of the Dead

*"These, my children of the night, what beautiful music they make for their dread lord..."* - Dalve Carul, Lord of Omerta, at the Obeisance Ritual

**Capital:** Genhva

**Settlements:** Digirn (10,000), Garme (8,000), Genhva (9,000), Ghiz (6,600), Omerta (4,500), Nod (7,500), Ryehk (3,100), Summa (8,000), Zhule (6,200)

**Ruler:** The Gallery of Lords

**Government:** Federation

**Races:** Aasimar, Avood, Dhampir, Living Ghoul, Obitu, Skulk, Tiefling

**Faiths:** Eshsalqua, Fenris Kul, Myketa, Rajuk Amon-Gore, Shade, Toma Thule (Digirn only)

**Resources:** Drugs (vitae sangua, vitae luce)

**Languages:** Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Infernal, Necril, Undercommon

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (Border with the Clockwork Lands; Digirn fully enclosed)

### History

There are fairytale lands that reflect nightmares or childhood stories told to frighten one into obedience; then there are the lands where one may find these horrors given substance -the Empire of the Dead. Located on the Cold Peninsula, the walls between reality and the Negative Material plane grow very thin here, among the collection of city-states that vie for control of the twisted and broken land between them, in a shadow war. This 'war' is in the shadows, for after the coming of the Celestial Bastion of Digirn and the creation of the Scroll of Jus upon the Baelorian Rise, open warfare between the races and factions within the Empire has been forbidden.

In the centuries before The Calling, those within the Empire waged against one another, and at the seeming peak of these conflicts, as these wars grew in scope and brutality, the coming of the NewGods shattered the world. The waves of positive energy wreaked havoc on the dark beings of the land for years, enough time for the righteous godling Toma Thule to come into being and will the Celestial Bastion to descend from the heavens, in the midst of the blackened ruins of the Empire. This burning pyre of righteousness opened its walls, and from it poured the aasimar legions, purging the broken hordes

of living ghouls and undead alike, and bringing to heel the warbands of the dhampir lords in what has come to be recorded as the Illumination Crusades. Careful negotiation and the allowance of regular crusades are the accepted rule of the day, or else soul-searing war will take place.

The denizens of the Nightlands had been playing the game of war for centuries, however, and the coming of the crusades only served to escalate the conflicts, as both ancient rites and new deist pacts were called. Daemon-smiths unleashed new terrors, bands of cambion mercenaries corrupted the very ground they trod upon, while Necrarchs released the fallen to fight again and again in endless waves that threatened to destroy the very land itself. The coming of the gods was a two-bladed sword, for certain, for Toma Thule's dark twin Rajuk Amon-Gore, also born after The Calling, delighted in the new dance floor of death.

It was then that the Architect came. He brought with him a single and decisive message- the war would end now. He left upon the Baelorian Rise the Scroll of Jus, upon which are written the Laws of Discord. These laws state that open warfare is forbidden in the Empire of the Dead. There is one simple penalty for violation: utter annihilation. To illustrate his point, the Architect blew one short note on the Balehorn, and the demon-city of Bhaal-aak ceased to be.

The following day, in the shadow of the Scroll of Jus, the Aecryptian Summit gave birth to the Empire as it is today. The Architect has not been seen since, and fear of his return, even to those who are already dead or as good as, is still strong, after all of the decades that have passed.

### Current Events

The Empire of the Dead is a Federation of city states- each holds sway over the lands that surround it. The borders of these lands are often contested, but open warfare is never sought. Instead, an invisible war is constantly waged within the Empire. Assassination, betrayal and intimidation are the daily bread upon the tables of the powers that be. Borders, however, are only part of the bounty to be had. Trade with other lands of Porphyra and the control of the commodities of export and import alike are as valuable as the land which provides them. The Empire specializes in the exotic and decadent, chief among these are Vitae Sangua and Vitae Luce, drugs created from the blood of the living



dead and the life force of those who possess celestial birthright. The greatest import are slaves, most of which are used as labor or fuel for the Nether Engines of the greater city states. The amazing presence of Digirn, the celestial bastion, has forced many of the dark lords to actually negotiate with the sickeningly powerful paladins and clerics, which makes for truly strange politics in such a death-dominated land.

### Settlements

The major settlements of the Empire of the Dead are:

**Digirn** is known as the Celestial Bastion, a piece of the heavenly plane, within a porphyrite border- a jewel of good within one of the darkest places on Porphyra. The rule of Toma Thule here is reputedly total, and paladins are found in the same quantity as archers are elsewhere. Entry is not easy; strong proof of one's dedication to good and the rule of law is required, by various means. If Digirn were more cooperative with the outside world, their sphere of influence might expand further.

**Garme, Omerta, Ryehk** and **Zhule** form the city states of the Dhampir Lords, the nations of the shadowy cross-breeds of vampire and man. Human visitors must have certain documents and charms boldly displayed to walk safely in these cities, outside of the Embassy and Trade zones, designated by continual flame of sacred blue. Omerta actually contains a strong human mortal crime syndicate that has fingers throughout Porphyra, and is often home to the Magpies thieving competition.

**Genvha** sits as the capital of the Empire, though it holds no single seat of power, but the Gallery of Lords, which can convene to receive and settle grievances. It is worth noting that though each of the Great City States holds an embassy here, little if anything is accomplished besides political pandering.

**Ghiz** and **Summa** are the home bases of the twin Lich Lords of the same names, and both lightly-ruled, tower-filled cities are havens for magical practitioners of the black arts. The Concert Hall of the Black Dance is infamously found in Summa, high cathedral of Rajuk Amon-Gore.

**Nod** is nominally under control of the Dhampir Lords, but this island port is highly cosmopolitan and independent, sending the Silent Ships with their cargoes of Vitae all over the world. The presence of normal mortals is almost tolerated here.

### Intrigues

- A powerful stranger has been seen in the shadows of the ruling halls of Genvha- rumors abound that the Architect has returned! Whether it is an impostor or the frighteningly return High One must be immediately determined.
- The Scrolls of Jus have vanished from their altar on the Baelorian Rise, and tensions are high for war to resume. Both sides have factions that are keen on interfering with their reinstatement-they must be found!
- Vitae addicts to a new 'cut' product have spread into bordering realms and overseas, and producers wish to eliminate the 'illicit' dealers. The PCs must decide whose side they are on, to support this strange trade, or prevent deaths and sickness from adulterated product.



## Erkusaa, The Mist-Shrouded Isle

*"It is the purity of Chaos that the erkunae seek; not the so-called 'freedom' of the barbarian hymn-singers, but the Chaos of the unformed- the Chaos of all things, at all times, forever unmade..."* -Ykalakae the 19th, The Opal Throne [AC 220]

**Capital:** G'sho'laa'n'rr

**Settlements:** G'sho'laa'n'rr (1,200,000)

**Ruler:** His Opalescence Ythyrku the 64th The Opal Throne

**Government:** Aristocratic Monarchy

**Races:** Dhosari, Erkunae, Human

**Faiths:** Demon Lords (any), Elemental Lords (any), Nise, Protean Lords (any), Ul'Ul, Vortain

**Resources:** Magic items, mercenaries, slaves

**Languages:** Abyssal, Common, Infernal, Protean

**Border Conditions:** None

### History

Fragments of dhosari history recall when Erkusaa was a rugged mountain range, riddled with caves and ancestral home to their six-limbed, two-bodied race. Then, as they say, "the waters came", and what was once a highland became an island, and with the waters came the erkunae. The erkunae, perhaps once human but now miscegenated with outsiders and strange blood, sensed the arcane potential in Erkusaa's location, and enslaved both the dhosari and the dragons that slept in the myriad catacombs beneath the misty proto-island.

The erkunae, under their first king The White Fox, were ambitious and powerful in those long-ago days of Porphyra, when it seemed that the face of the planet could be shaped by those with the will and the might. From Erkusaa they waged wars of conquest and subjugation, aided by the pacts they made with the Elemental Lords, and the Powers of Chaos and Death they who were most powerful on Porphyra before The Calling.

They built a wondrous city of towers, piercing the mist, and called it G'sho'laa'n'rr, which means The City of Dreams. From here they subjugated nearby islands and nations, took their people as slaves, and looted their treasures and hoards of knowledge. None dared stand before the shimmering opal-banner of the erkunae, or face their two-bodied shock troops, the awesome dhosari. Then came The Calling. And with it, other peoples

from other worlds, and the bond between man (and man-like) and the Gods, many of whom preached revolution, freedom, rule of benevolent Law, and peace.

The Empire of the Opal Throne dwindled on both the foreign front, where religious fervor countered their perverse rule, and at home, where power-hungry aristocrats vied for the attention of the new "Gods". Forced from the mainland at the end of the NewGod wars, the erkunae live on memories and magic, their dragons mostly sleeping now, waiting to discover their place on a changed Porphyra.

### Current Events

His Opalescence, Ythyrku the 64th is a young king, and seems to be more ambitious than the majority of his predecessors. His is the blood of the White Fox, an albino, tradition-bound to be obeyed without question and he is not hesitant to demand that obedience. The dragon patrols fly once more, and the ancient magic-powered ships have been repaired and brought out of drydock.

The Dreamer's Cult, as well as worshipers of Vortain have been suppressed (and some whisper it has relocated to the nearby Dhosari islands) and the Shadow Children have been forcibly recruited into the Opal Legions. His ambition has outstripped the military's abilities and intent, however, and often these missions turn into reiving, looting, and sheer piracy. Ythyrku will not be mocked, and the City of Dreams dreams indeed, of empire once more.

The stirring of the Erkusaan nation has led to an increase of erkunae expatriates on the mainland, and even on the high seas. There are many of that nation that prefer that empire be merely a memory for the erkunae, either for selfish or altruistic reasons. Self-appointed ambassadors urge kings and lords to show force in the Erkusaan sphere, to curb the rise of militarism. Proselytes of strange erkunae faiths show more and more in coastal cities, their fervent white faces urging every action from capitulation to violent uprising. A dhosari visionary known only as the Masiha has been agitating the native dhosari population, and so far resisting all attempts to be discovered by The Opal Throne's agents. Even non-dhosari slaves have been heeding his pronouncements, and the aristocracy has been steadily increasing their age-old, insular demands for comfort at home rather than adventure abroad.

## Settlements

The major settlement of Erkusaa is:

**G'sho'laa'n'rr, The City of Dreams**, takes up 85% of the surface area of the island of Erkusaa, easily the largest city by area on Porphyra. It is not, however, the most populated, and large areas of the city are abandoned to the elements, inhabited by escaped slaves or strange monsters. Even so, G'sho'laa'n'rr is a truly awe-inspiring city, given over to multicolored towers, few less than 200 feet tall. These towers are connected by halls, usually stuffed with ancient plunder from imperial days. There seems to be little rhyme or reason to what is where, and navigation to find a service, a person, or even an exit can drive a foreigner to madness. The basic hierarchy of the populace is determined by height; The Opal Throne is in the highest chamber in the highest tower, and hierarchy descends from there, aristocrats quarreling openly over living status. Skilled workers and artisans live in apartments in the halls, and common folk in sub-halls or slums on the periphery of the undeveloped lands. The natural mistiness of the island precludes much outdoor activity, though military units, herb gatherers, and misanthropes can all be found wandering Erkusaa's rocky shores. The Dragoncaves beneath Erkusaa are places of wonder and danger, as the erkunae venture here but seldom, and the sleeping dragons become more and more wakeful, and less and less obedient.

## Intrigues

- 8th Most High, Jecerik the 22nd, is recruiting foreign mercenaries to 'sanitize' some of the lower halls and subhalls that he won in a duel from a lower-lord. His house retinue find it beneath their station to root out vermin and escaped slaves, though other houses' bravos would love to face a wild dhosari in combat.
- A local village, afraid of erkunae pirates, has pooled their resources to put the adventur-

ers on a 'boat' (of dubious buoyancy) to dissuade the predicted attack. Swashbuckling (and swimming) awaits!

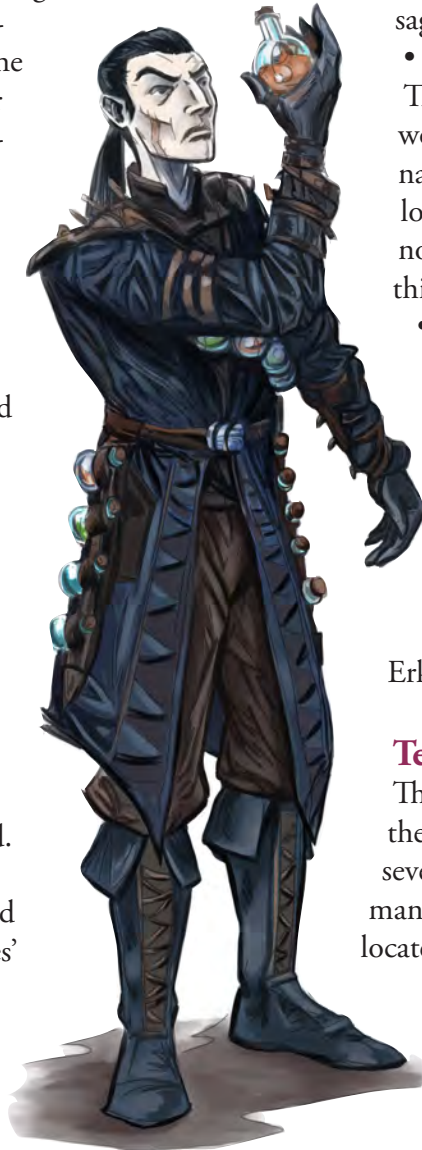
- A shipwreck (possibly as a result of the previous Intrigue) has left the adventurers marooned on the misty isle of Erkusaa, in an isolated, undeveloped region. They can make for the City of Dreams and expect charity from the Holders of the Pact, try to find a pack of escaped slaves, or try their luck in the Dragoncaves...
- Hired as bodyguards to a local nation's newly-appointed ambassador to Erkusaa, the party is in hot water after an assassination attempt on an erkunae higher-lord- can they solve the mystery and move the blame from the foreigners? Explore the dusty sub-halls to find the Shadow Children, dispossessed and disowned rogues that rule the disused passages of the Dreaming City.

- The court intrigue and shadowplay of The Opal Court is legendary over Porphyra; word of the characters' abilities (or an erkunae party member) comes to an ambitious lord who has many tasks, some savory, some not so much for talented professionals. Something about a personal demon of a rival?

- Slavery is the vilest practice imaginable! That the erkunae should have enslaved the dhosari, an entire race (except for small escaped pockets, possibly including a party member) is an outrage that must be remedied. Smugglers can get you to Erkusaa, can you get at least some of the downtrodden slaves of the Dreaming Demons away from the Misty Isle of Erkusaa?

## Temples to the Slithering Symphony

The pantheon of Protean Lords, known to their faithful as the Slithering Symphony, have several temples within the City of Dreams and many more in the wilderness. These are often located there to protect the passing citizenry from strange beings that come and go at the whim of the Chaos priests and noble supplicants that attend there.





## Eternal Ice

*"You northerners speak of 'land' like it was a mother's breast, a soft bed of feathers. We whose mother is the Ice know a harsher milk, and deeper lessons."* - Grekk Black-eye, Ith'n yar'oo chieftain

**Capital:** None

**Settlements:** Yza'tor (500+)

**Ruler:** Tribal chieftains

**Government:** Tribal

**Races:** Ith'n yar'oo, Qit'ar, Undine

**Faiths:** Ice Tyrant, Ithreia, Nise, Wind of Jewels

**Resources:** Bonecraft, meteoric iron, polar wares, whale products

**Languages:** Aquan, Ith'n yar'oo

**Border Conditions:** None

### History

Few can speak definitively of what people and cultures exist on the Eternal Ice, the 'lands' of the Porpyran South Pole. It is presumed that no soil exists there, unless one can penetrate to the ocean bedrock, and all is ice and snow, malleable in form with the winds and seasons.

There are terrestrial countries fairly close to the Ice, and seafarers frequently approach, especially to take advantage of the whaling grounds that migrate around the white shores. Shipwrecks and flensing camps that come ashore had better finish their business quickly, as there are inhabitants of this frozen wasteland, and food is very hard to come by. The undine servants of the elementalists were probably the first to use the Eternal Ice, as an impregnable base camp for monitoring sea lanes, raiding southern nations, and later, during the NewGod Wars, a frequent staging ground for seafaring ice giant missions.

There are some few remnants of summoned stone and other terrestrial materials in the Ice, and they make up the seasonal camps of the main inland races, the ith'n yar'oo and the polar offshoot (or throwback) of the enigmatic and psionic race of the qit'ar.

Primal creatures made, and still make, their homes in the Ice, no doubt, before the arrival of humanoids, such as polar bears, dire penguins, and the dreaded ice worm. Legends persist of a possible hidden colony of aquatic elves under the ice in the exact location of the South Pole, a reclusive remnant of the genocide exacted upon

them by the sahuagin. In any case, with the advent of The Calling and the NewGod Wars, the ever-desperate elemental forces, encouraged by the southern-dwelling undines of their now-bereft empire, sought to breed warriors that would defeat deist forces lured to the ice to die.

Strange experiments using yeti and human slaves produced the race of ith'n yar'oo, the (ant)arctic beastmen, and those throwbacks of the serendipitously arrived qit'ar race who were resistant to cold were recruited, probably for an aborted invasion of the psionically prevalent Pinnacle Lands.

These newly-recruited humanoids wisely made themselves scarce when the seaborne cetaceal forces of Veiloaria the Wayfinder, and the airborne owl-harpy forces of Ithreia massed to the attack. The legion archons slew only giants when they came ashore. A millennia later, nearly every piece of metal, bone, or magic from that isolated conflict is still used in some capacity in the Eternal Ice, where resources are so scarce as to be a major event when discovered. The seldom-visited land is still a source of bogey-stories, and sighting the spire of Yza'tor is said to be an ill-omen for southern sailors.

### Current Events

Little has changed on the Eternal Ice in the last eight centuries, save for the inexorable growth of Yza'tor. The ith'n yar'oo squabble and skirmish with the nomadic snow-qit'ar, both fight the plotting undine when they get the chance, and every molecule of organic material is put to use. Rookery season is a time of relative plenty in certain areas of the ice, when both the ice-cats and the beastmen compete for birds and eggs, while being careful to preserve the viability of the flock. Seal-hunting is more dangerous and more profitable, as sometimes a fierce seal can be a fiercer undine come up to stealthily claim a victim. That doesn't account for incredibly dangerous ice worms, ice giants, and the odd white dragon and ice drake that can mean death or bounty for the ice people.

Curiosity about the dirtlands to the north, likewise from persons intrigued by legends of the southern frozen land create a trickle of exchange of information and adventurers between the two. Orthodox theology in the Middle Kingdoms paints the Eternal Ice as a paragon of victory over elementalism, but with the nagging suspicion of a job not completed, as it is well known that that inhospitable land was being groomed as a respite of last resort.

All of the ice-bound races know that there are fellows of theirs in the warm north, and bear a natural curiosity about them. Magically-created viability may yet increase the population in the Eternal Ice, as, strangely enough, there are no known sources of disease in the entire place!

## Settlements

The major settlement in the Eternal Ice is:

**Yza'tor** is the ith'n yar'oo phrase meaning 'blue spire'. It has been built over the last 900 years from their shamans using *create water* spells artistically, in fluting passages, spiky towers, and long slide-ways the young of the beastman race love to travel on. It is at least 50 miles inshore, in summer, but is sustained by several clerics and druids using spells such as *abstemiousness*, *create food and water*, *dream feast* and *goodberry*. A small fragment of polar agriculture is carried out in chambers for reclaimed waste. Those who think the ith'n yar'oo truly beasts should visit this ingenious place. Ironically, most northerners think it a cursed castle from a vanished ancient race... you can't believe every rumor.

## Intrigues

- The polar folk make their weapons from fragments of meteorites that crash with a fair amount of frequency over the pole. As any dwarf will tell you, this substance makes the best weapons in existence, magical or otherwise. Bringing trade goods to the isolated people of this land would be an ideal way to obtain this precious material.
- A ship bearing the royal family of one of the cities of the Holdfast of Celestial Parishes has run aground on the Ice. Being aasimars, they are in no danger of freezing to death, but have likely been taken by one of the three races of the Ice Eternal. A swift flight of griffons will take you to this forbid-

ding land, but the fate of the precious leaders is not known.

- As in days of old, the undines are plotting to raise one or another of their lost Elemental Lords, and it is rumored that many hid in the deep fastness of the Ice, in secret camps left over from the NewGod War. The spymasters of the High Codion of Pium is offering dukedoms to whoever can bring evidence of an expunged elemental tyrant.



## Fenian Triarchy

*“Ever see a leprechaun wearing a sarong, sharing chopsticks with a talking crocodile? Any old day in the Fens.” -Le-Shauer of Iffud, merchant-bard*

**Capital:** Greenwall

**Settlements:** City of Boats (7,000), Greenwall (17,000), MacCool (7,000), Siobhan (2,000)

**Ruler:** Finnegan Slevey, Triarch of the Green, Lord Protector of Sanctuary and the Reedlands, Triarch of the Fens

**Government:** 4-year limited Lordship with clan-elected representatives in council

**Races:** Boggard, Feykissed, Grippli, Half-Elf, Human, Lizardfolk

**Faiths:** Aleria, Chiuta, Myketa

**Resources:** Papyrus, peat, seafood, whiskey

**Languages:** Boggard, Common, Draconic, Elven, Old Porphyran, Sylvan

**Border Conditions:** Limited (porphyrite border in the Bay of Reeds near Iffud)

## History

The vast swamp known to antiquity as the Sea of Reeds was the food source of antevocal Porphyran nations in millennia past, and often rulers of ancient kingdoms would establish hot-season palaces in its territory. The Calling was especially harsh on those traditionally living in the Sea, as its food sources were especially prized during the NewGod wars. As invaders perpetually raided their fish stocks, a leader named Chiuta led the previously peaceful people against their Landed oppressors, and in the doing, became their Goddess, the first raised mortal to the pantheon on Porphyra. The titanic, world-changing forces of The Calling, and of Chiuta's ascension altered the Sea of Reeds itself, as well, and formerly small shoals of land rose above the murky waves, creating rain-shrouded highlands and incredibly fertile islands in the Sea's midst. The newness of these lands, blessed, it is said, by the fertile hand of Aleria, attracted both Landed human refugees of the NewGod Wars, and sylvan faeries displaced by war, and attending on the Lover of Life. The altered environment is a loose (extremely loose!) coalition of the swamp-dwelling, Chiuta worshiping, papyrus weaving Porphyran fisherfolk of the ancient Sea

of Reeds (now dubbed Reedland), the Landed human, laid-back, peat-cutting whiskey drinkers of Greenland, whose blood is undoubtedly mixed a little with the faerie people of the offshore islands of Sanctuary, and the main island enclave of Siobhan. Though the Reedland and Greenland cultures could not be more different, the Reedlanders acquiesce that much of the requirements of international and technological life are beyond their ability to deal, and both they and the faeries of Sanctuary have embassies and clan-selected councilors in Greenwall to speak for their respective peoples.

## Current Events

The latest word from MacCool is that their candidate for Triarch is a hard-nosed half-elf that (it is rumored) does not drink! Needless to say, the citizens of Greenwall and the southern villages are very concerned with the morals of Coolaghs these days. The Coolaghs are also busily expanding their town, hoping that size will allow them to compete more readily with the capital. Rumor has it this means foreign immigrants, a dire situation.

The normally stoic, sarong-wearing Reedlanders are looking smug these days, and are appearing in Greenland in larger numbers. The discovery of a sunken palace in the swamps is attracting many treasure-hunters, but the enigmatic Reedlanders are keeping a tight rein on their borders, and access to the City of Boats is limited, much to Triarch Slevey's ire.

‘Walking the Green’ is a Greenlander saying for a disappeared person, especially in the vicinity of Siobhan. It is not as lightly said when 20 in the past fortnight, the population of an entire hamlet, has ‘walked the green’. Sanctuary councilors are uncharacteristically grim, and some of them have been recalled to some of the more remote islands of their small province.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Fenian Triarchy are:

The **City of Boats** is the closest thing the Chiutan Reedlanders have to an urban community, as most live in small fishing villages, or in the ruins of mainlander palaces, which poke up out of the mud like giant's lost toys. The City actually moors itself around the biggest and oldest of these, the pinnacle of a sandstone pyramid, brought to the swamps by some ancient magic. Apart from the Lady's Pyramid (as it is called) there is no solid ground in the City, all services and residences are on



papyrus reed boats, and platforms of woven mats or (for the elite families) Greenland-imported lumber. Concentrations of eclectic magic users can be found in the City, and are often sought out by needy Greenlanders and foreigners alike.

**Greenwall** is a fortified city from the NewGod days, Greenwall is both sturdy and resistant to elemental magic, a moss-covered fortress, with surrounding suburbs. It is the largest city on the main island of Greenland, and handles a surprising amount of trade, from Reedland, Sanctuary, and other neighboring territories, as the faeries and Reedlanders are reluctant to let foreigners into their regions. That Greenlanders rarely travel to the Sea of Reeds or the isles of Sanctuary is not brought up often. Though it is a fortress city, Greenwall often echoes with song, dance, and the sounds of merriment, as the people have a natural aversion to work and aggression, probably due to the astounding varieties of whiskey made in Greenland, and the aforementioned fey blood in the populace. Fey races and half-breeds are common on Greenwall's streets.

**MacCool**, second largest city on Greenland, seeks to emulate foreign cities and domains, and rejects much of the fey-influenced culture of the land, and sneers at the primitive Reedlanders as beneath notice. MacCool is an important port, and receives news and visitors all over the globe.

The Portmaster of MacCool is frequently selected as the new Triarch, if only to satisfy the ambition of the imperialist Coolaghs; lucky for Greenland that a few glasses of Greenwall Special Green whiskey puts all thoughts of civil war out of the new Triarch's head.

**Siobhan** is as stereotypical a faerie town as

one could hope to find outside the pages of a storybook. Giant mushroom houses, singing trees, leprechauns on street corners, the lot. The frequency of disappearance of those who have traveled to the town can be interpreted in... many ways.

### Intrigues

- A feystruck daughter of a powerful mainlander has traveled to the port of MacCool to join with the faeries at Siobhan. PCs have been hired to find her, and prevent her from being another to 'walk the green' Coolagh intrigues do not let foreigners move about so easily, though.
- The Chiutan Reedlanders have had to be subservient among the provinces of the Triarch due to their poverty in metals, bought only dearly in foodstuffs and papyrus. The PCs will be given a treasure map to a hidden ancient swamp-palace if they can smuggle in quantities of metal weapons and other heavily-taxed items.
- The boggard tribes of the Sea of Reeds has secured a treaty of sorts from the nearby lizardfolk, who put a token wall between them and the Reedlander fishing villages. Shipwrecked or swamp-marooned PCs must either skirmish with the approaching frog-men or renegotiate with the lizardfolk before disaster strikes!

- Greenlanders often assume their land holds no threats, due to its young age, and dominance by friendly creatures. Dragons, however, like to settle in new territories as well, and lack of opposition suits them just fine. Just how tough are the fabled mossy walls of Greenwall?



## Freeport

*“Steer towards crystal and hold fast the sails; nothing but a pirate’s life will do for me...”* – Nesteruk ‘Nobeard’ Noss, Freeport smuggler

**Capital:** Freeport

**Settlements:** Farthing’s Deep (550), Freeport (9,500), The Withering Isle (2,000)

**Ruler:** The Sea Lord

**Government:** Bureaucratic monarchy

**Races:** Grindylow, Half-Orc, Human, Orc, Sahaugin, Serpentfolk, Undine, Zif

**Faiths:** Aleria, King in Yellow (Hastur), Lyvalia, Nise, Poison Wave, S’sluun

**Resources:** Plunder, seafood, ships

**Languages:** Aquan, Common, Orc, Old Porphyran, Symbolics

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (full porphyrite border)

## History

In the time before The Calling in a world far separated from Porphyra, Freeport was a trading and sailing port city with a reputation for violence and avarice in a nation called Valossa on The Serpent’s Teeth. This nation was one of the largest land masses on a world slowly being flooded by its oceans.

The nation was ruled by serpentfolk overlords and sahaugin, savages with dark magic and a penchant for sacrifice. Flesh fueled their necromantic studies and warm blood fed their unholy appetites. The humans and other ‘lesser’ races lived in constant terror.

Much as the elves and the orcs of Porphyra called the gods to relieve their oppression by the Elemental Lords, the serfs of Valossa called on the ancient wargod Braal to aid their cause. Though an underground of guerilla warfare began to break down the serpentfolk’s stranglehold, and the godling Nise taught shipcraft to the dock-slaves, it was Lyvalia who spread the dark seed of treachery among the educated servants of the cold-blooded bureaucracy, in an irony of using evil to destroy evil.

The Great Serpent of Yig, motivated by whispered rumors from fawning human slaves, summoned vile creatures from dark dimensions and set them against its

serpentfolk patrons in a soul-fueled rite of cataclysm that sent the servant races fleeing to the boats and the sahaugin enforcers returning to the safety of the depths. The serpentfolk’s dark capital of Vsstak’koll was extirpated. The extra-planar rifts opened by Yig began to consume the land itself, to the alarm of the deific trio. To save her dire works, Lyvalia removed Valossa from the watery world, severing the rifts and keeping it in a demiplane of water for many years. This act brought about the condemnation of Braal and the start of the tragic epic of love and hate brought to Porphyra from long ago. When The Calling came to Lyvalia, she did not forget Freeport, and brought it as the jewel in her dark crown.

After subsisting on the leavings of the serpentfolk and fighting fiercely with the sahaugin for nearly a decade, a new culture had been created from that subservient colony-Freeport had been born, from the ashes of Valossa. Seeking to have a place in the new world, the elders of the growing town declared their home an open sanctuary for any traveler, regardless of race or creed. This carried Freeport through the NewGod wars, but the taste of money and blood was not to be forgotten by the privateers—now pirates—of the coastal port. Pirate gangs, all seeking to seize the port for themselves, began vicious battles just off shore. The conflicts spilled into the streets of Freeport, and the ‘Wartime Peace’ came to an end.

The new order came when Captain Velun Drac defeated or betrayed all his rivals and allies, rising to the fore as the city’s first Sea Lord. His was a reign of balance—as he was a murderer and a scoundrel with a true gift for statecraft, forging the Captain’s Council, an advisory panel filled with seafarers, leaders and quite a few clerics of the Lyvalia. Backs were stabbed, and the shipping news ran on time.

The Drac bloodline has been the most prevalent one sitting the Coral Throne, neither has it been the best, as the recent aborted reign of Milton Drac has shown. Corruption, disease and poverty has taken its toll, and the city has survived, though sometimes only by the leanest of margins.

## Current Events

There have been several swells in the undersea population since the coming of Freeport and the New Gods. The energies unleashed with presence of submarine porphyrite did not stop at the surface; as chunks of the strange, charged crystal sank into the oceans, races long

thought lost became risen again, and new ones emerged from the lightless deaths. Though the tales are old and forgotten, the name of serpentfolk has appeared on the lips of some sailors lost in drink. Rumors abound that sigils of the King in Yellow and S'sluun, the Naga Empress, have been appearing around Freeport with alarming frequency.

Despite their differences, the pirate alliances usually cooperate against undersea threats such as sahaugin, kraken, and grindylow, if only because slaying them with help means fewer of them to fight when no one else is around later. This common purpose has actually helped some alliances grow larger, to the benefit of all. The roughly-annual presence of Nise's landed squall of islands and storms, The Haunted Sea, is always an occasion for opportunity and fear in Freeport. Nothing is so brutal as pirates fighting freebooters, and with the occasional contingency of their godswall borders, the southern seas breathe a sigh of relief when Freeport and Port Calist go to war.

The Coral Throne currently sits empty with the premature, but much-welcomed, death of Milton Drac.

## SETTLEMENTS

The major settlements in Freeport are:

**Freeport** is a vast port city with most of its industry centered on its harbors and dry docks. Shipbuilding and all things nautical are the pride of Freeport; everything else is a secondary concern. As conditions in some of the city's smaller wards can demonstrate, life can be very hard for those who come to Freeport poor or end up that way due to the designs of others. Slavery, while not entirely approved of here, is not illegal and press ganging is commonplace.

**Farthing's Deep** is a sunken city built entirely of shipwrecks and the shells of thousands of crustaceans, both tiny and gargantuan. The whole place is home to a tenuous alliance of undersea creatures, primarily the grindylow

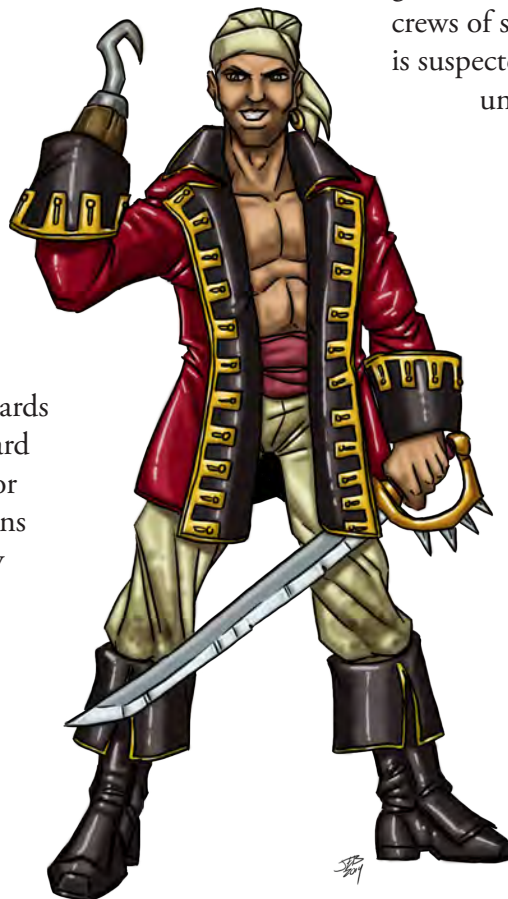
and the sahaugin, both of which fight constantly for supremacy. Undines fill positions for both sides, surviving by their wits and will. As they frequently take ships that stray from the policed lanes, no one knows what the rulers of this motley fortress intend to do with the wealth taken—though there are hundreds of theories.

The **Withering Isle** is a barricaded village on an island just barely within sight of Freeport. While its purpose is not a pleasant one, it serves admirably for what it is—a leper colony. Its founding was a matter of necessity a hundred years ago, when the sick outnumbered the healthy and contagion threatened to end Freeport. Nowadays, its population is just low enough to make it easily ignored, and just high enough to keep the priests of Aleria there busy.

## Intrigues

- The Onyx Claw has been a scourge on the open seas for years, especially under the command of Captain Suffer, a hobgoblin mariner with a flair for the violently dramatic. After months away, the Claw has been seen again—changed. The ship's crew look haggard and sickly and they have started eating the crews of ships they take. The curse of undeath is suspected... and the price on their heads is uncollected.

- The empty Coral Throne of Freeport has allowed the Captain's Council more and more power, and the Lyvalian patrons and supplicants even more. Geranites working out of Alerian missions on The Withering
- The aquamancers in the Undine's Quarter have definitively said that The Haunted Sea will be in station on the next Vaar's Moon, the godswall will join, a once-in-a-decade phenomenon. All able-bodied adventurers will get the call to boats, and use all of their skills to repel the inevitable attack of Nisians and ne'er-do-wells.





## Frozen North

*"Some of the stone-hides speak of a place of no snow beyond the wall-that-is-light. It may be so, but how could any-roo live like that?" -Drek Blacktooth, ith'n ya'roo shaman*

**Capital:** Snorri's Hold

**Settlements:** Eriksholm (1,100), Ha'roo (925), Night Axe Deep (450), Snorri's Hold (900), Star-ish Vol (1,350)

**Ruler:** Stonemistress Irri Diamonddottir

**Government:** Tribal Alliance

**Races:** Dwarf, Human, Ith'n Ya'roo

**Faiths:** Animism, Ferrakus, Ithreia, Toma Thule

**Resources:** Armor, black ice, bonecraft, godmetals (adamantine, mawine), metals (lead, gold, steel), weapons

**Languages:** Common, Dwarven, Ith'n Ya'roo

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (full border containing a sub-polar climate; border with Californ is selectively-permeable)

## History

The Frozen North is an anomaly on Porphyra, a polar wilderness in the tropics, located on the Land of Steam. The willful goddess Ithreia brought her beloved land here as a base to battle the elementalists, though her attentions have wandered elsewhere since. For centuries it was controlled by the dwarves of the Night Axe Consortium, who kept trade flowing, and maintained order, when needed. While the other groups living in the North (as they stubbornly call it) did not always agree with all of the Night Axe Consortium's actions, the improved roads, ports and fortifications provided by the Consortium more than made up for the occasional demands they made.

The North drew attacks during the NewGod War, as Ithreia was particularly hated by the Elemental Lords, but the dwarves were expecting the waves of frost giant marines, and repulsed them handily. Ironically, the ancestors of the defeated giants maintain small seasonal ports to trade with their ancient enemies. Almost concurrently with the Wars, the deep delving dwarves, by elemental design or coincidence, released something, something buried in the gold-bearing stone since the beginning of time. The primary mine, Gold Axe Delve,

was swallowed up in one hellish week, with less than a score of dwarves out of a thousand making it out alive. The same was repeated across the dwarven holdings, with only Night Axe Deep, the first hold established back on the home-dimension, able to withstand the attacks and drive the otherworldly creatures back. Those there know the ways of the most identifiable of the lot; akata, gibbering mouthers, mimics, phrenic scourges, and the dreaded seugathi. All of the garrisons and engineers were recalled and expeditions sent to the other dwarven holds, and while a few survivors were rescued, the cost was heavy and the other holds were sealed until a proper expedition could be raised. No such expedition has been raised, as the effort to defend Night Axe Deep soon absorbed all of the colony's resources, and many fled to other lands, mostly Giant's Retreat, far from the North.

In the power vacuum left by the withdrawal of the dwarves, the human and ith'n ya'roo tribes fell into a short but brutal conflict made worse by the raids of the seugathi and other creatures that slipped by dwarven wards. They quickly turned to politics to sort out their differences, resorting to a system of boasting, gifts and personal achievements to select a leader who would rule until they stepped down or were successfully challenged in ritual combat.

## Current Events

Today, the era of the Night Axe Consortium is remembered as a golden age of stability and prosperity among all of the peoples of the Frozen North. Dwarf-made buildings and roads are visible in almost all of the communities still used. Rumors of dwarf-treasure still bring the odd gold-hunter from "the warmlands", but the locals know better, and don't get attached. The surviving holdout dwarves remain in Night Axe Deep fighting a never-ending war with the terrors of the seugathi and other hideous creatures. They trade with any who come to the hold, as well as the giant-ports, and are always looking for adventurers willing to raid the depths or venture into the sealed holds. Armor made by Nightaxers is said to be the finest on Porphyra, and unique kromagg, or black ice weapons are also highly valued, especially in neighboring Californ.

The humans and ith'n ya'roo tribes have come to an uneasy alliance, cooperating against monsters and outsiders alike while jockeying for position among them-

selves. Currently the loose tribal alliance is directed-ruled would imply a level of control that does not exist by Stonemistress Irri Diamondottir, a dwarven paladiness who slew an ice worm and served it to a gathering of chiefs to secure her position. She has been coordinating ventures, raiding and trading into The Enclave and Californ in order to build up the wealth and resources of the tribes. Attacks by seugathi and other terrors is currently at a low ebb, but everyone knows that they will return. The ith'n ya'roo have had a renaissance of sorts, training many adventurers to travel the world and bring back artifacts and knowledge for the arctic beast-men. Defenses and custom weaponry is being prepared by all groups, in readiness for the next wave of serious attacks.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Frozen North are:

**Eriksholm**, the oldest of the human settlements and one of the few with anything resembling arable land. Hot springs and a shielding ring of high hills make it one of the warmer areas in the North, with grain fields and pastures (including beehives) making it the bread basket of the North, and the center of worship of Ithreia.

**Ha'roo** is an ith'n ya'roo conclave adapted from a dwarven outpost. The beast-men there have advanced rapidly, and many explorers and adventurers from this intriguing race take advantage of the whale and seal hunting areas, and even trade with the 'stone-skins', as they call armored humans and dwarves.

**Night Axe Deep**, the last of the dwarven holds, is a fortress of immense complexity and maintained by the Night Axe Consortium as a point of pride. It is a dangerous place, though mined products are still found from the guarded but

extensive mines beneath.

**Snorri's Hold** is the most central of the settlements and is the agreed-upon place for the high chief to organize the territories directives. A fine dwarven keep watches over the nearby harbor, with Ferrakan clerics directing passage. An armory of fine weapons of dwarven make is the Hold's pride and joy, many crafted specifically to fight aberrations and other horrors.

**Starish Vol**, the southernmost of the towns and the primary point of caravans to the east and Californ. Built on a hot spring, many of the varied races here have experience in both tropical and arctic conditions.

## Intrigues

- The dwarves are always in need of scouts and explorers to venture beyond Night Axe Deep to investigate the wards and barriers in the abandoned holds. Weapons, maps and other useful items will be provided for future expeditions once a group has proved itself effective and loyal.
- A trapper has found a seam of kromagg, black ice, but it is near a seugathi 'nest' and he needs help to retrieve it. He is willing to give those who help him the lion's share as long as he gets enough to help his family.
- A young chief is making a bid for the high chieftom, and needs advice and allies to make him

a hero in the

eyes of his people. He

has trail-

maps and

legends

to follow

to build his

reputation and

wealth, which

will be shared by

those who help him.



## Gardens of Meynon

*"First Love of Aleria; we are home. For those who do not, we are your ever pacific enemy." - vow of the Praetor.*

**Capital:** Paxia

**Settlements:** Feydolm (4,000), Paxia (11,000), Rhenhold (5,000)

**Ruler:** Praetor Aresta Meynon

**Government:** Theocratic Republic

**Races:** Anumus, Elf, Gnome, Human, Oakling, Xax, Xeph

**Faiths:** Aleria, Lyvalia, Neria, Paletius, Yolana

**Resources:** Agriculture, wine

**Languages:** Common, Elven, Gnomish, Sylvan, Terran, Xeph

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (full porphyrite border)

### History

The Gardens of Meynon are the result of the devotion and love of a goddess, and that devotion is returned by the people she smiles upon. In The Divine Record of Gerana it is written that the goddess Aleria felt the pull of the Calling, but such was her devotion to her followers that she could not bear to leave them behind, and thus she brought the land of Enon to Porphyra with her.

The Record further claims that the goddess was once a mortal, that she gave of herself selflessly to save those she loved, and that the sheer primal outpouring of emotion of those saved gave birth to Aleria's ascension. This land was the land of Enon – her divine birthright—and forever linked to the goddess.

Origins aside, the land of Enon was a land of farms and vineyards, long rolling pastures and meticulously tended orchards. There were also the Wilds, those areas of the land left to the will of nature, for they offered their own bounty. What Enon lacked was soldiers. There were no war colleges, no marshaling grounds; the only violence seen was that of hunting, and even then never for sport, and never more than the land could sustain.

So when the warbands of the NewGod Wars approached from Enor, threatening to trod the cultivated fields of Enon under elemental boot, the people of the land huddled in prayer, beseeching their goddess to come to their aid once again. From their number a boy, no more than twelve, stood up. While those around him

prayed, Mey ran, not in fear, but in haste to call the land itself to defend against the hordes that would defile the tranquil sanctity of his home. Some say his feet grew the wings of the Meadowlark, that his stride was swifter than the deer, that Mey ran day and night, through rain and sleet, to sing his own Calling to the land. And the land answered. Great trees, oak, ash, elm, yew, maple and willow rose to defend the land. Some claim that even the grapevines and ivy sprang to life to throttle the giants, genies and zendiqi riders that sought to invade. Then came the beasts of the Wild. Striking together they drove away any that would spoil the land, and each time, Mey was there to lead the defenders. So, the land of Enon was spared.

After the threat of the NewGod Wars had passed, Mey felt the pull of the land. He had not slept or nourished himself, for there was never time, and the need of the land was first. So he sought to rest and found himself in a small glade, now called the Heart of Meynon. There he lay down beside a pool of spring water, and the tales say a young woman cradled the boy in her arms, singing softly to him until the last of his breath escaped his exhausted mortal form.

From that day on, the land of Enon was known as the Gardens of Meynon, and it is said that if one journeys to the Heart today, a stone the size of a young boy rests beside a small pool, and if one is quiet and listens with an open heart, they will hear the soft song of a Meadowlark on the breeze.

### Current Events

Today the Gardens of Meynon are still a thriving agricultural mecca. Vast farms, vineyards and orchards dominate the landscape. Though towns are numerous, they are sprawling ordesals of hedgerows and gardens, and each holds a preserve in its heart that is mindful of the Wild. As the turbulence of the NewGod Wars faded into memories, the land and its people began to welcome outsiders with open arms, establishing places of learning and respites of peace—for the mind is but one more grove to tend. The newest immigrants are the xax who fled the Birdman Mountains during the NewGod Wars. Their inherent flexibility and memories of conflict make them valuable both in the fields and in defense of the Gardens.

Chief among the laws of the land is that of peace. Violence is a federal crime that has but one sentence: the



offender is stripped of all possessions and banished into the heart of the Wild, a stark contrast to the peace of the Garden. Should they survive a full year, their transgression is forgiven, as the parolee is reborn. It is worth noting that it is rare for any to survive, and those few that have, none have transgressed a second time.

The legend of the 'Land rising up' to defend them during the Wars is a pleasant myth, but most scholars quietly assert some inherent presence of beings such as treants, shambling mounds, and assassin vines, with some degree of collective sentience had a lot to do with it. This is a forbidden topic in the arenas, and tantamount to heresy within the theocracy. There are also more conventional defenses; hedgerows, levees, and border dams to be released in case of invasion.

Politically, the Gardens of Meynon are a theocratic senate. Lack of devotion to a deity is not well tolerated here, and likely to result in the Meynon custom of Shunning. Conflicts are often settled in the Arena of Debate, the national pastime and obsession. As academic institutions have grown in the Garden, the art of peaceful resolution is on the rise. In the communities along the Rhenguld River Basin, children who show aptitude of mind are trained in the Sagia, a school that focuses on the art of discourse and debate.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Gardens of Meynon are:

**Feydolm** is a small town in comparison to the plazas of Blix or the turreted sprawls of the Middlelands, it rests near the Heart of Meynon. Though it lacks the typical preserve, it borders the largest stretch of Wild in the land, and its people are slightly wilder as a result.

**Paxia** is port to the realm, largest city, and

capital. It is home to the Senate and the largest of the Arenas of Debate, and Seat of the Praetor of Meynon, the political leader of the Garden. Note that when a new Praetor is chosen, they take the surname of Meynon as a symbol of office.

The ancient town of **Rhenhold** is home to the largest of the Sagia and sits at the mouth of the Rhenguld Basin, a large, deep lake. Rhenhold is very conservative and religious, hosting large cathedrals to Aleria and Paletius, and lesser shrines to Neria, Yolana, and even Lyvalia in her role as a keen administrator.

## Intrigues

- A blight has laid ruin to a town in the west of Meynon, causing death and disease among people, animals and plants. If an outside source is causing the outbreak, noble adventurers could help solve the problem.
  - Surges of violent behavior have been reported in one of the smaller communities- what is causing it, and will it spread?
    - An ancient species of bird native to the Garden have begun to vanish, but are appearing in the markets of neighboring realms. The claims of their special properties seem to have no merit- but the poachers hunting them do not seem to care.
- The weird race of the xesa have been appearing in the fringe-lands of the Wild, agitating for the freedom of cultivated plants... The clever beings have even infiltrated the Senate! It is necessary to find their leader and talk sense to him- er, it, and avoid their possibly deadly plant allies.



## Ghadab

*“...And now, weak fools, you will see what true power and glory brings: Immortality in the annals of history!”* – The Ghadabi Empress, true name unknown

**Capital:** Ahahbi

**Settlements:** Ahahbi (4,000), Dhuhi Oasis (500+), Kamhamal (unknown), Shankhil's Pleasure (2,000)

**Ruler:** None

**Government:** None

**Races:** Dwarf, Enigmon, Human, Zendiqi

**Faiths:** Djinnlord Qarryn, Fenris Kul, Ferrakus, Firelord Mal'eket, Mâl, S'sluun, Veiloaria, Wind of Jewels

**Resources:** Antiques, porphyrite, relics (elemental)

**Languages:** Common, Dwarven, Giant, Old Porphyran, Sphinx

**Border Conditions:** Limited (porphyrite border with the Middle Kingdoms)

## History

The great sand-sea that is the Ghadab was once the lush-est part of a fertile crescent that ran between the Ghadab Plateau and the desert nation of Siwath. Ghadab held most of the arable farmland, while the Ashalu, cousins to the desert-dwelling Siwathu, only had the long stretch of oases, and rich but dangerous banks along the Ashaal River. As the saying lands went; “The Four hold the Ghadab in their favor like a bejeweled dagger. The Ashaal is merely its scabbard.”

This phrase neatly held the sentiments of the countries' respective attitudes towards each other. When tensions finally boiled over and the and the tribes of the Ashalu rose up to raid the prosperous villages in Ghadab, the result was a war that saw bloodshed, atrocities on both sides and the eventual defeat and enslavement of the Ashalu. The new nation had little time to prosper before the arrival of the New Gods. Porphyrite rained down and erupted from the earth, severing the flow of the Ashaal River and separating the Ghadabi Empire from the Simoon and Siwath deserts. The Ashalu, held in bondage through the threat of invasion of the Siwathu homeland, immediately rebelled against their masters. Some died in rebellion, but most vanished into the crescent, looting garrisons and disappearing into the green.

The Ghadabi Empress resolved to hunt down every last Siwath-Ashalu and feed their blood to the sands. Her oath became a holy war, a private side to the NewGods War, and the Ghadabi were infected with national rage, murdering every traveler they came across, assuming that anyone not like them was either an Ashalu or a Siwathu sympathizer.

The massive powers released by the NewGods War brought the end of the Ghadabi Empire as well. The Empress, drunk on power and bloodlust, gathered as many Ashalu as her forces could capture into her great city's main square and held a mass execution called the Red Night. This blasphemy, fueled by the pain and blood of the Empress' victims, drew the direct attention of Mâl, the End of All Things, in the form of a black skull-cyclone. The death storm tore the city apart and cast blazing skulls out into every part of the Ghadab. Where they landed, the fertile land died and the sands beneath became ashen. In their wake, ancient horrors rose up—long dead savage beasts given new, terrible life.

When the storm subsided, the ruins of Hamun'kana exploded like a volcano, spraying fire and ash. Where once thousands of people lived in a rich, verdant land, only nomads, scattered tribes and newly dedicated zendiqi remained. The Ghadab Plateau became a barren waste of sand and fire, populated by ghosts and monsters.

## Current Events

Nations near the Ghadab have begun sending expeditions, some private and others open for volunteers, into the lost nation looking for relics from its time of empire. There are many stories of the magical might of the Ghadabi, and the weapon making skills of their Ashalu slaves. These expeditions have had to contend with the great beasts of the land, namely minotaurs, manticores, behirs and others. While the chimera dens are deadly, the roaming packs of cyclopes and ettin are worse.

The most dangerous hazard on the plateau is the current war being waged between hydras, lairing in packs and fiercely intelligent, and the many forms of sphinx living in the fallen empire's old ruins. While there are rumors that some of the sphinxes might be intelligent, no one has been reported returning from parley with them. This may be due to the flights of harpies that lurk around the edges of said ruins, always glad for meals of man-flesh that deliver themselves.

The region of Ashaal is west of the Mountains of Wrath, and not part of the Plateau proper, enjoying the geographic independence its location offers. Swampy and infested with pestilential insects, no other nation has sought to conquer it, either. The power in this area is nominally the minotaur clans, who squabble over the hoodoo-labyrinths in the badlands, but they are frustrated by the upstart dwarves who are attracted to the old, unfinished mines of the previous era.

These dwarves are achieving the only success exploring and rebuilding the wonders of old Ghadab, and they attribute their success to their loyalty to Ferrakus. Using clerical magic to ensure safe passage through the many caves and lava pathways under the Ghadab, they have been able to locate several sunken cities and being the long task of restoring them. Though the dwarves are not anti-social, they are fiercely protective of the new 'cities' for their people.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Ghadab are:

**Ahahbi** is a mobile settlement comprised mostly of wagons, and homes built upon massive beasts of burden. Ahahbi follows a set but winding path through the plateau, stopping at oases, but moving on before overtaxing them, allowing them to recover. It is as much a capital as the Ghadab has, housing most of the important Ashal'zendiqi tribal leaders.

The **Dhuhi Oasis** is notable because of its size, being the largest in the Ghadab plateau. It only shelters around 500 at any given time, but they do not fear raiders because of their 'Great Protector', the Colossus of Dhu. This immense, lion-headed statue is capable of identifying any threats, keeping the people of the Dhuhi Oasis safe through both magical and physical means.

**Kamhamal**, also called the Eye of the Storm, is a legendary city among the scattered

people of the Ghadab. Most consider it a legend, but it does exist. When Mâl's wrath fell upon the peninsula, the zendiqi had just enough warning to pool their elemental magic for protection. They formed a crystal and sandstorm barrier that held back the devastation. After the god's fury passed, they found Mâl's power made their barrier storm permanent, and built a protected city nurtured by the elements, where it remains today.

**Shankhil's Pleasure** is noted as the largest 'settlement' in the Ashaal region, west of the Ghadab Plateau, separated by the porphyrite-ridden Mountains of Wrath. It is a large dwarven colony, and the base by which the intrepid folk delve into the mysteries of the Plateau.

## Intrigues

- The Wrathmountain dwarves have finally discovered the ruins they have been searching for since Ferrakus drew them here- the lost city of Hamun'kana. Unfortunately, they have been unable to enter because many of its own wards are still intact and the whole chain of ruins is still full of undead.
- The Ghadab Plateau has no real seasons, but there are still expected periods of rain- until lately. With water getting scarce and smaller oases drying up, the tribes of the Ghadab are sending out search parties to find new sources of water. Outlanders might also be pulled into this hunt, with tempting offers.
- Some of the New Gods, especially Aleria, Toma Thule, and Saren, feel a sense of guilty responsibility for the fate of the Ghadab. There were those in the Empire that called out for aid, but in their divine disgust the gods turned their backs on the nation. Now some of them would like to make amends if they can. Priests of the New Gods are being 'called' to venture into the Doomed Plateau and aid its people; put down monsters that plague the land, and do what they can to restore what has been lost.





## Giant's Retreat

*"Savages? You rule-makers preside with words and edicts that kill just as easily as my sword. The Towerbound are much more honest with their killing."* - Tuatha of the Flame, Master of the Tower of Blood

**Capital:** Bloodshadow

**Settlements:** Bloodshadow (10,000), Hunter's Creek (800), Iron Mounds (1,000)

**Ruler:** Master Tuatha of the Flame

**Government:** Kratocracy

**Races:** Half-Cyclops, Half-Giant, Half-Ogre, Half-Orc, Human

**Faiths:** Drothos, Enor Ashlord, Fenris Kul, Ferakus, Ice Tyrant, Lord Grunzol Firestorm

**Resources:** Godmetals (adamantine, dreamstone, geranite, hellstone, linite), iron, ivory, mercenaries

**Languages:** Common, Giant, Old Porphyran, Orc

**Border Conditions:** Limited (porphyrite border with Mount Xoa)

## History

Long before The Calling, the region currently called Giant's Retreat was known as the Dagger Peaks. It was named after a small range of mountains that cut into the Opal Sea. Even in those times, it was a savage land, filled with barbaric peoples. Orcs, humans, and even ogres lived in tribes surrounding the Dagger Peaks, warring with each other not out of hate, but out of battle lust. For in this region, strength is all. Though the races kept to tribal regions, all in Dagger Peaks were of one nation. That is because there are only three laws in the region; ancient laws that persist to this day:

- The strongest rules from atop the Tower of Blood
- Do as you please, at the whim of the Bloodking.
- You may kill any whom you disagree with.

There is no land more free, no land that marches to war with more relish. When the NewGod War began, the orc master of Dagger Peaks marched his tribes to battle, and famously split his forces between the elementalists and the divine forces, fighting one another to destruction. When all was done, the survivors finally returned home to compete once more for the Tower of Blood; they did

not do so alone. After the NewGod War many of the giants that served the elementals were enslaved or killed. Those that were not were welcomed by the barbarian hordes, for old allegiances did not matter in the Dagger Peaks, only that the three laws were followed. Now that a porphyrite border cut off the peninsula, the competition for the Tower was all the more fitting. Now, the region was one giant arena, and at its center, the only prize that mattered, the Tower of Blood.

Each year past that dire treaty, signed in the heat of the Siwath desert, the giants' numbers only grew in the Dagger Peaks. All over the world the remnant soldiers of the elementals heard of this new land that welcomed them, and they journeyed to reach this new home. So many giant masters would take the Tower that soon the region's name changed to Giant's Retreat.

## Current Events

Religion has come to the Giant's Retreat in the last few generations, from the sinister church of the destroyer god, Fenris Kul, Lord of the Burning Throne. The Breaker cast his covetous eye on the land of perpetual bloodshed, and his mad clerics followed the influx of former dogs of the elementalists. He cast his influence over the warriors of the land, and soon his name could be heard bellowed from atop the Tower of Blood. The most recent call of claim, came, interestingly enough, from a human.

Born from the people of Hunter's Creek, Tuatha of the Flame honed his skills as a child, bringing down mammoths. As he grew older, he would brawl with ogres, and lead many raids into the rival city of Iron Mounds. One day, while drenched in the blood of his comrades, and face to face with a giant opponent, he heard the chant of Fenris Kul. It cracked and roared from the fire of the village around him. Taking up the chant, Tuatha brought down the giant before him, and each successive fool who challenged him on his march to the Tower of Blood. When he was done, the last to challenge him was the fire giant who was the former master of Giant's Retreat. Tuatha roared Fenris Kul's name into the night and great fires burned across the region beneath its echo.

The far-ranging frost giants in their enormous, slow ships are seeking favor in the competition for the Tower by finding and recruiting (or capturing) interesting and, more importantly, powerful races to throw into the fray. Some of their curious finds are the enigmatic qit'ar, the ith'n ya'roo of the southern Eternal Ice, and the fear-

ful gnarl of the far eastern mountains. These races are sticking to their own, but they will eventually choose a faction, for good or ill.

Nearby nations are very nervous about the growing numbers of Kulite priests in the Retreat, as they will be able to bypass the protective godswall to the west, and softer lands. The Methysti clerics of Shankhil are scrambling to reassure everyone that the giants are too concerned with their internal conflicts to march west. Now, Tuatha of the Flame stands atop the Tower, awaiting his next challenger, praying to his god for a glorious war against anyone foolish enough to challenge Giant's Retreat.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Giant's Retreat are:

**Bloodshadow** is at the foot of the Dagger Peaks, a city of the strongest warriors in the Retreat. Above them, on the tallest mountain peak stands the Tower of Blood, the ultimate display of strength. Every ambitious warrior of the region eventually battles their way here, in hopes that they will become the next master by the slaying the incumbent. Any outsiders here must be very wary, for battles spark in the city at the slightest provocation. Each warrior, after all, has something important to prove.

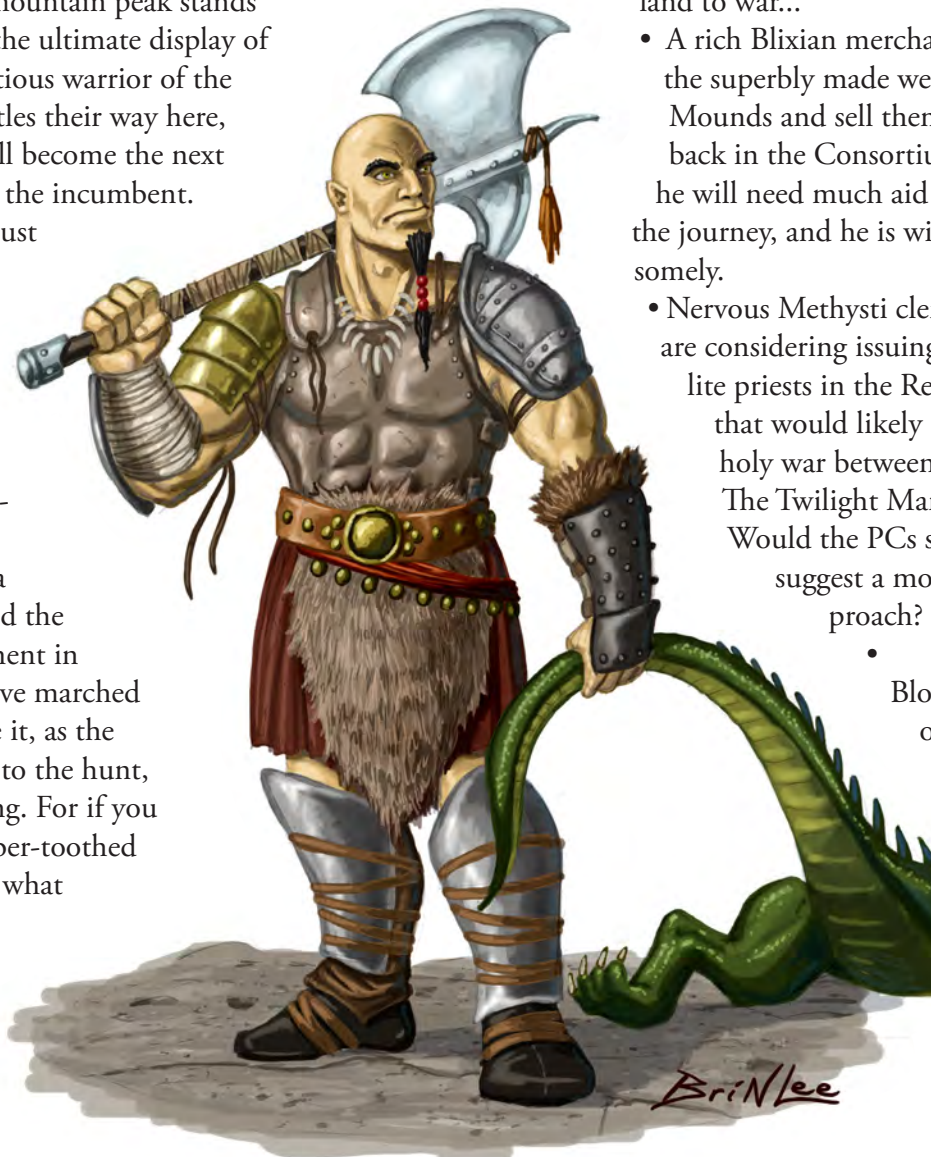
**Hunter's Creek** is a tent-city that is indeed the calmest major settlement in the Retreat. Many have marched to their doom to take it, as the youth here are raised to the hunt, by stealth and cunning. For if you are raised hunting saber-toothed cats and mammoths, what challenge is a man? The camp-town carries a friendly war with Iron Mounds, but

sells mammoth ivory and live arena-beasts at the same landings as their rivals.

**Iron Mounds** is on the opposite side of the Dagger Peaks and closer to the hated godswall. The iron mine there that these foothills people have toiled in for generations has produced all of the great weapons used in the myriad conflicts of the region—or so the belligerent folk here would have you think. The tribesmen here often do battle with their rivals in Hunter's Creek, and sell ore to cautious outlanders at beach-landings on the north coast.

## Intrigues

- The PCs sit in a Bloodshadow tavern, admiring a beautiful but foolish princess of the Imperiax declaring her wish to see if the stories of Giant's Retreat are true. Kulites can also be heard plotting the foreigner's demise in hopes that it might bring the land to war...
- A rich Blixian merchant intends to buy the superbly made weapons of the Iron Mounds and sell them for much profit back in the Consortium. To achieve this, he will need much aid in staying alive on the journey, and he is willing to pay handsomely.
- Nervous Methysti clerics in Mount Xoa are considering issuing a bounty on Kulite priests in the Retreat, even though that would likely result in a nasty holy war between the devoted of The Twilight Man and The Breaker. Would the PCs seek bounties, or suggest a more diplomatic approach?
- The Tower of Blood is in the center of the land, and many obstacles stand in your way. Can you dethrone Tuatha of the Flame and become the next Master of Giant's Retreat?



## Great Green

*"It has been a primordial sanctuary, a nurturing mother and a lethal teacher. Solace can be found within the Great Green, but it must be earned."* – Lathenola Galetine, Warden of the East

**Capital:** Sil'arden

**Settlements:** Est'Arden (12,000), Galet'Arden (14,000), Sil'Arden (25,000)

**Ruler:** Queen Nisenlensia Qul'lenth

**Government:** Monarchy

**Races:** Anumus, Catfolk, Elf, Feykissed, Forlarren, Gathlain, Grippli, Half-Elf, Kitsune, Oakling, Saurian, Taddol

**Faiths:** Chiuta, Djinnlord Qarryn, Enor Ashlord, Ithreia, Mâl, Poison Wave, Saren

**Resources:** Furs, lumber

**Languages:** Boggard, Catfolk, Common, Draconic, Elven, Sylvan, Taddol

**Border Conditions:** Limited (porphyrite border limits access to Iffud and Morah'silvanath)

## History

Long before The Calling brought about the NewGod Wars, long before the Elemental Lords rose to power, the Heartwood, later known as Ele'Silvathiel, dominated the world. Here the Elven Kingdoms rose, tree city expanses that sprawled for square miles. In the diary of Milann the Explorer: "...I've been a full cycle of the moon below the boughs of the Heartwood and though I've traversed miles of this magnificent kingdom, my feet have nary touched the soil..."

In the ancient centuries of the past, in the unspoiled heart of the Green, sat the Oaken Throne, and upon it, The Greenlord. The Elemental Lords saw the ancient, powerful Treant King as a convenient viceroy, and he was the ultimate authority within the living kingdom of the Heartwood. For though the elves, gathlain and forest saurians could manipulate or use the environment to fulfill their needs, the Greenlord was the land. The treants were to the earth and the forest what the servant Giants were to the elements of Stone, Fire, Frost and Cloud.

The elves in those days had more passion, a slowly burning desire to rule themselves, and decide their own, long-lived destiny. Rebels and outcasts from the King-

dom of the Treant went north to the forbidden Plague-lands of Azagor, and there created the race of half-orcs, spurring the genesis of the world-shaking Calling. In the Heartwood itself, shortly before the elves and the orcs created the Calling, forces there began their own rebellion. In the sacred tome, the Greenbook of Galen Oakcast, the Silvathae lorekeeper wrote of the Elemental Uprising, the Ash Wars, and the coming of Cormath Qul. The elementalists of the southern Heartwood were of a particularly violent schism opposed to the ways of the orthodox zendiqi. Born of elven and a mix of all four elemental-kin, the warlord Qul raised a great army to march upon the Oaken Throne, and challenge the Greenlord. The Elemental Lords were paralyzed with indecision on the matter, which probably aided in their own destined downfall.

In the final battle, Cormath Qul brought to bear the Shalizur, the Spear of Living Flame, casting aside the treant homeguard. He struck at the Greenlord, leaving smoldering wounds that boiled the living sap of the great Treant King. Cormath drove the Greenlord back, setting alight the living throne. The ashen area is known today as Cormath's Keep, where the forest will never regrow; Qul promised the burning would only begin with the Throne and the King, even as the Greenlord begged to spare the forest. It is then that the Greenlord reached into his own chest and tore out his wooden heart, and impaled Cormath with the living spear while Shalizur spat and sputtered, unable to scorch the Heartwood Spear. Thus ended the rule of the last Greenlord, and made the great forest a no-man's land for the two New-God War forces.

The Heartwood would heal, become the nation of elves, Ele'Silvathiel, under the leadership of the Qul family dynasty, all but the site of the Greenlord's death, the ruined framework that is visited by the monarch each year. Elven memories are long, though, and some speak of a return of the Greenlord, from the land of the Tree-Herds. They speak of a shard of the last Oaklord's spear remaining, the Heartwood Staff, that it will surface and lead one worthy to the ruined Oaken Throne.

## Current Events

The Great Green still dominates much of Porphyra, providing a home to many sylvan peoples. The elven nation of Ele'Silvanath is the largest, and races such as the gathlain, catfolk and kitsune pay homage and trib-



ute, gaining the ear of the Queen and the arms of the Knights. The Ivy Throne wisely relegates lands near her borders to the non-elven races, a buffer to aggression. Each of the great cities of the elves is responsible for the forest around it, and hold to the edicts of the Ivy Throne.

Though seeking to keep the Green as it was under the fabled Greenlord, the elves are pressed constantly. In the aftermath of The Calling and the NewGod Wars, many new threats have arisen. Parl Pardesh constantly fells trees for lumber on the south border, and their camps are often a lure for skirmishes. The Fourlanders to the east are less aggressive, but have no love of elves or sylvan folk. Perhaps a more sinister invasion is that of necrotic blight. Necromantic cults, typically of Mâlite druids, have become a constant threat to the Heartwood, as they seek to pervert and twist the abundant life energies found within the Green.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Great Green are:

**Est'Arden** is the home to the Order of the Green Wardens, the rangers and hunters of Ele'Silvathiel that are tasked with patrolling the borders and far reaches of the Green. It is also the traditional winter home of the Knights of the Holly. The Knights are the elite of the elven military, and within the Order, those who bear the Willow Bow serve the Queen as personal bodyguard. Watchtowers on the highest trees keep close eye on the Pardeshi, and report to the high-walled city in the wooded hills.

**Galet'Arden** serves as a center for scholarly pursuits within Ele'Silvathiel, and supplies the Queen's summer palace on the Green

Sea. Along with the colleges of arcane study, there are many temples to the New Gods, as the long-lived elves still see deism as a new fad. Galet'Arden is the city most outsiders visit, and as such is more cosmopolitan and foreign-influenced.

**Sil'Arden** is the home of the Ivy Throne from which Nisenlensia Qul'lenth holds court. The elven queen is served by the Sylvan Council, where any race within the Green may give voice to their concerns. Sil'arden is primal in its traditions, possibly being the oldest continuously inhabited city on Porphyra, even if a city of carved trees and forest-bound towers.

## Intrigues

- A remarkably tolerant Siwathu ambassador has disappeared from his quarters in Galet'Arden; if his whereabouts are not discreetly discovered and his person restored, the zendiqi may cross the Scrublands to exact vengeance.
- A gathlain vagabond has brought rumors from the Herds of the Treants of sightings of the Heartwood Staff, that last shard of Shalizur wielded by Cormath Qul. The Ivy Throne is very interested in confirming these rumors- but to what end?
- The northern quarters of the Green is seeing the genesis of a grim conflict; elemental cultists of the antevocal Four Winds sect against the Mâlite druids of the Blighted Coven. Though the Ivy Throne is content to let them destroy one another, the priests of Saren are frantically trying to recruit agents to sabotage the apocalyptic strategies soon to be used by both sides.



## Haunted Sea

*"If it is true, all things go to the ocean, the Haunted Sea is the destination – and the journey — of hate, malice, and evil."* - Elias Stern, seaman and cartographer

**Capital:** None

**Settlements:** Kormus (2,500), Port Calist (3,900), Sthenno (2,800), Xebic (2,400)

**Ruler:** None

**Government:** Dictatorships

**Races:** Forlarren, Half-Medusa, Human, Maenad, Orcam, Obitu, Ratfolk, Satyrine, Tiefling, Undine

**Faiths:** Kamus, Lyvalia, Nise, Rajuk Amon-Gore, Shade

**Resources:** Seafood, slaves, spices, treasure

**Languages:** Abyssal, Aquan, Common, Maenad, Necril, Orcam, Sylvan, Terran

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (an irregular porphyrite border surrounds the Haunted Sea). The seas change location within the oceans of Porphyra. A decipherable pattern of their predicted location is known only to a select few.

## History

In another place, a primitive place where the waters grew higher every year, there was an archipelago whose name has been lost to time. Never a peaceful or a pleasant place, those who lived there were not, either. Storms wracked the shores of the islands, and they were very dear to the mercurial goddess of storms, ships and the sea, Nise the Battlemaiden. When she brought the transient islands to Porphyra during The Calling, the Elemental Lords treated them no better than she had, taking delight in the destruction and persecution of the inhabitants. Nise's bold strategy of making the islands move with the moons aided their contribution to the NewGod Wars, though it made it no better for the people. Storms intensified, volcanic islands sprang up, and the waters became infested with unnameable horrors.

Those who survived the transition and the war found themselves subtly changed, and the seas around them boiling with cruelty, unspeakable things, and the undead. They also found the mangled heaps of shipwrecks from a thousand worlds, and treasure the likes of which Poprhyra had never seen. As the battles of the gods and

elementals ebbed, tales of the horrors and wonders of the Haunted Sea began to spread and brought hardened men, women of fortune, and treasure hunters from every corner of the world. Pirate colonies like Port Calist and Kormus grew to serve the growing ranks of buccaneers, who prowled the local waters.

One of the new islands, Sthenno, was home to a colony of medusae and half-medusae, and quickly asserted its power in the Haunted Sea by claiming the nearby islands of Telmon and Rortuk, and enslaving the inhabitants. Bridging the open sea between the islands they created the first true nation state in the Haunted Sea. This new power was quickly challenged by Xebic, an island city that took its name from the titanic dragon turtle upon whose back the island rested. The war between Sthenno and Xebic shaped much of the latter history and politics in the region. Necromancers on both side of the conflict "conscripted" thousands of zombies, wraiths and more dire forms, to crew privateers and terrorize their enemies. The conflict escalated until the dark magi lost control of their vassals: the ghost ships coalesced into what came to be known as the Plague Armada.

Led by a revenant known as the Black Goat, the Armada threatened to wipe all life from the Haunted Sea. The monstrous fleet forced the powers of the region and the pirate kings to work together to contend with the threat, culminating at the Battle of the Vortex. After the Plague Armada took the island of Kandul and regrouped for an assault on Port Calist, the allied navy formed a flotilla around the mystic turtle Xebic, coordinating their attack as an ambush at the Jadji Vortex, the largest whirlpool on Porphyra. The Plague Armada had other ideas, reanimating all of the poor souls dragged down by the maelstrom over the years. The outlook was bleak, but then the flotilla opened up with spell and cannon, covering for the great turtle, Xebic, who had prepared a monumental spell. No one is sure what Xebic did that day, but both navies were surrounded by blinding green light, and when it faded, the shell of the turtle was empty, the Black Goat had vanished, and the Plague Armada was decimated. Mauled but victorious, the allied navy split up and returned to slave trading and piracy.

## Current Events

The unique mobile nature of the Haunted Sea and its islands has served to make the vile ports there incredibly cosmopolitan, and the buccaneers that live there

extremely adaptable to the needs and possibilities of the locale. When in the Eastern Cold Sea, they raid the Brown Coast villages for slaves, or sell arms to the zendiqi. When in the northern Opal Sea, they sell prisoners to the gulags, and hire themselves out to the Jheriaks as troop ships. Only in the Bay of Gods do they find a single dedicated purpose; harry the fleets of Freeport, and make them pay. Capturing a Lyvalian Patron is the ultimate goal, and the bravo who does so will be well rewarded.

When not preying on other nations nearby, the nation states and tribes of the Haunted Sea are in a state of undeclared naval war, and have been so since the Battle of the Vortex. Most privateer ships carry multiple letters of marque and act as pure mercenaries. Sthenno, Kormus and Xebic are still the primary powers in the Sea, but the wealth and pirate connections of Port Calist have rocketed the once small fishing community into a local power of great importance in both trace and military might.

### Settlements

The major settlements of the Haunted Sea are:

**Kormus** is a center of debauchery and vice, the finest in the Sea. Boasting dozens of casinos, brothels, and other pits of sin, Kormus caters to those whose tastes are too exotic to be sated by Port Calist and Xebic.

**Port Calist**, once a sheltered fishing village, 'The Port' became the favorite port of pirates, adventurers and merchants looking for extraordinary goods and services. The calm-watered docks welcomes any and all who wish to spend or sell, and is now quite rich by Porphyran standards.

**Sthenno**, called the Viper's Nunery by most

sea dogs, is an island-state populated almost entirely by medusae, half-medusa, and their slaves. Little is known about the inner workings of the place other than Queen Antropda is the absolute ruler, a spellcaster and assassin of great skill.

**Xebic** is a city still in mourning of its vanished spiritual leader. The floating island is anchored six miles from where the great turtle gave its life to save its people. Recently maenads have colonized the inner shell of the lost Xebic. The port of Xebic is the chief producer of ships in the region.

### Intrigues

- Reports of a white ship, called The Reckoning, is attacking slavers and pirates in the Sea. Crewed by archons, divas and obitu, it is a huge dreadnaught bearing uncountable cannon, and a haloed captain with wings of fire. Queen Antropda has offered a cask of gold for his head.
- A new island, covered in thick jungle has appeared in the Cannibal Island chain. Nothing too unusual, but ten empty ships are moored on its shores- and there are rumors of the Black Goat in the region. Several merchant companies are offering rewards for a map of that island, and answers to what happened to the ships.
- Something off the coasts of Kormus is stirring. Years of cultic activity on Kormus have been ignored by the port-holders, until a purple-lightning storm wrecked the Liosalfar, a beautiful elven barque captained by the local Thieves' Guild boss's brother. In his grief, he has sworn to shut down business in Kormus until the cult is expunged.





## Hesteria

*"No man may kill a cat in Olthar..."* - a Dreamlands proverb.

**Capital:** Oracle or Qadath

**Settlements:** Kelephae (3,000), Menar (5,000), Olthar (3,000), Oracle (4,000), Qadathm (7,000), Silkwood (2,500)

**Rulers:** Duke Mr'rowwr Fir'th (catfolk, Ulian), High Lucid Dell Brownlock (human, Nerian)

**Government:** Feudal Duchy (Ulian), Theocracy (Nerian)

**Races:** Catfolk, Dhampir, Entobian, Fetchling, Human, Living Ghoul

**Faiths:** Neria, UI'UI

**Resources:** Dreams, godmetal (dreamstone), leather, nightmares, Realms Between access, silk, tourism

**Languages:** Aklo, Catfolk, Common, Necril

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (The Wall of Sleep)

## History

Brought to Porphyra by the nascent goddess UI'UI, the backwater of Hesteria (known to most as the Wall of Sleep) found itself undergoing a surge of planar power after the NewGod Wars when the Mad Maiden rose to full godhood. The ruined land that was the battlefield doorstep of the Middle Kingdoms became the home of The Wall of Sleep, an extra-dimensional curtain rippling through the center of the country. The Wall is a link to the ethereal and astral planes, unstable at the best of times, and prone to disgorging strange, alien, and hostile beings, who stay or go at their whim. Dangerous or not, those who seek vision, solace, escape or communication with those gone on come in the name of pilgrimage, to what is known on Porphyra as the Land of Dreams, that curious, mobile portal through the multiple realities.

Slow to rebuild, the followers of UI'UI and refugees finding peace or distraction at the Wall of Sleep founded Qadath, the catfolk city of Olthar, and the port of Kelephae, and set about, in an anarchistic way, follow the ways of The Vortex. A gradual effort to build an actual wall around the Wall began, mostly as a make-work project for the indigent. It was then that refugees from

Beyond began to trickle into Hesteria, shadow-touched fetchlings, gaunt dhampirs, and foul living ghouls, who revered the site as sacred. The fetchlings found acceptance with their importation of the highly profitable shadow-silk trade, which has now become a byword for the Hesterian land. Harvested from the cocoons of tenebrous worms, the larvae of gloomwing moths, shadow-silk is very valuable, due to the highly dangerous monsters from which it originates. The queer town of Silkwood is their headquarters.

The Nerian Pilgrimage of AC 592 changed Hesteria greatly. Vast crowds of seekers from all over Porphyra, predominantly human, came to Hesteria to contemplate, and attempt to control, the Wall of Sleep. They rapidly established the "holy city" of Menar near the Wall, and the eastern clerical city of Oracle, seat of the Lucid Council. Typically content to let beings do what they want, the sitting duke objected to the blatant colonization, and a brief conflict took place, the Dreamer's War. Short, though bitter, each side used repellent tactics, the Ulians with assassination, poison, and infiltration; the Neriens with recruitment of extra-planar monsters, some of which haunt the southern woods to this day. The bloodshed eventually shocked both sides, being typically non-warlike, and a shaky truce was established in AC 601. The Wall is the de facto border between the factions, with slow progress on a containing structure. The pilgrims still keep coming, and strange and wonderful goods still ship out of the dark port of Kelephae.

## Current Events

The Hesterian Fraction drags on, now in its 600th year. The new catfolk Duke of Qadath favors renewed aggression, and the lands west of The Wall teem with irregular units and bragging bravos from many races. If Duke Fir'th could create a cohesive military unit, the wobbly peace of Hesteria could be threatened. The cynical fetchlings doubt it highly, as the priest-dancers of UI'UI tend to turn every drill session into a drunken bacchanal. On the Nerian side, some preparation has been seen to, in the hiring of mercenaries from the Northlands, and harpy scouts, but the presence of The Wall distracts both groups, as the High Lucid is no militarist.

With the groups based in this reality distracted by old hatreds, the increase in strangeness beyond the Wall of Sleep is going unnoticed, except by the Watchers of the Wall, the priest-guards of Menar. Small groups of refu-

gees, of races such as xax, numistians and taddol have crossed the Infinite Spaces and braved the Seas of Nightmare to reach Porphyra, speaking little, but willing to do most any work to grant asylum. A small tent-city called, dismayingly, Freaktown, now sits outside of Menar, though the snobbish Nerians avoid the newcomers.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Hesteria are:

**Kelephae** is a busy port that is held to be (mostly) neutral ground for the Ulians and Nerians, the half-fetchling captains of the Shadowships travel all over Porphyra. The wharf bars of Kelephae are places of wondrous and frightening stories- even more frightening than the strange inhabitants of this port on the Sea of Karkoon's western shore.

The pilgrimage center of **Menar** deals with all of those who wish to visit the Wall of Sleep, and also must deal with the practical consequences of the simmering conflict of the two Hesterian factions. On top of this, Menar must keep the introspective community of Oracle fed. No wonder the motto of the town is "Reality is nightmare, to dream is life".

The catfolk town of **Olthar** seems more alien than Silkwood to some, being a maze of wood, fabric, scented plants, and cozy tunnels. Those who get used to it and the enigmatic catfolk enjoy it greatly, though humans never stay long, for some reason. Olthar is primarily nocturnal, and is the center for aggression against the Nerians; plotting is a civic pastime in Olthar.

**Oracle** is the base of the Nerian theocratic faction, observance of any other deity is likely to garner a beating by zealous Augurs of the Dreamspeaker. Glass and dreamstone are the primary components of

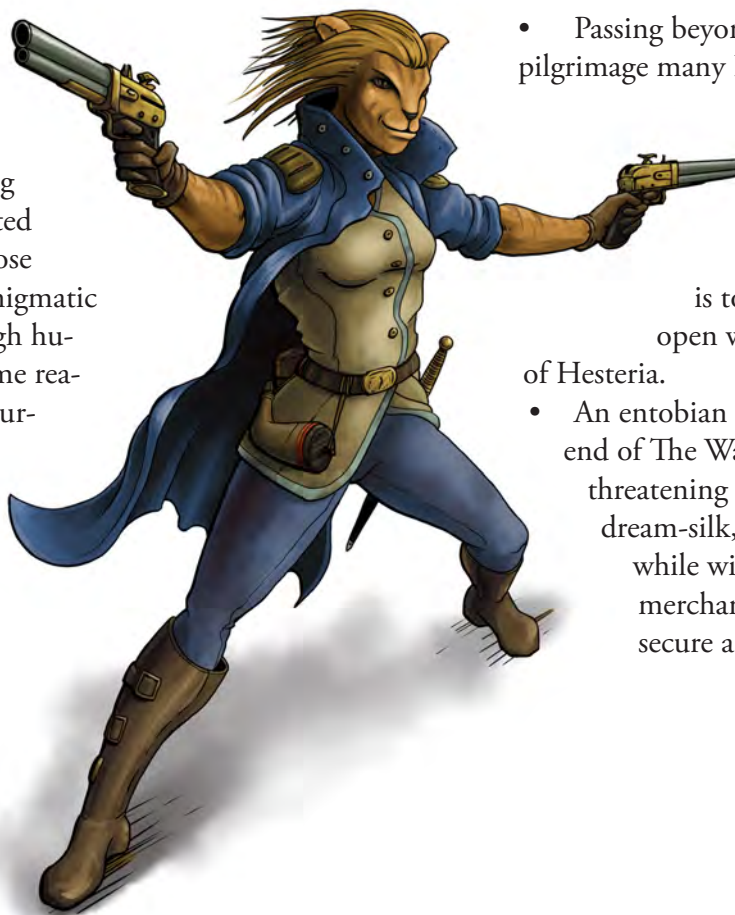
this strange town, making it a poor military headquarters, and if the truce ever broke, so would Oracle.

**Qadath** is the center of the Ulian faction of Hesteria, this old city is a bewildering maze of buildings, alleys, statues, other art, and dance pavilions. Free-willed to the point of anarchistic, anything goes in Qadath, as long as you know the few taboos that bring about forced exile to The Wall. The fact that these taboos change with every new Duke make visiting somewhat hazardous.

The fetchling community of **Silkwood** is creepy, nonetheless industrious and busy, producing shadow-silk and capturing dreams and nightmares for export. The surrounding countryside raises sheep, cattle, and goats, primarily for worm-feed, but a secondary industry in leather goods and meat has taken hold. There are dhampir and ghoulish neighborhoods in Silkwood, as well, disconcerting most visitors.

## Intrigues

- A Nerian Augur needs a bodyguard for a clandestine meeting in an abandoned fortress in the No-Man's-Land north of The Wall. Presumably the catfolk of the Ulian faction have long memories of war...
  - Passing beyond the Wall of Sleep is a pilgrimage many Porphyrans take. Will your trip be for knowledge, gain, or something else?
  - A shipful of Rajuki assassins is bound for Kelephae; your mission is to stop them and prevent open warfare in the troubled land of Hesteria.
- An entobian colony near the north end of The Wall, on the Nerian side, is threatening the shadow-silk trade with dream-silk, spun by those queer people while within The Wall. A fetchling merchant-lord is giving contracts to secure a cocoon of this material.



## Hinterlands of Kesh

*"I shot him down because he needed killin'. Oh, right- of course, for the good of the Council, yes, yes, of course..."*

-Eswut, elan gunslinger

**Capital:** High Hill of Atiri

**Settlements:** Bailyton (4,700), Dupressix (3,200), Fortress of the Eye (1,500), High Hill of Atiri (0), Valshol (13,300)

**Ruler:** Disputed

**Government:** Tribal, with appointed sheriffs

**Races:** Elan, Half-Cyclops, Hobgoblin, Human. Polkan

**Faiths:** Kamus, Lyvalia, Neria, Ul'Ul, Veiloaria

**Resources:** Agriculture, firearms, metal (iron, lead), slaves

**Languages:** Common, Giant, Goblin

**Border Conditions:** Limited (Southern Kesh is surrounded by a Porphyrite border)

## History

Kesh is a frontier land of many clans and petty estates, once unified under a High King who was elected and ruled wisely from the High Hill of Atiri. What is not widely known is that a secret society of immortal, psionic elan manipulated the choosing of the High King as well as serving as advisers among the various tribes. With the guidance of the elan, the rule of the High King was usually just and wise, and friction between the tribes and clans was kept to a minimum.

The human tribes were ascendant in the age of the High King, but the NewGod Wars hit them hard. The dusty, tumbleweed-ridden Land brought by Kamus the Slaver was filled with fanatical hobgoblins who quickly took up the deist cause, even though the Keshites did not follow the ways of the cruel elementalists. The High King was killed, along with many lesser chiefs and their elan advisers, allowing the painted hobgoblins, riding on horseback against the cattle-riding 'cow-boys' to a final showdown called the Battle of Morrow's Ford. It was there that the last remaining free tribes, under the leadership of Kaja Steelidun slew the High Warlord Kovish "Steelarm" and broke the back of his army with a single volley of crude rifles. This terrifying display of destruction caused the hobgoblins to descend into a decades-long struggle for tribal dominance which ended in the

exhaustion of all.

The half-cyclopes of the western Wagon Lands were also quite powerful, when their Cyclopean forbears built the Fortress of the Eye millennia before The Calling, even. The appearance of Southern Kesh broke the land trade routes for their mutton and wool, and the new-found resistance spirit of the Keshite people broke the cattle-sheep rivalry that had been a constant on the open ranges. With many factions demanding recognition, including the half-cyclopes and semi-pacified hobgoblins, the only progress in hundreds of years is the system of sheriffs that patrol the trails. Their iconic firearms and modified compass-stars of Veiloaria indicates the dormant authority of the High King, and the potentially united wishes of the regional chiefs.

## Current Events

The Suns of Kamus Tribe of hobgoblins are the strongest of the powers in Kesh, but they are reluctant to impose their will on the other groups, fearing the same cost as that paid at Morrow's Ford. Instead, they impose tolls on the roads and conduct raids for loot and slaves, though other tribes are as often as the targets of these raids as their neighbors. The hobgoblins are organized under a matriarchal clan system, while the war chiefs are primarily male. The administration and organization of the clans are controlled by the mothers and grandmothers, as well as the priesthood; while Kamus rules all, Lyvalian politics pulls the strings behind the scenes, and allows for contact with other cultures, such as the network of spies allied to Parl Pordesh. The arm of the Lyvalian priesthood is the Sisterhood of the Black Glass, a covert organization of witches that ensures that no vendetta or feud among the hobgoblins is allowed to threaten their unity in the face outsiders, and tries to shift the target of the hobgoblin raids to people outside Kesh.

The last holding of the long-degraded half-cyclopes is the Fortress of the Eye and its surrounding lands. To their distress, they have been forced to ally with the Steelidun clan to fend off the encroachment of the far-ranging hobgoblins, and with that alliance came an end to the long cannibalistic tradition of the half-cyclopes peoples. While they occasionally consider breaking away to return to their ancestral ways, their seer-priests of Neria remind them of the very real threat of slavery at the hands of the hobgoblins; this keeps the 'cyclops-kin' unhappy allies of the tasty humans.



The humans of the Hinterlands are loosely organized under the banner of the Steelidun Clan, though they exist in tribal groups ruled over by a variety of governors, whose will is enacted by gun-toting sheriffs. The Clans form a rather anarchic federation that meet twice yearly for the Palaver, which is part negotiation, part country dance and mostly, a drunken revel. What the Steelidun do agree on is that an attack on one member of the Clans is an attack on all, and that the right to bear arms is a universal truth.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Kesh are:

The **High Hill of Atiri** comprises the unfortified buildings that held the High Court, and the Akai Corral, sacred cattle-pens of the ancient cow-boy days. Abandoned but maintained by ancient magics, war and people both avoid this place, partly from tradition and partly from the efforts of the elan, who from the nearby Tombstone Tower protect it as a symbol of unity.

**Bailyton** is a walled town, the closest thing the Steelidun have to a city. On the wide river nicknamed Old Man Baily, it is a major place for trade with those foreign to Kesh, and even the hobgoblins on their painted horses come to trade here. It is also the location of the twice-yearly Palaver.

**Dupressix** is a new town, a frontier town of wooden buildings and muddy streets over top of a high quality seam of iron ore. Dupressix is the hub of weapon manufacturing in Kesh, especially firearms. The town is named after the first of the Steelidun to walk the way of the gunslinger, the infamous Cousin Dupress, and while it has been the subject of multiple hobgoblin raids, none of them have been successful, and the Hill of the Boot bears the bones of those who fell.

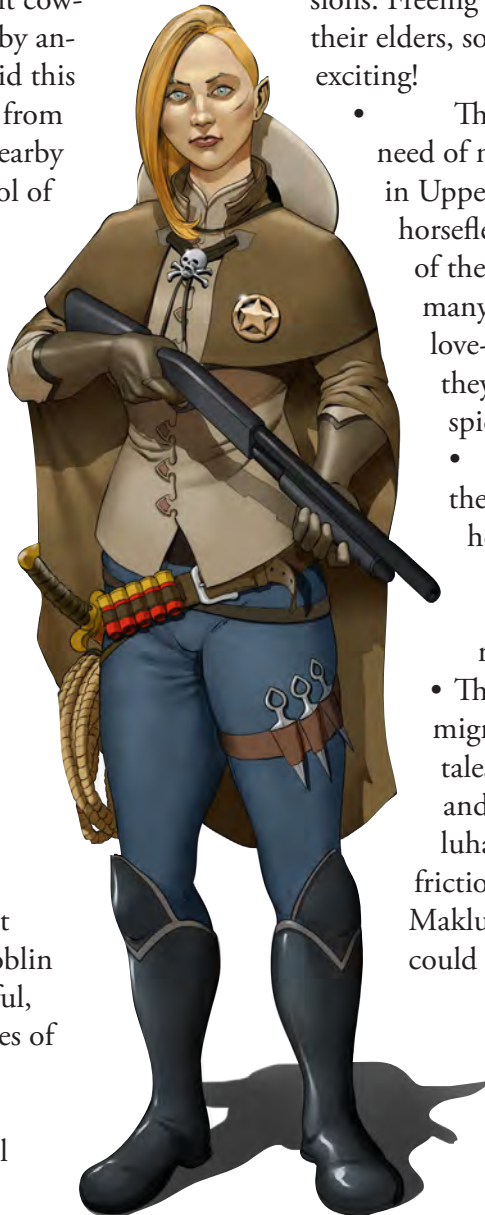
The **Fortress of the Eye** is the most fiendish and efficient fortification in all of Kesh, but the half-cyclops are hard

pressed just to maintain the core fortifications. The slave pens, now abandoned, are extensive and still figure in many a Steelidun cow-boy ballad.

**Valshol** is the central meeting point for the hobgoblins, and the center of their slave trade. The city is divided into walled sections by bands, and raids and conflicts between them are endemic and reflect their shifting alliances. The wailing cries of drummers and the pounding of feet for the war-dance are enough to chill hearts unto the north and south borders.

## Intrigues

- Brave young people of the Steelidun often prove themselves by rescuing slaves from the hobgoblins, and they are always happy to have aid on these missions. Freeing slaves is somewhat frowned upon by their elders, so the rebellion is twice as daring and exciting!
- The hobgoblin matriarchy is always in need of new information on its rivals, both in Upper Kesh and beyond, and pays well in horseflesh, slaves or magic. The Sisterhood of the Black Glass has its witch-women in many villages of the north, concealed as love-potion brewers and hex-women, and they will aid the network of scouts and spies.
- The gunslinger known only as the Tall Man has let it made known that he is coming for one of the PCs- a challenge and a mark that the unfortunate target will have to deal with sooner rather than later.
- The semi-centauroid Polkan people have migrated south to parts of Kesh, following tales of their larger cousins, the centaurs, and their own prophet/stado leader Makluhan. Unfortunately they have caused friction with all they encounter. Perhaps Makluhan is the problem, a problem that could be solved...



## Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes

*"A land suited for reflection, meditation, training, sheep herding, and very little else."* - Ang McRohan, Captain of the Parish Honor Guard

**Capital:** Lios

**Settlements:** Braigheach (4,300), Camershron (3,210), Heavenhome (3,845), Lios (8,000)

**Rulers:** Judge Khan Mersenden (dragonblood), Judge Merida Lowen (human), Judge Ceaniel (avoodim), Judge Xang Sidheag (aasimar), Judge Bran Feihung (human)

**Government:** Theocratic Judicial Council

**Races:** Aasimar, Avoodim, Changeling, Dragonblood, Eventual, Gathlain, Gnome, Human, Kitsune, Kval, Urisk

**Faiths:** Aleria, Gerana, Neria, Paletius, Veiloaria

**Resources:** Agriculture, education, iron, peat, spirits, wood

**Languages:** Common, Celestial, Draconic, Sylvan

**Border Conditions:** None

### History

During the long days of the NewGod Wars, the land was called Tir na Dafaïd, elvish for 'land of sheep'. It was green, but not lush. The soil was rocky and unfit for growing anything but grass. There were a few herdsman and gnomish villages that called these hills and woods home, but as far as most knew the land was unclaimed and untamed. After the fall of the Elemental Lords, the gods looked to reward those who served them faithfully. Of greatest concern were the armies of celestial scions that came to Porphyra to fight for faith and honor, the aasimar. These heroic immigrants needed a land of their own to call home, and so Tir na Dafaïd became the Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes. Sadly, no one asked the original owners their opinion on the matter.

It began innocently enough. As the aasimar and their allies, which included the avoodim, the kval, and scattered heroic dragonbloods took possession of the land, odd things began to happen. Small household items vanished; clothes left to dry on the line were dyed odd colors; doors were unpinned- and other pranks became commonplace. Things took a serious turn when livestock were poisoned and wells ran dry. The night Jenna

Sidheag, the firstborn of the Sidheags born in the holdfast and of the celestial bloodline of Paletius was taken and a changeling left in her place, the newcomers had enough. A small militia rode out of Lios, little more than a farming town then, and divas, archons, and seraphim rode with them. The subsequent battle would be known as the Three Day War, or the Battle of MacAndrol's Bridge.

As the militia crossed the ancient bridge, they caught sight of the Wild Hunt, the fey equivalent of Saren's annual gathering. Hosts of dryads, forlarren, gremlins, korred and spriggans marched to the tune of satyrs; alien creatures from the more humanoid gathlain, kitsune and urisks the settlers were used to. The valley echoed with war chants and battle hymns as the forces charged at one another. They clashed, and neither side gave an inch. The armies were stalemated two nights and three days. Blood soaked the battlefield, but neither side weakened or gave way. As the sun went down on the third day, the unlikely god Saren wept to see kindred fighting the faithful, and asked Gerana to arbitrate an end to the conflict. The negotiations almost ended before they began—Paletius arrived with a host and demanded the return of Jenna Sidheag unharmed and unchanged.

Cooler heads prevailed, and, knowing that Gerana was a just and fair goddess, both sides agreed. The result of the negotiation was the return of the child, the creation of the Judges Council that would interpret law and arbitrate disagreements, and the demarcation of boundary lines between fey lands and mortal holds.

### Current Events

Over the centuries, portions of the Parishes have become more settled, even urban, but most of the land is still rolling hills, rocky crags, green valleys, and free flowing rivers. A majority of the population is concentrated in the four major cities, with the rest living in small farming villages or monasteries. The villages are quaint, with hooved urisks toting bales for farmers, and a cairn stone in every field. The monasteries of the Parishes have become quite famous for their charity, martial teachings, advancements in education, and for creating some of the finest beers and spirits to be had in all Porphyra. The Highway of Heroes leads through the Ghadabi wastes to the Middle Kingdom, should the call to war come again, but those in power there would rather not deal with the strange mix of heaven and Fey that has evolved in The

Parishes. Subsequently, relations with the elves of the forests to the north grow more cordial, a strong defense against the Jotuns and the Pardeshi.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Holdfast are:

**Braigheach** began as a monastery dedicated to Neria, on the rocky shores of the Loch Braig. Soon a camp of those seeking enlightenment sprang up around the walls of the cloister, eventually evolving into a town which lived off the freshwater lake's bounty. To serve the community, the monastery began a school for the village young, which today is now known as Braigeach University. Known for its engineering, surgical, thaumaturgical and clerical colleges, the university attracts some of the finest minds on Porphyra.

**Camershrón**'s name comes from the southern elvish dialect meaning two places, one soul. Camershrón is said to have been founded twice. The original settlement was on the eastern bank of the river Lowen. It was a town of fishermen and shepherds until Xia Jon Feihung, the master of the local Flower and Compass retired and opened a school to teach Open Palm martial arts to the laity. Hundreds flocked to the town to learn from the master. Soon, the town was bursting at the seams, and due to fey boundary lines they had to spread to the other side of the river. The western half of Camershrón was founded eighty years after that of the east. Over five hundred years later, Camershrón boasts over seventy martial arts schools, all based on Master Jon Feihung's Open Palm Style.

**Lios** is capital of the Celestial Parishes, Lios is the seat of law. It is a holy city dedicated to Gerana and Paletius. The monks and priests that call Lios home serve the dual purpose of mediator between worshiper and god, and counsel for aggrieved parties. Known for its architecture and

polished granite walls, Lios is one of the most beautiful cities of the world.

**Heavenhome** was founded as a monastery and nunnery of Aleria at the foot of Mt. Beatha, next to the Fion Falls. The grounds were very fertile, and the nuns started a small vineyard, and began making wine to support the parish. Not to be outdone, the brothers found wild hops nearby, and brewed beer and distilled whiskey. Tales of the quality of the libations spread near and far, and now Heavenhome is just that for wealthy tourists and pilgrims alike, to enjoy fine food, drink, and hospitality.

## Intrigues

- A few months ago a circle of cairn stones appeared near the village of Erin. The local gnomish magistrate was confronted by a gathlain prince claiming that the site was fey land and the village would have to be moved. Maps from the Days of Drawing are inconclusive. Tensions are mounting between villagers and fey, and a call for a neutral party to look into the matter has gone out.
- The School of the Falling Snow, a popular martial school for both xia and laity alike, has burned to the ground outside of Camershrón. It is believed to be the work of Bahn Ceann, a disgraced xia turned Agent of the Dark Patron, and his followers. They are said to have a school and monastery deep in the hills beyond Camershrón, protected by dark fey and Agents of Eshsalqua.
- Brewmaster Stephens has gone missing, and a crudely written ransom note has been tacked to the monastery door; ten thousand gold pieces. The clerics of Aleria are mostly pacifists, and while the angry citizens mean well, they will more than likely get themselves and Brother Stephens killed. They have asked for skilled adventurers to rescue the portly monk from his captors, who or whatever they may be.





# Iffud

*"Better to lose with panache than win without flair..."*

-Emperor Argan III, last words after a duel

**Capital:** Berton

**Settlements:** Berton (20,000), Bezir (900), Carneton (8,000)

**Ruler:** Emperor Argan IX

**Government:** Imperial monarchy/meritocracy

**Races:** Elan, Eventual, Half-Orc, Human, Orc

**Faiths:** Nemyth Vaar, Toma Thule, Tulis

**Resources:** Agriculture, education, firearms, seafood

**Languages:** Common, Orc

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (enclosed by an irregular porphyrite border)

## History

The ancient history of Iffud is one of warfare—not of her own people waging war or defending themselves, but of unrelated armies of a warlike world marching back and forth across the damp plains that make up the majority of the nation. With a population constantly cowed by the rampaging soldiers and mercenaries and a royal family little more than puppets for external interests, Iffud had a reputation for being other peoples' battlefield, the Fudi people of no consequence.

Perhaps because its people raised many cattle, the totem animal of Tulis, that the Martyred Maiden took an interest in the sheep-like people, martyrs for no cause whatsoever. She took the mild-mannered nation from its world of subjugated complacency and relocated it to Porphyria, forcing its people to fight or be annihilated.

The NewGod Wars saw to that.

Iffud was a strategic prize: it was well-located on the north coast, easy to travel across, and its fertile fields and pastures could produce food for many armies. The elementalists saw this immediately, and their armies of genies and giants were well-placed to attack Iffud and, if necessary, scour it clean of life if they could not conquer it for their own purposes. Toma Thule and Nemyth Vaar, in a rare moment of accord, favored interception of the army approaching from the east—but Bleeding Tulis saw another opportunity.

Her priests infiltrated Iffud on the wings of the wind. They went among the people—the good, honest citi-

zens who had turned the earth and ploughed up skulls year after year—and spoke of great deeds. They told the people of sacrifice and glory, and then they demonstrated it. Thulian crusaders performed awesome feats of heroism. Tulite martyrs died so that hundreds might live. And slowly, the people of Iffud came to believe. One by one, then in a flood, they stood against the elementalists and fought them—with divine power, with devotion, with rocks, and with bare hands.

Every crackdown in occupied territory produced a more fervent response. Every martyr inspired a dozen new heroes. Like a cresting wave, the Fudi threw off their elemental oppressors and cast off their useless royal family. The new emperor was chosen by popular acclaim: Argan, the First, was the greatest hero in a generation of heroes, his deeds legendary in his own lifetime. His first decree was that Iffud would no more be a nation of meek farmers: lordships, mayorships, knight-hoods, any position of authority would be filled only by those who, judged by Tulite hornbearers and Thulian magistrate-knights, would be fit for the task by the proof of the greatness of their deeds.

## Current Events

Nearly a thousand years have passed since Argan's declaration, but Iffud remains a nation governed by the great. Every authority figure can recite a list of the great things they have done, and conflicts in jurisdiction are handled by comparing the deeds of the contesting parties. Bards are greatly prized for their role in enhancing people's reputations, and anyone who can make a claim for greatness has at least one as their permanent herald.

The Fudi are now known as a nation of showoffs and competitors, seeking greatness in everything they do. "Let's give people something to talk about" is a traditional invitation to compete. Duels are common, whether with rapiers, bare fists, or firearms—which are more common here than in many other lands—and even a loser can gain social standing if they do so with panache and flair. Large weapons and heavy armor are frowned upon as 'dull' or 'unsporting'. Even in non-violent pastimes the people of Iffud strive to do things with the most style; local fairs often feature competitive vegetable growing, preserve-making, greased pig-catching, and other contests. It is often up to the underclass of semi-civilized 'swamp orcs' and their half-orc leaders to get hard labor done without a lot of posturing.

The system is not a pure meritocracy: expensive schools for the children of the nobility teach them everything they need to thrive in Iffud's society: sword-play, gunplay, and unarmed combat feature prominently on the curriculum alongside poetry, literature, and wit. Skilled instructors can earn vast sums working for these schools, but must be wary of wandering champions—it is an accepted fact someone's deeds can be tested at any time, and a caste of outcasts and travelers has formed who make it their purpose to rack up great deeds of betrayal and put others to the test.

An unexpected consequence of this arrangement is that everyone in a position of power is extremely dangerous in personal combat. As a result, politics in Iffud is a matter of excessive politeness, ceremony, and iron fists in velvet gloves. No one wants to provoke an angry response from someone who can single-handedly fight thirty men-at-arms to a standstill—so rudeness is a luxury of the lower classes.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Iffud are:

**Berton** is the capital of Iffud, seat of the Emperor since the NewGod Wars, beacon of taste and culture in a land otherwise known for wandering vagabonds and root vegetables. The walled inner city is a display of ostentatious wealth, well-guarded, every inch owned by one of Iffud's noble families. In the myriad chambers of the Imperial Palace politics is carried out with a peculiar combination of delicate maneuvering and savage attack. The outer city is a more freewheeling place, where wealthy merchants and lesser nobility live closer to the wall, with land values falling as you get further out.

**Bezir** is the stronghold of the elans. Humans driven to seek perfection (or simple superiority) over their brethren come here seeking transformation into something more—only those who show mental and physical superiority are accepted into the elan's elite order. Bezir can sell goods and has classed characters of a city ten times its size.

**Carneton**, also known as the City of Conflict, is dominated by the eternal competition between two schools for the children of nobility: Drake's Academy and the Archon Scholarium. Students of the schools, known as Dragons and Angels, play out the long-standing rivalry back and forth across the city in every arena: drinking contests in the taverns, games of skill in the parks, duels in the streets. Countless smaller schools take the students who don't make the cut for the big two, creating an intricate web of alliances, enmities, and lineages of both blood and tuition.

## Intrigues

- Argan IX grows old, and soon the time of Imperial Selection will begin: rumor has it that the pitiable swamp orcs have been taking lessons from the Fudi, and have bred and trained an awesome specimen for the challenge, and seek ultimately to gut the elitist system of Iffud to their advantage.
- The constabulary in Carneton is hiring at double pay since an unfortunate 'prank' by the Dragons has made half their force comatose. It might not be worth it, as Arena Day is coming up, and the competition is fiercer outside than in...
  - The gangs of Rackers, outcast failures of the system of challenge, have always been patronized by Nemyth Vaar, but now actual clerics have sprung up among their ranks, and they have established bases, and organized, after a fashion. Is there a darker motive behind this unprecedented coherence?
  - The Puritan Redemptors of the Way of the Gun have a rogue in their midst. These noble "troubleshooters" are skilled in magic and black powder, and a skilled, renegade member of their number is gunning for upstart adventurers, leaving villagers to quake in fear. Are you afraid of slung lead, pilgrim?













## Jengu-Na

*“Dem Sauries think slow. Real slow. If y’aren’t about a year ahead o’ the game, yer gonna make ‘em mad. An’ they ain’t slow when a-mad...”* – Korrit Sligo, Freeporter smuggler

**Capital:** Estuary Palace

**Settlements:** City on the Large Hill (29,000), Estuary Palace (54,000), Long Cape Port (21,500), Thousand Generations Temple (18,500)

**Ruler:** Empress Korasrah “Emerald Scaled”

**Government:** Imperial Bureaucracy

**Races:** Saurian

**Faiths:** Cults (lawful), Philosophy, S’Sluun

**Resources:** Art, rice, silk, spices, tea

**Languages:** Draconic

**Border Conditions:** Limited (irregular porphyrite border with the Hinterlands of Kesh)

### History

The people of Jengu-Na like to say that their culture was old when the world was young—and perhaps it was. It is certain that the Empire of the Saurians once was more extensive than it is now, but when the NewGod Wars erupted, they withdrew from (or simply lost) their lands outside the core of the Empire. The Walled Zone is all that remains of their foreign possessions, though the islands of the Dry Peninsula are usually considered to be theirs by tradition. The Empire sealed its borders and waited for the War to blow over... and waited.

By the time the world settled down into its current pattern, the court of Jengu-Na had become comfortable with their defenses and happy to ignore the outside world. A network of fortresses, strong points, walls, water defenses in the Bay of Jewels, watchtowers and magical wards guard the Empire from outside dangers. Naturally, these defenses have spawned their own garrisons and bureaucracy which has every interest in portraying the outside world as dangerous, full of barbarians, and thoroughly unpleasant. A couple of ill-fated invasions, one of Freeporter pirates and another of imperialist Iskandari, has lent enough reality to the assumption to make it widely held.

It was not until the reign of Emperor Roshal “Far Sighted” that permission was at last granted to a group of foreign merchants to trade, but they would only be

allowed access to the Empire and its trade at Long Cape Port and nowhere else. Emperors and Empresses come and go, but the general progress of things is an ever-widening trickle of ideas mixing from one culture to the outer world. Relations with the peoples of the Lotus Blossom Steppes to the north are still rather strained, due to the presence of the Walled Zone and carefully orchestrated provocations by factions at court, all for the support of isolationism. The fact that the two mutually alien cultures have so much in common is due to proximity and curiosity, on the part of both nations.

### Current Events

The Empire seems monolithic, but even the current small exposure to foreign ideas has begun to disrupt the status quo. Memories of the ancient Empire astride the globe have inspired the most ambitious of the lords of Jengu-Na to agitate for an expansionist policy toward the outside world, and to recruit for their private armies. They are pitted against the Court and the defense bureaucracy who wish things to remain as they are. The philosophic orders, many of whom mix magic or martial training with their philosophy, are divided over what to do. All of the orders wish to learn from the outsiders, but only on their own terms and at their own rate (which ranges from slow to glacial). A few cults of Eshsalqua, Toma Thule, and Paletius have sprouted up here and there, to the chagrin of the highly traditional leaders of the race. Nevertheless, some of the younger members of the orders have slipped beyond the borders to learn from the barbarians as they return, and as knowledge from the outside world is imported, old certainties are re-examined. Some examples of orders include the Vortexians (wizards), Callers (summoners), Perfectionists (monks), Weavers (bards), Aligners (elemental sorcerers) and the Void-bound (witches). There are at least a dozen lesser orders, and their shifting alliances create a subset of politics in Jengu-Na that many civilians know nothing about.

The Empress Korasrah “Emerald Scaled” has only recently ascended the throne and is still absorbing the situation with outsiders. She has yet to decide what to do, but she is likely to listen to the opinions of the philosophical orders... if they ever come to a consensus. Much to the concern of all the factions, she has expressed a willingness to meet with ambassadors of the outlander nations to personally learn about them and

their lands. It is only a matter of time before Jengu-Na becomes embroiled in politics as patchwork as the surface of the planet Porphyra itself.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Jengu-Na are:

**City on the Large Hill** is where the Imperial family lives when not in the capital, and is noted as an impressive center of the arts, culture, and culinary expression. Most of the Imperial staff is recruited here, and it is a center of Imperial loyalists. Extremely conservative, it is said that no non-saurian has ever set foot in the Palace of Beautiful Scales.

**Estuary Palace** is the capital of the Empire and a shining beacon of Jengu-Na industry and service. Government departments checkerboard the city with craft plazas and centers of entertainment, while a strong Imperial garrison cooperates with the civil magistrates to keep peace. It is the heart of the Empire, where everything gets done, once the paperwork has been completed properly.

**Long Cape Port** is the one place in the Empire where outsiders are allowed without special permission. Even here they are confined to their own quarter and carefully watched. Outlanders can acquire licenses to allow access to the city—but not beyond—and they must be back inside their own quarter by midnight.

**Thousand Generations Temple**, considered one of the newer cities in the Empire, having been around for a mere five hundred years, is a place where the various philosophical orders come to debate and dispute, with the occasional brawl between such not being unknown. It has also become a haven for smuggling outsider goods in to the Empire, for the orders have an endless fascination with such.

## Intrigues

- The Empress is more curious about the outside world than she wishes to be known by her court, government, and race. To this end she has employed a clawful of her most loyal agents to gather first-hand information for her, and they in turn have built a network of foreigners to bring in rumors, goods, books, and more.
- ‘Someone’ has come into possession of an ancient Saurian artifact from the Empire’s heyday, when it reached far past its current borders. That it is very

powerful is obvious, just as it is equally obvious that it needs something—knowledge, sacred water, something unique—from the Empire to make it work.

- Anyone who has been to Smuggler’s Rest knows there is vast profit to be made by those willing to break Imperial law and bring in items desired by the Jengu-Na: religious works, histories, arms and armor, exotic meats and medicines. In exchange they will be paid in wonders of Jengu-Na. The deal is probably the easiest part, getting in and out may prove more difficult.





## Jheriak Continuance

*"If you are stronger, take...if you are weaker, weep."* - Jheriak nursery rhyme

**Capital:** Dunnal Moor

**Settlements:** Dunnal Moor (12,000), Irul (3,000), Port Khalen (5,000), Suland (2,500), Val Toresh (8,000)

**Ruler:** His Continuance Macza Vul Wolfe

**Government:** Monarchy

**Races:** Half-Giant, Half-Ogre, Half-Orc, Hobgoblin, Human, Ogrillon, Orc

**Faiths:** Ferrakus, Fenris Kul, Myketa

**Resources:** Armor, bloodsport, mercenaries, seafood, weapons

**Languages:** Battle-sign, Common, Giant, Orc

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (porphyrite border surrounds the Continuance)

### History

Jheriak Vul Wulfe witnessed the strength a mercenary band can wield when, as a boy of thirteen he saw a platoon of Talorian sell-swords lay waste to the Skandarian dragoons that his father commanded at a battle near a nameless town on a forgotten world. For ten days the dragoons hammered into the mercenary line, and for ten days they were repelled. On the eleventh, the Talorians counter-charged and broke the dragoons. In a matter of minutes the Skandari were routed. Jheriak found himself fleeing for his life as the mercenaries rode down the scattered dragoons. The Talorians caught him and threw him in a pit with their fighting dogs, and told him if he wanted to live, then he would have to earn his life. Jheriak was twenty two when he killed the Talorian captain and took the company for his own. He was twenty seven when he killed his own father on the battlefield. For fifteen summers he led the mercenaries through challenging campaigns, each year growing richer and larger than before.

Finally, Jheriak grew weary of the continuous warfare. The company had used the same winter camp for almost a decade, and with each year it seemed to grow. Permanent structures were appearing, and by the fifth year of the camps, small root gardens were becoming rugged farms. Jheriak sent runners to the nearest cities and pro-

claimed the land surrounding the camp, to the sea itself, a sovereign kingdom. If they wanted it back, they could take it by force. This led to the three-year War of Iron. In the end, the mercenaries had carved out their own state, three times larger than their original claim. Jheriak then wrote the Laws of the Talon, upon which his new society was built. He lived until his eighty-third year, and fathered five sons; their line still rules the Continuance today.

The evolution of Jheriak and his Continuance intrigued the Betrayer God Fenris Kul, so when He attended The Calling, his cold eye fell on the Continuance. Though barely acknowledged in that land, it appealed to Him in many ways—especially that it shared a world with precious Yolana's vassal state of Iskandar. This suited that bitter god, and the two nations hate one another—even though they are situated half a world away from one another—made it all the more satisfying. Religion is usually seen as a weakness to the Jheriaks, and dependence on non-warriors especially galling. Should Jheriak adopt a state religion at some point, their neighbors, and the world itself, should fear. Most nations that deal with the Continuance try to focus their martial attentions on the nearby Oncoming Wave of Mâl, a fitting target for their warlike culture.

### Current Events

Since Jheriak's death, the Continuance has evolved significantly along the lines of the Laws of the Talon. Dunnal Moor has become the capital of the kingdom, where Macza Vul Wolfe, direct descendant of Jheriak, wears the Iron Crown. Politics do not exist beyond that which can be settled at the end of a sword or axe. The Iron Crown rules by might according to the Laws of the Talon, and any who prove strong enough to take the crown may challenge, and all challenges must be met, with one outcome permitted. Alliances and promises abound within the court, however, so the bloodletting is kept to a minimum, and business moves ahead. In this brutal society, all children are taken to schools called Pits, where they prove their strength and right to live or die. Each major clan, descended from Jheriak's mercenary band, has one or more cities that fly their banner, and each of these clans has a number of houses sworn to them either by blood or oath.

Marriage in the Continuance has little to do with emotion and more with breeding. A woman or man

may take a mate, provided they can. Interestingly, once a bond has been formed, it is sacred, and none may violate it. It is also worth noting that in the past few decades many of the stronger clans have begun carefully choosing mating pairs to ensure the strength of their bloodlines.

Many come to the Continuance to train, trade for arms, or to purchase the services of the mercenary houses. Additionally, gladiatorial blood sport has become an increasingly popular draw, with many cities having grand arenas—the latest craze is captured mālites in the arena menageries. Needless to say, there is no mālite embassy in the Moor. Slaves are an important import in the Continuance, though a slave may simply demand to fight his owner or his proxies to gain his freedom, so is written in the Laws of the Talon.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Continuance are:

**Dunnal Moor** is the largest city and capital of the Continuance. There lives the Iron Crown, who presides daily in the gladiatorial arena. Here, each year, the Harvest of Blood and Bone is held on the summer solstice, during which the lowest ranking members of society gather and fight in a brutal seven day spectacle of violence and gore. Those alive at the end are chosen by the ruling Clans to join their houses as blood bound.

**Port Khalen** is on the Sea of Karkoon, it pleases the Jheriaks that most visitors to their kingdom have to cross through some of the most dangerous waters on Porphyra. A few Khilite ‘purple-ships’ allow passage for foreigners and Jheriak ships, though it is better not to press the issue in Khalen.

**Suland** and **Irul** are

called ‘the dunashes’, these towns are not clan affiliated, and cater to foreigners and non-humans. Their martial yards are smaller than the larger cities’, but no less focused on military prowess.

Most challengers to the throne come from modern **Val Toresh**, where guile is often as useful as brawn. The Toreshi are known for innovation in warfare, which some of the more orthodox Jheriaks see as a kind of heresy.

## Intrigues

- A Continuance mercenary has invoked the Law of Mating, and claimed a party member as a mate.
- The Skandari are hiring adventurers to conduct raids- in pursuit of their age-old blood feud- even from across the world. Could the native Jheriaks truly be worthy of being called the most feared warriors in the world?
- Slaves in the Continuance are in short supply- the party has been captured, put in chains, and is on its way to the Pits.
  - The mixed races of Azag-Ithiel have reports that fire giant rebels in the volcanoes of the western Continuance are intimidating the underclass into preparing an invasion. As the small kingdom has few resources to investigate, perhaps a small strike team could get to the bottom of these terrors’ motivation.



## Jotun Forest

*“Big tree guys eat plants, yeah. But dey still hit plenty hard. Mebbe orcs try plants sometime...”*—Derpen Bloodmoon, Kurgan’s Fool

**Capital:** Ironbough

**Settlements:** Ashfield (500), Bloodmoon (650+), Ironbough (1,200), Lathe (450), Razorback Ridge (300+), Sequoia (400+), Woodcutter’s Axe (250, seasonal)

**Ruler:** Dacisandero, Chief of Chiefs of the Wood Giants

**Government:** Tribal confederation

**Races:** Anumus, Elf, Half-Orc, Oakling, Orc

**Faiths:** Drothos, Druidism, Enor Ashlord, Ice Tyrant, Lord Grunzol Firestorm, Poison Wave, Saren

**Resources:** Furs, herbs, lumber

**Languages:** Elven, Giant, Orc, Treant

**Border Conditions:** None

## History

The Jotun Forest is an ancient forest of Old Porphyra that lies between the frosty waves of the Western Cold Sea and the wind-stripped plains of Parl Pordesh—cool and mountainous and lorded over by the Jotund trolls, for whom the forest was named. Predatory, cruel, and constantly hungry, the trolls treated all other races in the forest as prey. With the world-changing effect of The Calling, the lands and weather altered, and the forest grew warmer. The orcs, elves, and wood giants adopted the worship of Saren and, aided by the Untamed God, overthrew the Jotund, exterminating those that were not driven out at the battle of Ashfield, where they burned that part of the forest to the ground. The wood giants are the nominal power of the region, but they are mostly content to live in isolation. Most other racial groups live as scattered tribes in the region, with an informal truce to leave each other’s hunting grounds alone. Covens of druids are allowed to worship nature in the woods, and the residents make a living as hunters, trappers, and woodsmen. Each summer, woodcutters are allowed to cut selected and marked areas of forest, controlling growth to prevent the sort of excessive buildup that can lead to uncontrollable forest fires.

## Current Events

The apparent façade of stability in the Jotun Forest is beginning to crack. The arrival of oaklings, unhappy in the Great Green, has upset the balance of power in the woods, stripping old growth to replace it with their own. Moss trolls stalk the canopy, feasting on the weaker races, and marsh giants infiltrate the forest’s wetlands, ambushing woodsmen and fellow giants alike. The waters of Troll Bay are increasingly crossed by scraggs or other troll-kin, in violent punitive raids, seemingly heedless of the troll-kin’s survival—possibly at the behest of the elemental lords like Poison Wave.

The Bloodmoon orcs and Bleeding Moon wereboars, once close allies, have turned on each other, each accusing the other of treachery, and have begun to raid each other’s territory with increasing frequency. The wood giants lack the numbers and interest in restoring order, and the whole region threatens to tumble into chaos. Adding fuel to the fire, lone woodcutters, or even small parties of foresters are being ambushed and brutally murdered by unknown assailants, leading to cries for retribution against the region’s humanoids.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Jotun Forest are:

**Ashfield** is settled on the site of the extermination of the Jotund trolls, where the ancient forest was burned for their pyres. Ashfield remains the only permanent large clearing in the Jotund Forest. As such, it is now the home of refugees from other areas, a home to smugglers and outlanders, rather than local tribes. Located along one of the only roads in the forest, Ashfield is likely considered to be the main settlement by outsiders.

**Bloodmoon** is less of a settlement than a permanent warcamp, where the barbaric Bloodmoon Orcs gravitate, the central location in their territories. It is little more than a tent city surrounded by various crude fortifications, and is usually only half-occupied, as various clans leave to hunt or raid or ravage. The chieftain, Kurgan Bloodmoon, and his harem have the only permanent structure in the encampment, an ironwood cabin notable for the skulls of boars and wereboars decorating it, as well as the acid-bleached skull of a troll mounted over the door.

**Ironbough** is the seat of the wood giant’s tribal lands, in a dense grove of ironwood. While usually scattered, each season and in times of emergency, the entire race



gathers in Ironbough, and several hundred live there permanently. It isn't a real city or town, but rather a collection of clan villages with a series of longhouses around a massive central fire-pit altar. The Chief of Chiefs, Dacisandero, resides here and both listens to and receives council from the individual clan leaders. If the tribe decides to go to war, the Chief of Chiefs is their sole leader; otherwise he is merely an arbitrator among the clans.

**Lathe**, on the Trollwater river, uses a natural waterfall to power a huge, gnome-designed sawmill. Lathe is a vital component to the lumber industry in the Jotun Forest. Here, logs are brought and cut into beams, boards, and other components. Merchants pay off the loggers here, and the Trollwater gives access to the sea and foreign markets.

**Razorback Ridge** is on the height of land in the Jotun Forest, home to the Bleeding Moon wereboars. Most of the time, they live off the land and keep to themselves. During their full moon transformations, however, they are prone to violence, and are known to raid other parts of the forest. As such, their settlement is heavily defended, from its hill-top vantage.

**Sequoia** is the primary elven settlement, notable for being built high in the canopy of the tallest trees in the Jotun Forest. They live in harmony with nature, and worship Saren and their own ancestral spirits. As they live in the forest canopy, much of their food must be cultivated elsewhere, which makes them somewhat vulnerable.

## Intrigues

- After the last full moon, the area of cultivated land used by the

Sequoia elves for cultivation has been decimated, the torn earth covered with hooved tracks, and dung fouling the water. The Bleeding Moon wereboars claim innocence in the spiteful attack. The elves do not believe them, and they are ready to go to war against the wereboars if it happens again. Elves and orcs of Porphyra have not drawn arms against each other since before The Calling.

- The wood giants have never denied their elementalistic origins, as they rejected control of the human wizards almost from their inception. Stories from visitors to Ironbough tell of increasingly 'elemental' worship being carried out by the usually mild-tempered wood giants. Is there something they're not telling the rest of the world?

- Recently a clan of sasquatch have been sighted in the Jotun Forest. While most races consider the large, hairy creatures to be a myth, the druids have made contact with the mysterious beings. Rumors at Lathe and Ashfield say that the sasquatch have either warned the druids of an impending doom, or that they are planning to attack the camps of the woodcutters and wipe them out.

- The seasonal logging village of Woodcutter's Axe is filled with rumors about a series of woodcutters who have gone missing. Their bodies haven't been found, and the only eyewitness is an old werewolf. According to him, one of the victims was talking with a young girl wearing a red cape, telling the woodsman that she had lost her way and was looking for her grandmother.



## Kingdom of Avandrool

*"Has the Last Dancer cast us away, that we should have so carefully planned for legions of the lovely Dancing Dead, to end up with... this?" - Fela-Teli, Bishop of the Black Church*

**Capital:** Raavesh

**Settlements:** Avan (1,500), Capital metropolitan area (750,000), Drowned Cities (250,00), Kivesh (17,500), North Gate (3,000), Ramadar (12,000)

**Ruler:** King Ehren Romdhas-Poag

**Government:** Theocratic monarchy

**Races:** Gillmen, Grippli, Half-Orc, Human, Orc

**Faiths:** Rajuk Amon-Gore, Rolterra

**Resources:** Coral, copper, obsidian, seafood

**Languages:** Aboleth, Old Porphyran, Grippli

**Border Conditions:** Walled (the border of Avandrool is secured with a yellow wall 20 feet high, 10 feet thick. There are at least four copper gates that allow entry).

### History

The Kingdom of Avandrool was once a colonial part of the nameless empire that once held Tuthon, Dunmark, and northern Iskandar. Known as a lush, forested region and a bustling trade empire, everything changed when a deadly plague befell the Drooli people, a century after The Calling. Not even the king, Romdhas-Urlg survived the pestilence, thought to have been brought on by elementalists for the crime of neutrality. Fearing the spread of this plague, the neighboring realms worked together, erecting a massive wall of yellow stone to seal off Avandrool. Although several large copper gates were built into the wall to allow entry, few have ever dared to attempt access. Even with the passing of centuries, rumors still abound of the strange death that kills quickly and makes the skin burst with black nodules.

Avandrool is not an abandoned kingdom, despite its appearance. The walls which mark its borders are old and cracked, their yellow surface invaded by sickly green moss. The copper gates are also green, with corrosion. The forest, once rich with giant timbers, is now a swamp land, drowned by dark water that bubbles and oozes, the smell of decay billowing from the mire. When the

pestilence first broke out in Avandrool, a fearful people blamed witchcraft, a common enough belief in the land. While King Romdhas-Urlg cowered in his holiday palace, the secular people relented and allowed inquisitors of the Black Church, those of the Black Hood of Rajuk Amon-Gore to enter and become established. They performed a holy war upon those who worshiped patrons and vague occultism, and stemmed the tide of death somewhat.

The literal disintegration of the land, however, could not be stemmed, as the land changed, cities half-sank, and mutations of beast and bird made the realm a nightmare. Stilt-villages become prevalent as many fled the cities and the unnerving rituals of the Doom Priests. The western province, thinly populated by copper miners, was abandoned to the orcs who called the area their homeland, and is still held by the Azagor Tribe of orcs. Much of the eastern countryside was left to the grippli, who were immune to the plague; their tree-cities house thousands of the frog-men, who hunt giant insects and mostly avoid human contact.

Within a century of the Mordant Vicars' arrival, the plague itself began to change; less widespread, but more debilitating. The Black Church itself altered the plague using ancient sahuagin rituals used to exterminate the sea elves, the Blackwater plague. Their intent was to kill vast numbers of the population and have corpses prime for creating plague zombies to spread the curse of undeath across Poprhyra. Instead, the deceased reacted differently than those of the extinct elves, forming a black, shiny cocoon. After several days, the cocoon would crack open and release several dog-sized, tadpole-like creatures that would immediately seek water. Within a week's time, the 'tadpoles' would metamorphose into the black-skinned, purple-eyed, gilled humanoids known as 'mirk-dwellers'. The creatures congregated in the dark, dank sewers beneath Kivash and Raavesh, and possess base memories of their human existence... their numbers have approached two-thirds of a million. They are widely responsible for the spreading of swamplands throughout eastern Avandrool, as they tirelessly burrow through the Under-Quarters of the Drowned Cities, eventually opening up a passage to an underground freshwater sea below.

### Current Events

King Ehren Romdhas-Poag splits his time between Ramadar, indulging in his various addictions, the cur-

rent one being Vitae drugs from the Empire of the Dead, smuggled in at great expense. Royal control rarely extends farther than the household Ehren is in, but family has always controlled the secret of processing hoyati, the life-elixir that keeps trade going in the derelict state. The court has also lately taken up safari in the Hanging Fields, a vast mangrove swamp of drooping willows and moss. Chuul or catoblepas are the favored prey, but any bizarre creature will do. It is said that the ferrymen and beaters that Ehren prefers are chatteled undead, or even more blasphemous- undead grippli, the dreaded defidi.

The Black Church of Rajuk Amon-Gore is locked in a deadly struggle for control of the Drowned Cities with the mirkdwellers, whose numbers, intelligence, and influence is growing. Previously rather less than sentient, as their excavations expand and their knowledge of their remote god, the aboleth avatar the Endless Eye, as aspect of Rolterra, increases, they are becoming more a force to reckon with. Rumors of Rolterran missionaries infiltrating the country are driving the Black Bishops into a frenzy, and inquisitions and purges are reaching as far as the Hanging Fields.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Avandrool are:

**Avan** is a small, brave settlement in between the Drymarshes and the Wetmarshes, whose people trade with the grippli and venture forth to harvest coral at the Rana Reef. Other nations' ships usually avoid or chase their small boats, but those who wish to enter Avandrool usually start here after hiring one of the strangely robed ferrymen in the marshes.

The **Drowned Cities** are the territory of the mirkdwellers, who roam through the eons-old Under-Quarters, and a remnant of Droolian humans. A crude form of trade exists, with the surface people trading raw copper that trickles in from the

west for fish and copper tools from the mirkdwellers.

**Kivesh** is the location of the king's Holiday Palace, and possesses a few towers that are occupied by colonies of aberrant sorcerers, whereas Raavesh has a large temple to Rajuk Amon-Gore; the Raaveshi have less to do with the mirkdwellers, concerning themselves more with the End of Times.

**North Gate** is an old mining town established at the entrance to the old copper mines in the Inuiak Mountains. It has a high proportion of Azagor half-orcs. They manufacture copper goods of very high quality.

**Ramadar** is a far more functional city than the cursed capitals, though closed and xenophobic. Perched on a high bluff, it looks down on the ocean and the grippli tribes nearby equally. It is dominated by the Black Church, but elements of The Endless Eye are infiltrating even the heavily robed and masked citizens of this insular city. The currency of Ramadar is a type of elixir made from one's life force, a grim medium of trade indeed.

## Intrigues

- A good clerical order has recruited (or commanded) the PCs to attempt a missionary expedition beyond the copper gates, and bring new hope to the forgotten people within.
- The fallen undine people of The Rainbow Islands have communed with the elements, and foresee that bringing the 'mirkdwellers' into the light will restore their kingdom. They are commissioning ships to bring as many of them to the tropical isles as can be accomplished.
- Crude coracles bearing hideous zombie-like creatures are being towed into the mouth of the Bay of Plagues. Their vaguely orc-fish appearance suggests that the Azagor tribes are turning the Blackwater plague to good use, and may be trying to build up a fleet of their own. The necromancer that cooked up the idea must be eliminated.





## Kingdom of Iskandar

*"By Yolana's Torch, are we Skandari? Are we not men?  
Then let us fight like men, die like men, on the shores of our  
lake, and be Lions in the face of the night!"* - Iskandar the  
Golden

**Capital:** Alexandria (Seat of the Lion Throne)

**Settlements:** Aegyp'a (10,000), Alexandria (15,000), Maidenheim (7,000), New Gamien (7,000), Ran'Esheen (6,000)

**Ruler:** Lord Tiberius August the 34th

**Government:** Monarchy

**Races:** Human, Orcam

**Faiths:** Gerana, Tulis, Yolana

**Resources:** Papyrus, rice, seafood, venison

**Languages:** Common, Elf, Dwarf, Halfling, Gnome, Orc

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (a full porphyrite border lies within the kingdom)

### History

The prehistory of Iskandar is mostly lost in the mists of time, but it is known that it shared a dying world with the lands now known as the Jheriak Continuance. This noble kingdom was rescued from slow death by the goddess of history, freedom, and protection, Yolana, who brought it to Porphyra during The Calling. Iskandar was the last noble light of that world, and its namesake the last drop of heroic blood.

Iskandar was twelve years old when he killed his first man. A border raid came in the night. They were not an invading army, nor was the attack a strategic attempt to take a critical point along some tactical line. It was the simple act of wanton destruction inflicted by a group of desperate mercenaries with empty pockets, murder on their minds, and a desire to make someone else as miserable as they were. The attack began with a harrying distraction of arrow fire on the walls while they charged the gate of the town's meager palisades. Rather than break through, the gates were barred from the outside. That is when the fire began. In the panic that ensued, Iskandar's father was a beacon to the people. He rallied the militia, created a breach in the walls, held the line while those inside fled into the night and would not leave until the last made it out. He also died with an arrow in his

throat, the wound robbing him of his last words to his son.

Iskandar stood in shock over his father as he lay dead before him. Then he took up his father's blade and charged into the dark. Those that lived through the night said that the boy never cried out, he never screamed, and that when they found him in the morning, he was kneeling in the ash and mud beside his father's body, which was upon a pyre built from the bodies of a dozen men. Some say that they heard Iskandar utter a prayer to Yolana, the Truthlight, that he would be given the strength to do what his father could not do, that he would be what his father could not be, and that he would live as his father could not live.

What followed of his life varies from tale to tale, but what is written in The Divine Record is that by his death at the age of twenty-eight Iskandar had created a beacon of light in a dying world, expanding the tiny kingdom tenfold. His rule was as absolute as it was just, and those who bent the knee to the Lion of Battle did so out of respect rather than fear. The kingdom wept for a month when Iskandar died, and it was a divine mercy when Yolana took the mourning kingdom to Porphyra, so that its people had a new cause to fight towards, survival in a hostile, foreign world.

And fight they did, against an indigenous people that made up a buffer zone between Tuthon and The Northlands, though some of the fighting was mitigated by intermarriage with those Kayanoi natives who saw the noble Skandari as an improvement to being an eternal skirmish ground. The northern third of the Kingdom of Iskandar is conquered territory, though there have been no uprisings or rebellions since the second century after The Calling, and the people there are proud to call themselves Skandari. Some may grumble that Iskandar's Kingdom was placed in a contentious crossroads in a hostile land, but Yolana likely knew that from adversity springs strength.

### Current Events

When Iskandar died, he did so with no heir, and though his subjects held him in high regard, the erupting New-God Wars demanded a ruler. The kingdom's leaders that have followed Iskandar, from the first Lord Tiberius August to the current one, have sought to uphold the ideals of their beloved king. Though the efforts of the August line have expanded their Landed territories, and have

created a bastion of justice, civilization and light, it is a constant battle against those who would seek to subvert the Shining Kingdom, and being caught between sinister Tuthon and the aggressive Northlands of the Red King does not make it a simple task. To add insult to injury, the ancient enemy of the Jheriak Continuance has followed the nation here from their fading, dying world, and the blood-feud continues at a distance. The beacon of Iskandar needs constant tending to keep the flame alight.

Many pilgrims that visit the Lion Tomb (resting place of Iskandar) upon the Isle of Gisset speak of a prophecy—that one will come from the darkness to lead the people once more in Iskandar's name, and unite the entire world, the new world, the Patchwork Planet of Porphyra. The nation of Iskandar is looking for such a just crusade to give it purpose once more.

This amounts to something of a religious revival, and not just of the staid cult of Yolana; though the gods involved are primarily good, the secular government of Iskandar is a trifle worried at the implications of another holy war.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Iskander are:

**Aegypt'a** is part of old-world Iskandar, the first fruit of Iskandar the Golden's founding campaign. It holds monuments and halls ancient beyond imagining, as well as the southern ducal seat. Gerana has a large temple here that is part of the largest university in Iskandar, the Iron College. There is a cobbled highway—the Scorpion Road—between the old city and its modern Port of Ae.

**Alexandaria**, on the shores of the Lake of Torches, is over a thousand years old, and still redolent of the cult of personality that grew up around Iskandar. The church of Yolana is strong here, with the twin-towered Temple of Memory serving as the capitol and home of the latest Lord Tiberius August. The Yolanites have a strong hand in the policy-making and ruling of the nation proper, and always have.

**Madienheim** is the northern ducal seat, a city conquered from the indigenous Northlander people, and their bloodline is still strong here. The bluff and hearty Maidenheimers' raise tame deer in this region, the national delicacy and staple.

**New Gamien** holds to the military tradition of Iskandar, watchful of the fearsome Red Host of the nearby

Northlands, who wiped out the original Camp Gamien; the first loss of the Iskandari on Porphyra. As the sacrifice of Camp Gamien saved the larger nation, Gaminers worship Tulis as well as Yolana, and keep sacred cattle on the grounds of the western ducal seat manor. Port Gam is a military harbor, and patrols the northern Lost Sea.

**Ran'Esheen** sits in the eastern duchy, as ordinary a city as one could hope to live in, protected from the troubles of the world by the capital to the south. It is also quite cosmopolitan, boasting many racial quarters and districts for intrepid dwarves, elves, gnomes and even erkunae and saurians.

## Intrigues

- It seems that the threat to the west, the Red King, is finally negotiating for a lasting peace and set of locks through the Lake of the Watchers to the Sea of Ithreia. Does Tiberius trust the Northlanders? No.
- Calls from the western marches of Iskandar are going out for teams of scouts to report on The Red Host to the east. Troop numbers, armory contents, movement patterns, all are worth good pay from the Iskandari military. What is the Red King up to?
- A drunkard was found dead in a tavern in New Gamien, hardly worth noting except that it is said that he had a missive in his possession that detailed an assassination plot against Lord August.
- After a particularly violent overnight storm, the morning found the Lion Tomb door open and the remains of Iskandar gone. The Keepers are desperate to maintain a facade of normalcy until they can be located by an outside, discreet party.



## Last Kingdom

*"From the plains we came, to achieve mastery over the mountains- until we learned that truth can raise the former, and lay low the latter."* - The First Truth of the Kingdom

**Capital:** Unity

**Settlements:** Discord (350), Gemport (1,000), H'sing Rao (5,000), Teng Rai (2,000), Unity (18,000)

**Ruler:** The Fivefold Truths

**Government:** Gerontocracy

**Races:** Human, Kitsune, Ratfolk, Samsaran, Tengu, Tiefling (Onispawn)

**Faiths:** Kurofu the Shadow, Neria, Paletius, Shade, Shankhil, Tulis

**Resources:** Art, gems, textiles

**Languages:** Giant, Samsaran (Samsariyu), Sylvan, Tengu

**Border Conditions:** Limited (the porphyrite fields act as a natural godswall)

### History

The title of this mountainous nation can be seen as both a prophecy and a warning. The great Shogun Toshiro "Old Crane", holder of the Rising Sun Banner of the human tribes of the Lotus Blossom Steppes across the Bay of Jade, announced that "When the new land across the green waters has its first king, then it shall indeed be the Last Kingdom on this world." Those were his last words on the Steppes, before his fleet of tribesmen and tengu servitors made their colonization journey. It stuck in the minds of the colonists as they strove to make a land that included the contemplation of all viewpoints and potentialities.

The colonists landed in the Shadowlands, a region of broken hill and mountain-borne storm. They immediately clashed with the races of oni that haunted the area, and their oni-spawn and ratfolk underlings. The oni, led by a Dark shogun of great martial skill, waged constant, vicious war against the first settlement, nearly overrunning it on several occasions. If not for the whimsical kitsune, who lived on the other side of the Rai-tao Mountains, the Last Kingdom would have breathed its last.

The kitsune bravely sent emissaries to the forces of the other four races warning of the approach of an elemental fleet, the expelled forces of the dying Al'Mahk

Empire from the south, across the Opal Sea. The genie-powered ships, crewed by giants and elemental-kin with nothing to lose, were described with such poetic and powerful detail that the five races ceased their squabbling, and actually came to a consensus. They selected the oldest and wisest among them, from the ugliest, scarred oni-spawn to the whitest furred kitsune, and bade them tell the unified group what to do. The advice from the old ones was nothing but truth: Five Truths.

- Pray to the gods for deliverance.
- Send the strongest to meet the strong.
- Use the land to your advantage.
- Flee if you cannot fight.
- Use your enemy's confidence to your advantage.

That the Truths were the summation of the philosophies of the human, oni, kitsune, ratfolk and tengu races was not lost on the Saigoto. The assault came the next day, with balls of pitch and elemental fire burning defending positions. The evil, but determined oni suffered greatly, but met the first wave of attackers in a terrible clash. Most of the spirit-giants met their end, and indeed are rare even in the Shadowlands today. The shock action allowed the other races to draw the invaders into their own lands, and fight a guerilla war that wore down the attackers. The prayers of the elders, in their far-off mountain retreat, were then answered.

As if the universe itself was decreeing that their new-found unity was too precious to lose, the sky opened up and the 'Rain of Heaven' started to fall. This rain of raw, magical porphyrite saved the kingdom, wiped out the elemental attackers, and sealed the isthmus to the Dry Peninsula, allowing the new nation to develop on its own, a coalition of five unlikely races, the Saigoto, who made the top of the heavens, Unity, their capital and spiritual center.

### Current Events

Since the formation of the Last Kingdom, it has prospered due to its unusually strong spirit of acceptance and cooperation. There are no castes or classes among the people, with the sole exception of the Virtuous Monasteries. Those who abandon all worldly ways and train as monks and sage-priests are regarded as enlightened beings superior to other citizens. Only these wise ones can serve in Unity as members of the Five Truths or its



advising body.

The Five Truths, one elder from each race, rule and guide the people of the Last Kingdom and keep their representative race's traditions alive. The word of the Truths, once voted and upon decided, is law, and their decrees are written on enchanted wind-chimes that hang all over Unity. As the years have passed, these musical edicts hang on every building in the city. The citizens call themselves Lastfolk, which in their dialect of Samsariyu is Saigoto.

While the Last Kingdom enjoys peace few others can even imagine, there are cracks in the peaceful façade. Crime still exists (the tieflings and ratfolk are not entirely docile) and their nation is not completely cut off from the world. More specifically, the Last Kingdom has had to deal with Mâlite raiders along its hilly western cape for decades. As a result, the Last Kingdom has an advanced naval force and excellent, if almost entirely defensive ground soldiers.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Last Kingdom are:

**Discord** is a new settlement, little more than a village comprised of those citizens who have begun questioning their societies' traditions. The Five Truths do not force their teachings on others, but their tolerance has its limits.

**Gemport** is a pretty little place, overlooking the green waters of the Bay of Jade. Mindful of its dark predecessor, Blackport, beauty is the rule here, and the junks that make their way into the bay are in all shades of the rainbow. Kitsune are more than half the port's population.

**H'sing Rao** was founded very early in the kingdom's history. It houses the Shrine of Many Paths, a multid denominational that embraces the worship of all of the New Gods. The patron of H'sing Rao is Neria, who provides visions of the other gods to enlighten its citizens.

**Teng Rai** exists as a living riddle, a monastic enclave built one building at a time against the side of a cliff face more than six hundred feet above the Rai River. Its buildings are connected by rope bridges and narrow walkways. Though Teng Rai is the largest, it

is not the only monastery in the nation, and its graduates are respected for their skill and wisdom. Recently samsarans have begun to appear in number around Teng Rai.

**Unity** is a temple city with rings of villages around it, all built atop the peak of the kingdom's tallest mountain. It is the capital of the Last Kingdom, and the center of culture, wisdom, and learning, revered by all Saigoto. Any visitor to the Last Kingdom is directed to come to Unity as the approval of the attendant Five Truths is an endorsement that will open any door in the land.

## Intrigues

- Though the power of the oni was broken during the NewGod War invasion, the numbers of oni-spawn tieflings moving north has military-minded Saigoto worried. Are their demonic erstwhile masters returning to the Shadowlands?
- A cadre of revolutionary bards and Tulite oracles has been stirring up trouble on the south shore. Is it possible to stop or hinder them without resorting to slaughter? Martyrs are even worse than revolutionaries...
- Hill giants from The Steadings with amulets made of porphyrite have begun to raid farms around Hsing Rao and the river delta. The mystery of where they got them from is worth sending an investigative party used to dealing with these powerful brutes.



## Lotus Blossom Steppes

*“The New Moon is a symbol of eternal renewal, eternal destruction; even the gods themselves should see the lesson there...”* – Thukten, samsaran genealogist

**Capital:** Mobile City of Um

**Settlements:** Asp Fortress (800), Green Bay (500), Mobile City of Um (125), The Nest (475), Stone Ford (700), Three Pillars (2,300)

**Ruler:** Khan Tiikeri “Claw of Anger”

**Government:** Tribal chiefdom

**Races:** Half-Rakshasa, Human, Nagaji, Polkan, Samsaran, Tengu

**Faiths:** Ithreia, Kamus, Paletius

**Resources:** Cattle, horses, leather

**Languages:** Draconic, Samsaran (Samsariyu), Sylvan

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (a full porphyrite border surrounds the Lung Plateau to the west)

### History

The steppes have always been and always will be a sea of grass across which the herds travel. What the herds in the northern sector of the Dry Peninsula are composed of has expanded and changed over the ages. Paletius, The All-Seeing Eye, saw the empty plains as a place for his chosen Lung people to expand and grow great upon, and brought them there with The Calling. His hopes to avoid war were futile, though, as the scattered half-rakshasa that wandered the plains made resistance, ironically unallied with the elementalists of the south.

With their thralls, the polkans, they harried the emergent hordes of the New Khan, but were all but exterminated in the Lotus War, which changed the landscape with battling magics, changed in odd and unexpected ways.

The most visible of the changes was revealed after the rains that fell in the wake of the war, as there were thousands of ponds scattered across the steppes and all of them, it seemed, were home to lotus flowers in seemingly endless variation. It is from this occurrence in times of legend, that the steppes gained their current name. The political history of the steppes is a never-ending litany of shifting alliances, battles and betrayals, with

the occasional great leader of exceptional ability rising like Paletius’ sun to unite the tribes. When this happens, great events occur, like Shogun Toshiro “Old Crane” leading the Rising Sun Banner across the Bay of Jade to colonize The Last Kingdom, or when Khan Gengau “Fist of Fire” plundered Irontown under the Red King’s nose. When these monumental leaders die, however, the nation breaks back down into squabbling tribes.

The steppes have also ended up as a place for people displaced by their homelands for many different reasons, coming to lose themselves in the nomadic hordes. The exception is the polkan, ancient race of manhorses, who have prospered after winning their freedom when their half-rakshasa masters were put down. They proudly take no sides in tribal conflicts, though heroic individuals might do so.

### Current Events

The Steppes are a dangerous place, for nearly a thousand years after the Lotus War, a child of the terrible rakshasa is the Grand Khan, chief of chiefs. Khan Tiikeri is leader of the Tiger Banner, and has a well-deserved reputation as a cunning leader. He holds his power through military and diplomatic favors owed him by other chiefs and hetmans, some of whom are deeply in his debt. His tiger-riders seek to direct the tribes into aggression outside the Steppes, with varying degrees of success.

The polkan are divided into three major herds, with several sub-herds, and dominate the north-east, near the Wyrms’ Quarter, and sometimes accompany dragonslayers into that dire place. They do their best to take votes on important issues, but often resort to accepting noisy tyrants when they need to get things done, or go to war.

The human tribes are organized under the Ten Banners of the Horse, all interrelated and prone to squabbling. While the most numerous, they are also the least organized and most likely to fall out among themselves.

Nagaji follow the Banner of the Cobra and ride giant lizards and snakes across the steppes, settling into defensive encampments at night. Though they dominate the area around Asp Fortress, their winter hibernation camp, they seek to return to the area known as the Wyrms’ Quarter, which came to Porphyra a segregated land. They are always seeking allies for a mission to re-conquer that homeland, but get few takers. Freeporters have an irrational fear of nagaji that is well known.

The samsaran, cultural paragons of the Landed hu-

mans, ride under the Banner of the New Moon and use their unique tie to their past lives to spiritually enhance their mounts, hounds, and hawks. The Banner of the New Moon is allowed safe passage through most other areas, as they follow a mystical path that the other tribes respect. They are often approached for advice on matters magical and spiritual, for they do not typically get involved in politics. Some samsarans now venerate Ithreia, exasperated at the competitive natures of the human tribes.

The tengu, natives to ancient Lung ‘The Dragon Plateau’, are newcomers to the steppe and are still considered outsiders. They are trying to find a place in Steppes culture, and have been serving as mercenary scouts and swordsmen with the other tribes.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Lotus Blossom Steppes are:

**Asp Fortress**, the winter home of the followers of the Cobra Banner, is built on a low bluff that contains several deep wells, it is not the most impressive of fortresses, but the slopes are seeded with simple traps to hinder attack. The nagaji carry on a brisk trade with the Sikoyan nomads of the treeless tundra to the north.

**Green Bay** is a small port town on the Bay of Jade, remarkable as the offloading place for trade goods to and from the Steppes. Its culture is more similar to that of the Last Kingdom, as it was Shogun Toshiro’s birthplace and social genesis.

The **Mobile City of Um**, an innovation of the Khan Tiikeri, has the most important yurts mounted on wagons, to be set up and taken down quickly. The entire city can cover miles in a day, and is moved to wherever the Tiger Banner needs to be seen.

**The Nest** is perched on the side of the Lung Plateau, an aerial town built from materials scavenged near and far. It serves as the central hub- and final fallback- for the tengu as they explore their new land.

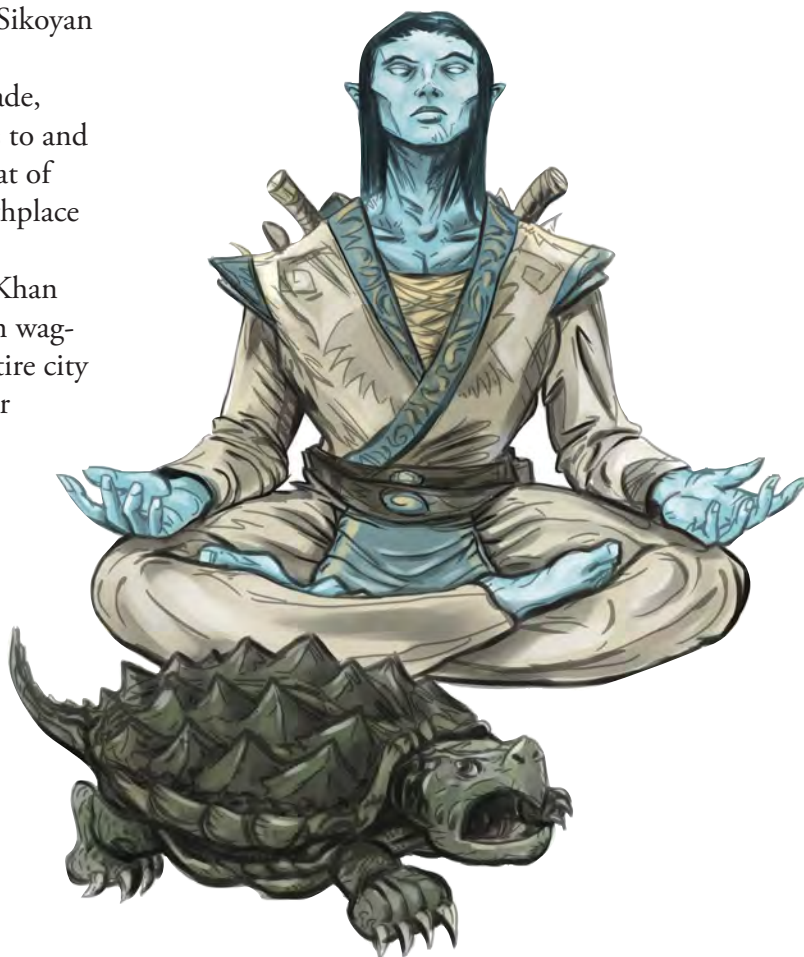
**Stone Ford** is a main trade town on the south border of the Steppe, maintained by the Pale Horse tribe. It serves as a gateway for goods and people to and from the north, and is a good place to hire guides and mounts for exploration of lands beyond.

**Three Pillars** is the largest trade town in the steppe, built on the site of a group of ancient

ruins- so ancient that only three pillars survive. It is here that most internal trade takes place, and it is a lively place, with much entertainment and no small number of fights.

## Intrigues

- A samsaran seer has seen the PCs in a vision, and has come to them for help in identifying and defeating a spiritual threat emanating from the Plateau of Lung. Refusal will mean being marked as anathema to all the tribes of the Steppe.
- Unusual animals, many present on the Steppe, are much in demand in the zoos, arenas, and armories of lands far from the Dry Peninsula. Giant snakes, war tigers, yaks, buffalo are only a few that would bring a pretty penny.
- Il-Khan Teharis, 3rd heir to Tiikeri, is putting out a call for brave adventurers to take the Challenge of the Wurm. Do you dare throw your sword into the Ring of Acceptance?





## Middle Kingdoms

### Geranland, Pium, Rotwald, Vinterre

*"Oh children of the True Arbitress, Gods-fearing men! Victory is ours this day, over the forces of the elements themselves! There is nothing greater than us, here now; Rejoice!"*

- Codion Unus II, after the Battle of Siwath

**Capital:** Sanctus Templum

**Settlements:** Belle Ville (45,000), Dark Mill (2,000), Klemt (7,000), Mazino (6,500), Nachtburg (50,000), Port Kamar (8,000), Sanctus Templum (75,000), Thame (60,000), Senthe (12,000), Sowmoor (10,000), Vulfberg (11,000), Weston (6,000)

**Ruler:** Codion Vindcitine VIII

Pium – Regent Marcus Gedacius

Vinterre – King Tonerre XXII

Geranland – King Arturus the Bald

Rotwald – King Groot von Stern

**Government:** Feudalist Theocracy

**Races:** Aasimar (Geralite), Avood, Human, Qit'ar

**Faiths:** Gerana, Lyvalia, Rolterra

**Resources:** Agriculture, livestock, lumber, wine

**Languages:** Common, Celestial

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (a full porphyrite border surrounds the Middle Kingdoms)

## History

The region known as the Middle Kingdoms came from a world very different from Porphyra. The people of this land came from a world inhabited almost exclusively by humans, though outsiders and summoned races did plague the land. It was not a particularly easy world, but the lords and ladies that resided there had the goddess Gerana to ease their woes. The word of the True Arbitress in the Divine Record was ministered to the people by a single great church that rightfully spread to every corner of the land. No king's law was greater than Gerana's, nor was any king's power greater than the Codion-vessel of Her word.

Of course, not all of the Middle Kingdoms' people were so fortunate to receive Lady Justice's blessings, for this was a feudal society. The might of each land was built from the hierarchical components of royalty,

clergy, aristocracy, military, freedmen and, at the bottom, serfdom. Certainly the church shared Her words with the working classes, but it was "by her grace" that their lords could feed and protect them. After all, such men would not be given power over others if they were not so chosen by Gerana herself. Such were the bleak terms of a serf's life.

Yet Gerana was not ignorant of how her priests interpreted her word. When the orcs and elves of Porphyra called for gods to grace their lands, Lady Justice was inspired with a divine plan. She came to Porphyra in The Calling, and brought with her the four nations most in need of a lesson in ecumenism and racial and social equality; Geranland, Pium, Vinterre, and Rotwald. In the middle of fractious wars themselves, the Middle Kingdoms were not prepared for what Porphyra had in store for them.

On this new world, the humans were surrounded by many races, and the balance of the New Gods, peers of Gerana. Almost immediately, the forces of the Midlanders found themselves embroiled in the conflicts of the NewGod Wars, attacked by genies, giants, elementals and their kin - and their human, but hostile leaders; Ghadabi, Siwathu, and Simooni as regular troops and fanatical zendiqi. Harrowing battles such as The Siege of Greencastle, the undead assault at the Field of Bones, and the first turning of the tide at the gates of Sanctus Templum itself - the Day of Graves, all called upon the blood, steel and nerve of Midlanders to fight for the right of the pious to exist. Fortunately, their great numbers and ardent faith in Gerana guided the four kingdoms' knights through the NewGod War.

When the conflicts finally came to an end, the Middle Kingdoms had changed in three ways. First and foremost, the True Arbitress' divine plan came to pass, as She relinquished her influence on the serfs in favor of Rolterra, the Boundless One. Now, the disenfranchised were no longer happy with their lot, but whisper and pass the word of uprisings against the nobility. Secondly, the nobility of the four kingdoms grew to hate non-human races, seeing them at the least as responsible for their shaky exile from their previous - though no better- world. At worst they are felt to be evil abominations not fit to live on the clean earth. Lastly, and sadly an accepted consequence to her plan, a secret faith began to spread among the highest orders of the land, even her own church; Lyvalia the Throne-Shadow began to whisper her twisted







council to the morally weak who hold power.

## Current Events

Though the Middle Kingdoms are largely held to be the most powerful nation on Porphyra, there has been much strife in this paragon of civilization. Serf uprisings are increasing in number, and it is costing the lives of more soldiers to stamp out the heretical dissension. This poses a problem for the allied nations who have rallied under the divine guidance of Codion Gaius Vindictine VIII, who is encouraging his sub-kings to the brink of war against the surrounding nations tainted with non-humans. The king of each nation fears to argue with the Church of Gerana, for doing so would risk excommunication, which would cause the other three rivals to turn their lances on the heretics. To add more confusion to the mix, Codion Vindictine becomes more under the control of the whisperers of Lyvalia every day.

Though trade in the Middle Kingdoms is brisk, with demand for Vinterre wine, Rotwald lumber, Geranlander crops, and marble from Pium, there are many situations of interest in the countryside:

- The forbidden Forest of the Qit'ar is becoming less forbidden, as trade routes from the Catmen of Olthar pass directly past Senthe.
- The Great Quarry of the Dome-Low hills is agitating for annexation by Vinterre, as Pium taxation on use of the Stone Canal is exorbitant.
- The Hundred Villages of Geranland, seen as iconic Midlanders, are starting to depopulate for independent homesteads on the Moors.
- The ambitious cities of Rotwald are agitating for permission to build a new community on Lake Kor, which has been the private site of noble villas for years.
- The monks of the Silent Monastery have sent emissaries to all capital cities, communicating by hands that dedication to Law is at an all-time low in the nation, and they will not stand by.

All in all, the situation is ripe for change in the Middle Kingdoms, ten centuries after The Calling, and a change in power in this large, powerful nation could change the face of at least half of Porphyra, if not the entire planet. The nobility is not willing to see the problem, wrapped up in their own decadence and power struggles, the



## Rolterra has made gains with the serfs of the Middle Kingdoms

clergy is secretive and divided, the serfs are rallying to different gods and demagogues at every turn - but there is sure to be a coin or two to be made when all the dust settles.

A legacy of the NewGod Wars and The Middle Kingdom's hand in the Deist victory over the Porphyran Elementalists is their para-imperialist Serenity Guard, a branch of the Codionic Knights. Under the emblem of the Dove, these ambassador-warriors watch over defeated Elementalist region-nations and have broad powers of interference, centuries after the Treaty of Siwath.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Middle Kingdoms are:

**Belle Ville**, capital of Vinterre is a city of splendor and high society, second richest in wealth only to Sanctus Templum. The wealthy nobility of the city enjoy lives of opulence while their serfs toil in squalor. The Middle Kingdoms have seen many great works of art come out of Belle Ville, and bards from all over the world come there to make their fortunes.

**Dark Mill** is a small lumber town in Rotwal notable only for the prevalence of non-humans and non-sanctioned magics practiced, for which the industry is a convenient cover.

**Klemt**, preferred port of Nachtburg products, is in direct competition with the Codion-sanctioned port of Kamar. Klemt is rife with smugglers, Rolterran operatives, and contraband.



**Mazino**, lonely city in the northern hills, processes much of the raw foodstuffs of the farms of Vinterre, and has many wineries, almost as many as Belle Ville. Mazino still bears many of the fortifications of the NewGod Wars, as it was the fallback position after Greencastle fell, so long ago.

**Nachtburg** lies deep within the Forest of Rotwald, and is the capital of that kingdom. Known throughout the Middle Kingdoms as being far too lenient on the serfs, it is city of industry and trade. Guild shops line the streets, and competition between the organized guilds is sharp and often fractious. Foreign lords may mock Nachtburg for allowing the commoners to accrue wealth and status, but unlike the foolish Thamemen, the local nobility see profit in their methods. It is no accident that serf uprisings are much lower in Rotwald than in other kingdoms.

**Port Kamar** is sanctioned and rigidly controlled by the Codion's people, both sanctioned and in secret, a nest of Lyvalian treachery and spies sent to all nearby nations. The naval fleet of the Middle Kingdoms makes port here regularly, from their patrols of the Bay of Sphinxes.

**Sanctus Templum**, capital of Pium, and center of the church of Gerana, is by far the richest city in the Four Kingdoms, and perhaps the whole of Poprhyra. Long ago, when Gerana's faith was spreading over Porphyra, the churches of Pium lent huge sums of money to other lands that wanted Geranite temples, and established them as money-lending institutions, ostensibly for the needy. In years of peace, these loans have been paid back fourfold, making Sanctus indeed the 'City of Gold'. The city's piety has also been held up as an icon for other nations - the question is, to which deity?

**Thame** is built upon grand bridges across the River Lon, and is city of learning, the seat of King Arturus, a (once) great warrior. Many vine-covered institutes of learning are established in its towers, even the prudent study of wizardry.

**Senthe** is a cosmopolitan town that does brisk trade with Hesteria and the strange folk of the Birdman Mountains. Exotic liquors and drugs are the trademark of Senthe, and the aristocracy are perpetually intoxicated.

**Sowmoor**, an insular town of unattractive people, hosts a large garrison to watch the southern border, and the threats out of the Salt Swamp and Yrwood. The 'Treasure Hunters' Guild has a large headquarters here, to supply the adventurous and fleece the gullible.

**Vulfberg** is a dynamic city with a bad reputation. As busy and industrious as it is in the day, at night the windows are shuttered and doors locked against the whispered threat of werewolves and other fabled creatures of death and blood in the night. That the targets of such boogies are typically troops out of Sanctus Templum never seems to make it into the stories that are told.

**Weston** sees a lot of trade in ores and minerals out of Nor-Du-Mag, and has a very large smelting facility. Non-humans are not welcome here, nor are the haughty northerners of Thame and their worldly ways.

## Intrigues

- An acolyte of a local countryside temple to Gerana seeks aid in investigating the Archbishop of the region. He believes that his superior has fallen to the lies of Lyvalia, the Whispering Counselor. Rooting out a cell of the Throne-Shadow will be difficult, if not impossible.
- Whispers run rampant in the village taverns of Vinterre. The time quickly approaches that the serfs will raise arms against the nobility. A lone rebel comes to the PCs pleading for help to postpone the attack, claiming the knighthood is already aware of the plan. Driven by passion, none of the conspirators listen but will the PCs?
- The ancient ruins of Greencastle are often haunted by runaway serfs cum bandits, pockets of hunted humanoids, and cells of cultists forbidden by the Church. Young Midlanders and even youth from other nearby nations cut their teeth exploring the ruins, and some even find interesting items or a stake in recovered loot to start their careers as adventurers in the larger world of Porphyra.
- Some amazing sights are said to be seen at the High Nexus, an elemental portal from which water flows to supply the Sen, Lon and West Rivers, not to mention Lakes Kor and Gerana. Its proximity to the extra-dimensional Wall of Sleep can generate any imaginable vision or appearance, and usually stays in the realm of dream... When the PCs visit for the first time, though, it could be the moment of a bubble of weird extra-planar creatures breaks through, and have to be hunted down in the unprepared countryside. The weird beings include: akata, cacodaemons, protean voidworms, small to medium elementals, food dogs, or even dretch demons!

## Morah'Silvanath

*"When Colothoria died, the old way of the elves died, by the most ironical way... that abomination, that... 'tree'..."* - Molgorian Spruceye, Colothor advisor-wizard

**Capital:** None

**Settlements:** Heartroost (7,000), Pestilence (2,000)

**Ruler:** Silvanath tribal leaders; King Rezarian the Black rules the remnant Colothorians

**Government:** Tribalism, Monarchy

**Races:** Elf, Kech

**Faiths:** Enor Ashlord, Kurofu the Shadow, Lord Grunzol Firestorm, Lyvalia, Rolterra, Saren, S'sluun the Naga Empress

**Resources:** Herbalism, woodcraft

**Languages:** Auran, Elven, Sylvan

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (a double-strength porphyrite border surrounds Morah'Silvanath)

### History

When the elves helped summon the New Gods to Porphyra they were not immune to the devastation that they caused. The scrublands elves of Theriar suffered in particular when a piece of the god Saren's old world manifested directly on top of the city of Colothoria, their greatest settlement and the seat of the elemental sorcerers who ruled their empire. The city was shattered, the lands around it displaced into a ring of jagged hills and mountains that time has done little to soften, shot through with the ancient ruins – and treasures – of lost Colothoria. The piece of Saren's world that He brought to Porphyra is Morah'Silvanath, the World Tree, a tree of such colossal size and aspect that it staggers comprehension. Miles across at the base, it spears into the sky to the height of a mountain – so high that among its upper branches the air gets thin, and special magic or natural adaptation is needed to reach the very top.

The gigantic tree is ringed around by the Canta'Silvanath mountains- the remains of Colothoria – and beyond them a circle of porphyrite fields where the purple crystal stands low and thick, a formidable godswall. Between the porphyrite ring and the trunk of the Tree itself lie many miles of Shadelands: areas where the shadow of the great tree never lifts. Touched by the divine power of Saren, the Shadelands are home to every

kind of fungus known to scholars, and grown to surprising size. Intelligent fungal creatures prowl amid the mushrooms, as do the inheritors of Colothoria – vengeful, embittered elves who have grown pale and thin in the shade of Morah'silvanath and would do anything to topple the great tree if they could.

The 'Inheritors' are not the only elves in the district... When the World Tree arrived in Porphyra it came with its own compliment of inhabitants, including the primal Silvanath elves who live on, in and around the Tree and worship Saren exclusively. The Silvanath at the base are the most 'civilized' to external perceptions, tolerant of outsiders but hardly welcoming. As an explorer ascends the Tree the Silvanath become progressively more barbaric and aggressive. Only elves may traverse the height of the Tree with something approaching safety, and even they are not guaranteed passage among the highest branches.

The Tree does have other, friendlier inhabitants. The kech, for example. Kech can be found everywhere, and will help those visitors who respect the Tree, and pay them off. If they don't, they will happily eat them. Aid may also be gained from the harpies and the harpidites, their half-breed offspring; everyone knows they are not to be trusted, but the harpies always seem to have exactly what the traveler is looking for when they open the bargaining.

### Current Events

The World Tree is notable for its local gravity – wherever one stands, 'down' is towards the nearest branch, with larger branches exerting a greater pull than smaller ones, and the trunk exerting the greatest pull of all. This strange effect allows those who live on the Tree to construct settlements around the places where branches split off and make good use of all the available space. It also creates surprising pockets of distorted gravity out where the branches are thin and close together- which the kech and harpies are adept at using to perform dramatic maneuvers in combat.

The elves of Silvanath are an isolationist lot, content to live in harmony with the World Tree and never interact with the other inhabitants of the world. They have, however, the greatest selection of natural products derived from bark, wood, and leaves of the great Tree, which makes them a key destination of merchants. They have a pressing problem with the inheritors of Colothoria at

the base of the Tree and under the roots, which draws occasional mercenaries and other heroes. Previously known as equestrians and craftsmen, the Colothorians have changed greatly over the centuries since the arrival of the New Gods. They are stalkers and murderers, poison-coated knives in the darkness, adept at refining the fungi of the Shadelands into all sorts of compounds both beneficial and baneful. They wage a constant war against the Silvanath and, while the Silvanath outnumber the Colothorians many times over, they are divided by clan loyalties and other concerns - the Colothorians have little to distract them from their single-minded pursuit of vengeance.

The other two prominent races of the World Tree, the kech and the harpies, have their own approaches to the conflict. The kech are servile and subservient, hiding their true minds, but are known by the less gullible to be fawning parasites who will take advantage of any slight weakness to the 'leaf-monkeys' benefit. The harpies are more honest in their manipulation, playing both sides against the middle, selling their services as spies and mercenaries to all factions.

## Settlements

The major settlements in Morah'Silvanath are:

**Heartroost** is the only settlement of notable size constructed on the World Tree, a tangled and confusing city of wood and leaves, grown from the tree itself to make best use of its selective gravity. It is theoretically controlled by a council of elder harpies, but their hands-off approach to rulership, their ever-shifting intrigues, and their extended families make it a lawless place. The fact of Heartroost's unique permanency does, however, make it the center of trade and politics on Morah'Silvanath - a position the harpies would do much to hold onto.

**Pestilence** is the only large settlement in the Shadelands, resembling a fortified camp that stayed in one place long enough to put down roots. This is the home of the inheritors of Colothoria, where Rezarian the Black lays his schemes and nurses his hate, where the displaced Porphyran elves who still venerate the Elemental Lords are raised to loathe the tree that blocks out the sun. This is where they learn the arts of swordplay and poisoncraft from elders with centuries of experience on both. No kech or Silvanath are permitted in Pestilence, and the occasional visiting harpidite is only tolerated for the intelligence they bring. Other races are allowed but not

encouraged.

## Intrigues

- The Canta'Silvanath mountains are rich with treasure-filled ruins from the golden age of Colothoria, just waiting to be claimed from ancient traps, magical guardians, and bitter inheritor elves. If ruins aren't attractive, the Tree itself has interbranch wildernesses with wonders to stumble on, as well.
- A group of foreign sword-blade diplomats could be just what the two factions of elves need for peace. Unifying the Silvanath and the Colothorians would be a monumental task, especially with the opportunistic harpies to deal with, but if successful, bards would sing their names for millennia.
- A less-than-savory employer the harpies might be, but they are rather wealthy, and if their whims and tasks are fulfilled, who knows where an agent of the Daughters of Ithreia might end up? Outside of the kettle, that is...





# Mount Xoa

*"The Road is...about the Road, you know. You know, The Road!"* - Mykas Tarth, sub-priest of Vortain

**Capital:** Sojourn

**Settlements:** Sojourn (5,000), Waytown (1,000), Zenith (rumored)

**Ruler:** Finegar Dustyfoot, Lord Mayor of Sojourn

**Government:** local only

**Races:** Dwarf, Gnome, Human

**Faiths:** Kamus, Linium, Rolterra, Veiloaria, Vortain

**Resources:** Extradimensional trade, godmetals (adamantine, granite, hellstone, mawine, uliun), metals (gold, silver)

**Languages:** Common, Dwarf, Gnome

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (a porphyrite border, surrounding the mountain proper and a 1 mile corridor to a wharf on the Arm of Parl)

## History

When Veiloaria entered Porphyra after the Calling, she merely walked down from the heights of Mount Xoa, which she brought (or some say, created spontaneously) with her from her previous travels. The crossroads spoken of in legend, where the Eternal Traveler calmly rebuffed two aggressive gods, was probably one of the many descending from The Great Road of Mount Xoa. Indeed, this gently sloped, but titanic mountain, the most massive on Porphyra, is encircled by a wide, well-kept road from top to bottom. No sentient beings came with Mount Xoa, but in the millennia since its arrival, many have taken up the challenge of the Road, and some have stayed and settled in its environs. Their reason for coming: the Road is not ordinary road, and Mount Xoa is no ordinary mountain.

The length of the Road seems far out of proportion with its appearance, and the frequent caves and entrances into the Mount itself seem too often lead to places that are not exactly on Porphyra...

To travel The Great Road is to adventure, encountering people and things of astonishing variety, overcoming peril and conflict between those who would profit from the mountain's uniqueness. Though humans bear the most fascination with Mount Xoa, dwarves have

sought to plunder the minerals within the mountain, and Veiloaria seems to tolerate their diggings. Gnomes love the endless variety on the mountain as well, and have taken on the role of chroniclers and mappers of Mount Xoa, regardless of the persistent impression that the mountain slowly changes its appearance, nature, and direction over time. The most basic quest on Mount Xoa is the reaching of Zenith, the fabled City of Gems said to exist on the mountain's mist-shrouded top, but accessing the myriad cave/portals on the upper reaches is also a common goal of adventurers. Though the weather on Mount Xoa is commonly mild for such a tall peak, flight is notoriously difficult, a phenomenon called "Veil's Wind" and accepted with the characteristic shrug and smile of Roadians, the self-given 'national' name of those who live and walk on the The Great Road of Mount Xoa.

## Current Events

Behavior on The Great Road is governed loosely by the Rules of the Road, a code of conduct meant to keep some degree of peace and comportment on the mountain. The Rules basically state:

1. Up-mountain has right-of-way over down-mountain, in all affairs.
2. Blocking the road is forbidden.
3. Speak Common or keep your mouth shut.
4. Truth is the honorable way; if you can't be trusted, get off the road.
5. Robbing is for the weak, make your own find.

There are more, less official Rules, but these define behavior on The Road.

The Mayoralty of Sojourn (see below) is coming to term, and Finegar Dustyfoot is actually going up for re-election, astounding most residents of that rough-and-tumble town. Mutterings are afoot that he is too 'flatbound' to run the show, but no one can argue with his policies for improving the food supply of Sojourn. There are several contenders, and things are likely to get ugly.

Up-Waytown dwarves, known for their zealous obedience of Linium, are becoming more and more reluctant to trade in Waytown, and thus more isolated. Racial tensions are rising, much to the delight of the clerics and adherents of Kamus, who seem to be on Mount Xoa is

ever-increasing numbers.

Another spate of ‘Zenners’, those who claim to have made it to Zenith, are being seen on The Road these days; the current bunch refuse to enter Waytown or Sojourn, and all seem to be universally mad. Experienced Roadians shrug and smile and say, “That’s what you get on The Road,” but some are worried that it is bad for business - especially with down Waytown mines increasing production.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Mount Xoa are:

**Sojourn** is a town trying to be many things; international face of Mount Xoa, (the border a mere score of miles away) food provider for up-mountain, (difficult on the dusty foothills) and fence and broker both for wonders found on The Great Road. Very much a frontier town, the successive mayors of Sojourn have tried to focus the populace on being like any other good-sized community, but have always failed to eclipse the allure of The Great Road. The current, and possibly recurrent mayor, Finergan Dustyfoot, has been a breath of fresh air, probably because of his halfling sensibilities. Knives have been used as voting tools in Sojourn before, though. The largest Flower and Compass hostel on Porphyra is in Sojourn, and is the only one to use the title, ‘Veiloaria’s Favorite’; if the rumor exists that hasn’t been heard in Veiloaria’s Favorite, it hasn’t been thought of yet.

**Waytown** is as far from Sojourn as “Until you get there,” a rather variable distance. This variability has been the downfall of some travelers on The Road, as charity is not always forthcoming for the shortsighted, unless you wish the charity of Kamusian slavers, Vortainian dealers, or Rolterran press-gangs. The population of Waytown is also fluid, and the shops along Way Street, which does not block The Road, change owners frequently. There are no illusions of Waytown’s status as a frontier town, and the minimal peace and order there is maintained by long-suffering Xia clerics, who come as hardship duty from lighter work on the Upper Road.

**Zenith** is a rumor that has persisted since the NewGod wars, when the First Sword of the Keshite Steelidun led a group of his finest warriors and their concubines on a mission to the top, and, a few months later, a small team came down with fist-sized gems, shards of a strange egg (still on display in Sojourn) and tales of a town that could, on a rare, clear day, see a large part of the entire

planet. Less than two-hands worth of further trips to and from Zenith followed, and those that came from there grew more secretive and ‘different’. No one in living memory has seen Zenith, and those who speak (or, rather, rant) about seeing this mystery are derisively known as ‘Zenners’

## Intrigues

- Gold Rush at Waytown! The Methysti border-priests have lifted their heavy tariff of Mount Xoa, and the prospectors are flooding in. An inherited stake in the down-Waytown mines is just the thing to get an adventuring career started.
- Your pursuit of Vortainian zerk-smugglers has led you to the road-camps of Mount Xoa, whose miners will be top dollar for strength-enhancing poisons. You intend to shut them down.
- The upcoming elections in Sojourn should be rife with opportunity for talented bodyguards, promoters, and missionaries, especially of faiths uncommon to The Road.
- No one has seen Zenith in living memory? A stout adventuring party can change that!



## New Wathis

*“Speak when it is wise, listen when it is not.”* - Telran proverb.

**Capital:** Wathisia

**Settlements:** Culbit (10,000), The Holy City of Da'mulus (6,000), Jul'mase (12,000), Wathisia (100,000)

**Ruler:** Senmi El Eshiun, Queen of the Seven Veils, Empress of the Nine Tribes, Keeper of the Sacred Telran, Daughter to the True People, and Mother to the World

**Government:** Matriarchal monarchy

**Races:** Elemental-kin, Enigmon, Human, Living Ghoul, Ratkin, Zendiqi

**Faiths:** Elemental Lords (all), Rajuk Amon-Gore, Shankhil

**Resources:** Linen, oil, perfumes, spices

**Languages:** Aquan, Auran, Common, Ignan, Necril, Old Porphyran, Terran

**Border Conditions:** None

### History

The southern Desert of Siwath was once contiguous across the southern strand of the continent, unbroken in its hot expanse. Here, the genie overlords held sway from the early dawn of time, their original stronghold. The Epic of Galgulesh tells of the Kingdom of M'harret, whose very cities were lifted from the sands of the Siwath and floated over the scorching desert at the whim of the Djinn Lord Qarryn, fueled by the sacrificed lives of hundreds of slaves. Within the ruined Tomb of Tanghu, the Epic tells of the titanic monoliths the Genie Lords raised in their likeness, to watch over the expansive burial cities where the Djinlord's followers were entombed, so that they could continue to serve after death.

The word for 'tomb' in Auran is "tel ran", and so the living people that survived the depredations of M'harret, and served both the living and the dead took on that name for themselves.

It was into this world that Senmi El Sioban was born, during the perihelion of a full solar eclipse. A daughter of the black sun, Sioban was pale and beautiful beyond words. Her exotic beauty soon caught the attention of the Efreeti Firelord Mal'eket, and he came to claim her,

putting her parents to ash for the sin of weeping at her leaving. Sioban's life was no longer hers, if it had even been, for those who served the Firelord never did so for long.

Then The Calling came to pass, and the NewGod Wars erupted across Porphyra. The Siwath was thrown into turmoil, as the Elemental Lords' power was now challenged by the coming of the gods and the Genie Kings' hold on their realms began to falter. The watch-towers over the Tel Ran were shattered and buried, and the people beneath wondered if that were better for them, or worse. During a climactic battle over the Furnace Palace of Mal'eket, the Firelord's forces clashed with those of the New Gods. A winged aasimar crashed through the ruby skylight above the Efreeti's harem, its amethystine armor emblazoned with the key and the doorway. A Fire Guard salamander followed, its elemental heat and rage setting the rich furnishings ablaze. As the creature raised its molten spear to finish the celestial knight, a cold spike thrust through its throat from behind, and it shuddered and collapsed. Laying beyond the dead Guard, Sioban had fallen, blistered and burned. The aasimar crawled to her broken body, and placed his hand on her chest as the light of his divine form faded.

After the battle had passed, the Palace lay in ruins, its Lord another ruin within. Sioban awoke to find her body whole, and a single purple medallion on her chest-bearing the sigil of a key upon a moon, and the outline of a man in shadow. There was no sign of the winged knight, and death lay all around her. She felt a nagging voice calling her to the east, and so she went. Three weeks she walked - when she thirsted, she found water, when she wearied, shade found her, until she found a cave in the Teeth of Calinsur, the great range stretching to the northern shores of Porphyra. Oddly, the cave possessed a door with a puzzle lock, matching the key that she wore, and she entered. What passed within has not been recorded, passed only down through the royal family. When Sioban returned from the deep desert, she began to gather her scattered people, and led them to throw off the chains of the Genie Lords, and gain some independence from their supposedly benevolent liberators - and to carve from the edge of the Siwath a state of their own.

### Current Events

New Wathis is not the most verdant of lands, but it



provides the last respite before the scorching maw of the desert. Nestled into the rough foothills and stream valleys, New Wathis holds many expansive cities, with their white-washed walls, marbled plazas and hanging gardens offering a memory of the once-paradise. However, all that glisters is not gold. Though the secular, matriarchal rule of New Wathis is not openly opposed, there are those that would welcome a return to the Elemental rule of old. Though many temples abound, the gods that are worshiped there are not clear, or are “family temples”, not seeming to be dedicated to any New God at all. Many still, on the equinoxes and solstices, see the offerings made as of old, tracing the rituals back to the days of the Genies.

Additionally, merchant guilds and trading houses hold sway over entire cities, controlling the flax fields of Jul'mase, the shipping of Cul'bit, and the subsidized transport to the Holy City. All of this is under the direct eye of the Mother of the True People, and it is said that anything is available in Wathisia if one but have the coin.

Other remnants of the old have crept into the urban underbelly of New Wathis as well. Ratfolk and living ghouls, said to be the servants of the Mad Dancer Rajuk, are known to prowl the gutters and twisted sewer mazes of even the Holy City. And, if one chooses to see, markings and graffiti abound, claiming territory in the name of the secret societies of the shadow kingdoms.

## Settlements

The major settlements of New Wathis are:

**Cul'bit** is the busiest port on the Lost Sea, and has the economic clout to prove it. It is home to the largest number of Merchant Guild Houses and is the economic powerhouse of New Wathis. One had best not brag of the wealth of Blix while in its streets.

**Da'mulus**, known as the Holy City rather ironically, as its holiness is relevant specifically to those who engage in elemental cultism. All that staves off a purge from the north is the presence of the Doorway Cathedral of Shankhil, and a plucky band of diplomat-Khilites that try to keep the peace and suppress the more backward rituals of the temple-ridden city.

**Jul'mase** was one of the largest cities of the old days, largely intact, and has an expansive urban sprawl. It is also the seat of political power as well, being home to the oldest families, including the current ruler who is a

direct descendant of Sioban the First.

**Wathisia** is the capital of New Wathis, more compact than Jul'mase but being ten times the population in its irrigated towers. It is one of the newest cities in the region, built with northern contributions to house the defeated minions of the Elemental Lords. It is the heart of the kingdom, both physically and metaphorically.

## Intrigues

- Rumor speaks of a child walking out of the deep desert alone, into Jul'mase, during a sandstorm. She spoke of the return of the Elemental Lords, and the reclaiming of the ancient ways, before being spirited away by the living ghouls of the sewers.
- Caravans to the Holy City are being raided – nothing particularly new - except that nothing is being taken, and the mark of the Dark Mistress, whoever that might be, is left at each site.
- There's a run on spices in Cul'bit, and prices are rising by the hour! Securing a wagonload of s'abarih from the southern desert and getting to the port before the full moon could make a quick party's fortune.



## Northlands

*"I done all four a' the Red King's gulags, and it never hurt me none. Well, except maybe the fingers..."* – "Thumbs" Johansson, thief for hire

**Capital:** The Red Tower

**Settlements:** The Breakers (3,700), The Deeps (4,050), Irontown (5,500), The Red Tower (850), Salttown (2,800) The Gulags (100-300 each)

**Ruler:** The Red King

**Government:** Dictatorship

**Races:** Dragonblood, Half-Orc, Half-Ogre, Human, Ith'n Ya'roo, Orcam, assorted prisoners

**Faiths:** Ferrakus, Ithreia, Myketa

**Resources:** Dried fish, metal (iron, silver, zinc), salt, stone (basalt, marble)

**Languages:** Common, Giant, Ith'n yar'oo, Orc

**Border Conditions:** Limited (Jheriak Continuance and Wyrms Quarter is protected by porphyrite borders)

## History

The Northlands have always been a harsh and unforgiving place. The NewGod Wars did not change that in any positive way. The driving away of the Elemental Lords only destabilized what passed for civilization there, leading to a collapse of the tenuous links to the south, not been completely restored to this day. Those in the Northlands pursued a hardscrabble life, eking out a living amongst the cold and rough terrain, trying to avoid predators, both two- and four-legged that prowled the wastes. That all changed with the arrival of the mercenary warlord who would become known as the Red King. Moving carefully, the Red King betrayed those who hired him and seized the Breakers as a base of operations. His forces, the Red Host, systematically conquered the rest of the Northlands over the course of a decade. Initially, settlements would resist and the Red Host would slaughter the defenders and pillage the place, but later, people just surrendered to the inevitable. Irontown was the last major settlement to be brought into the fold, capitulating when the Red King himself hammered on the town gates.

Powers of note that did not bow down to the Red King were the Jarls of the Fire and Frost Giants, for even the Red Host was not powerful enough to conquer the

Jarls in their fortresses. The Red King has shown them his power, however, by destroying several small communities of giants that were isolated from their brethren. Another area of curious defiance is the no-man's land known as The Wyrms Quarter, a porphyrite-barriered region on the border with the Steppes that contains an enigmatic extinct volcano and the surrounding hills, all containing clear deposits of porphyrite. That a vastly powerful dragon or clan of dragons has claimed this territory is plain to all, but disagreements continue as to its origin and nature. Some connect the dragons with Paletius, who has a known affinity for the giant reptiles; with an internal eruption of porphyrite (and the legend of the Porphyrite Dragon); or with the erstwhile and forbidden parentage of the Red King himself.

## Current Events

Little is known about the Red King's origin beyond the obvious: he is an ogre mage with red draconic heritage, massive and strong almost beyond imagining. His sheer physical presence masks a cunning and varied intellect that he rarely shows except to his closest associates. His rule is distant for most of the villages across the land, but harsh when defied - and the gulags are rarely less than half-filled. The gulag system enforces the knowledge that, as long as the taxes and proper respect are paid, the Red Host does its best to keep the roads maintained and safe, and keep giant raiders at bay. The mines, which are the source of the Red King's wealth and power, are worked primarily by slaves, which the mines have constant demand for.

The conflict with the giant Jarls continues at a low level, with groups of giants raiding for plunder and the Red Host trying to catch them before they can cause too much damage. The people of the Northlands maintain watch towers and hiding places to avoid being taken unawares- and being taken as slaves. As the Red King has finally seemed to age, after several hundred years, he has begun to turn his eye outward from his obsessive control of the Northlands to the Dry Peninsula; Kesh, Jengu-Na, and the Lotus Blossom Steppes. The Sikoyan Tundra, a natural muskeg-ridden barrier, has begun to see roads built of basalt, and suppression of the nomadic Sikoy people and their reindeer herds. If he decided to plunder, say, the Yeti Wastes instead, the entire peninsula would breathe a sigh of relief.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Northlands are:

**The Breakers**, on the east coast of the Northlands, has one of the very few good natural ports on the north Opal Sea, but is located among a set of vicious rocks and breakers. A pair of tall lighthouses, the Eyes of the North, ensures that ships are guided safely into port. It is the only trade-port out of the Northlands and it is home to a considerable number of fisherman and merchants. The Red Host maintains a strong navy here, with a wide variety of shore batteries to defend against attack.

**The Deeps**, probably the northernmost city on Porphyra, exists to support a huge open pit mine that brings up slabs of marble for export. Northland yaks pull the stone to the Glace River where it is floated on rafts down to The Breakers or unloaded under the Red Tower and shipped by road. A Red Host fort, clad in marble fragments watches both the slave workers and for giant raiders.

**The Gulags** are prison camps used for disciplining Red Host rule-breakers and civilian criminals alike: the rule of slavery is for outlanders only. There are four of these grim camps, and the price of parole after minimum sentence is leaving the gulag on foot.

**Gulag Black**—For political and dangerous prisoners, from all over the world, it is called the ‘Loneliest Place on Porphyra’.

**Gulag Blue**—More of a penal colony, holding debtors and families on the somewhat clement shores of the Sea of Ithreia.

**Gulag Red**—Almost exclusively for Red Host convicts, it keeps an eye on the Jheriak Continuance, and has twice been completely eradicated by would be invaders.

**Gulag White**—Built into a great calving glacier west of the Continuance, convicts are roped up the sheer sides, and slide their way out on sealskins that they must hunt themselves.

**Irontown**, source of the weapons and armor for the Red Host, is completely walled, being the nearest major settlement to the lands of the giant Jarls, within sight of The Maw-volcanic capital of the fire giants and The Slab-glacial rift-home of the Ice Giants, land-bound cousins to the maritime Frost Giants. Ballistae and catapults festoon the ramparts of this Red Host recruitment town.

**The Red Tower** is the home and headquarters of The Red King, his trusted advisers, and his personal body-guard. Any ambassadors are met in outer buildings, as the King keeps strange beasts and magic within.

**Salttown** possesses an extensive network of tunnels beneath it, with chambers, rooms, and even temples carved out of the salt itself. The mines of Salttown are worked by free townsfolk, using slaves for only the most dangerous tasks. The Salttowners maintain a strong militia, led by Ithreian rangers that cooperate with the Red Host in defense of the town.

## Intrigues

- One of the few things the Red King needs is information, and it is something that he is willing to pay well for. He is too cautious to trust any single source of information, so reliable and effective spies will find themselves well rewarded.
- The Red Host is always looking for brave scouts willing to locate and disrupt the forces of the Giant Jarls. Those who prove themselves skilled in such tasks will be provided with specialized anti-giant weaponry for further missions.
- Gulag Black, the darkest hole on Porphyra, holds a prisoner with information that is vital; so vital that he needs to be found and rescued, from the ultimate prison.





## Nor-Du-Mag

*"Here the world lived, here the world dreamed, here the world bled, and here the world died."* - Travelogue of Muir Zim the Mad

**Capital:** None

**Settlements:** Dulguald (5000), Camp Trajere (1000+)

**Ruler:** None

**Government:** Anarchy; clans within dwarf holds

**Races:** Dwarf, Half-orc, Human, Squole, Zendiqi

**Faiths:** Elemental Lords (any)

**Resources:** Metal (copper, gold, iron, nickel, silver), porphyrite

**Languages:** Common, Dwarven, Giant, Old Porphyran, Orc

**Border Conditions:** Limited (A porphyrite border surrounds the Middle Kingdoms to the east).

**Magic Conditions:** A palpable 'jolt' is felt by those who can cast spells when they enter Nor-Du-Mag. Magic items with continuous effects will immediately fail. There is a full porphyrite border to the east with the Middle Kingdoms. Magic items and spells that bypass porphyrite borders will work only to enter Nor-Du-Mag; they will not facilitate leaving. Neither divine nor arcane magic works within the borders.

## History

In prehistory the Cloven Lands had another name; what it was, or the origins of the kingdoms that were born and died there are lost now even to the oldest of archives. What does survive is the tale of how that realm became known as the Dead Lands. In the Chronicles of Nox it is recorded that Gormalgungrir, the Scaled King, the Dreaming Serpent, came to power when he threw down the Witchlord of the Cyclopes, Mo'ult, and devoured the titan's heart.

Gormalgungrir fell into a deep slumber. At next day's dawn, a massive coliseum had appeared around the Dragonlord. As time went on, the coliseum expanded, and grand galleries, towering spires and sprawling verandas would appear. Pilgrims began to visit the resting place of the venerable worm, for it was said that those

who spent time in contemplation within the Grand Coliseum were gifted insight and inspiration. As the City of the Dreaming Serpent filled, it grew, in spontaneous response to the needs of its inhabitants. Artists, scholars, sages, and practitioners of the arcane arts all came to reside within the ever growing city. Towers of wizardry formed, that spewed gouts of raw magic given liquid reality. Libraries the size of city states held the collected knowledge of the ancient world, defiant of the elemental lords, and there resided the histories unnumbered in arcane vaults designed to protect against the eons.

As years passed, all that was once part of the realm around the Grand Coliseum had been incorporated or supplanted by the Living Arcology of Gormalgungrir, until the land that existed beneath the vast structure was remembered only in the Eldritch Vaults of the Obscure, in tomes lost to the dusts of time. Rivalled in cataclysmic scale only by the later The Calling and the NewGod Wars, the Breaking would forever change the face of ancient Porphyra. The why is lost, only that one who bore a silver spear came to the Grand Coliseum not to learn or seek quiet contemplation. Rather, to speak a challenge. In the tongue of ancient Draconic, the flame-eyed stranger spoke words painful to all that heard. Such were the power of the words that his jaw broke, and the Ancient One, Gormalgungrir stirred.

For the first time in strange eons the World Dragon opened his eyes. The stranger staggered, his bones cracking under the weight of the serpentine gaze - yet he staggered forward and, in a blinding flash, drove the Spear of Ul into the heart of the risen dragon lord.

An observant librarian who teleported from the scene gives us this fragment, and only accounts from neighboring kingdoms tells of what followed. A keening was heard half a world away, and the sky whales of Tuthon moaned in unison. The pitch rose until all that inhabited the Living Realm were struck dead, if not outright vaporized. The whine was followed by a nova of light and fire that rose into the sky to set the very heavens ablaze. Those who looked upon the maelstrom for too long were struck blind. In a heartbeat, it was gone. The catastrophic eruption was over, the fire and light were gone, the ear-splitting tintinnabulation was gone, and the Living City was gone, everything that was once the Gleaming Arcology of Gormalgungrir, and all who were within were gone.

Some of the most desperate campaigns of the elemen-

talists, during the NewGod Wars, were held within the borders of Nor-Du-Mag, but determined phalanxes of Middlelanders ventured forth across the border to scatter them, bloody skirmishes devoid of magical healing and leadership. Many Middlelanders still call Nor-Du-Mag, “The Bloodlands”. Small but ancient clans of zendiqi hide in the canyons and wadis, and they, too, remember.

### Current Events

Today the Cloven Lands are called Nor-Du-Mag, an archaic elven word for ‘loss’. To look upon Nor-Du-Mag, it would appear to be a lifeless land, the world has healed at least in part. Magic of any kind will not function within the borders of the deadlands. Even after The Calling and the coming of divine magic, Nor-Du-Mag holds no succor for priest or faithful; a few charlatans lead pseudo-cults to invoke the Elemental Lords, and the shadows of deific memory. Yet even so, there are bastions within the broken land that offer shelter for those desperate or foolish enough. Large deposits of shattered porphyrite have lured many into the blasted landscape in hopes of making a fortune. Remnants of giant tribes make that hope rather faint, however.

Dwarven mines and camps such as Whitehole and Purplestone can be found scattered around the edges of the edges of the realm, heavily fortified holds welcome none but their own. Orc wargangs from their own squalid tunnels prey on those too eager and unprepared, or that venture too far alone. Still, only the giant clans and intrepid squole brave the far reaches and heart of the dead lands and they welcome none to their dim fires, not even their former leaders, the zendiqi. Ironically, these northern peoples are less xenophobic than their erstwhile southern brothers, probably due to the removal of the deist irritant. Nor-Du-Mag has also become a haven for brigands and outlaws, those that nothing to lose, or have nowhere else to run, especially from ecclesiastic law. It is a land of lawless-

ness, where one can have what one can take and has the strength to keep. Nothing is given in Nor-Du-Mag, only taken. That is the law of the Cloven Lands.

### Settlements

The major settlements of Nor-Du-Mag are:

**Dulguald** is the largest city within Nor-Du-Mag is the dwarven mine-city of Dulguald. The heart of the hold lies deep in the border mountains of the Cloven Lands, yet the dwarves have tunneled a trade gate near the edge of the dead lands. Dulguald is ruled by the Gold Council, rigidly legalistic in outlook, a far cry from the rest of the dead lands.

Several mercenary leaders have set up semi-permanent camps within the gravel shallows of southern Nor-Du-Mag; the largest of these is **Camp Trajere**, which can trace its history to the NewGod Wars. As such, it bears a sturdy keep and many siege engines to discourage giantish incursion.

### Intrigues

- A mercenary captain is claiming to possess the Spear of Ul and is gathering a large number of followers. What his target and goal is unknown, but the Middlelanders are interested enough to put out a call for adventurers.
- A druidic conclave seeks to establish a bastion within the heart of Nor-Du-Mag, with restorative magical plans. They seek aid in reaching their destination.
- Rumors abound that a great dragon, with iridescent scales, has been seen in the twilight skies above the kingdom, near Blix.



## Oncoming Wave of Mâl

*"You cannot stop the whispers when you get near those green ichayaak, no matter what you do..." - Greyak the Earless, hobgoblin marine*

**Capital:** The Whispering City

**Settlements:** Gateway (8,000), New Karkoon (2,000), The Whispering City (12,000)

**Ruler:** The Unknowable Concord of Mâlites

**Government:** Druidic Theocracy

**Races:** Dromite, Hobgoblin, Mâlites, Sahuagin

**Faiths:** Ithreia, Lyvalia, Mâl, Nise, Poison Wave

**Resources:** Resincraft, relics, shipcraft

**Languages:** Aquan, Common, Mâlite, Goblin

**Border Conditions:** Inconsistent (Gateway is surrounded by a porphyrite border. Other borders change with the tides.)

### History

The hobgoblin empire of Karkoon was once a prosperous and thriving nation stretching across an archipelago of a dozen islands in the Sea of Karkoon. Each island thronged with well-armed and organized hobgoblins and their various servant races; 'domesticated' goblins and a few hives of dromites, the latter in a range of administrative roles. Nominally at peace with their nearest neighbors, Karkoon mercenaries were much in demand especially their marines, as the island empire generated hardened soldiers who were also at home on the water.

All of this changed when the NewGod Wars came to Porphyra. When the elves and orcs split reality apart one of the rifts opened in Karkoon, and through it came the consuming forces of Mâl. Many of the surviving hobgoblins believe this to have been intentional: that the ambitious elves feared their expanding civilization and strong warriors and deliberately allowed one the most hostile gods in the cosmos to gain a foothold in their lands. This enmity continues to today. The elves themselves vehemently deny this, and show as much revulsion to Mâl as any race. Whoever is right, the end result was the same: mâlites poured through the portal and brought their sand-blasted, beetle-infested world with them.

The hobgoblins initially fared well against the mâlite soldiers, but they failed to understand the purpose of the glittering swarms of beetles that howled alongside them:

every mouthful the beetles took of Porphyra's native life was returned to Mâl and reformed into continually adaptive war-beasts. As the hobgoblins began to fall in battle the mâlite custodians devoured the corpses and regurgitated them as more mâlites, and the tide began to turn. With ever-increasing speed the mâlites spread across the islands and where they went, their unnatural weather went with them. Eventually the last survivors of Karkoon boarded their ships and sailed for the open Opal Sea, abandoning their homeland to the clutches of the mâlite wave.

### Current Events

The area now known as the Wave of Mâl—comprising the territories of Karkoon and several miles of sea around it—has been drastically transformed by the arrival and work of the mâlites. The islands themselves have been swathed in the green-gray sands of Mâl's prison plane; in some places the buildings of the old empire have been completely buried, and in others they can be seen jutting from the new terrain. The seas have become turbulent and rough, with an unpleasant tinge—but aquatic life continues to thrive. The sinister sahuagin are the most notable sea race in the area, once the hobgoblins' rival for control of the place, and now are entangled in the tension between the mâlites and the rest of the world as neutral third parties loyal only to coin and their own savage kind.

In the skies over the Wave an unnatural purple-green storm blankets the sky at all times, allowing only filtered gray sunlight through during the day, and making the nights pitch-black. No rain falls from this storm, although lightning can be seen flickering from cloud to cloud. The clouds only open at the behest of the mâlites below, to facilitate the rain of the hard green resin that the mâlites use to construct their buildings and weapons. What the mâlites want is a mystery which the despots of the other nations of Porphyra spend a lot of time pondering. The alien creatures want the freedom of their god, that much is clear, and they spread wherever the armies and navies of other lands cannot drive them back—but they are not relentlessly hostile, and can be negotiated with under certain circumstances. In diplomatic talks they show a hunger for knowledge of arcane magic and its practitioners, perhaps due to the mâlites' own lack of skill with the arcane. Particularly unethical slavers find that the mâlites pay well for sorcerers.



## Settlements

The major settlements in the Oncoming Wave of Mâl are:

The **Whispering City** is the center of the mâlite infestation - a city of green resincraft buildings built directly over the ruins of Kolat-Bal, the capital of old Karkoon. Over ten thousand mâlites walk its streets, accompanied by the swarms of beetles which are present wherever mâlite corruption is heaviest. They are not, however, the only inhabitants of the Whispering City – several other nations, selected seemingly at random, have been given leave to establish embassies there and treat with the Unknowable Concord, the body of druids who interpret Mâl's will on Porphyra. Meantime, in the shadows, the mâlites and the embassies probe each other in search of weakness.

**Gateway** is the site of the original tear in space which allowed the armies of Mâl access to the world. The portal remains, one of a very small number allowing transit to Mâl's prison. Now that the mâlites have a strong foothold on Porphyra the portal sees little use, but visible on the other side are mountainous stacks of giant bones, the biological material of the original mâlites. Gateway is strongly defended by some of the most dangerous mâlites yet created, but select arcanists have been allowed to study the portal in exchange for their insights into the ways of magic. Many do not survive but enough do for knowledge of the prison of Mâl to trickle out.

**New Karkoon** is little more than a heavily guarded encampment populated by the last of the hobgoblins and dromites that refused to capitulate to the mâlites and leave Karkoon. They developed alchemical processes which ward off the omnipresent beetles. Powerful weather control magic keeps the storm from burying them under mâlite resin. The mâlites vastly outnumber them, but New Karkoon is entrenched in the mighty fortress of Kadarach Fel, reinforced and redesigned in the face of the extraplanar threat. Its scant thousands of guardians could hold out against a force many times their number, so the mâlites settle for keeping them contained. In the meantime, the hobgoblins of New Karkoon gather their strength and recruit mighty adventurers to their seemingly hopeless cause.

## Intrigues

- The PC's ship, carried miles off course by a savage storm is shattered on the rocks of an island now

controlled by the Wave of Mâl. The mâlites there are hostile and unwilling to talk but the local sahuagin are friendlier... for a price. They know where an old Karkooni warship is moored in the ruins of a coastal town - but what will they ask for in return?

- The nature of the Whispering City lends itself to strange alliances and covert betrayals as nations jockey for information and try to avoid the blunt instrument of mâlite justice. As agents of one (or more) of the national embassies there, the PCs are up to their eyes in this shadow war.
- The hobgoblins of New Karkoon need allies, the more powerful the better. PCs might be the ones they seek, or they might be sent to carry messages of friendship to distant potentates- perhaps even beings on other planes. Of course, this is in between defending the keep from mâlite aggression, striking at targets in the Wave itself, and maintaining a cramped keep of 2000 souls surrounded by the enemy... There's never a dull day in the resistance.



## Parl Pardesh

*“A fast whip and a strong chain can make slaves of sovereigns.”* – Kaava-Ji, Stallion-Apparent

**Capital:** Ush'tahai

**Settlements:** Ush'tahai (20,000), Ush'naar (2,000), Ush'ograh (1,000)

**Ruler:** Grand Stallion Kaava-Kamus

**Government:** Totalitarian military state

**Races:** Goblin, Grippli, Half-Ogre, Hobgoblin

**Faiths:** Ashamar Shining, Enor Ashlord, Kamus, Poison Wave, Rolterra, Tulis, Wind of Jewels

**Resources:** Horses, livestock, porphyrite

**Languages:** Boggard, Common, Giant, Goblin

**Border Conditions:** None.

### History

Parl Pardesh has seen many races and banners come and go in the history of life on the steppes. The only great change, before the coming of the New Gods, was the race of the oppressors. The Parl has always been a slave state, a nation where the strong rule the weak and strength is defined as much by the quality of one's horse as by might of arms.

In the misty centuries before and about The Calling, there is a mention of a great nation from 'across the sea' arriving with strange servitors and magic, bringing gaudy gifts of tribute to subjugate the land to that ancient empire - the erkunae of Erkusaa, and the Opal Throne. The children of Chaos had a modest cavalry on their invasion ships, and steel weapons - more advanced than the foot travel and stone weapons of the shaggy hill folk, who sometimes traveled the steppes in dog-drawn sleds. En masse, the tribesmen of Parl Pardesh swarmed the pale newcomers, killed but a handful of them and took everything aboard their vessels. The people of the Parl intended to load the survivors into their ships and set fire to them, sending their blood and blasphemies to their lords of Fire and Water.

In a move of surprising ingenuity, the warlord of one tribe fought for the right to speak to the elders in charge. After defeating three other warlords in challenge, he presented his plan: "Let this little group take one ship and leave. They have seen only a few of us, and when they return to their homeland, many more vessels will

come with soldiers and four-foots and weapons to scour us from the world."

When the elders questioned this madness, the warlord, who styled himself Stallion after the wondrous animals they quickly came to use, revealed the rest of his plan. All the tribes would be called to the spear, united by the promise of steel, horse, and slaves by the thousand. If they killed all of the newcomers now, all they would gain would be a few horses and a wagon full of steel, if they waited, they would have enough horses and slaves to breed and create an empire. The elders agreed.

The next season, the Erkusaans came in full force, and faced the whole of the humanity of the steppes, and were totally destroyed—this was the turning point in the downfall of the Empire of the Opal Throne. The Stallion became Grand Stallion of Parl Pardesh, a title that continues to this day. The unity of the tribes survived two centuries of war, famine and trials, depending on tradition and honor, the rules of life in an animist state that rejected the New Gods and elemental lords alike.

This led to their Horselords' downfall, a combination of equitable ruthlessness, and the backing of a god. The displaced hobgoblins of Karkoon, skilled in war and newly devoted to their harsh savior Kamus the Slaver, landed in strength not far from the Bones of Erkunor, and swiftly made alliance with the secretive ogres and their magi from the southern hill-caves. The power of Kamus blinded the agnostic Pardeshi, and a war of races began that continued for a century. By the time the war fires faded, every last human in the Parl was dead or enslaved, food and chattel for the humanoid hordes now in command of their nation. Now the Parl is a humanoid kingdom with a hobgoblin Grand Stallion, wearing a crown of porphyrite, and ruling from the Windswept Throne in the name of Kamus the Slaver.

### Current Events

After recovering and consolidating their own kingdom, the hobgoblins, rarely content, are coldly eyeing neighboring nations and lands in preparation of invasion and conquest. Fine weapons of porphyrite, trained horses, and crack troops drill under ambitious generals, and the fires of war begin to burn again.

Growing discontent among the creatures lurking in the hills has become a problem in recent years. The ogres, largely happy to serve as enforcers for the hobgoblins, have interbred with their ogre magi leaders for many

generations. This has slowly increased their average intelligence to the point where they have begun to question the right to rule of the smaller despots. If strength of arm is the whole of the law in the Parl, surely no hobgoblin is as strong as even the weakest ogre. This mode of thought is not limited to the ogrish folk.

Hill giants, of whom there are several families living in the porphyrite-buttressed steading halls near the Retreat, are growing larger than the hobgoblins' tribute of live-stock and grain can support. Eventually they will have to negotiate for greater offerings, or arm themselves and take what they need. The latter is more likely.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Parl Pardesh are:

**Ush'naar** exists purely as a necessity, a 'breed city' overseen by Kamian clerics, a gathering place for slaves, intended to ensure more generations of servants for the tribes. It is here that goblins and gripli are forced to mate, and their offspring removed for fosterage and indoctrination on other estates.

**Ush'ograh** is a stone and cave city given to the ogres as their reward for helping the hobgoblins defeat their human rivals generations ago. While it is the ogres' primary homeland now and considered private, hobgoblin shamans are allowed to visit if they are studying with the ogre magi and learning the ancient ways of elemental magic.

**Ush'tahai** is a massive tent city visible for miles in all directions because of its position at the heart of the steppes' widest plain, and its many bright-colored banners. On a windy day, Ush'tahai looks almost afire, burning in every fluttering color of the spectrum. As well as capital, it is home to the Parl's largest slave market, its most advanced porphyrite forges, and all the best horse ranches. The Grand Stallion of the Parl makes his home here, along with the cores of all his armies.

## Intrigues

- The lessons of the past may be about to come back to haunt the hobgoblins of the Parl. Kamus' voice is being heard in quiet whispers in the depths of Ush'naar, urging the goblins and gripli to make a play for their freedom. While this may all be a test to see if the hobgoblins are still fit to rule, it may soon result in an attempted

uprising among the slave races.

- While the hobgoblin hordes stayed within their own borders, other gods were willing to leave them be. Now that they are raiding, the truce is broken. Forces inspired by Tulis and Rolterra, unlikely allies, are organizing resistance and incursion, and are requiring many resources- especially heroes.
- Rumors persist that the ogre magi of Ush'ograh have been twisting the native wyvern eggs with their darkly shamanistic magic, creating larger beasts called wyvrath. Though the process often ends in failure, wyverns large enough for ogres to ride can really mean only one thing. The Grand Stallion wishes them stopped, but cannot do so openly - outside agents are the preferable thing.





## Pinnacle Lands

*"Heart of iron, mind of steel."* - Words spoken before each Council of Nine Meeting

**Capital:** Artax's Stand

**Settlements:** Artax's Stand (6,000), Benvie (2,500), Calicarn (950), Lissa (5,000), Riverhold (2,500)

**Ruler:** The Council of Nine

**Government:** Democratic council

**Races:** Duergar, Elan, Human, Maenad, Xeph

**Faiths:** Ferrakus

**Resources:** Education, gems, iron, minerals

**Languages:** Common, Maenad, Undercommon, Xeph

**Border Conditions:** None

### History

For years, the island kingdom of Sharira was a land of two distinct classes. About half of those born to the human majority were psionics. It was generally believed that heritage had a significant effect on the chances of being born with psionic powers. Families of human psionics were common, with servant houses of xeph and trade houses of duergar and maenad creating powerful alliances. It was considered a great dishonor to have children with no psionic ability, with rumors that some families would abandon those without to the maenad ships or the duergar mines than face the disgrace. The 'mindless', as they were called, were little more than chattel to the psionics. Low-born children born with psionics were often 'bought' and whisked away to be placed with a family of minor nobility.

There was, however, one man who believed that this was wrong. His name was Gregory Kinser, from the town of Riverhold. He was born with no psionic powers, but a brilliant mind. He desired to become more than a miner and a slave to people he had never met. In secret, he planned an uprising. The first goal was to develop something to reduce the advantage of the psionics. Years of study, design, and collaborative enchantment came up with the *copper signet*. 'Mindless' men-at-arms prepared an army ready to fight for freedom, while crafters prepared hundreds of signets; it is a miracle of either caution or indifference that the copper was not missed

by the mine overseers.

Some say the duergar had their own inscrutable agenda...

The uprising was sudden, bloody, and harsh. Gregory Kinser led thousands of men from east to west, capturing half of the island before the psionics rallied. Hundreds died in the first assault, but, at center of the nation, a stalemate occurred. The psionics didn't have enough men to push back the assault, and the xeph and maenad houses declared neutrality. Kinser's troops were likewise exhausted. The bloody middle ground remained for over 180 years, with skirmishers fought on and off, to try and gain ground. Had the signets been totally effective, it may have been the end of all psionics in the land.

It was on a hill in this no-man's land that a flag of truce was finally raised. Artax Sands III went to meet Bartholomew Kinser: one the Supreme Commander of the psionic army and part of the ruling council, and the other a descendant of Gregory Kinser, and current leader of the Coppermen, as they styled themselves. They met to discuss peace. Six months later, the Artax-Kinser Treaty was signed. Rule of law was embodied in the Council of Nine; 4 psionics, (typically human or elan but occasionally xeph or maenad) and four non-psionics, elected for four-year terms from the four cardinal directions. A numistian company handles the elections. The Ninth member of council is one of "The One Mind" psionic-immune monks from the Silent Monastery whose sole role is to cast a deciding ninth vote on an impasse. Though the island still keeps the name of Sharira, the new accord was named the Pinnacle Lands, with the goal of achievement through cooperation.

Problems did occur. 'Mindless' citizens, desiring annihilation of their overlords, abandoned the amity of the Coppermen and became The Bronze League, and ever since have lurked in the lowest levels, brutish and destructive. The psionics still maintained places like Hightower College, where surgical experiments were carried out to improve psionics. A terrible accident occurred two hundred years ago, causing a massive dimensional rift and causing unspeakable psionic monsters to escape. All there perished. Though the Bronze League has been blamed, it is still a sticking point in the way of the Pinnacle Lands' destiny.

### Current Events

It has been over five hundred years since the ancestral

war. Non-psionics are now treated as equals, and the war's end is celebrated on Treaty Day as reminder of the gains and losses. Some still cling to old hatreds, but few dare cause tensions again. Both castes are now completely dependent on each other, and the non-human races have strengthened their positions even further. The island's economic survival depends on industry and mining, while government, diplomatic affairs, and handling of psionic horrors are overseen by the psionic caste.

Non-psionics are seen walking the halls of the colleges, and it is not unusual to find proud psionic craftsmen. A pride has blossomed between the two groups for the hard-won success of The Pinnacle Lands - and eyes are drifting to nearby shores in the name of conquest. No solution has been found yet to close the rift that still sits within Hightower- and until that source of psionic horrors is sealed, the country will just slowly grind forward. It isn't unknown for entire villages to be lost due to these creatures, so much of the military is focused inwards rather than indulge goals overseas. There are still those who are sympathetic to the old ways on both sides, and it is here that the Bronze League flourishes.

The Council of Nine still holds strong, thanks to the involvement of The One Mind, but nobody is sure how the alliance would hold, should they choose to step away. No one is sure of their agenda, either.

## Settlements

The major settlements in the Pinnacle Lands are:

**Artax's Stand** is the major hub of the island nation, the town was built around the council chambers that were built in the same spot that Artax sat with Bartholomew Kinser to bring peace to the nation. The Council meets here and all of the government's administrative duties are completed here. Due to the number of staff required to keep a country going, a rather large town has grown up around Artax's Stand.

**Benvie** is one of the more famous college centers in southern Porphyra, it is known for studies in industrial, alchemical, and mechanical devel-

opment. While aloof to outsiders, there has been much traffic between the Benviens and the secretive Clockwork-landers of the Beta Enclave as of late.

**Calicarn** is a large mining center, and most of the smaller camps and towns in the northern mountains call here to sell their wares. There is a large duergar contingent in Calicarn, which lends the town a gloomy air.

**Riverhold** was once a minor town used a staging post for the ancestral war, as the country starts to grow Riverhold is becoming more and more industrial. Smiths flock to this city for the knowledge of crafting and excellent facilities provided there, and the town has the nickname "The Furnace" due to the number of forges that run day and night there.

**Lissa** is the magical college hub of the south, if you believe the Lissans. The town is built around the college that stands in its center, and is known for the excellent educational facilities there- even several 'Centers of Concentration' for the development of psionic ability.

## Intrigues

- Reports from Calicarn say that a mine breach has opened a new set of caverns, and the surrounding porphyrite glow suggests an access to the Underdeep. The mine owners want adventurers to investigate, as too many miners are going missing.
- The Bronze League has resurfaced in the northwest and have claimed a small town in the foothills near Calicarn. The Bronze League has never attacked this close to a major city, and the Council have called upon mercenaries to investigate what the Bronze League are doing, and put a stop to their plans.
- A team of scholars have supposedly found a solution to the rift that was opened in Hightower and are looking for adventurers to protect them while they close the rift. The Council of Nine have insisted, however, that four elans accompany the group - three of which are guards to the fourth. Their purpose on the trip is unknown.



## Purple Mountain

*“Elephys, the sacred mountain of The Twilight Man, the towering crystal spire of enigmatic wealth and discovery... or lonely death...”* – fragment from an ancient elven waysign

**Capital:** Eleporphyrene

**Settlements:** Eleporphyrene (12,000), Elfport (4,000), Luminarym (7,000), Mechius (6,500), Oseer (6,000), Purple Hall (2,000)

**Ruler:** Eminaius the Old, Oligarch of the Synod

**Government:** Oligarchy

**Races:** Boggle, Duergar, Elf, Erkunae, Half-Orc, Hobgoblin, Orc

**Faiths:** Djinnlord Qarryn, Drothos, Ferrakus, Linium, Myketa, Najim, Tulis, Veiloaria

**Resources:** Gems, megadungeon, mercenaries, metal (iron, gold), porphyrite

**Languages:** Dwarf, Elf, Goblin, Orcish, Protean, Undercommon

**Border Conditions:** Variant (Porphyrite border around the mountain expands and contracts unpredictably)

### History

Before the time of The Calling, the lands between the Stygus River and the Fireyes were a barren volcanic tableland from which the Elemental Magma Lord Drothos extended his power into the world. During the time of the NewGod Wars, he visited earthquakes and volcanic eruptions upon his deist foes. Too great a foe to ignore, warlike Ferrakus and enigmatic Shankhil slew Drothos in an epic battle that created the Crevasse, shattered the Petrified Forest, and sundered Drothos' body with the rising of Elephys, Purple Mountain, as full of mystery as the Doorman himself. With Drothos dead, the connection to the elemental plane of magma was gone, leaving an endless maze of empty magma tubes, and the porphyrite badlands known as the Shard Wastes. Within that violet moonscape, the gathered arcanists raised Eleporphyrene, the Castle-City as a victory monument for the subsequent settlers to inhabit.

With the destruction of Drothos, the land surrounding Purple Mountain began to flourish, and many wizards, Ferrakan dwarflords, and would-be kinglets came to the mountain to plumb its otherworldly riches and claim

their little kingdoms. Vast forests grew in the volcanic soil and the elves, who had previously shunned the area, began to colonize the wild lands, as the reparations of war; they took over Eleporphyrene, and have dwelt there ever since.

Others came as well, including expeditions from far off lands in search of wealth and porphyrite. Among the newcomers were orc tribes and bands of displaced hobgoblins and erkunae from the shattered empires of Erkusaa and Karkoon.

### Current Events

A schism has been growing between the great elven houses of Eleshurius, Galifrex, and Odallas for the past dozen decades or so, that threatened to tear the region apart. House Odallas is building ties to the mountain dwarves and duergar in an attempt to sway their support. House Eleshurius has established a secret alliance with the expatriate erkunae of Elfport to raise an army of elementals, and House Galifrex has been breeding hobgoblin super-soldiers for generations.

The elven people are dwindling in numbers and losing vitality. The younger generations of elves, indolent from centuries of security, show little interest in civic duty and instead invest their time and energy in decadent, pleasurable pursuits, far removed from their primal forest roots. The orc clans, meanwhile, despise the weakness that has infected their old elven allies and are distancing themselves in preparation for securing their own kingdom in the west or retreating into the Shard Wastes and hinterlands of the Petrified Forest to pursue their own goals beyond the view of others.

The duergar and lesser dwarves serve the Elven Synod and supply porphyrite arms and high quality iron armor to them. They are happy in their role as intermediaries between the elves and the true source of genius, hidden cadres of boggles. Many duergar youth are growing rebellious and jealous of their elven benefactors, going so far as to adopt elven styles and culture, much to the consternation of their elders.

The draw of the honeycombed halls of Purple Mountain has been a boon to the nation whose official name Ele'Kireen, but the secret depths of the violet spire have become more trouble than they are worth, attracting foul acolytes of dire beings instead of stalwart adventurers to root them out. The people of the outlying communities have never been crazy about a 'dungeon' as a



draw for foreign coin, and may force the leaders to do something, soon.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Purple Mountain are:

**Eleporphyrene**, the fairytale castle-city in the midst of the Shard Wastes, houses the Elven Synod, a chaotic mix of clan leaders, arcane and divine spellcasters, and lobbyists for the three Houses of Ele’Kireen. Most supplies and diversions are magically created here, and the city is described as surreal in the extreme, self-contained and introspective.

**Elfport** is as seedy a seaport as ever has been seen on the Bay of Smoke. Gritty, grubby, and densely built, in the tradition of the erkunae that dominate the place, ancestors of an exiled House of G’sho’laa’n’rr. Its trade is mostly with adventurers, as Kelephae and Calopia are more desirable ports.

**Luminarym** is the ancient seat of the House Eleshur-ius. This city of stone rises from the domain of the fallen Elemental Lord and extends out into the shattered Petrified Forest beyond. Elven youth from all over the region flock to the dens of iniquity in the Dark District of the city.

**Mechius**, hewn from the cliffs of the Great Crevasse near the Purple Mountain itself, is known everywhere as a city of invention. Wonders of artifice from the duergar flow up and out into the world through its gates. The city sprawls out eastward into the plains above and the fortress of House Odallas sits atop the city, as its crown. It guards the only easy route from the west side of the Crevasse to the east.

**Oseer**—a city of commerce—is the gateway to the prosperous lands of the south.

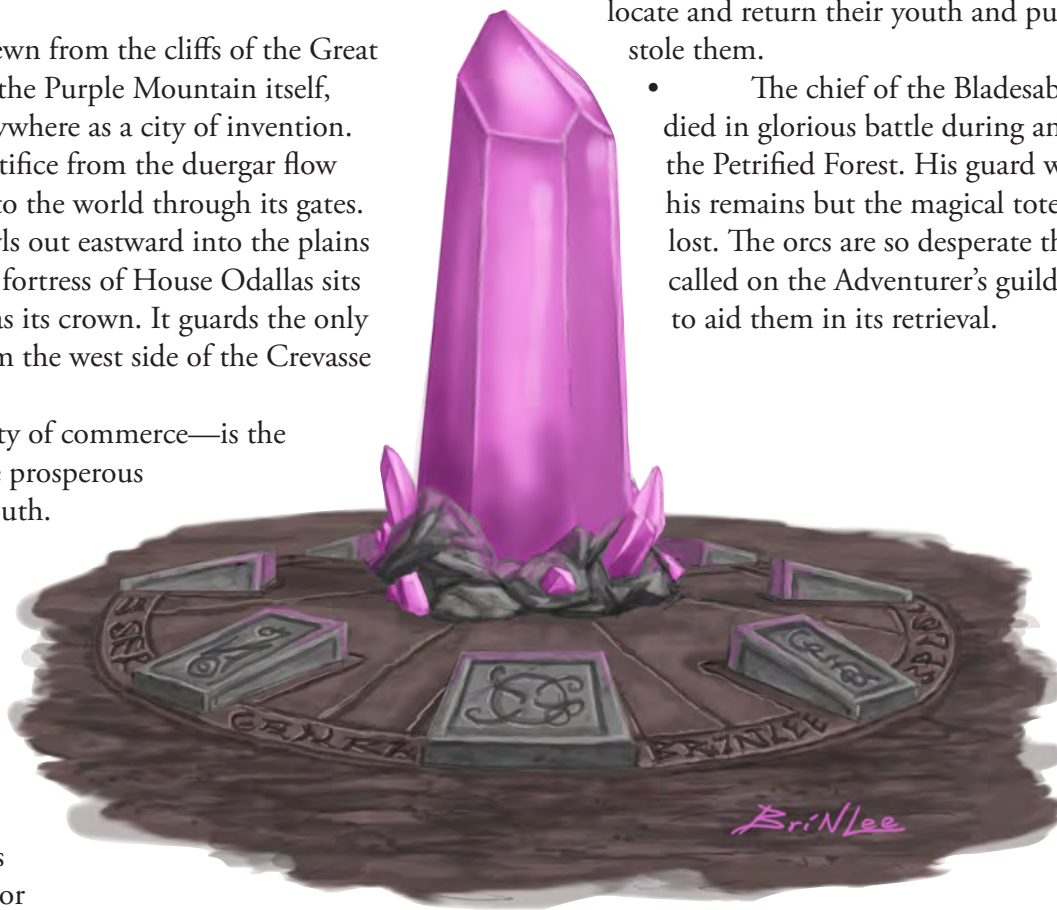
Constant activity ensures this city never sleeps. It is bustling with travelers and merchants preparing for, or

recovering, from the long journey, thousands of whom regularly crowd around the tall walls in vast tent cities.

**Purple Hall** has long been the seat of House Galifrex and the gathering point for those delving into Purple Mountain’s mysterious regions seeking fortune and fame. The hobgoblin fortress of Thik-Khalis sits athwart the western rim of the Great Crevasse leading into the depths of the wild underworld of Purple Mountain. Three hobgoblin brigades maintain barracks and training grounds around the fortress.

## Intrigues

- Myketan priests from House Galifrex recently discovered a cabal of erkunae elementalists operating in Purple Hall. They are convinced that this is a plot by House Odallas and are openly calling adventurers to “investigate”. Signs point to the mines of Mechius, but House Odallas has forbidden adventurers to enter the mines on pain of death.
- Duergar youth have been disappearing and they blame House Galifrex and its insistence that an elemental incursion has occurred beneath Mechius. The duergar elders have called on adventurers to locate and return their youth and punish those who stole them.
- The chief of the Bladesaber Orc tribe died in glorious battle during an expedition to the Petrified Forest. His guard was able to return his remains but the magical totem he bore was lost. The orcs are so desperate that they have called on the Adventurer’s guild in Luminarym to aid them in its retrieval.



## Pygmy Nations

*"These small ones have a remarkable facility for the art of treachery- the so-called 'big' folk have much to learn from them."* - Garn Shei-dei, Agent of Eshshalqua

**Capital:** Where the World Fell

**Settlements:** Brik (6,000), Deep Den (3,000), Highcroak (5,000), Throne (4,000), Where the World Fell (1,500)

**Rulers:** HiveQueen K'zt Rr'n'vzt (dromite), Slaveboss Goad Forktongue (goblin), Arch-shaman Kwi-Kwi (kobold), Chief Bullgup (grippli)

**Government:** Tribalism

**Races:** Dromite, Goblin, Grippli, Kobold

**Faiths:** Chiuta, Dragons, Eshshalqua

**Resources:** Dragon goods, lumber, metals (gold, iron, silver), relics, slaves

**Languages:** Boggard, Common, Draconic, Goblin

**Border Conditions:** Limited (Surrounded by an intermittent porphyryite border)

### History

Far from the eyes of civilization, on the savage Land of Steam, is a Landed country that was once the pinnacle of a world. Long before The Calling, this land had been one of progress and technology. Towers of stone and glass touched the skies; undrawn vehicles sped through its streets - and a single weapon could destroy a city. Marvels were so common that the people that lived there began to take them for granted. Their caution towards new advancements waned, and one day, they created a marvel that they could not survive. The dromites believe it was a power source, while the goblins hope it was a weapon, and still is somewhere about.

Regardless of purpose, the land and its people fell. Something was triggered in this land of endless city that left a deep scar in the heart of the earth. Some speak of magic-dead areas, and fissures in the fabric of reality - the fast-growing jungle conceals all, until the last, fatal moment. In the wake of this cataclysm, the city was left abandoned. The metropolis filled to the brim with marvels was empty, hollow - and nature is patient. Doubtless encouraged by the bestial nature of the bizarre god Eshshalqua, animals made their dens, stone cracked, and plants grew forth. The endless city became entwined within an endless jungle. Trees that put the towers to

shame spread their leaves, hiding the streets from the sky. Lichen spread across steel vehicles as if they were nothing more than boulders.

Small creatures that were once pets and vermin thrived, repopulating the hollow places where the lost once tread. By the time of The Calling, when opportunistic Eshshalqua brought this fallen land to Porphyra, four tribal races inhabited this land. There were the Gold Lords, goblins who would trade discarded metal with the world beyond in exchange for slaves to do their work for them; the Red Claw kobolds, mystics who worshiped giant scaled creatures that did not live on their own world; the Seekers, a dromite hive-tribe living in ruins trying to discover the secrets of their predecessors; and finally the Quiet Ones, grippli pathfinders that lived in the trees and marshes.

The goblins were always slavers, but not always the Gold Lords. A naturally selfish and lazy people, they used to hunt and prey on members of other tribes and races. It wasn't until the curious Quiet Ones made contact with the colonists of Californ and The Enclave that the value of the shiny metal known as gold reached goblin ears. Seeing opportunity in the oversized outsiders, the goblin tribe quickly traded the metal for bigger, stronger slaves. Some of the merchant folk were secret Agents of Eshshalqua, and injected that insidious faith into the goblin society, as well. The goblins struck out at other tribes, calling themselves the Gold Lords. The shifting array of alliance and dominance has been the reality of the Pygmy Nations ever since then.

### Current Events

The Gold Lords are probably the most active and visible faction in the Pygmy Lands, and are somewhat emblematic of the place; sailors will often refer to the place as "The Goblin Towers" or "The Goblin Lands". This is probably due to their wretched little egos and the fact that they will pay handsomely for slaves, even to the point of setting up crude piers for the purpose of obtaining them from passing ships. The grippli, kobolds and dromites would probably prefer that the goblins get their slaves from outside the land rather than from their own ranks, so they probably influence the practice, preferring to buy magical and martial goods from passers-by, pointing the slavers to the goblin piers. The tribes are fairly wealthy, so trade brings a fair amount of "big folk" to the place.

The Red Claws often try to ally with the goblins in hopes of dividing the spoils, but the goblins usually betray their erstwhile friends at some critical point. In response, the Seekers constantly send embassy to the Quiet Ones, but are regularly refused. The grippli prefer to keep to themselves, and are more than capable of avoiding any potential aggressors. Fortunately for the dromites, they have the largest population in the jungle, and their collective knowledge of the ruins they dwell in make it easy to fortify or flee, as the need be. It has proved impossible for any ‘big people’ wishing to enter the region to do so without becoming wrapped up in the war of politics—and blades—between the tribes.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Pygmy Nations are:

**Brik**, capital of the dromite Seekers, is inside a tower so tall it extends above the jungle canopy. Using their mining and building skills, the dromites have fortified the tower against enemies without and below, in the many tunnels they have dug for their HiveQueen, searching for ancient artifacts of the past. Only she may dwell on high and look from the myriad crystal windows.

**Deep Den** is the preferred haunt of the kobolds, dark and tricky. Though the jungle canopy shades all from the sun, the tunnels beneath the surface fallen city are where the ‘little dragons’ call home. Built from marble, and containing odd metal tracks, Clocklanders muse that it was once a transit center: whatever it once was, it is now the center of the strange dragon-religion practiced by the fervent kobolds.

**Highcroak** is the hub of the Quiet Ones, who live in the marshes where the jungle is drained by fertile pools. The capitol combines the beauty of marsh and tree, using a series of walkways and dwellings both in and out of the water. The omnipresent ruins have long since sunk, giving the grippli the impression that the jungle had always been there.

**Throne**, the domain of the Gold Lords, where they fancy themselves the master of the region, building their capitol atop the spindly abandoned towers. The paranoid goblins like to look down on others, and it helps to see potential prey or threats from afar. The name of the place refers to what those who displease the goblin bullies will “get...”

**Where the World Fell** is a neutral ground agreed upon

by all tribes. Such a place was needed for times when tribal leaders must meet without expecting ambush, and for trading with outsiders—who find its location rather unsettling; the enormous crater at the center of the region. The jungle does not grow there, giving a better look at the surviving ruins. This area has become an unofficial embassy, as visitors keep to the crater to avoid local tribal wars.

## Intrigues

- The Seekers believe that the Gold Lords have found a cache of weaponry left behind by the inhabitants of the Old World. They are enthusiastically hiring or coercing those brave enough to investigate.
- A Red Claw shaman has enacted an elaborate ritual to summon a dragon to Where the World Fell... where did they learn such magics? Will the great wyrm lead them to conquer the surrounding, nervous, tribes?
- An outsider of beautiful mien has taken up residence with a group of dromites that believe he holds the secret to unlocking the past; instead he has become drunk on adoration, and power...





## Pyynian Coast

*"The Pyynian Coast did not land so much as it crashed, and the inhabitants never recovered from the impact."* - Alba Tangarios, maenad philosopher

**Capital:** Dravi Ankor

**Settlements:** Dravi Ankor (30,000)

**Rulers:** Vhir Martaram the 28th, Raja of the Pyynian Coast

**Government:** Oligarchic monarchy, anarchic tribal in the jungles

**Races:** Anumus, Dhampir, Half-Harpy, Half-Ogre, Orc, Half-Rakshasa, Human, Skulk, Tiefling

**Faiths:** Mâl, Shade, Ul'Ul, Vortain

**Resources:** Drugs, slaves, spices

**Languages:** Abyssal, Common, Giant, Orc, Undercommon

**Border Conditions:** Restricted (A full porphyrite border surrounds the Pyynian Coast)

### History

It is said that long ago, before the Pyynian Coast came to Porphyra, it was inhabited by an intelligent, inquisitive people who believed that the rewards of discovery far outweighed any consequences. This was all that Vortain, the Bringer of Chaos, needed. The god of corruption and excess slowly but surely worked its way into the moorings of Pyynian society and began to loose them one at a time. The ancient culture descended into decadence and madness so gradually that no one seemed to mind. By the time Vortain had finished, a culture of scholars and scientists had degraded into one of tribal warfare, addiction, cannibalism, and sentient sacrifice. As the incumbent plane of reality shattered from his focused influence, Vortain decided to take his masterpiece with him to his newest target—Porphyra—to show the inhabitants what awaited them. Within hours of landing after The Calling, the Pyynian Coast's patron abandoned its creation, leaving it a monument to overindulgence, decay, and debauchery. From the jungles that surrounded the dying civilization greedy eyes looked on with interest, seeing not what was, but what could be.

Two factions existed before The Calling. In the northern swamps and bayous were the Children of Akuram

Natal, a society of vampires and dhampir that subsisted on the the local tribes. In the southern jungles was the Adrani, a people composed primarily of half-rakshasa and tieflings of particularly obnoxious parentage. Both quickly took to the worship of Shade when that godling manifested himself, and both wanted the intact part of the Pyynian Coast. The architecture, with its step pyramids, lotus seed shaped towers, ziggurats and stone roads were too beautiful and impressive to let the jungle claim, and the inhabitants were too valuable as slaves and sustenance to simply slaughter. As Vortain had done centuries before, the Akuram Natal and the Adrani began to infiltrate the stationary power bases of the Pyynian Coast.

The two factions clashed at Dravi Ankor. It was called the Shadow War, by those who knew of it; a series of targeted assassinations and insurgent attacks using the populace as pawns. Ajir Notan, a dhampir priest of Shade studied the situation for some time, and came to the conclusion that the war was a waste of profits and time. The church of Shade brought both sides to the negotiating table, and promptly assassinated the leadership of the Akuram Natal and the Adrani, and established a theocratic control structure of the jungle humanoids. The Raja was instructed to deal only with secular matters, at the beck of the jungle traders, and to focus on mastering a populace grown restive and unfocused. In the ruins and rotting husks of the jungle cities some tribes discovered new gods to worship, others stayed true to their original master, and plot chaos in the name of Vortain.

### Current Events

After the assassination of Vhir Martaram the 27th by suicide sorcerer, the far less dim-witted Vhir Martaram the 28th, a half-rakshasa of no small talent or ambition took the throne of Dravi Ankor. The northern mires are in the firm grip of the Akuram Adrani Alliance, but the far less tracked southern jungle lands are held to be almost completely wild. They are a place of constant religious war, where tribes loyal to Mâl, Shade, Ul'Ul and Vortain try to expunge the central government and one another on an almost daily basis.

Dravi Ankor and its constituent jungles have never had to fear from foreign aggression, even during the NewGod Wars; the Pyynians plead poverty and internal fraction to avoid joining the war effort, while they served well as battlefield vultures of goods and slaves, though

not violating the eastern border with Siwath. The zendiqi have long memories and deep hatreds, however, and some bloodlines have been tracked to slave genealogies in the city. Perhaps it is a lack of war in their own region, but the zendiqi have been sending tentative patrols into the jungles, claiming border violations by jungle dwellers. The Raja has dismissed this as particularly ridiculous—the Siwath is the best protection the Coast has! External war certainly has all involved sweating—and not just from the heat.

## Settlements

The major settlement of the Pynian Coast is:

**Dravi Ankor** is the only city on the Pynian Coast, all other urban areas being either absorbed in its mass, or succumbed to the grasp of the swamps and jungles. Warrior tribes of the north and south either live in the ruins' outskirts, or built temporary structures in the trees, to thwart some of the most deadly predators on Porphyra. Dravi Ankor is the largest port on Porphyra, and an irresistible magnet for trade, as decadent as it is. The Dravi Ankor docks are the home of the Ravagers of the South, who set out monthly to the Lost Sea and the desolate Brown and Bone coasts to raid small villages for slaves. It is also from these docks that the great merchant ships of the Adrani transport drugs, slaves and spices to the rest of Porphyra. The great step pyramids of Ogan Square dominate the center of the city. Once the temples of a forgotten god of law from another world, they now serve as the center of government, the chief church of Shade, and the residence of the Raja and his servants. Beyond the outer walls and moats of the city lies **Ragtown**, home to those deemed too freakish to live within the city proper, such as skulks and some of the more hideous anumus. There are some visitors who openly wonder what standard

someone is considered 'hideous', considering the extreme body modification, tattooing and piercing that is considered the height of fashion in Dravi Ankor.

## Intrigues

- The Raja has been keeping odd company as of late. Warlords and pirate kings from the Haunted Sea, ogre mages, cultists of Kamus, barbarian tribesmen; even the black dragon Tharnais have been his guests at the royal pyramid. Few know what the young emperor and Shade's priests are planning; many more want to know, and are willing to pay handsomely for the information.
- At the new moon a pillar of light was seen coming from deep within the jungles of the south. Soothsayers and other fortune tellers say it is a light that bears ill tidings. The light marks the resting place of something that could spell disaster for the Pynian Coast and all Porphyra. The Raja has offered a grand reward for the recovery of this dangerous item before the cannibal tribes can find it.
- A small merchant caravan was ambushed in Ragtown, and was bearing a relic that the church of Shade wants returned, and soon. The leader of the bandits, a disfigured jackal anumus called Rial Rham has asked for two casks of gems, one hundred slaves, and a seaworthy man-o-war for its ransom. He has managed to thwart every attempt, both mundane and magical, used by the church to retrieve it. The servants of the Prince of Thieves are asking for talented adventurers to enter Ragtown and return with their property - and Rial Rham's head. That the 'best assassins on earth' are reluctant to do so is a small concern...



## Rainbow Isles

*“Get away from civilization in beautiful, exotic surroundings, and observe the decadent locals and their savage ceremonies. Bring appropriate weaponry” - Femanx holiday brochure*

**Capital:** None

**Settlements:** Apex (8,000), Ghlidra-Yaam (10,000), Thunder Keep (9,000)

**Rulers:** Vicereine Xella Fezyd of the Femanx, King Qanak Razortooth of the Lizardfolk, and Prince Kog of the Sahaugin

**Government:** Viceroyalty/monarchies

**Races:** Femanx, Lizardfolk, Relluk, Sahaugin, Undine

**Faiths:** Chiuta, Eshsalqua, Ice Tyrant, Nise, Poison Wave, Saren, S’slunn

**Resources:** Dinosaurs, fruit, lumber, obsidian, tourism

**Languages:** Aquan, Common, Draconic, Manxic

**Border Conditions:** None

### History

To know the history of the archipelago known as the Rainbow Isles is to know the meaning of beauty marred by greed and death. Long ago, in the time of the elementals, the elemental-kin undine built a great nautical empire on this string of tropical islands. Towering temple cities were erected in the jungles, and sleek, marid-powered navies were amassed. While subservient to their elemental masters -primarily the awesome underwater power known as The Poison Wave - the undine had little to fear, for water was indeed the most powerful of elements. The empire was not meant to last.

The NewGod Wars were not kind to the undines’ empire. As the wars raged on, the demands of The Poison Wave grew harsher. The undine were forced to drain their resources, clear-cutting islands of their trees to build boats, and converting entire coral reefs to weapons. Then the fire of war came to the Rainbow Islands. Several gods allied to topple the Undine Empire and The Poison Wave, the most aggressive being Saren and Nise.

Both gods established their clergies in the Isles, which remain to this day. The servants of the water elementals tried everything they could, even magically creating a new race of soldiers known as the Relluk, but to no avail.

The empire was crushed, and the divine forces moved on to other war-fronts, leaving the undine and their child race to scatter.

The fertility of the islands is well known to all, and the centuries since the NewGod Wars have seen missionary movements, colonial aspersions, genocide, proxy war, and, sometimes, quiet. The fact of the islands’ strategic location has also invited a lot of attention, from the loathsome Pynians, to the more benevolent Sharirans from the Pinnacle Lands. All want a piece of paradise.

### Current Events

In the time since the fall of the oppressive Elemental Lords, the Rainbow Isles have known much beauty and prosperity. The local lizardfolk race, once slaves, have gathered their tribes together to form a single, great nation across several volcanic islands. From here, they exploit the savage land, and trade its bounty. Further along the archipelago, the technologically advanced Femanx have built a gleaming pleasure resort for the wealthy of their race, and other foreigners, and dabble in regional politics and espionage.

Yet the Rainbow Isles knows evil and tragedy as well, in equal measure. When the nautical empire of the undines fell, the sahaugin, sent from their mid-ocean empire, built a colony nearby meant as a foothold for war. Now, the forces under Prince Kog attempt to forcibly annex the Rainbow Isles and their inhabitants under the flag of the Deep Empire, and in the name of Sashalqua, the aquatic avatar of Eshsalqua, the Voice of Corruption. The undine and relluk that have remained have proved easy pickings. The lucky ones have sought employment with the Femanx or lizardfolk, while the unlucky have resorted to isolated tribal lives that are all but defenseless before the military might of the sahaugin war colony.

The only forces that prevent the Deep Empire from completely taking the Rainbow Isles for itself are the technologically superior Femanx and the savagely protective lizardfolk - the latter following canny priests of Chiuta and Saren. Some of the smaller or more remote islands remain a wilderness of ever-shifting borders, within which many of the battered tribes find solace in the temples of their ancestors, and the whispers of their former elemental masters.



## Settlements

The major settlements in the Rainbow Isles are:

**Apex** is the seat of Prince Kog's power, a military colony built mostly beneath the waves. Located on the edge of the sea shelf, it serves as a port of easy access for the Deep Empire. Though the sahaugin have conquered the nearby islands for storing slaves and sacked vessels, the bulk of the Prince's forces are housed within the sub-aqueous towers of Apex. Given its location, the sahaugin believe that even the technologically superior Femanx would have a hard time felling the colony.

**Ghlidra-Yaam**, which translates into Manxic as 'Yard of Happiness', is a paradise resort dedicated to the entertainment and titillation of the elite. With their vast technology and wealth, the Femanx worry more about how to spend their free time than on mere survival. Boasting crystal clear waters, lush land and luxury, lucky Femanx and rich patrons of many other races can hunt dinosaurs, ride waves and winds, or even dive below the surface to inspect cultured 'wrecks'. Those that attend have to deal with the superiority of the resort's owners, as well as the undine and relluk that staff the resort.

**Relluk Isle** is the volcanic homeland of the bizarre relluk, and is unofficially forbidden to visit, an attitude encouraged by the local priests of the various religions. Elementalists also avoid the place, so as to not be reminded of their last-ditch failure. Femanx recruit relluk here, though, and the stone creatures have their secret ways of travel, as well.

**Thunder Keep**, in the heart of the jungle, is beyond a great wall formed by the largest trees in the lizardfolk domain. It is the capital city of King Razortooth, built of canvas and volcanic rock. Great lizards known as dinosaurs have been tamed as beasts of burden by the locals, and have given the place its name, for the many loud sounds that fill the city. Stomping behemoths, trumpeting war-mounts and the rumbling of the island's volcano both intimidates and inspires visiting folk.

## Intrigues

- Within the Ruined Empire, at the heart of the Rainbow Isles is an undine water cult that has been ignored by the three powers up to now. Lately, however, their chants have grown more menacing, and fierce elementals have been summoned to wreak havoc. Has the cult found a method to contact their vanished masters?
- On certain nights, while enjoying the blissful luxuries of Ghlidra-Yaam, a Femanx staff member has been spied accepting a parcel from a hooded sahaugin. Could this forebode a surprise attack on the unprepared resort, or is it an admittedly odd liaison between unlikely lovers?
- While on a trade mission with the lizardfolk, a Femanx trading vessel has gone missing. Not wishing to create an incident, the security chief of Ghlidra-Yaam is recruiting unaffiliated adventurers to investigate the matter.



## Seven Principalities

*“Amazing how the niceties of politics can be used to seize total power.” - Asterion the Tyrant*

**Capital:** None

**Settlements:** Aesik (4,000), Brun (2,500), Opal (2,500), Huq (6,000), Laon (3,000), Mael (4,000), Noen (2,500)

**Rulers:** The Seven Princes - Huron of Aesik, Latilde of Brun, Vyyzar of Opal, Rokurk of Huq, Leon of Laon, Amitie of Mael, Quarg of Noen

**Government:** Coalition of Principalities

**Races:** Erkunae, Human, Lizardfolk

**Faiths:** Ithreia, Toma Thule, Nemyth Vaar

**Resources:** Herbalism, lumber (hardwood), seafood, ships, spices

**Languages:** Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Infernal, Protean

**Border Conditions:** None

### History

Over a thousand years ago an Erkusaan-backed expedition settled the eight islands of Aesik, Brun, Hile, Huq, Laon, Mael, Noen and Torl. The islands were rich in both natural beauty and diverse exports, being home to several heretofore undiscovered forms of plant and animal life, and they boasted ancient ruins in the depths of the jungle that attracted many well-funded expeditions.

The islands flourished as tropical ports for Erkusaa until the empire collapsed in AC 400, granting power to the ‘princes’ who controlled each island. The struggle for total control of the archipelago began immediately: ships—and sometimes swimmers—raced back and forth across the short stretches of water between the islands, raiding and seizing in an ever-shifting battle for territory and resources. The islands remained poised for war with one another for decades until Romos, prince of now-sunken Torl, managed to persuade the other princes to form a council. By giving the princes an arena in which to wage their wars with words Romos managed to broker an uneasy peace between them which, over the next two and a half centuries, mellowed into today’s casual rivalry.

Enter Asterion. No one knows where he came from, but the minotaur was active on the islands for years before he made his play for power. No bestial savage,

Asterion possessed all the mighty strength of one of his kind coupled with low cunning, a gift for duplicity, and a keen intellect. He declared that the inhabitants of Huq had colonized an island which rightfully belonged to him and demanded to make a case before the council of princes. The council was dutifully assembled on Torl to see what the minotaur had to say - and Asterion used an ancient artifact to sink the whole island into the sea, drowning everyone on it.

With the council dead, Asterion declared himself ruler of the seven remaining islands and threatened that any who did not bend knee to him would feel the power of his artifact. In chaos without their leaders, and dealing with devastation caused by the waves of Torl’s sinking, the islanders capitulated. Asterion chose Huq as his seat of power and began construction of a volcano-sized lair whose labyrinthine tunnels have never been fully mapped. Asterion ruled with an iron fist. He had swathes of jungle clear cut and brought cattle farmers to graze the new land. He opened the island to pirates and those fleeing justice, so long as he got a cut of all. His reign lasted for 40 years before a group of adventurers discovered that Asterion’s artifact was single-use only and managed to sneak into his lair and assassinate him. Only Huron, Latilde and Latilde survived, and they became princes after Asterion. Other princes emerged from the squabbling on other islands, and the council of was reformed.

### Current Events

With the defeat of Asterion trade has stepped up and wealthy travelers are once again coming to the islands to experience the warm climate and relaxing atmosphere. The trade in spices and exotic woods has picked up again, bringing merchants and their wealth to all of the seven islands. The lizardfolk keep to themselves in the inner jungles, as they have always done, but are common enough sights in markets around the islands.

The islanders still bicker between themselves, but with the memory of Asterion’s oppression vivid in their minds it rarely escalates to more than a friendly rivalry. A more serious problem are the Gray Blades, a large band of pirates who were exiled from the Principalities following Asterion’s death but have found moorings on other islets nearby, joining forces for revenge and plunder. Those willing to sign on as marines for the Seven will find plenty of work.

The island ruins, from the Erkunae Era or before, have always drawn plenty of attention, and now adventurers and scholars flock not just to them but to the old lair of Asterion. They search for the supposedly vast wealth he accumulated in his 40-year reign as tyrant king of the isles. Among those who have the ability or magic to breathe underwater, the coral-choked ruins of Torl are a popular destination. Since the entire island sank, all the treasure of its inhabitants likely remains below the waves - if someone was brave enough to get it.

## Settlements

The major settlements of the Seven Principalities are:

**Aesik** is the second-largest settlement, although most of its population are lizardfolk, rather than humans. Tensions between races are higher here than on other islands, thanks to some nasty pieces of work on both sides. Huron rules with all the wisdom of a paladin of Toma Thule but the history is too convoluted and the bad blood too strong for a simple solution.

**Brun** is situated at the far end of the archipelago, its isolated location making it vulnerable to pirate raids. Latilde rules it as a general, trying her best to keep all safe. She and Huron used to be lovers, but fell out over matters of statecraft; she now watches the disintegration of his society with grim satisfaction.

**Huq** is the largest island and its settlement has the greatest population. Under the rule of Asterion and then the half-orc Rokurk it has become a place for hard workers, hard drinkers, and those who know to keep their mouth shut. Suspicious of outsiders, the people of Huq are annoyed by the endless parade of treasure hunters entering Asterion's volcano labyrinth.

**Laon** is overseen by the laughing rogue Leon, who changed his name to better suit the island. Under his

light-handed rule the town is an anarchic haven where anything goes, so long as you've got the smarts to do it where his thugs can't see.

**Mael** is a quiet town under the rulership of the mage queen Amitie, who delegates most of her ruling duties to her steward so that she may continue her arcane studies of sunken Torl. Anyone who can bring her material from the island will be rewarded, and may find themselves pressed into leading the next expedition.

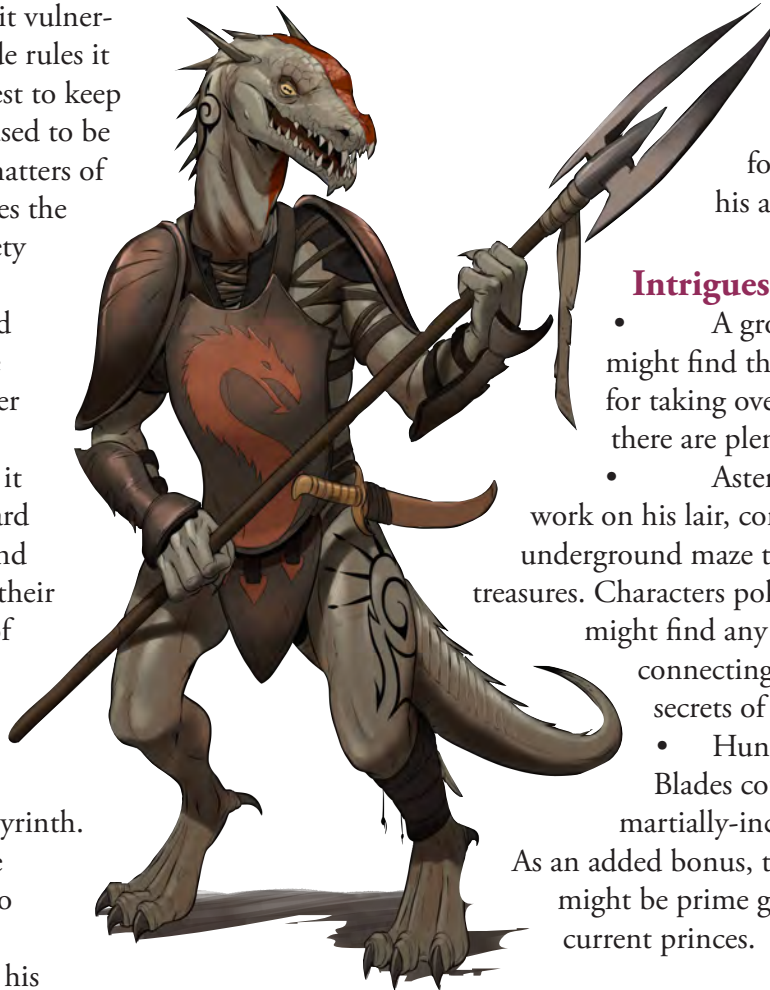
**Noen** is also quiet, though unlike the contemplative stillness of Mael, this is a silence born of fear. Barbaric lizardfolk and humans run wild in the inner jungles, worshiping the Outcast at ancient altars; every night the lizardfolk vampire Quarg emerges from the jungle to deliver her edicts and receive his tithe of blood. The settlers can sleep safe in their beds, so long as Quarg holds his people back.

**Opal** is the smallest settlement, although the island itself is rather large and home to strange tribes of degenerate erkunae. Vyyzar the 89th, once a lieutenant of Asterion, as been slowly descending into paranoia since

the minotaur was slain and is seeking allies in all the worst places: rumor has it he treats with fiends for power; an old habit from his ancestral homeland.

## Intrigues

- A group of power-hungry PCs might find the Seven Principalities ripe for taking over - with all the political strife there are plenty of cracks to exploit.
  - Asterion had four decades to work on his lair, constructing an elaborate underground maze that still holds his greatest treasures. Characters poking around down there might find any kind of treasure, passages connecting the lair to other islands, or secrets of Asterion's origins.
  - Hunting the pirates of the Gray Blades could be lucrative work for a martially-inclined group of characters.
- As an added bonus, the islets the pirates occupy might be prime ground for expansion for the current princes.





## Trade Consortium of Blix

*"Oh, but sir! You can find the wonders of the world, if you have but the coin in your pocket. Wanna buy a pair of pock-ets?"* - Anonymous Blixian merchant

**Capital:** Terrin

**Settlements:** Bossol (8,000), Calim (5,000), Daf-tin (5,500), Gelium (6,000), Junt (6,500), Mercst (9,000), Netun (8,800), Pult (7,000), Sart (7,500), Terrin (8,500), Urist (8,000)

**Rulers:** Trade-Master Tammerillion Godscorn

**Government:** Democratic Mercantile Senate

**Races:** Boggle, Halfling, Numistian, Ratfolk, and merchants of all races

**Faiths:** Any

**Resources:** Agriculture, trade goods

**Languages:** Common, Goblin, Halfling

**Border Conditions:** Limited (A porphyrite border limits access to the Gardens of Meynon)

### History

After The Calling, Porphyra was in upheaval, as the world began to settle, and there were new races and realms in abundance. There were also areas unclaimed by the new powers or the old - one such area is where the Trade Consortium of Blix grew into an economic power. Previously inhabited by professionally servile agricultural halflings, the Scrolls of Mercantile Interchange record that the Consortium began as a gathering of halfling clans. The clan chiefs decided that, rather than compete with each other to supply the needy post-war world, they would each focus upon a particular area of goods, then pool their resources to further their collective interests. Thus the Great Trading Houses were born and the Republic of Merc was founded. The republic prospered but soon the Houses found themselves becoming overwhelmed by the demand for their goods. Production was failing to meet demand and trade routes were dwindling.

That is when Blix found his way to the republic. Blix-ander Coinspun was a halfling that had been bit by the wander-bug early in his life. After many adventures, he grew soft in the foot, and began to long for home and the pleasures of working through the maze of business agreements. So, he returned to the ailing Republic. Blix did not return alone, though, he brought with him the salvation of the land - boggles. He had befriended a

clan of boggles in his travels, and found them a fascinating (and industrious) people. He then founded the final Great Trade House of the Republic. Driven by the industrious nature of the boggle clan he employed, Blix prospered, and soon began to outsource his boggles to the other Great Trade Houses. Before long, the entire Republic was revitalized, as production soared. Trade with the rest of Porphyra was never higher.

Then, disaster. Known forever as the beginning of the Great Depression, a plague swept across the Republic. If it were simply a viral or bacterial pandemic, it might have been contained. Rather, it was the Bon Flue, the boggle primordial drive to propagate the species. In a month, every boggle in the Republic had been affected. The goblinoids were no longer focused on creating new works, and their industrious natures had given way to fits of fanciful performances, communal gatherings, and massive amounts of unsettling noise. The records of the halflings that lived through the Great Depression emphasize that little sleep was had. The Republic was faltering, production ground to a near-halt, and trade was waning.

It was then that the numistians arrived, from somewhere in the southern sands. They brought with them a proposal for the Republic, and, more importantly, a cure for the Bon Flue. Elected by the council of chiefs to represent the Republic, Blix himself negotiated the terms at the Gelian Customs Accord (GCA). When the GCA was ratified, the Republic of Merc was no more, and in its place stood the Trade Consortium of Blix. Most of the halfling Great Trading Houses remained, reformed into the Eight Guilds, backed by the restored Boggle Labor Unions and bolstered by the exotic Numistian Import Syndicates. Once again the hub of commerce was restored to Porphyra, reaching even greater heights than before.

### Current Events

The Trade Consortium is the hub of commerce and trade on Porphyra. It is said that no kingdom has deeper pockets and that no pocket is emptied without the Trade Consortium's approval. Blix is ruled by the Mercantile Senate, composed of democratically elected representatives from each of the Guilds, Unions, and Syndicates. A Trade-Master is elected by the Senate to represent the Consortium's interest in global matters; this occurs once every twelve years. The capital of the Consortium

changes with the seat of the Trade- Master; thus it is a hotly contested position, and Election is a time of great flux in Blix.

Politically, the Consortium is staunchly neutral, sometimes bravely so, for the northern kingdoms dislike the equity with which the Blixians treat the southern ancestors of the elementalists; the Siwathu, the Ghadabi, and the orthodox zendiqi who are drawn from their number. Even Pynians are welcome in Blix, though slavery is strictly forbidden within their borders. This pragmatic equality is hardly a beacon to the world, but it is ironically fairer than the kindest of clerical orders to be seen on the Patchwork Planet.

No religion holds particular sway in the Consortium, save the worship of Lord Coin, although the Boggles are rather fond of Linium. No faith is banned, either, for all offerings are welcome in Blix as long as there is profit to be made. The tolerance of Mâl here is a major bone of contention between the halflings of the Bulwark and those of Blix.

## Settlements

The major settlements of Blix are:

The **Guild Cities** and **Floating Syndicate Holds** are strategically placed so as to not intrude on each other's sales area. Who makes what and who trades with whom are lively areas of debate in the Mercantile Senate.

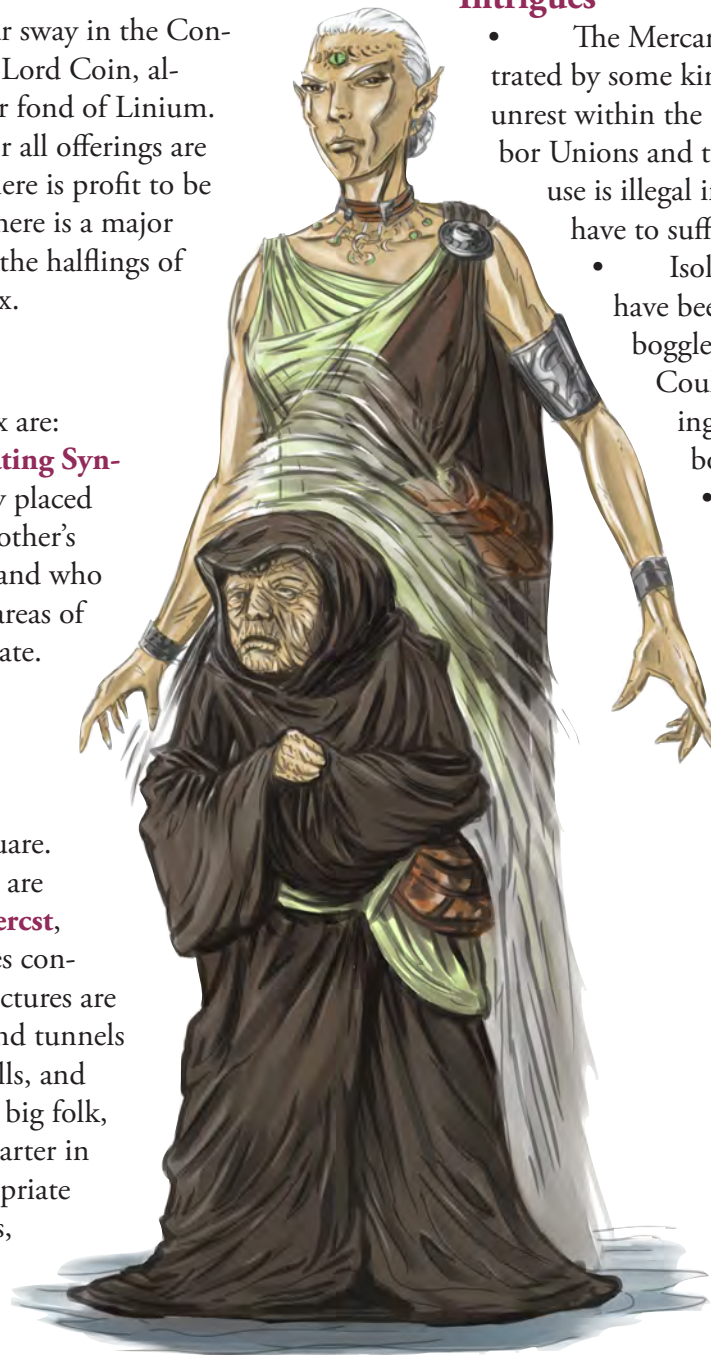
**Terrin** is the current capital, and has been for the past ten years, being able to place the Sanctum of Trade, a mobile trade-floor, in its city square. The other Trade House cities are **Sart**, **Junt**, **Netun**, **Urist**, **Mercst**, **Pult**, and **Bossol**. Being cities conceived by halflings, their structures are uniquely theirs, with holes and tunnels as common as towers and halls, and access somewhat difficult for big folk, though there is a Tallman quarter in each community, with appropriate entertainments, inducements, and fees. "Gobbog Flats" is the term used for the

boggle quarter of each community, a noisy, potentially dangerous place to be, but fascinating nonetheless.

Though not as large as the Guild cities, the Floating Syndicate Holds of **Daftin**, **Calim**, and **Gelium** are said to be able to sate the most exotic of appetites, administered by the enigmatic numistians. These three cities are at the borders of Blix, and are hotbeds of intrigue and trade with zendiqi, Mâlites (and Gardeners alike) and the dangerous outlaws of Nor-du-Mag. The numistian cities are very cosmopolitan, with virtually every race known present and squabbling for profit.

## Intrigues

- The Mercantile Senate has been infiltrated by some kind of shapechanger, causing unrest within the Consortium both in the Labor Unions and the Import Syndicates. Magic use is illegal in the Senate, so subtlety will have to suffice.
- Isolated outbreaks of Bon Flue have been reported in the outlying boggle villages of the Consortium. Could a new Depression be looming on the horizon? Do the boggles even care?
- The sinister Tuthon Barony has been exporting some of the rare goods typically found in the Consortium via the Import Syndicates. Where have the Tuthoni been getting them? There is likely a smuggler in the midst of Blix.



## Underdeep

*"This one has seen that which is the surface; seas, skies, trees. None of it all can compare with one single psi-infested porphyrite mega-stalactite in a single hive, in a single commune..." - T'rn E'r, dromite chronicler*

**Capital:** Varies by kingdom

**Settlements:** N'ndS'r (100,000, dromite), Morn Dunmar (duergar, 6,000), Valenstae and Turgan-nal (5,000+, ophiduan)

**Rulers:** M'dln C'tk, GeneArchivist Ascendant of N'ndS'r (dromite), Lord Break-more (duergar), Clan Chiefs Seratt M'ar and Lem'csstra Tol (ophiduan)

**Government:** Varies by Kingdom

**Races:** Dromite, Drow, Duergar, Kripar, Ophiduan, Troglodyte

**Faiths:** Ferrakus, Linium, Nemyth Vaar, Shade, Shankhil

**Resources:** Gems, godmetals (all), metals (all), porphyrite

**Languages:** Draconic, Kripar, Terran, Undercommon

**Border Conditions:** Unpredictable (Porphyrite pockets exist and move seemingly at random in the Underdeep)

**Major Access Points:** Creeper's Rift, Mount Xoa, Nor-Du-Mag, Purple Mountain, the Pinnacle Lands, assorted islands in the Sea of Karkoon

## History

The Underdeep is a vast collection of titanic caverns and a threaded morass of tunnels that spiderweb beneath the kingdoms of the surface world. Much of the Underdeep is naturally occurring formations, lava tubes, underground waterways and tunnels cut from the bowels of the world by tunneling creatures and races. Those haunts of the common races have been carved by design over millennia, and those places are fiercely competed over, as valuable as life itself.

It is said, though, carved in the Stone Scrolls of Scrapper the duergar scribe, that the existence of the Underdeep is the result of a far more apocalyptic design. The myths say that the entirety of the Land Below is a prison; that a being exists from long before The Calling, from before

the rule of the Elemental Lords, from a time immemorial, who must never wake. For if That Which Sleeps Beneath should rouse from its god-sleep, the world will suffer cataclysm that would make the Breaking of Nor-Du-Mag look like a landing of a butterfly.

The terrible Codex of Mar'dis hints that in some far channel of the Underdeep is enscribed the name of The Sleeper, and to speak this name aloud would wake the slumbering Entropy - or so say the ravings of the madmen who have translated the text before taking their own lives. Furthermore, in the biogum crystalline walls of the dromite hive libraries, there lay, dormant, memory - shards of the One Who Calls Now and Forever. To share these memories is a heretical crime, punishable by termination of the hive's gene-heritage, and if any seeds of the heresy occur again, the eradication of the hive-memory until non-contamination can be assured.

## Current Events

There are a handful of cataloged ways into the Underdeep, other than those in Creeper's Rift, but where once only a few rogue fissures the Land Below existed, unmapped, after The Calling and the landing of the alien, porphyrite-bordered countries, a myriad of shifting paths now lay open. As with any portal, though, they function both ways, and as entrance to the Underdeep has been gained, so has the Underdeep's grasp reached the surface of Porphyra.

The Underdeep holds almost as many nations as that of the world it exists beneath, complete with its share of fallen kingdoms, and ruins of ancient origin. Of these nations, a few warrant note:

- The dromite hive cities are some of the most spectacular creations a mortal can behold. Towering geometric constructions of luminescent biogum arcologies are home to millions of dromites. Their caverns mostly dominate the northwest quadrant of the globe.
- There are the vast caverns of the Serpent Kingdoms, ruled by the ophiduan clan houses. One must take care when crossing clan cavernland, in the vicinity of the surface equator, to avoid being caught up in the House Wars.
- Duergar feudal holds span miles upon miles of the deep caves of the sub-southern hemisphere. If one can keep from becoming chained to a deepforge bel-

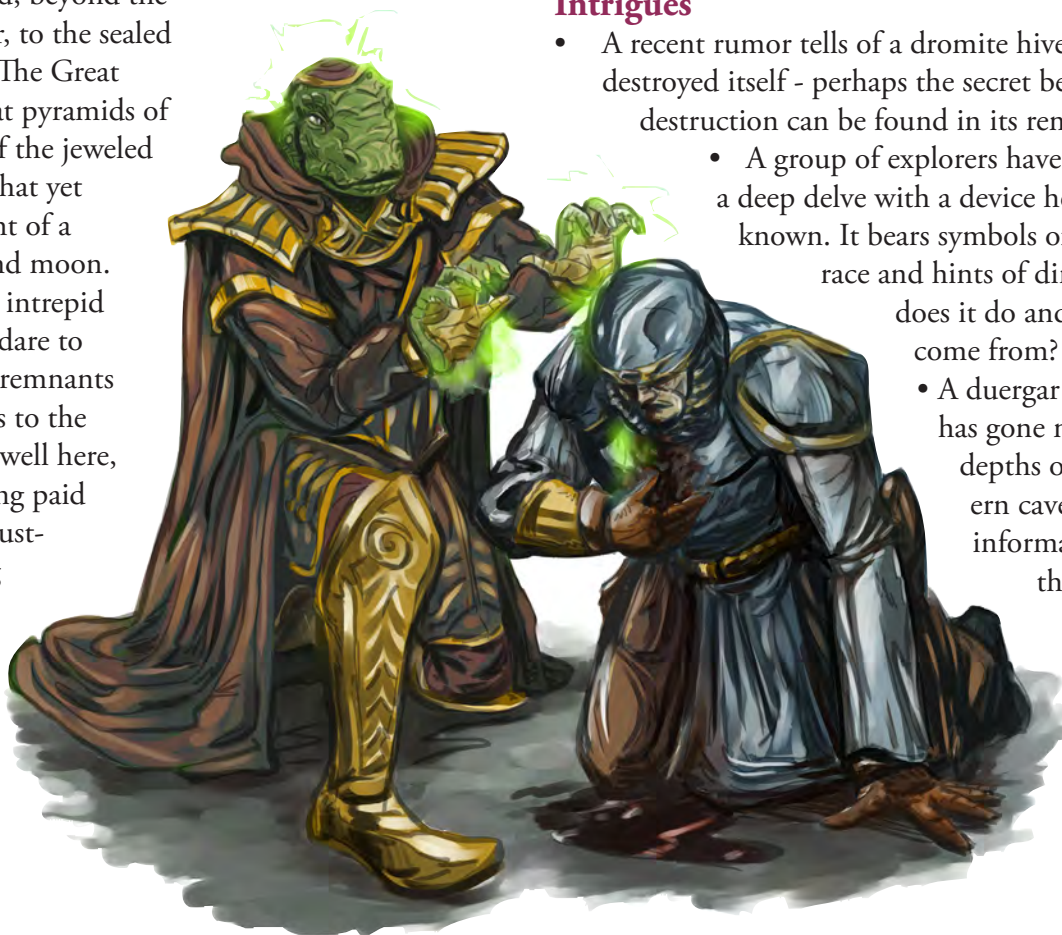


lows, it is said that they hold wonders crafted from the exotic ores of the deep.

A constant hazard of the deep realms are the roving hordes of troglodytes, unpredictable in their level of devolution and savagery. Though primitive, they are said to harvest porphyrite and shape it into weapons, following the living veins of the precious mineral through the flesh of the world.

Rare but near unequaled in danger are the kripar hunting lodges. The crook-backed hunters are as proud as they are skilled, and fueled by a constant need to find the most dangerous prey. They sometimes hire members of other races as porters on grand hunts into the vast dark, and it is said that a single successful hunt could yield enough return to retire to a king's life on the surface. The kripar have no regard for weakness or failure, and one of their employees could very easily find themselves playing the part of bait. They have of late declared themselves self-appointed ambassadors to Creeper's Rift, and many of the larger lodges are found near there.

As for the long-vanished elder races of the underworld, and the all-too present ruins and works they left behind, beyond the Dark Sea of Ur, to the sealed lands beneath The Great Green, are great pyramids of pearl, towers of the jeweled walls of cities that yet bask in the light of a perfect diamond moon. Only the most intrepid underwellers dare to roam there, as remnants of strange allies to the elementalists dwell here, and hide, having paid the price for trusting their dying power to the losers of the New-God Wars.



## Settlements

The major settlements of the Underdeep are:

**Morn Dunmar** is gray and solid, like the duergar themselves, and resonant with concentric chants and odes to their weird patrons. They are said to trade in dire arcane weaponry to the highest bidders of the under- or overworld. It is closest to the isle of Sharira, but technically under the south Lost Sea.

**N'ndS'r**, the largest of the myriad dromite hive-cities, is said to house a library of knowledge that would take a lifetime of lifetimes to catalog, and that the Archivists offer its use to those strangers willing to offer lore in return, and that can become accustomed to the taste of the biogum volumes and neurospeech. N'ndS'r is located halfway between Nor-Du-Mag and Purple Mountain.

**Valenstae** and **Turgannal** are fiercely competitive ophidian cities, and relatively open to outsiders, especially if there are interested in mercenary work. The clan-houses are at turns verging on civil war and joining in some new psionic fad or discipline, "for the good of the race." These cities are in the approximate area of the Land of Steam.

## Intrigues

- A recent rumor tells of a dromite hive city that destroyed itself - perhaps the secret behind its self destruction can be found in its remains.
- A group of explorers have returned from a deep delve with a device heretofore unknown. It bears symbols of an unrecorded race and hints of dire power. What does it do and where did it come from?
- A duergar ambassador has gone missing in the depths of a vast northern cavern. He held information vital to the prevention of a holy war among the gray ones that would doubtless spill into the upper world.

## Wastes of Simoon

*“These praying beggars invade us? How can this dirty rabble face the beautiful host of the Paradise of Simoon?”* – Zafiq Al-Reyahk, last Sheik of Old Simoon

**Capital:** Korech the Vortex

**Settlements:** Ashyim (2,500) Four (1,000), Korech (8,000), Nomad City of Zyran (2,000)

**Rulers:** Aal’arba’aa Wathkur (The Four who Remember)

**Government:** Tribal council

**Races:** Elemental-kin, Enigmon, Human, Zendiqi

**Faiths:** Elemental Lords (any)

**Resources:** Glass, obsidian, relics, seafood

**Languages:** Old Porphyran, Aquan, Auran, Ignan, Terran

**Border Conditions:** None

### History

The Paradise of Simoon once covered all of the eastern hemisphere of Porphyra: from the high peaks of Adamah, now called the Birdman Mountains, to the Boundless oceans of Mayim; from the firelands of Aish, to the windswept plains of Ruach. There the domains touched, and the elemental children traded with one another, sharing in the bounty of paradise under the watchful eyes of the Four Who Are the Foundation, the Elemental Lords. Ranging freely, carrying the word of The Four across the domains, were the children of Zendiq. To hear it said by the bearded historians, Porphyra never knew another such golden age—all shattered with the arrival of the New Gods.

When the New Gods War was over, the paradise had become a wasteland, fully two-thirds of it usurped by invading territories, or wrested from elemental control and settled by the victors. The domains were blasted by magic, their borders redrawn, their elements mixed by chaotic forces. The peaks of Adamah were seized by Ithreia’s winged forces, Gerana’s Middle Kingdoms separating all with vast armies, and Ferrakus himself, flush from opening Creeper’s Rift, ignited the fires of Aish to burn them to the Crumbs they are today, melting the sands and the waters of Mayim into the Glass Sea, that glimmering flow of magical crystal and sand. The Four left a final gift before their exile: the city of Korech, at the

nexus of the elemental chaos of the region. The survivors and their descendants call it the Vortex, for all elements swirl around it—summon-bound elementals in a dance of ancient adoration.

The Wastes of Simoon still hold beauty unequalled in Porphyra, but it is a savage beauty that only the strong can enjoy. So while the New Gods may have claimed and mangled the rest of Porphyra, the people of Simoon still make their obeisance, and await the return of the Four Who Are the Foundation, for then Porphyra will be as it used to be, once more.

### Current Events

Simoon is not quite a unified country, as others are. In remembrance of the four domains of old, modern Simoon exists as four distinct peoples eking out a living in as much balance as they can muster. The elemental-kin of Korech, with a good smattering of Landed humans, stands as the center of urban civilization; the Zendiqi roam the sands and occasionally convene to form the Nomad City of Zyran; the Sailors of the Glass Sea of Ashyim (Baha’ar Ha-Ashyim) guard the liquid crystal ways and the secret to Simooni glass in their eponymous town; and the Zephyri mystics who commune with the elements, holding their sacred relics at the town of Arba - in common, Four.

Each of these groups sends a representative to Korech for a year where they become the Four Who Remember, charged with administering the land to the benefit of the majority. The identity of the Four Who Remember is kept secret during their tenure, and after the sole allowable term, their identities are revealed. All decisions must pass by majority vote; if a tie sits for more than four months, all members are executed and a new council summoned. The current Aal’arba’aa Wathkur have been locked in a tie for the past three months. This is the longest tie in recent history and the people of Korech are starting to get antsy about it. No council has been executed in at least a hundred years—and the source of the impasse is unknown.

To the east Korech is bound by the endless sands wherein the Zendiqi roam and the Zephyri wander.

The sands stretch, hot and unforgiving, to the Crumbs of Aish and the border with The Ghadab. Cyclopean sandworms believed by the Simooni to be guardians sent by the Elemental Lords to guard their children, swim through the sands to the edge of the Glass Sea, emerg-

ing to punish those who have angered the Four. Of late, the Zendiqi have begun to amass in the empty north, to push at the borders of New Porphyra. Some believe they are getting ready to pay back the invaders of Porphyra for the defeat suffered by their ancestors centuries before.

To the west, Korech is bound by the Glass Sea of Ashyim, said to be bottomless and home to wondrous creatures of living glass. The Baha'ri guard the secrets of the Ashyim: they craft Simooni glass, said to be nigh indestructible when shaped, wield magic that puts the glass waters at their command, and travel to trade lands on their bizarre Mirrorships. As the only Simooni who have continuous contact with the outside world, the Baha'ar are the eyes and ears of Simoon, trading information as readily as they trade glass. Likewise, they are always in danger, as their secrets are coveted by many.

Zephyri mystics wander the depths of the wastes to hone their minds and bodies, hoping to commune with the Four Who Are the Foundation. In surviving the desert, they develop their skills and achieve great power over the elements. Some are even said to ride the huge and fearsome desert sandworms as the Zendiqi ride camels. Though few in number, the Zephyri are valued and feared across Simoon, for they stand for an earlier, more rugged and savage age, where the elements were chaos unleashed, a thought that doesn't mesh very well with many who have grown accustomed to the civility of modern life.

## Settlements

The major settlements in the Wastes of Simoon are:

**Korech** stands as proud as any city in Porphyra, home to thousands of ifrit, sylph, oread and even a few land-bound undine. Its architects emphasized compact utility, while showcasing towers, tunnels, fire vents and cascades to honor the Four. In its center is the Tower of the Four, where the Aal'arba'aa Wathkur live and hold court for their tenure.

The **Nomad City of Zyran** is a model of modularity; composed of thousands of colorful tents, it bursts from the sands overnight and stretches for mile. The Zendiqi convene Zyran from two to four times and year, for trade and socialization. Important issues are discussed by the camel-lords, marriages sealed, and grudges settled. When all is done, Zyran disappears like a mirage until the next time.

## Intrigues

- According to a scroll found by the PCs on a dead guard, the stalemate within the Tower of the Four regards trade with the rest of Porphyra. Addressed to a Baha'ar sylph named Yrmah, will the PCs get wrapped up in Korech politics?
- Zyran has popped up a half-day's ride from the walls of Korech, gathering a large number of Zendiqi hordes. The central occasion is a marriage between a Zendiqi princess and an ifrit merchant-prince... That is, until the father of the bride turns up dead in an alley, burnt to death. The Four hastily recruit adventurers to find out the facts and prevent war.
- A colossal sandworm has been spotted near Ashyim, a previously worm-free territory. The Zephyri pronounce it a judgment on the free-trading Baha'ri, and those glass-sea traders are hiring infidels to destroy the creature before the 'prophecy' can come true.





## Seas of Porphyra

Much of the surface of Porphyra is ocean, and many beings make their life upon and beneath it; virtually all have some need of goods and information that moves across it. The oceans and bodies of water of Porphyra were as much a battleground during the NewGod War as the land above, and as much destruction, and leftover mystery exists still.

### Arm of Parl

Though named for the famous horselords, the Arm is by no means their domain, as the cultures around it are not naval powers. The West Arm is mostly fresh, and rivers from it water that horses of the Horselords, and the Clans in the Fourlands to the north. Past the Nishabe Narrows, the Arm is salt, and prone to the depredations of rock-throwing giants from the Retreat. Ruins abound all shores of the Arm, ripe for exploration, due to taboos of the aboriginal peoples there.

### Bay of Gods

A large bay literally ripped into the surface of Porphyra during The Calling, the merchants of the Middle Kingdoms claim the Bay is open for trade, and closed to war and piracy. The Freeporters snicker when the distant Midlanders lay down such pompous edicts. Friendly trade does abound, though, between the raw rocks of the Bay, which still smoke with the injury done to them, a thousand years ago. The rocky islets of western Dunmark are a cause for concern though, as the Boroughmen see no ambassadors, and refuse to do anything about the shadowy presences issuing forth from that rain-soaked archipelago.

### Bay of Reeds

An arm of the western Opal Sea between Iffud and the Fenian Triarchy, this waterway is difficult to navigate, due to its shallowness. Ships of these nations are wide and flat-bottomed, the favorite prey of seagoing villains. Within the confines of the Bay, however, the Fenians and Tulites are the masters. Lizardfolk are extremely plentiful throughout this bay, as well.

### Cold Seas

The East and West regions of the south polar Cold Seas girdle the Pinnacle Lands and eventually freeze solid into

the Iceland, a shifting quilt of ice floes scoured clean by the wind. Stark though it may be, several clans of ith'n ya'roo make a life here, with the unique tool of winds-kates, blades of bone that they wear on their feet, propelled by the wind in their sealskin capes. The Cold Seas are patrolled by whaling ships of several nations, and whalers have made a few bases, as well as predatory frost giants, who also harass the ith'n ya'roo.

### Green Sea

Bordered primarily by massive forests, this second-largest Porphyran lake is unspoiled and barely developed or utilized in any 'civilized' way. The sparkling shores of the loosely connected Emerald Shoals within the lake are said to be the most beautiful places on the entire planet, untouched by the horrible NewGod wars. Primarily an elven lake, the Green Sea is under no small threat from the Horselord of Parl Pardesh, who have lately come to understand the worth of clean water, tall timber, and the lure of conquest.

### Lost Seas

This large sea is riddled with porphyrite borders, and strange islands that seem to move regularly, and are difficult to map. Its waters are mostly warm and full of life, and see many battles of seagoing nations.

### Opal Sea

Claimed by Erkusaa as their national lake in antevocal times, the Opal Sea is open now to all, and dominated by none. Its central reaches are extremely deep, and you can travel from G'sho'laa,n'rr to the northern polar shores without making landfall. Crossing the midpoint of the Opal Sea is a rite of passage for sailors, neophytes being tossed into the sea (bound by ropes... usually) and hauled out to great celebration. Pirates prowl its southern reaches, and the ghastly skull-ships of the Empire of the Dead clash with those of the intrepid Last Kingdom in the north.

### Sea of Almuut

This northward arm of the polar Cold Sea is sterile, heavily tainted with salt and wild magic, though certain ill-mapped parts of it are magic-dead. What naval power the elementalists had met their total destruction here, late in the NewGod war. As with the grim land of Nordu-Mag, outlaws and hermits seeking to escape magical

scrutiny sometimes set up camp within or on the “Sea of Death”

### Sea of Ithreia

This freshwater sea is the largest lake on Porphyra, kept open in many ports by the warmth of the eastern Lotus Blossom Steppes. The Tuthons, Skandari, and servants of the Red King constantly squabble upon it, making the plentiful fish schools difficult to harvest. Ithreian adherents do have a presence here, far from their mistress’ home lands, and maintain neutrality in the three-way conflict, seeking only to protect the wildlife and pristine beauty of the “Lake of Birds” A group of intrepid dwarves is proposing a neutral zone between the southeast Northlands and the Skandari Lake of Sighs to build a set of sea-locks, to facilitate travel from the northern Lost Sea and the Sea of Ithreia; this proposal may shake enough coins in front of both sides to actually take place.

### Sea of Karkoon

Once dominated by the Hobgoblins of Karkoon in antevocal days, this sea is the domain of the Oncoming Wave of Mal, and their strange devices, ships, and creatures can be found prowling it regularly. A crowded body of water, the Sea of Karkoon borders many jutting coastlines, inlets and bays, difficult even for the Malites to maintain a stranglehold. Interl weather conditions are very unpredictable, due to the effects of the irregular porphyrite borders, and the gateways to the inimical dimension of Mal.

### Straits of Ryumi

Probably the liveliest body of water on Porphyra, the ships of a dozen nations pass through this mid-world strait. Named for the iconic sea dragon of Last Kingdom lore, the presence of fantastic sea beasts is certainly easy to confirm in the Straits of Ryumi. The Scaled Islands of the southern coast of the Last Kingdom have the largest concentrations of dragons on Porphyra, and vague agreements between the dragons and the leaders of that honorable land are in place to assure to misunderstandings. The metal steamers of the Clockwork Lands, ornate junks of Jengu-na, Keshite warships, and primitive canoes from Californ and the Rainbow Isles all create a whirlwind of activity and wonder.

## The Coasts of the Haunted Sea

*Two lofty ships from The Middle Kingdoms came,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
One was the Prince of Weston, and the other Prince of  
Thame,  
Cruising down along the coasts of the Haunted Sea.*

*“Aloft there, aloft!” our jolly boatswain cries,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
“Look ahead, look astern, look aweather and alee,  
Look along down the coasts of the Haunted Sea.”*

*There’s nought upon the stern, there’s nought upon the  
lee,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
But there’s a lofty ship to windward, and she’s sailing  
fast and free,  
Sailing down along the coasts of the Haunted Sea.*

*“Oh, hail her, Oh, hail her,” our gallant captain cried,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
“Are you a man-o’-war or a privateer,” said he,  
“Cruising down along the coasts of the Haunted Sea.”*

*“Oh, I am not a man-o’-war nor privateer,” said he,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
“But I’m a salt-sea pirate a-looking for my fee,  
“Cruising down the coasts of the Haunted Sea.”*

*Oh, ’twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
Until the Prince of Weston shot the pirate’s masts away,  
Cruising down along the coasts of the Haunted Sea.*

*“Oh, quarter, Oh, quarter,” those pirates then did cry,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
But the quarter that we gave them – in the ocean now  
they be,  
Coming down along the coast of the Haunted Sea.*

(Sung as a Sea Shanty)

## Races of Porphyra

The lands of Porphyra are made of opportunity or tragedy depending on who is telling the tale. Regardless, of the storyteller none would disagree that the world was irrevocably changed by the events of The Calling. Many new races, hereafter referred to as *Landed Races*, arrived along with the gods and older *Native Races* of Porphyra were displaced or destroyed. Below is a description of many of the races that figure prominently within the Lands of Porphyra Campaign Setting as well as a list of their most prominent regions. This list, though extensive, is not exhaustive as it seems that more races arrive or are created on Porphyra every day.

**Aasimars (Landed):** Before The Calling, access to divine beings and the Realms Beyond was extremely limited. Only a few powerful mages or the conjurers of Erkusaa could breach the planar barriers and make contact with those from outside of Porphyra. When the planar barriers were breached during The Calling, and the Gods of Porphyra gained access to the Patchwork World, so did their celestial minions. Throughout the NewGod Wars, mortals and celestials fought to overthrow the Elemental Lords. The first aasimar children of their combined forces were born in the first years of the war.

**Subraces:** Geralites

**Regions:** Empire of the Dead, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes, Middle Kingdoms.

**Anpur (Native):** The civilized race of gnolls known as the anpur are native to the Deserts of Siwath. The City of Tombs is where their dead are honored and their ancestors are remembered.

**Regions:** Calopia, Deserts of Siwath.

**Anumus (Native):** The Empire of Al'mahk created the anumus by feeding the supernatural anumi fruit to lesser animals in the vain attempt to become god-like race creators. When the empire fell, the various anumus tribes were scattered throughout the Clandoms. Most anumus tend to exist in small tribes of similar animal heritage. Some have left the Clandoms as well including many who emigrate to the Landed Territory called the Gardens of Meynon.

**Regions:** Calopia, Clandoms of the Fourlands, Gardens of Meynon, Great Green, Jotun Forest, Pynian

Coast.

**Avoodim (Landed):** In the NewGods War many aspiring souls tested to become archons in the great campaign against the Elemental Lords, but few were worthy. Those souls unworthy to join the ranks of the heavenly Archons, instead were returned to the mortal realm in powerful bodies. These Lost Ones or avoodim fought to regain their honor during the NewGod Wars and now struggle to find a place in the mortal world with their failure weighing heavy on their soul.

**Regions:** Empire of the Dead, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes, Middle Kingdoms.

**Boggard (Native):** Boggards, or frogfolk, live throughout the wetlands of the world. In the time before The Calling, most boggards were worshippers of the Elemental Lords as the boggards were given many gifts for their service to the Naga Empress. Following the NewGods War, boggards have lost much of their power in the Fenian Triarchy which they blame on their grippli cousins.

**Subraces:** Grippli

**Regions:** Calopia, Fenian Triarchy

**Blues (Landed):** Blues are psionic goblins also from the Clockwork Lands based in Pyoness. Longterm rivals, but not enemies of the boggles, blue cryptics are often involved in industrial espionage and sabotage campaigns against Crucible Industries.

**Regions:** Calopia, Clockwork Lands, Purple Mountain.

**Boggles (Landed):** Boggles are a landed race of tinker goblins at home within the Landed Territory known as the Clockwork Lands. Based mainly in Crucible, Boggles were instrumental in the development of the Mark I Multi-Purpose Golem (M1MG) by Crucible Industries.

**Regions:** Calopia, Clockwork Lands, Purple Mountain, Trade Consortium of Blix

**Catfolk (Native/Landed):** While most catfolk are nimble, capable, and often active creatures, there is also a strong tendency among some catfolk to engage in quiet contemplation and study. Such individuals are interested in finding new solutions to age-old problems



and questioning even the most steadfast philosophical certainties of the day. During NewGods War, the cat-folk of the Great Green remained neutral, much to the chagrin of their elven neighbours, and worked to find a peaceful solution to the conflict that ravaged the surface of the Patchwork Planet.

**Subraces:** Cats of Olthar (Landed), Qit'ar (Landed)

**Regions:** Calopia, Great Green, Hesteria.

**Changelings (Native):** Changelings are the offspring of hags and their lovers taken through magic or madness. Dropped off on doorsteps of prospective foster parents, changelings are raised by strangers. Typically tall, slender, dark haired, and attractive, changelings otherwise resemble their fathers' race. They are always female, and their mismatched colored eyes and abnormally pale skin hint at their true heritage. At puberty, changelings receive "the call," a hypnotic spiritual voice that beckons them to travel and discover their true origins. Changelings who ignore this call choose their own destiny; those who heed it discover their "mother" and may come into great power by transforming into hags themselves. At the onset the NewGods War, hags abandoned their giant allies and took up the banner of Mâl the Destroyer. Changelings, sensing the winds of change as well, joined the deist forces to help defeat the elemental Lords. It is questionable how long their new loyalty will last or even can last given their changeable nature.

**Regions:** Calopia, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes.

**Dhampir (Native):** The vampiric spawn known as dhampir live in greatest numbers within the Empire of the Dead. Within this accursed land the half-living humanoids can actually have some semblance of a normal life. Outside of those borders, however they face many of the same prejudices as dhampir commonly face on other worlds except in the dream-like realm of Hesteria.

**Regions:** Calopia, Empire of the Dead, Hesteria, Pynnian Coast.

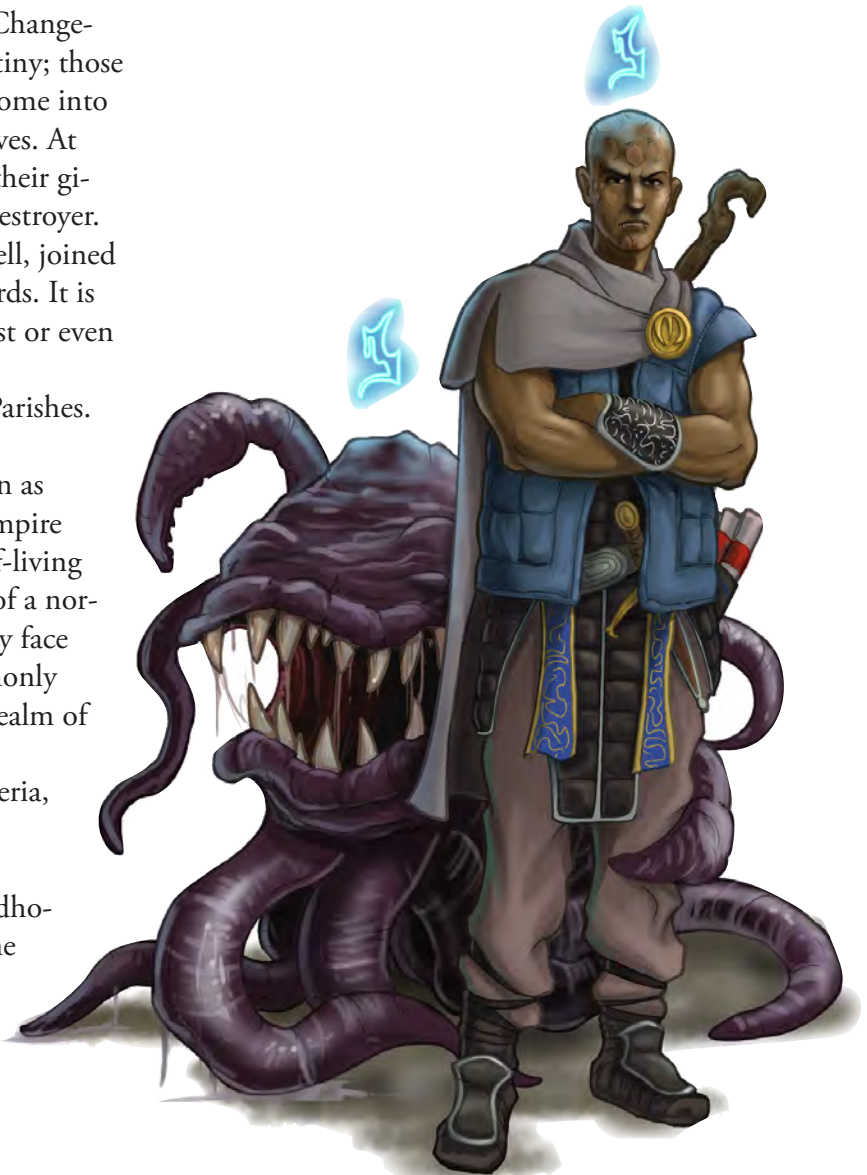
**Dhosari (Native):** The strange double-bodied dhosari are one of the first races to walk or crawl the surface of Porphyra. At a minimum, they are the first race that was enslaved by the erkunae. In the time before the NewGod Wars, dhosari were found exclusively within the

company of their erkunae masters but since the war many dhosari have seized their freedom and emigrated from the Mist-Shrouded Isle to the New Lands of Azag-Ithiel for a new start.

**Regions:** Advent Imperiax, Azag-Ithiel, Calopia, Erkusaa.

**Dragonblood (Native):** In the Clandoms of the Fourlands, dragonblood cavaliers from the Order of Blood help defend the region from sea drake attacks and provide sound judgement to the civilian races of the Clandoms. Though they possess no official power to render such decisions, they are considered wise and fair by many in the Clandoms.

**Regions:** Calopia, Clandoms of the Fourlands, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes, Northlands.



**Dromites (Native):** The psionic insectoid race of dromites is instrumental to the work of the Gaytes Foundation in the Clockwork Lands. They are industrious workers who integrated quickly into the Landed Territory of the Clockwork Lands. Dromites are involved in the front-line defense of the Clockwork Lands against the Oncoming Wave of Mâl as several of their island colonies have already been consumed.

**Regions:** Calopia, Clockwork Lands, Oncoming Wave of Mâl, Pygmy Nations, Underdeep.

**Drow (Landed):** The drow are as much a Landed race as dwarves or mâlites. The restrictions of past scenarios do not apply, and each of the seven sects of drow, though somewhat physically and psychologically similar, come with different loyalties and *raison d'être*, unchained to one another. Drow serve many, wildly different masters on the Patchwork Planet of Porphyra, and struggle to survive after being dragged from their worlds of origin—anything goes now, with the drow.

**Regions:** Underdeep.

**Duergar (Native):** Duergar are the only native dwarves found on Porphyra. In the Pinnacle Lands, duergar operate a number of trade houses and tightly control the movement of money and natural resources in the region. Duergar never speak to others about the horrors they have uncovered in their mines.

**Regions:** Pinnacle Lands, Underdeep.

**Dwarves (Landed/Native):** Dwarves never had any intention of coming to the Lands of Porphyra, but like many races swept up during The Calling they have made do with the change. As devout followers of the Forge-father, the dwarves of the Clockwork Lands know that there is no greater service they can render to their god than their own hard work. Low Town, in the Creeper's Rift has suffered an influx of dwarven miners for Nor-Du-Mag intent on unearthing large lode of adamantine.

**Subraces:** Duergar (Native)

**Regions:** Calopia, Clockwork Lands, Creeper's Rift, Frozen North, Ghadab, Mount Xoa, Nor-Du-Mag, Pinnacle Lands.

**Elan (Native):** The naturally psionic elans of Kesh are natural advisors and ambassadors. While humanoid in appearance, these elans possess an internal anatomy (and

to a lesser degree, psychology) that is abnormal to most creatures.

Elans are typically neutral in alignment, but can be found in many numbers amongst the spectrum. Skilled diplomats and mentors, their natural inclination towards politics (and endless natural lifespan) means that for better or worse, the elans of Kesh are at the source of most every issue. Elans who engage in worship to divine beings are few and far between. Among these rare dedicated, worship to Neria is most common, though a scarce few revere Lyvalia and her poisoned politics.

Their natural psionic abilities lead the majority of elans to become well-practiced and powerful cryptics, psions, and wilders, though any path that requires focus and dedication while yielding deep and meaningful personal rewards is especially attractive.

**Regions:** Calopia, Hinterlands of Kesh, Iffud, Pinnacle Lands

**Elementalkin (Native):** Most elementalkin originally came from zendiqi stock who deeply were deeply embraced by the love of the Elemental Lords, or so they tell it. Now with the power of the Elemental Lords defeated the number of elementalkin seems to be in decline while other native outsiders like avood and eventuals seem to be on the rise. Elementalkin are generally poorly treated by deists and have a tendency to be found in isolated parts of the world or in areas of large zendiqi populations like the Deserts of Siwath.

**Subraces:** Ifrit, Oread, Sylph, Undine [Halinae]

**Regions:** Deserts of Siwath, Eternal Ice, Freeport, New Wathis, Rainbow Isles, Wastes of Simoon.

**Elves (Landed/Native):** In the time before the New-Gods war, elves were slaves of the Elemental Lords and their minions. It was the elves that first received dreams of freedom from the Singer of Songs. Tossing aside ancestral fears and hatred, elven runecasters reached out to their former enemies, the orc runereapers, and set about to enact an ancient ritual known as The Calling which shattered the dimensional barriers that forbade travel from Porphyra into the Realms Beyond and brought the NewGods to Porphyra. In the aftermath of The Calling and the NewGods War, elven populations were decimated but they are beginning to recover in small enclaves around the world.

**Subraces:** Colothorian (Native), Furnace Elves (Land-

ed), Silvanath (Landed)

**Regions:** Azag-Ithiel, Calopia, City State of Ilu-riel, Gardens of Meynon, Great Green, Jotun Forest, Morah'Silvanath, Purple Mountain.

**Enigmon (Native):** The enigmon race was created by powerful elder sphinx councils in ages past, as servants rather than as slaves, to serve sphinx interests. Though the centuries of time, and the dwindling of the influence of sphinxes have loosened the traditional burdens on enigmon, they still pursue the avocations of guarding sphinx lairs, searching for information to relate to sphinxes, and preserving ancient sites.

**Subraces:** Guardian, Seeker, Teyori

**Regions:** Calopia, Deserts of the Siwath, Ghadab, New Wathis, Wastes of Simoon

**Entobians (Native):** Entobians are a small race of insect people that spend most of their lives as bipedal larvae, looking somewhat like an upright walking caterpillar. Despite their incredibly alien anatomy, they are prone to familiar dispositions, friendly demeanors, and values common to mankind. In addition, entobians are attracted to all walks of life. They harbor no favorite class or profession, instead going where their desires take them. Many entobians are hedonistic, wanting to get the most out of life's pleasures. Others thirst for high adventure, wanting a taste of every new experience. Most are a combination of the two. With experience comes opportunity. Higher level entobians can undergo a metamorphosis that will change their appearance and abilities forever.

**Regions:** Calopia, Hesteria.

**Erkuna (Native):** With their access to powerful chaos magic and covenant magic at their disposal the erkuna we not only able to resist the expansion of elementalists and giant forces but they were able to control large territories of their own. Many native races of Porphyra fell into the cruel and perverse servitude of the erkuna in the time before the NewGod Wars. During the New-God Wars, the erkuna we forced out of many of their colonies due to their own disorganization and internal conflict. Erkusaa and the Seven Principalities are home to the largest populations of erkuna.

**Regions:** Advent Imperiax, Calopia, Erkusaa, Purple Mountain, Seven Principalities.

**Eventuals (Landed):** Eventuals fill the same niche as aasimar and tieflings in most ways, though their existence tends to more deliberate, and often results from intentional outsider interference in the mortal races. They attribute their abnormality to the outsider race of inevitables, and their outer planar creators, the axiomites. Though axiomites can presumably procreate as archons and devils do, they rarely leave Regulus; it is assumed that they sometimes create inevitables with that ability, for their own complicated purposes. It is therefore a fact that the axiomites, and their robotic creations, are watching their hybrid progeny with some inscrutable plan, which even the eventuals may not know.

**Regions:** Bulwark of the Halfling Nations, Clockwork Lands, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes, Iffud.

**Femanx (Landed):** Unlike many of the landed races, the femanx were not intentional immigrants to the Lands of Porphyra. There was no deity that consciously selected them for habitation on the new world. Instead, when the New Gods came to Porphyra the sudden appearance of Vaar's moon within the celestial spheres around Porphyra caused the femanx colonization vessel to crash into the mountainous region now called the Imperiax.

**Regions:** Advent Imperiax, Calopia, Rainbow Isles.

**Fetchlings (Landed):** Fetchlings emigrated to Porphyra from the shadowy Realms Between through the Wall of Sleep in Hesteria. Fetchlings are used to hostile welcomes from other humanoid races, however the citizens of Hesteria welcomed them along with their lucrative and rare shadow-silk crafts that have become synonymous with the dreamlands. Fetchlings also hold an outpost called Shadowlight on the Purple Membrane in the Barony of Tuthon. It is from this point that fetchling and skulk anarchists on the service of The Mad Maiden and The Dark Twin work to bring eternal twilight to the world. Assassin fetchlings are often members of the Evening Shades.

**Regions:** Barony of Tuthon, Hesteria.

**Feykissed (Native):** Touched by the magic of the fey, either through the enchantment of the fairy's food or by fey blood in the veins, the feykissed walk between the lands of their human and fey kith. Many feykissed feel a particular devotion towards Aleria. Her embodied elegance, her virtue, and her affinity for well-tended



plants all resonate with the lovely feykissed. They tend to practice her religion quietly and somewhat jealously.

**Regions:** Calopia, Fenian Triarchy, Gardens of Meynon, Great Green.

**Forlarren (Native):** As volatile and sinister as they are capricious, forlarren are the spawn of a wood nymph and a nether fiend escaped from Erkusaa, a living conundrum of grace and hate. Consummate loners, forlarren are given to bouts of extreme malice toward all living things followed by debilitating remorse. Forlarren are nearly incapable of forming relationships that don't end in betrayal or murder. Though many forlarren rail against the constant pull of evil, very few resist its seductive call.

**Regions:** Calopia, Great Green, Haunted Sea.

**Gathlain (Native):** These strange fey creatures have a symbiotic relationship with an ivy-like plant that serves as their wings. The relationship is so close, it is impossible to separate fey from plant. Gathlains are sometimes helpful, often mischievous, and native to deep primeval forests and jungles, but are also prone to wanderlust and adventuring.

**Regions:** Calopia, Great Green, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes.

**Gillman (Native):** The enigmatic and reclusive gillmen are the aquatic descendants of a vanished race. Physically, gillmen resemble their ancient ancestors, with expressive brows, pale skin, dark hair, and bright purple eyes. Three slim gills mark each side of their necks, near the shoulder, but they are close enough in appearance to humans that they can pass as such (for a time) without fear of detection. They are most common in the waters around the cursed Kingdom of Avandrool.

**Regions:** Kingdom of Avandrool.

**Gnolls (Native):** Savage and territorial, there is no race of creatures better suited to survive the unforgiving Deserts of Siwath. Not that a gnoll will survive by the sweat of their own brows, most gnolls are slavers who keep larger stables of slaves to do the necessary work for them.

**Subraces:** Anpur

**Regions:** Calopia, Deserts of Siwath.

**Gnomes (Landed/Native):** Like all smaller races, gnomes spent much of their time before The Calling in slavery to other races. Long cut off from the Green World, most gnomes have turned their studies to more academic pursuits and the invention of wondrous items. Under the banner of Rolterra, gnomes, halflings, and goblins overthrew the Elemental Lord forces in Enoria (now the Bulwark of the Halfling Nations) and established a new territory for themselves. The Bulwark is a besieged land, with constant threat of invasion by málite and by corruption from the work of hags in the region.

Many gnomes are new immigrants to the Clockwork Lands where they work in the alchemist foundries of Pyroness, the Phoenix City. Far to the south, gnomes in the Creeper's rift provide engineering and market solutions to a host of mining enterprises.

**Subraces:** Forest Gnomes (Landed), Tinker Gnomes (Landed)

**Regions:** Bulwark of the Halfling Nations, Calopia, Clockwork Lands, Creeper's Rift, Gardens of Meynon, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes, Mount Xoa.

**Goblins (Native):** Within the former domain of Enoria that is now called the Bulwark of the Halfling Nations, goblins live mostly in the ruins of Falden Town along with the kobolds that helped liberate them. Though goblins, gnomes, and halflings in the region all suffered from the same slavery and subsequent rebellion against the Elemental Lords, ancient enmity between goblins and gnomes has made their col-



laboration very short lived.

**Subraces:** Blue (Landed), Boggle (Landed), Grindylow (Landed), Hobgoblins (Landed)

**Regions:** Bulwark of the Halfling Nations, Calopia, Clockwork Lands, Parl Pardesh, Purple Mountain, Pygmy Nations.

**Grindylow (Landed):** When the pirate nation of Freeport was transported to the Patchwork Planet by Lyvalia, the aberrant, nasty, little goblinoid race of aquatic grindylow came as well. Though brought to Porphyra with Freeport they are not bound by its porphyrite borders and have spread from the Haunted Sea to the Opal Sea. Rumors abound that even traders as far south as the Eastern Cold Sea have been attacks by schools of grindylow.

**Regions:** Freeport.

**Grippli (Native):** Grippli are amicable frogfolk that are cousins to the boggard. They are generally open and accepting to new forms of civilization. Grippli are primitive in culture, and seem pleasantly baffled by advanced technological or governmental concepts.

They possess a gentle, simple wisdom coupled with keen insight into the people around them. They can intuit who is and who isn't worthy of their trust – a gift they do not give quickly.

**Regions:** Calopia, Fenian Triarchy, Great Green, Kingdom of Avandrool, Parl Pardesh, Pygmy Nations

**Half-Cyclops (Native):** Though the congress of humans and cyclops seems unimaginable, in the of the Elemental Lords, the half-cyclops existed in number far greater than most people comfortable. Certain human cults venerated the ancient cyclops race for its past glories and innate powers of divination and prognostication. These groups consider it an honor to bear the seed of the once-mighty cyclops and venerate the children produced from such coupling. These children are a minority. Most cyclops are greeted with hatred, fear or outright hostility, and must work long and hard to prove they are anything but monsters.

Those in the Hinterlands of Kesh eked out a society of their own in the foothills. Brutish and cunning, they were a major source of friction with the human inhabitants, viewing their “lesser” cousins as yet another source of food—and a particularly delicious one at that.

**Regions:** Calopia, Giant's Retreat, Hinterlands of Kesh

**Half-Elves (Native):** Half-elves are more prevalent on Porphyra than elves but less prevalent than humans. They are naturally curious about the world around them and often suffer from wanderlust. Half-elves can be found almost anywhere on Porphyra but rarely in large numbers. Half-elves tend to be well-accepted in both elven and human communities. The zendiqi tend to dislike half-elves as much as they dislike elves. Kamians will often attack half-elves and other bastard races on sight as ordered by the Lord of Chains.

**Regions:** Azag-Ithiel, Calopia, Fenian Triarchy, Great Green.

**Half-Giants (Landed/Native):** Native half-giants are the result of giant occupation of humanoid lands during the time of the Elemental Lords. Across most of Porphyra they suffer the prejudice of others who also suffered under the Elemental Lords. The Clandoms of the Fourlands is one region where no such prejudice exists. Half-giant tribes farm the region of the Clandoms known as M'linas now. Landed psionic half-giants native to the Clockwork Lands are often based in Treadwell where they are involved in the production of psionics weaponry and other gear.

**Regions:** Calopia, Clandoms of the Fourlands, Giant's Retreat, Jheriak Continuance

**Half-Harpies (Native):** Though many have heard tales of harpies mating with captured humanoids to produce more harpies, occasionally a half-harpy is born instead. Half-harpies have no society or culture of their own. A few who survive infancy manage to live with clans of harpies, taking on the wild ways of their mothers. Others are driven away from the nest and are found by neighboring civilizations. As such, they often try as hard as possible to appear fully human.

**Regions:** Birdman Mountains, Calopia, Pynian Coast.

**Half-Medusa (Native):** With their serpent-eyed visage, combined with a mane of living snakes, half-medusa cut a striking form. Born of medusa and their humanoid lovers, they deify the former and pity the latter, seeking to elevate themselves in the service of their rulers.

Half-medusa society is divided into clusters, each

presided over by a matriarch—typically a medusa. These matriarchs style themselves as rulers, each of which seeks to add both numbers and wealth to her cluster through conquest. The members of each cluster form a bond of servitude, swearing loyalty to their matriarch.

**Regions:** Calopia, Haunted Sea

**Half-Ogre (Native):** Half-ogres are outcast too savage for world of men, and too soft for the world of giants. With the exception of the half-ogre citizens of Azag-Ithiel, most half-ogres live brutal lives. They live by the axe with little time for subterfuge, study, or supplication; though some half-ogres are known to pay token appreciation to the Lava-Caller or the Tall Tyrant.

**Regions:** Azag-Ithiel, Calopia, Giant's Retreat, Jheriak Continuance, Northlands, Parl Pardesh, Pynnian Coast.

**Half-Orcs (Landed/Native):** Native half-orcs in the lands of Porphyra that existed before The Calling possess both the blood of elves and blood of orcs. Years of abuse and subjugation by the Elemental Lord drove these two races together both tactically and physically. Even with the threat of the Elemental Lords diminished many communities have large populations of native elves and orcs living together.

Landed half-orcs often possess human and orc blood as many of the landed orcs come from homeworlds where their existed much animosity between the reclusive elves and brutish orcs. Many half-orcs carry with them traditional biases from their parent races and realms. Those from the land of Freeport have a strong nautical and pirate tradition.

**Regions:** Advent Imperiax, Azag-Ithiel, Calopia, City State of Iluriel, Freeport, Giant's Retreat, Iffud, Jheriak Continuance, Jotun Forest, Kingdom of Avandrool, Northlands, Nor-Du-Mag, Purple Mountain.

**Half-Rakshasa (Native):** Feared and hated even more than other half breeds such as half-orcs and half-cyclops,

the half-rakshasa must work hard for acceptance. Their forceful personalities and connection to strange, supernatural powers make them natural oracles, sorcerers, and witches. Half-rakshasa possess no culture of their own. They adopt the laws and mores of the creatures who raise them, usually other rakshasa or half-rakshasa. Half-rakshasa raised in a rakshasa clan are most often slaves or laborers. The rare half-rakshasa raised in a humanoid setting are often only tolerated because the half-rakshasa's true parentage is unknown or a secret.

**Regions:** Calopia, Lotus Blossom Steppes, Pynnian Coast.

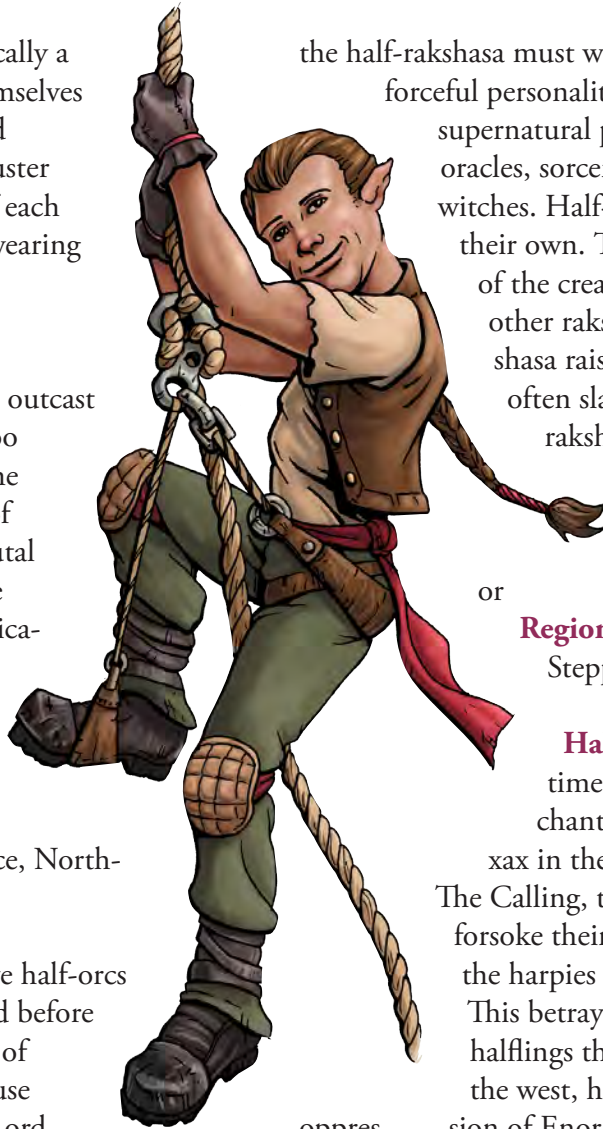
**Halflings (Native):** In ancient times, the halflings lived as merchants and load-bearers amongst the xax in the Birdman Mountains. During The Calling, the halflings of the mountains forsoke their ancient allies and welcomed the harpies of Ithreia into the mountains. This betrayal still haunts many of the halflings that live in the mountains. To the west, halflings that lived under the oppression of Enor Ashlord soon fell victim to the destructive wave of Mâl. The halflings of the Bulwark work tirelessly alongside gnomish forest to hold back the expansion of Mâl's corruption in the Forest of Gora.

**Subraces:** Deep halflings

**Regions:** Birdman Mountains, Bulwark of the Half-living Nations, Calopia, Trade Consortium of Blix.

**Harpies (Landed):** The harpies of the Birdman Mountains are the chosen people of the Seasinger. When Ithreia came to Porphyra she gave the land known as the Birdman Mountains to her followers, though she never asked the original inhabitants their stance on the issue. Though initially devotes to the Seasinger, many harpies now worship and avian aspect of Eshalqua or the demon lord Pazuzu.

**Regions:** Birdman Mountains, Calopia.





**Hobgoblins (Landed):** Introduced to the Hinterlands of Kesh during The Calling, hobgoblins are the embodiment of Kamus the Slaver's will. Slavers by nature, the Sons of Kamus believe in strict racial purity and superiority, inflicting unspeakable violence against any unfortunate enough to find themselves in their path.

An incredibly jingoistic people, hobgoblins are incredibly protective of their societal structure, founded upon an ages-old union that brought together the first warbands to form a massive military powerhouse. As a means of preserving their cultural identity, hobgoblins entrust their children to the matrons of their band. The matrons quickly wean these offspring to encourage physical strength, and are then responsible for their instruction in both traditional warfare and religion.

**Regions:** Calopia, Hinterlands of Kesh, Jheriak Continuance, Oncoming Wave of Mâl, Parl Pardesh, Purple Mountain.

**Humans (Landed/Native):** The lands of Porphyra is the home to many native humans as well as landed humans. Humans live in almost all parts of the Patchwork World but they are far from a homogenous group. Many cultural groups of humans now exist in holds across the world. They are sharply divided amongst themselves, however, almost to the point of considering themselves a species apart from one another, such as the feeling between zendiqi and kayanoi. There is also a growing group of humans, sometimes known as 'Worlders', with a mixed human ancestry so that they cannot (or refuse to) claim a specific human cultural group, and many of these brave few are attempting to unite humanity, and smooth out the racial, religious, and place-of-origin differences of the wildly diverse race of mankind.

**Subraces:** Athelings, Erkunae, Kayan, Mahrog, Zendiqi

**Regions:** Advent Imperiax, Barony of Tuthon, Boroughs of Dunmark, Californ, Calopia, Clandoms of the Fourlands, Clockwork Lands, Creeper's Rift, Erkusaa, Fenian Triarchy, Freeport, Frozen North, Gardens of Meynon, Ghadab, Giant's Retreat, Haunted Sea, Hesteria, Hinterlands of Kesh, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes, Iffud, Jheriak Continuance, Kingdom of Avandrool, Kingdom of Iskandar, Last Kingdom, Lotus Blossom Steppes, Middle Kingdoms, Mount Xoa, New Wathis, Northlands, Nor-Du-Mag, Pinnacle Lands, Pynnian Coast, Seven Principalities, Wastes of Simoon.

**Ith'n Ya'roo (Native):** Ith'n ya'roo, singular yaro, their young called yaroi, inhabit ice caverns, glacial caves, and frozen shorelines of the world. Though they appear bestial, they are somewhat intelligent and quite wise, having been created from an amalgamation of human and yeti. Their fierce hunting skills, knowledge of bonecraft, and stalwart natures make them excellent frontiersmen.

**Regions:** Calopia, Eternal Ice, Frozen North, Northlands.

**Kech (Native):** Kech are monkey-like humanoids standing about 6 feet tall and weighing about 150 pounds. They make their homes in trees and prefer to move through the trees rather than on the ground. They have an almost human organization and society among the various tribes and clans. Family units dwell in a single lair (usually a hollowed tree or small hut built among the branches of a leafy tree). Except for a few adventurers, most kech are found in the trees of Morah'Silvanath.

**Regions:** Calopia, Morah'Silvanath.

**Kitsune (Native):** Kitsune, or fox folk, are vulpine shapeshifters known for their love of both trickery and art. Kitsune possess two forms: that of an attractive human of slender build with salient eyes, and their true form of an anthropomorphic fox. Despite an irrepressible penchant for deception, kitsune prize loyalty and make true companions. During the time of the Elemental Lords they supported the elven and orcish resistance by acting as spies within the ranks of the zendiqi.

**Regions:** Calopia, Great Green, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes, Last Kingdom.

**Kobolds (Landed/Native):** Kobolds tend to come from insular societies carved into the very rock of the earth. Within these labyrinthine warrens, kobolds are able to practice their customs, traditions, and faith without persecution. While most landed kobolds and Red Claw kobolds worship dragons as though they were gods, native kobolds have always revered a handful of archdevils with whom they negotiated pacts. Most of the landed kobolds are located in the Bulwark of the Halfling Nations where they help the halflings hold back the incursion of mâlite forces across the whole surface of Porphyra.

**Subraces:** Redclaw kobolds (Landed)

**Regions:** Azag-Ithiel, Bulwark of the Halfling Nations,

Calopia, Pygmy Nations.

**Kripar (Native):** Kripar are a monstrous race of humanoids that dwell deep underground. They try to minimize contact with other races, but have been known to trade with the dwarves and gnomes of the Creeper's Rift particularly for gunpowder weapons. Being natural inhabitants of the Underdeep they are very familiar with the territories that new mining interests would find valuable.

**Regions:** Calopia, Creeper's Rift, Underdeep.

**Kval (Landed):** One might be convinced a kval is a wicked, wingless imp. It stands only about one-foot tall, has goat-like horns, bright orange cat-like eyes, and a long, spade-tipped tail. Its skin is pale blue, and its simian mouth is full of sharp teeth. It even smells of fire and brimstone. Perhaps its most alarming feature, however, is its large and disproportionate hands.

Kvals are often quick-tempered and ill-mannered, though lack the selfishness and greed that would categorize them as truly deplorable. In fact, most view the kvals as a force of good, as many kvals relentlessly stalk and destroy evil at every opportunity. This tendency is instinctual.

**Regions:** Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes.

**Living Ghouls (Native):** A forgotten tribe of humans, the Gh'l surrounded themselves with the finest jewels and silks from the far corners of the world, yet strode naked, too vain to cover their beauty. Lesser men were useful, however. The Gh'l feasted on their slaves as other men would on goats and swine. Styling themselves as gods, generations of the Gh'l tribe lived and died amid a decadent, incestuous and cannibalistic society.

Cursed for their hubris by a capricious Protean Lord, the Gh'l became twisted, feral creatures. With the loss of their beauty came the loss of their power and sensuousness, and

this new creature, the living ghoul, became more animal than man.

The race now thrives in the dark places the Empire of the Dead, feeding off the weak and discarded. Forced now to eat human flesh to survive, living ghouls disguise themselves within human society, dwelling among the cattle.

**Regions:** Calopia, Empire of the Dead, Hesteria, New Wathis.

**Lizardfolk (Native):** Lizardfolk in the Clandoms were once ruled by Nine Trials of M'razzak the Hunter, a worshipper of the River Mother. Now in the time after the NewGods War, many lizardfolk in the Clandoms thrive in So'cha as nomadic herders who make regular pilgrimages to the Fenian Triarchy. Those in the Triarchy tend to live in small villages and are known for their ferocity and survivalist tendencies. They are distrustful of fey and will openly war with boggards, but are willing to trade with most other races.

**Regions:** Calopia, Clandoms of the Fourlands, Fenian Triarchy, Rainbow Isles, Seven Principalities.

**Maenads (Native):** Wind-chafed and swarthy, maenads are a people touched and toughened by the sea. The sea-faring maenads were among the first people to discover the Haunted Sea. Born to the life of sailing and nautical exploration, they took to the treacherous waters with both expertise and zeal. Maenads decorate their thick, braided hair with beads of glass, gems, and other semi-precious and precious materials. These beads not only complement the flecks of glistening crystal that adorn their bodies, but are representative of each maenad's personal accomplishments and triumphs.

Despite their stoic appearance, maenads are filled with powerful—and often overwhelming—emotions. Maenads are taught from an early age how to keep



these emotions in check, allowing them to vent in only the heat of battle. Consequently, maenads live highly structured lives, and do not often consume alcoholic beverages or mind-affecting substances.

**Regions:** Calopia, Haunted Sea, Pinnacle Lands.

**Mahrog (Native):** From the primeval Eternal Jungle of Californ, an ancient species of humans still exist known as the mahrog. They living in isolation until The Calling when the xesa appeared and explorers from other lands started to investigate the Land of Steam's great jungles.

**Regions:** Californ, Calopia.

**Mâlites (Landed):** Perhaps the most disastrous side effect of the Calling was the crack the formed in the planar walls that imprisoned Mâl. When the prison walls cracked the mâlites swarmed out and consumed all that was once the island Empire of Karkoon. At the front of Mâl's legions stand the mâlite custodians and their converted mâlites. Any creature that is transformed by mâlite custodian is referred to as a mâlite. Their form is now ever mutable.

**Regions:** Oncoming Wave of Mâl.

**Muses (Landed):** Muses come from a destroyed world that was transported during The Calling along with the god Rolterra to the northern part of Enoria, now the Bulwark of the Halfling Nations. Upon arriving, muses and kobolds from the Landed territory rallied the slaves of Enoria against their oppressors. Muses often see themselves as the embodiment of inspiration, ever-present to offer advice and support to others while taking on little risk themselves.

**Regions:** Bulwark of the Halfling Nations, Calopia

**Nagaji (Native):** The nagaji are a race of ophidian humanoids with scaled skin that mimics the dramatic appearance of true nagas. Like serpents, they have forked tongues and lidless eyes, giving them an unblinking gaze that most other races find unnerving. Their physical forms are otherwise humanlike, raising wary speculation about their origins. It is widely believed that true nagas created them as a servitor race, through crossbreeding, magic, or both, and indeed nagaji revere nagas as living gods. Nagaji often inspire awe and fear among other humanoids, as much for their mysterious ancestry as for

their talent for both swords and sorcery.

**Regions:** Calopia, Lotus Blossom Steppes

**Numistians (Landed):** Hailing from the largest shopping mall in the multiverse are the numistians; a merchant race that specializes in making money. Originating from Mnol, the mysterious demiplane of commerce, these humanoids can vary their height, eat and bleed coins, and have a great eye for lucrative endeavors. With The Calling ending the planar embargo of Porphyra, numistians from across Mnol jumped at a chance to seize a new market.

**Regions:** Trade Consortium of Blix

**Oakling (Native):** From the deepest parts of the forests and jungles come tales of trees that walk like humanoids. Though many claim their origin lies in the chaos maelstroms that were triggered by The Calling, ancient elven text have records of oaklings long before the arrival of the New Gods. The oaklings themselves have no tales of their origin or record of their history as time has always moved different in their minds. These treant-like beings can be found in almost any major forest on Porphyra including within the Landed Territories.

**Regions:** Calopia, Gardens of Meynon, Jotun Forest

**Obitu (Native):** Redemption can come in many forms, some more unsuspecting than others. With the rise of clerical magic after The Calling, so to did the numbers of mindless skeletons and zombies. To combat the rising threat of undead hordes a magic positive energy plague was created to decimate these foul creatures. However, instead of destroying the undead it revitalized them given them a second chance at life. Though skeletal in appear, obitu are a living form of undead creature harmed by negative energy. Most of these creatures are found in the Empire of the Dead where the plague was first released. They have a difficult time blending in to other societies as most people can not see past their skeletal exteriors.

**Regions:** Calopia, Empire of the Dead, Haunted Sea

**Ogrillons (Landed):** Ogrillons are a fierce half-ogre race born of a union between a female orc and a male ogre. They tend to act like ogres, but they are far more violent and aggressive than their larger kin. Ogrillons are usually only slightly taller than orcs, with features that strongly



favor their orc parent — so much so that most ogrillons are indiscernible from normal orcs. Ogrillons love nothing more than combat.

They are a race so inborn to be warriors that they seem almost depressed and dejected when they are not involved in melee. They only time an ogrillon laughs is when it is the center of a whirlwind of melee and covered in its opponent's blood. Ogrillons do not care for armor or weapons and in fact carry very little gear at all. They do, however, like gold pieces and usually keep a few in a filthy pouch with other shiny trinkets as lucky charms.

**Regions:** Jheriak Continuance

**Ophiduans (Native):** Confused with lizardfolk by the ignorant, ophiduans stand out among the other civilized nations in a fashion similar to the dromites, having a more monstrous and distinct appearance than most humanoids. Where other races share soft skin, flat teeth, protruding ears, and a tendency to be partially or fully covered in hair, ophiduans are distinct and very proud of it. Organized and expansionistic in nature, ophiduans view talent and skill, especially with psionics, as the key component for social station, rather than wealth, heritage, or influence.

**Regions:** Calopia, Underdeep

**Orcam (Native):** These sea dwellers are carnivores that prefer fish or seal meat, but their favorites are shark or blood fish. They are mammals and are able to survive underwater, even at great depths, due to their large lung capacity. Orcam spend much of their time hunting for food, preferring to snack several times a day instead of eating fewer large meals. Orcam mate for life; when one partner dies, the other never seeks another mate. Mated couples produce off spring every few years and these births are almost always of a single child. Twins are seen as a sign of extraordinary luck. The whales they coexist with are a vital part of their community and are treated more as family than as pets. They are welcome in any gathering or discussion and are often consulted on tribal matters through the magic of the sea druids.

**Regions:** Barony of Tuthon, Haunted Sea, Kingdom of Iskandar, Northlands

**Orcs (Landed/Native):** Giant enforcers of the Elemen-

tal Lords held the orcs in slavery for 2,000 years. With the formalization of the Cormazog Alliance, elves and orcs were able to throw off the yoke of their oppressors and bring a new form of divine magic to the land of Porphyra. After the NewGods War orcs have worked to reclaim lost territory or find new homelands free from the oppression of others. Within the Landed Territories of Freeport and the Jheriak Continuance are home to savage orcs who are more likely oppressors of freedom than they are saviors. The orcs of the Landed Territories have ancestral enmity toward elves and view the native orcs as laufshios or leaf-friends.

**Subraces:** Swamp Orcs

**Regions:** Azag-Ithiel, Calopia, City State of Iluriel, Freeport, Iffud, Jheriak Continuance, Jotun Forest, Kingdom of Avandrool, Purple Mountain, Pynnian Coast.



**Polkan (Native):** The polkan are a nomadic semicentauroid race. A polkan has an upper torso the same size as that of a human and a shaggy-haired quadrupedal lower body, like that of a pony. Wild and free, they reflect the beauty and power found within both humans and the natural world.

Each stado, or herd, of polkan can vary drastically in size, ranging from a few dozen up to nearly a thousand members. A willful and self-sufficient people, the members of each stado are inclined to heed the advice of their sages and prophets as if the words were their own. Though capable of learning tongues and written forms of other people, each polkan is partially responsible for the preservation of their history and collected wealth of knowledge. Serving as living histories, sages pass down this knowledge to each successive generation.

**Regions:** Calopia, Hinterlands of Kesh, Lotus Blossom Steppes

**Qit'ar (Landed):** Qit'ar are psionic catfolk who arrived on the planet of Porphyra by magical cascade of planar energies that resulted from The Calling. Longtime prisoners on their own world, the qit'ar escaped through planar vortexes and ended up on Porphyra. Though they had no direct link to The Calling, they quickly took up arms against the Elemental Lords, who they saw as another oppressor, and became accepted as another one of the new Landed races. Qit'ar tend to live in borderlands and wild frontiers.

**Regions:** Calopia, Eternal Ice, Middle Kingdoms

**Ratfolk (Native):** Ratfolk are small, rodentlike humanoids. They are often found in nomadic trading caravans. Much like the pack rats they resemble, ratfolk are tinkers and hoarders by nature, and as a whole are masters of commerce, especially when it comes to acquiring and repairing mechanical or magical devices. Though some are shrewd merchants who carefully navigate the shifting alliances of black markets and bazaars, many ratfolk love their stockpiles of interesting items far more than money, and would rather trade for more such prizes to add to their hoards over mere coins. It's common to see a successful crew of ratfolk traders rolling out of town with an even larger bundle than they entered with, the whole mess piled precariously high on a cart drawn by giant rats.

**Subraces:** Bilgerats

**Regions:** Calopia, Haunted Sea, Last Kingdom, New Wathis, Trade Consortium of Blix

**Relluk (Native):** The relluks were made by the Elemental Lords to be stony protectors for the Rainbow Isles. Unfortunately, they failed...their islands were overrun in the first days of the NewGods War before the relluks could even be activated. They stood in droves throughout the war only to spring to life years later.

**Regions:** Calopia, Rainbow Isles

**Sahuagin (Landed):** Rare is the sea vessel that has not suffered a sea devil raid since The Calling. Few coastal villages live without the worry of a shark-man assault. Barbarous and cruel, the sahuagin terrorize coastlands and ocean-ways from their vast undersea empire.

Undisputed rulers of the sea, sahuagin make war not only against land dwellers, but against other oceanic races, particularly their favored prey: sea elves.

From blood sacrifices to appease Poison Wave to mutilations at the slightest infraction, sahuagin society is as bloodthirsty as the sharks they rear and revere. Natural mutations, too, define sahuagin culture, whether an extra pair of arms, the ability to breathe air.

**Regions:** Freeport, Oncoming Wave of Mâl, Rainbow Isles

**Samsarans (Native):** Mysterious humanoids with pale blue flesh and transparent blood like the waters of a trickling brook, samsarans are ancient creatures even in their youth. A samsaran's life is not a linear progression from birth to death, but rather a circle of birth to death to rebirth. Whenever a samsaran dies, it reincarnates anew as a young samsaran to live a new life. Her past memories remain vague and indistinct—and each new incarnation is as different a creature and personality as a child is to a parent.

**Regions:** Calopia, Last Kingdom, Lotus Blossom Steppes

**Satyrine (Native):** Satyrines are not a numerous race, and do not seem to desire conquest or grand cities; for them, plunder and adventure is all. Their ships are feared on many seas for this reason, and the irresistible satyrine captains frequently demand duels and combat for their lusty underlings, regardless of the terms for surrender or defeat. Their skills on the open sea are readily apparent,

as is their willingness to fight. Satyrine ships are often stripped of weapons to facilitate speed, to accommodate their desire for boarding actions. Any losses of their smitten male crews can be replaced with newer victims/paramours.

**Regions:** Calopia, Haunted Sea

**Saurian (Native):** Saurians are an ancient, noble race. The Saurian civilization was old when the other races were born, having survived the catastrophes that periodically cleanse the world. Ancient saurian scrolls tell of a time when the world was covered in jungle and giant reptiles stomped across the continents. Perhaps because of this pedigree, modern saurians feel a bit out of place in the modern world. While a proud, civilized people, the saurians are slow to adapt and lost much of their civilization during the reign of the Elemental Lords. Now centralized within the Jengu-Na, saurians maintain as much of their ancient traditions as possible while acknowledging their status as a dying breed. The typical saurian is stubborn, stoic, and resolute. His pragmatic approach and willingness to accept the inevitable sometimes and unfairly labels him as defeatist.

**Regions:** Calopia, Great Green, Jengu-Na

**Serpentfolk (Landed):** Devoted followers of the Great Serpent Yig, through his servant S'sluun, the Naga Empress, serpentfolk have sought to control the affairs of man from the shadows. In the lands of Freeport their foul machinations were thwarted before The Calling. Defeated but not destroyed, serpentfolk are on the rise again and they are looking to broaden their foothold in the new world.

**Regions:** Barony of Tuthon, Freeport

**Skulks (Landed):** Servants of the demon lord known as the Dark Mistress, skulks infiltrated the Barony of Tuthon from Realms Beyond. Within the Barony they work with the fetchlings and the Evening Shades to bring about eternal twilight. Outside of the Barony, skulks only exist in small tribes that work behind the scenes to foster revolt or perform assassinations. Some skulks have taken up piracy which has lead to tales of ghost ships manned by "empties". They are so alien in appearance it is difficult for any race to give them fair consideration.

**Regions:** Barony of Thuthon, Calopia, Empire of the

Dead, Pyynian Coast.

**Squoles (Landed):** When the femanx crashed their mothership into Silent Mountains to the south of the





Iffud alien matter from their engines and flight systems seeped into the ground and the waters in the Lake of Zax. From this pollution and the elemental energies expended in the NewGods War, the squole were born. This half-ooze race possesses a generally human shape, except that they are somewhat translucent. Squole are not plentiful in the lands of Porphyra but those that do exist often take up adventuring to see more of the new world.

**Regions:** Advent Imperiax, Calopia, Nor-Du-Mag.

**Strixes (Native):** Strix were the first avian race on Porphyra who served The Sand-Spirit in the time before The Calling. With the arrival of the NewGods and the distraction of the NewGods War, the strix were able to escape the thrall of the Wind of Jewels and escape north to the Birdman Mountains where they assisted the harpies in taking the mountains from the alien xax. Content with their home in the Birdman Mountains and far from contact with other races the strix race has flourished in their isolation.

**Regions:** Birdman Mountains, Calopia.

**Taddol (Native):** Taddols have never been welcomed in human or elven lands. The two-headed humanoid were subject to persecution or enslavement wherever they went, until they arrived in Azag-Ithiel, the Newlands where they were granted full citizenship just as any other sentient humanoid race. Chaotic in nature, taddols never live in large, highly-ordered communities but instead in small rural settlements far from the persecution of others. Taddol farmers in Azag-Ithiel view their new life a blessing granted by Amaelianesses the Liltling Song in the Aftermath.

**Regions:** Azag-Ithiel, Calopia, Great Green.

**Tengu (Native):** Tengu were originally found in the Last Kingdom and the Lotus Blossom Steppes where they served as middle class linguists and negotiators. With the formation of Azag-Ithiel after the NewGods War, many tengu emigrated to this new land for the chance to start over as equal citizens. Ever aspiring to do something greater, to hold more power, to be better than all others, many tengu have fallen under the sway of The Whispering Councilor.

**Regions:** Azag-Ithiel, Calopia, Last Kingdom, Lotus Blossom Steppes, Last Kingdom, Lotus Blossom Steppes

**Tieflings (Landed):** After The Calling there were many semi-infernal births that resulted from the union of humanoid and infernal forces against the giant minions of the Elemental Lords. Prior to The Calling, planar contact was very limited but with the return of access to the Realms Beyond such comminglings of races have become more likely. Still distrusted by many for their semi-monstrous appearance, tieflings in the Empire of the Dead are largely accepted by the general population of dhamphir, living ghouls, obitu, and intelligent undead.

**Subraces:** Deep-Spawn, Oni-Spawn

**Regions:** Empire of the Dead, Haunted Sea, Last Kingdom, Pynian Coast

**Troglodytes (Native):** Troglodytes are thought of as feral, savage cave dwellers. They are among the most populous denizens of the upper reaches of the endless caverns of the underworld. The troglodyte is one of the oldest of intelligent races, and ruins found in some remote caverns testify to the fact that their empire was once among the largest in the world before The Calling. Since the devastation of the NewGods War they have begun to rebuild and their ancient culture and society.

**Regions:** Underdeep

**Urisk (Native):** Urisks gambol through the wildest places of Porphyra. They are normally solitary, and do not like one another's company. They do not avoid each other, and meet briefly if they see another urisk to exchange news or happenings, and move on. There are no urisk communities. Females of the species will sometimes cohabit the same cave system. Urisks congregate at the same sylvan gatherings as other fey do, and vicariously enjoy the frivolity of pixies, grigs, and leprechauns, and will even aid fauns and satyrs occasionally, but will leave angrily if confused with either species. They can be expert, though unpredictable guides.

**Regions:** Birdman Mountains, Calopia, Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes.

**Xax (Native):** Long before the rise of the Elemental Lords, xax emigrated to the Material Plane from the Realms Beyond and then became stranded. Here they adapted to the mountainous region now known as the Birdman Mountains and for time untold held absolute dominion over the region. With The Calling, that

dominion ended and the xax were routed by strix and harpies that invaded the region. Now little more than a legend in the Birdman Mountain, some small enclaves of xax still exist.

**Regions:** Birdman Mountains, Gardens of Meynon

**Xephs (Native):** Xephs are psionic humanoids who live in tight-knit monastic or artistic communes. At least, that is what they do if provided with their freedom. Due to some long-forgotten wrong, xeph in the Pinnacle Lands live in virtual servitude to the human psionists that live there. Large numbers of xeph that have escaped the Pinnacle Lands to the Gardens of Meynon to begin again independent of others.

**Regions:** Calopia, Gardens of Meynon, Pinnacle Lands

**Xesa (Native):** Xesa are plant-like humanoids native to the Eternal Jungle of Californ. They were created from the symbiosis of carnivorous plants and from an ancient race of humans who worshipped the plants. Xesa are eternal creatures that reproduce asexually except for those that have transformed into the Undivided.

**Regions:** Californ, Calopia

**Zendiqi (Native):** There are two major sects of Zendiqi within the lands of Porphyra. First are the traditional Adherents of the Four who have held fast to their faith in the Elemental Lords despite the Elemental Lords' defeat and banishment at the end of the NewGods War. The most devout of these zendiqi live now in the Deserts of Siwath, their traditional home, a land reserved for them at the end of the NewGods War.

Second are the more integrated followers of the New Way which is slowly working toward a spirit of peace and cooperation with the New Gods and the Landed peoples of Poprhyra. The Clandoms of the Fourlands is one such region of Porphyra where zendiqi embraced the New Way and have become an accepted group with the Fourlands. Many zendiqi live in I'nsian and work as administrators under Can Baniu.

**Regions:** Calopia, Clandoms of the Fourlands, Deserts of the Siwath, Ghadab, New Wathis, Nor-Du-Mag, Wastes of Simoon.

**Zifs (Native):** When House Strat fell in the Barony

of Tuthon, opportunistic zif established the city of Barbledrum on the southern shore of the Sea of Ithreia. Fair-minded and resourceful, the snail-like zif are an important aspect of the land of madness's economic success. A secondary group of zif have settled in the landed territory of Freeport. Here they do trade with all the races equally providing some order to the raucous pirate nation.

**Regions:** Barony of Tuthon, Calopia, Freeport

## Porphyra Trivia

In the regions of the world, such as the Jheriak Continuance, with Landed half-orcs (that is half-orcs with human and orc descent) the Landed half-orcs are called half-humans by their orcish sires to demonstrate their lower status and inferior bloodline.



## Religion

The history of Porphyra being what it is, religion (or the opposition of it) is a huge factor in life in that world. Ancient legends tell of godlike beings trying to invade Porphyra several millennia before The Calling, a vague era that proposes the origin of the Kayanoi people and several states and phenomena on Porphyra. Whether there have never been ‘gods’ on this small world is a minor matter of debate in ecclesiastic halls, but the reality of the sudden incursion of twenty-seven Gods and Goddesses literally overnight turned the native culture of Porphyra topsy-turvy. Being inserted into a ‘godless’ world was also upsetting to the pieces of other realities, known as “Landed Territories”, as it implied that the gods were not omnipresent, and that there were those that could reject Deism and lead normal lives within empires and humanoid social structures.

The ‘Landed’ gods, twenty-one in number, were already established in pantheons in other dimensions, even the same dimensions in the case of some of them, and brought selected nations, peoples and lands with them, to be forcibly incorporated into the being of Porphyra, bordered by the mystical substance porphyrite. This suggests that it is the will of the gods themselves that maintains them in the planet, in this reality... suggesting some interesting consequences to those who would lay the gods low. The ‘Risen’ gods, six of them so far, have spontaneously risen or been created in the century since The Calling, and have no less power than the twenty-one Landed deities, and some have even made alliances within the older pantheon.

Pantheism, or worshiping more than one deity, is more common on Porphyra than on other worlds, due to the ‘banding together’ of the New Gods during that eponymous war. The tales of how thoroughly evil gods such as Fenris Kul and Rolterra fought against the indigenous Elementalists for the ‘good’ of all Landed peoples seems very strange to many dimensional travelers. A lawful good pantheist who worships the trinity of Aleria, Gerana and Toma Thule is a paragon of right and goodness, while a chaotic evil pantheist who worships the dark triad of Mal, Rajuk Amon-Gore and Vortain is a rather succinctly complete example of foulness.

The practice of Elementalism is not precisely a religion, but a more complex concept that is dealt with in its own section of this gazetteer. There are those that attempt to hold both Elemental Lords and New Gods in equal

esteem, a burgeoning movement that is sometimes called The New Way, but it is small and fragile, most evident in some progressive groups among the zendiqi and some remnant mixed-blood isolates in the Landed territories. Faint, vague rumors of a being that seeks to reconcile the two philosophies are rarely but definitely heard, and are regularly quashed by the autocratic leaders of both sides of the smoldering conflict.

### Pantheist (Cleric Archetype)

In realities where many gods hold sway over the domination of creation, these deities may often cooperate with one another, even across the lines of alignment. There may be enough collegiality for them to even share worshipers and clerics, and promote the idea of pantheism, devotion to many gods at the same time. Keeping the tenets of many gods is a heavy task, but the rewards are often worth keeping devotions to more than one deity.

**Pantheist Domains:** A pantheist may select three domains from all of the domains of their selected deities, and is proficient with all of the favored weapons of their selected deities.

**Multiple Patrons (Su):** A pantheist can select up patron deities that have different alignments, as long as her own alignment is no more than one step away from the alignment of the two deities. A pantheist may alternatively select three patron deities, as long as their alignment matches the alignments of the three patrons.

Violating alignment proscriptions applies to all patron deities, and all spell and clerical abilities will be lost until atonement is made. They must possess holy symbols of all of their selected deities; many pantheists have a holy symbol of metal that incorporates the forms of all individual holy symbols.

**Spells:** A pantheist can cast one fewer spell per day than is listed in the table *Cleric: Spells per day*, and may not spontaneously cast *cure* or *inflict* spells by substituting other spells. They have access to all of the domain spells of all of the patron deities they have selected.



## The New Gods

In the aftermath of The Calling there were 21 new deities on the planet of Porphyra. They were originally detailed in *Gods of Porphyra* but appear here as well.

### Aleria, the Love of Life

**Alignment:** Lawful Good

**Domains:** Charm, Good, Healing, Plant

**Subdomains:** Archon, Growth, Love, Restoration

**Land:** The Gardens of Meynon

Aleria is a goddess of life, love and nature, beloved by all who are unconsumed by evil. Her favored weapon is the starknife, and her symbolic animal is the meadowlark.

### Eshsalqua, the Dark Patron

**Alignment:** Lawful Evil

**Domains:** Animal, Art, Law, Trickery

**Subdomains:** Deception, Devil, Feather, Sound

**Land:** Pygmy Nations

A strange and unknowable being that thrives on the corruption inherent in all thinking life, Eshsalqua is a master tempter and promises many dark gifts. Its favored weapon is the switchblade, and its symbolic animal is the mockingbird.

### Fenris Kul, the Breaker

**Alignment:** Neutral Evil

**Domains:** Destruction, Evil, Strength, Trickery

**Subdomains:** Daemon, Ferocity, Rage, Thievery

**Lands:** The Jheriak Continuance

A god of the End Times, Fenris Kul works toward the end of everything, by any means. His favored weapon is the battleaxe, his symbolic animal the vulture.

### Ferrakus, the Lord Beneath

**Alignment:** Neutral

**Domains:** Earth, Fire, Luck, Strength

**Subdomains:** Ash, Caves, Curse, Ferocity

**Lands:** Creeper's Rift

Primal god of stone and the world's heat, Ferrakus directs the making and unmaking of material goods. His favored weapon is the heavy pick, his symbolic animal

the mole.

### Gerana, Lady Justice

**Alignment:** Lawful Good

**Domains:** Community, Earth, Glory, Nobility

**Subdomains:** Archon, Heroism, Honor, Leadership

**Lands:** The Middle Kingdoms

Possibly the most powerful and widespread of the New Gods, Gerana promotes the spread of civilization and the respect of encoded law. Her favored weapon is the warhammer, her symbolic animal the warhorse.

### Ithreia, Old Mother Owl

**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral

**Domains:** Air, Animal, Water, Weather

**Subdomains:** Feather, Ice, Storms, Wind

**Lands:** The Frozen North

Proud nature-goddess of the cold lands, Ithreia protects animals and brings the storm to where it will test men and other humanoids. Her favored weapon is the pilum (or harpoon, to some), and the triad of her symbolic animals are the gyrfalcon, snowy owl, and the whale.

### Kamus, the Pure

**Alignment:** Lawful Evil

**Domains:** Artifice, Law, Sun, Travel

**Subdomains:** Light, Slavery, Toil, Trade

**Lands:** Hinterlands of Kesh

Domineering tester of all races to a strict standard, Kamus promotes survival of the fittest, where the strong and clever rule. His favored weapon is the spiked chain, his favored animal, the horse.

### Linium, Forgefather

**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral

**Domains:** Artifice, Fire, Law, Rune

**Subdomains:** Construct, Inevitable, Language, Smoke

**Lands:** The Clockwork Lands, Beta

Wise and industrious dweller within the smoke of manufactory, Linium always encourages his followers to use the laws of physics to their developmental benefit. His favored weapon is the light hammer, his symbolic animal the spider.

Aleria



Fenris Kul



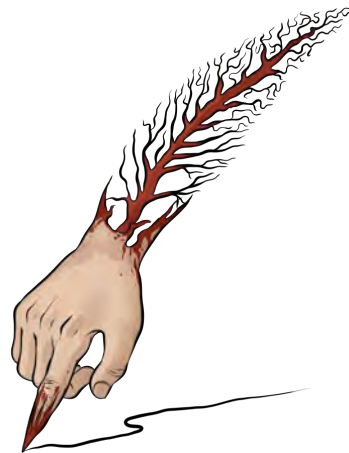
Gerana



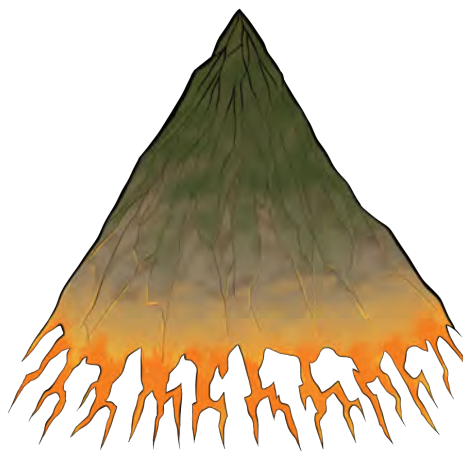
Kamus



Eshsalqua



Ferrakus



Ithreia



Linium



### **Lyvalia, Throne-Shadow**

**Alignment:** Neutral Evil

**Domains:** Charm, Knowledge, Nobility, Trickery

**Subdomains:** Deception, Leadership, Love, Memory

**Lands:** Freeport

A two-faced goddess embodying court intrigue, vengeance and politics, Lyvalia's clerics are masters of the backroom deal. Her favored weapon is the fighting fan, and her symbolic animal is the viper.

### **Mâl, Destroyer of Worlds**

**Alignment:** Chaotic Evil

**Domains:** Chaos, Destruction, Evil, Plant

**Subdomains:** Catastrophe, Decay, Protean, Rage

**Lands:** Gateway (The Oncoming Wave of Mal)

An alien terror from a dimension outside of mortal comprehension, Mâl seeks to remake Porphyra in his home plane's image. His favored weapon is the scorpion whip, and he holds no animal sacred.

### **Neria, Dreamspeaker**

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Domains:** Art, Good, Luck, Knowledge

**Subdomains:** Agathion, Fate, Memory, Sound

**Lands:** City State of Illuriel

The Oracle of Fate is a mysterious, benevolent entity, dealing with dreams and prophecy and things unknown. Her favored weapon is the sling staff, and her symbolic animal, the wolf.

### **Nise, Battle Mistress**

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Air, War, Water, Weather

**Subdomains:** Blood, Ice, Storms, Wind

**Lands:** The Haunted Sea

A violent goddess of warfare, especially on the wild, wind-whipped seas, Nise is as unpredictable as the travel-tide of her mobile archipelago, The Haunted Seas. Her favored weapon is the cutlass, and her symbolic animal, the seahawk.

### **Paletius, He Above**

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Domains:** Knowledge, Magic, Rune, Sun

**Subdomains:** Arcane, Divine, Thoughts, Wards

**Lands:** The Lotus-Blossom Steppes

Sun-god of magic and words, the goal of Paletius is education of the masses, so as to avoid the repetition of the apocalypses that ended the worlds the Landed came from. His favored weapon is the morningstar, his symbolic animal, the eagle.

### **Rolterra, the Boundless One**

**Alignment:** Lawful Evil

**Domains:** Liberation, Magic, Time, Travel

**Subdomains:** Arcane, Exploration, Future, Revolution

**Lands:** Faldon Town (Bulwark of the Halfling Nations)

An ambitious goddess of political aspiration, Rolterra urges her faithful to push for strong government, by any means possible. Her favored weapon is the scythe, her favored animal, the barn owl.

### **Saren, the Untamed**

**Alignment:** Chaotic Good

**Domains:** Animal, Charm, Chaos, Plant

**Subdomains:** Azata, Fur, Lust, Growth

**Lands:** Morah'Silvanath, the World Tree

A wild god of wilderness and unbridled passion, Saren is best worshiped in the untamed places of the deep forest. His favored weapon is the greatclub, his symbolic animal the boar.

### **Shankhil, the Gatekeeper**

**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral

**Domains:** Darkness, Repose, Sun, Weather

**Subdomains:** Ancestors, Day, Moon, Seasons

**Lands:** Purple Mountain

Though Gerana is the most visible deity, Shankhil is the most often thought of, controlling the porphyrite borders and much of the underpinning of the cosmos' movement. His favored weapon is the scizore, his symbolic animal, the dove.

### **Tulis, the Martyr**

**Alignment:** Chaotic Good

**Domains:** Liberation, Nobility, Protection, Strength



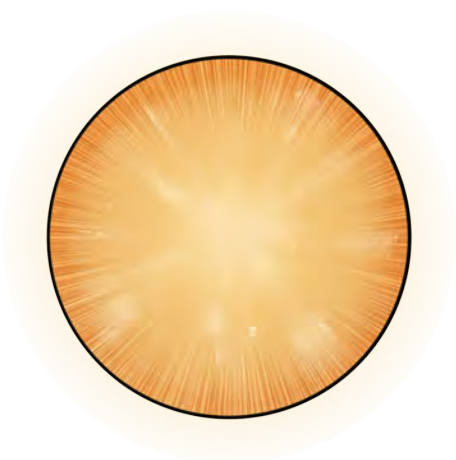
Lyvalia



Neria



Paletius



Saren



Mâl



Nise



Rolterra



Shankhil





UP'UI



Tulis



Veiloaria



Vortain



Yolana

**Subdomains:** Defense, Freedom, Martyr, Purity

**Lands:** Iffud

The informal goddess of heroes and causes, Tulis rewards those who sacrifice for others. Her favored weapon is the longsword, her symbolic animals, cattle.

### Ul'Ul, the Vortex

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Art, Chaos, Madness, Weather

**Subdomains:** Insanity, Movement, Protean, Storms

**Lands:** The Wall of Sleep (Hesteria)

Mad goddess-patron of those who walk the line between creativity and insanity, Ul'Ul's Land is a swirling hole to other dimensions. Her favored weapon is bladed scarf, her symbolic animal, the butterfly.

### Veiloaria, Wayfinder

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Domains:** Air, Earth, Travel, Water

**Subdomains:** Clouds, Exploration, Oceans, Trade

**Lands:** Mount Xoa

Ageless traveler on the roads of the Universe, Veiloaria has been everywhere and knows all, helping heroes thrive and fight evil. Her favored weapon is the quarterstaff, her symbolic animal, the common swift.

### Vortain, Bringer of Chaos

**Alignment:** Chaotic Evil

**Domains:** Chaos, Madness, Travel, Trickery

**Subdomains:** Deception, Demon, Insanity, Trade

**Lands:** The Pynian Coast

Perverse ruiner of all that is good, pure, and worthwhile, Vortain's favorite sin is ruining mortal's minds and bodies with drugs and poisons. His favored weapon is the flail, his symbolic animal, the hyena.

### Yolana, the Truthlight

**Alignment:** Chaotic Good

**Domains:** Knowledge, Liberation, Protection, Time

**Subdomains:** Defense, Memory, Revolution, Past

**Lands:** The Kingdom of Iskander

The Truthlight is a harsh mistress, and few hold up to

her standards of dedication, preparation and ability in learning from lessons of the past, in remote monasteries. Her favored weapon is the sai, and her symbolic animal is the scorpion.

## The Risen Gods

Destined to be part of the twenty-seven by the Theatre of Arrival, the six Risen gods spontaneously arose from a collective planetary will, or, in some cases, cosmically transformed mortals, to be part of the New Gods of Porphyra. At least two of these have been successful in obtaining territory on their own, adding to the patchwork nature of Porphyra.

### Chiuta, River Mother

**Alignment:** Neutral

**Domains:** Animal, Plant, Repose, Water

**Subdomains:** Ancestors, Decay, Feather, Souls

Swamp-risen protector of the wetlands, Chiuta demands respect for her scaly and feathered children, providing access to the circle of life for her followers. Her favored weapon is the sickle, her symbolic animal, the crocodile.

### Myketa, the Patient Lady

**Alignment:** Neutral

**Domains:** Community, Darkness, Time, War

**Subdomains:** Family, Loss, Tactics, Past

Like Nemyth Vaar, Myketa was born of war, of the generations left behind by conflict, the comforter of those who have lost battles and loved ones. Her favored weapon is the longsword, her symbolic animal, the dog.

### Nemyth Vaar, Nemesis

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

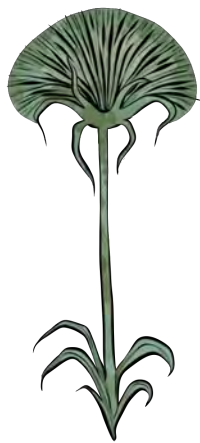
**Domains:** Chaos, Death, Earth, Madness

**Subdomains:** Demon, Metal, Murder, Nightmare

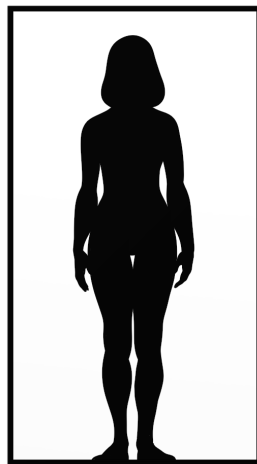
**Lands:** Vaar's Moon

A deity of mistrust, betrayal, and mercenaries, Nemyth Vaar represents the corrupted values of a world ravaged by war. His favored weapon is the bastard sword, his sacred animal, the raven.





Chiuta



Myketa



Nemyth Vaar



Rajuk Amon-Gore



Shade



Toma Thule

## Rajuk Amon-Gore, the Dark Maw

**Alignment:** Chaotic Evil

**Domains:** Art, Chaos, Death, Evil

**Subdomains:** Demon, Devil, Movement, Undead

Created from the foul murder of an infant godling, the capering foulness that is Rajuk and his undead Dancers gives nightmares to all Porphyrans. His favored weapon is the short sword, and his symbolic animal is the death's-head hawkmoth.

## Shade, Prince of Thieves

**Alignment:** Neutral Evil

**Domains:** Darkness, Death, Luck, Trickery

**Subdomains:** Fate, Murder, Night, Thievery

Born a mortal elf, some say, Shade elevated to godhood through thievery, murder and deceit, and his followers do the same in his name. His favored weapon is the curved kukri knife, his symbolic animal the rat.

## Toma Thule, the Lion

**Alignment:** Lawful Good

**Domains:** Artifice, Community, Law, Nobility

**Subdomains:** Archon, Home, Leadership, Toil

**Lands:** Digirn, the Celestial Fortress (Empire of the Dead)

The incarnate collective of the goodness of the Porphyran people, Toma Thule embodies fearlessness and virtue, no matter the odds. His favored weapon is the warhammer, his symbolic animal, the lion.

## The Elemental Lords

The Elemental Lords of Porphyra were once the ascendant powers of that world, not exactly gods, but more primal powers of the world, controlling its substance at the expense of the mortal life there, and thus attributed the epithet 'evil'. Most were rulers, in the truest sense, concerned to a certain degree with the livelihood of their subjects, but alien to most mortal life to the extent that they identified more with monsters than men, a likely motivation for the widespread abandonment of them during the cataclysmic conflict known as the NewGod Wars, which ravaged Porphyra for nearly two centuries. Though most were banished to one outer plane or

another, cults to all still remain, hunted and secret, still dreaming of reestablishing their dread masters.

## The Lords of Air

Djinnlord Qarryn, Kurofu the Shadow, and the Wind of Jewels are the Elemental Lords of Air.

### Djinnlord Qarryn, Master of M'harret

**Alignment:** Lawful Evil

**Domains:** Air, Animal, Evil, Law

**Subdomains:** Cloud, Feather, Loyalty, Slavery

**Traditional Territory:** New Wathis

Lofty lord of the conflicted race of djinn, Qarryn ruled from flying cities above huge necropolises, using syrx as his agents. Cities destroyed, defeated, Qarryn languishes in a windy corner of Hell.

### Kurofu the Shadow, Oni-lord

**Alignment:** Chaotic Evil

**Domains:** Air, Darkness, Death, Evil

**Subdomains:** Loss, Murder, Night, Oni#

**Traditional Territory:** Lotus Blossom Steppes, The Last Kingdom

Virulently evil presence existing across the dimensions, Kurofu was and is not especially loyal to the Elemental Lords, preferring his own agenda of doom and the company of non-human evil beings.

### Wind of Jewels, The Sand-Spirit

**Alignment:** Neutral Evil

**Domains:** Air, Evil, Luck, Repose

**Subdomains:** Ancestors, Curse, Fate, Wind

**Traditional Territory:** Ghadab, Siwath, Simoon

Embodiment of the dry southern winds, known as Ael-Rashabar to the zendiqi, this ancient spirit is said to still be widely revered by the nomadic desert warriors among the sands and hidden elemental gems.

Ice Tyrant



Ashamar Shining



Drothos



Djinnlord Qarryn



Poison Wave



Firelord Mal'eket



Enor Ashlord



Kurofu



Naga Empress S'Sluun



Najim



Najim



Wind of Jewels



Water

Fire

Earth

Air



## The Lords of Earth

Drothos, Enor Ashlord, and Najim are the Elemental Lords of Earth.

### Drothos, Lava-Caller

**Alignment:** Chaotic Evil

**Domains:** Earth, Evil, Fire, Magic

**Subdomains:** Arcane, Arson, Caves, Fear

**Traditional Territory:** Eleoporphyrene, Hesteria, Tuthon

Massive elemental brute of primal lava beneath the earth, Drothos was more to be feared than revered, placated with sacrifice for the reward of raw magical power. Defeated and destroyed by Ferrakus.

### Enor Ashlord, Master of Vines

**Alignment:** Lawful Evil

**Domains:** Earth, Evil, Law, Plant

**Subdomains:** Ash, Growth, Home, Tyranny

**Traditional Territory:** Bulwark of the Halfling Nations, Blix

Fecund lord of the blasphemously artistic fields of the Eastern continent, Enor was supported by Qarryn and Mal'eket but undone by the vast numbers of slaves and servants freed by the Deists.

### Najim, the Starfallen

**Alignment:** Neutral Evil

**Domains:** Artifice, Earth, Knowledge, Void

**Subdomains:** Dark Tapestry, Metal, Stars, Thought

**Traditional Territory:** None (The Enclave)

Alien superbeing from a far-off dimension, Najim was ambushed before joining the NewGod Wars, his people and lands taken, and buried in some secret location, dreaming of freedom from his prison.

## The Lords of Fire

Ashamar Shining, Firelord Mal'eket, and Grunzol Firestorm are the Elemental Lords of Fire.

### Ashamar Shining, Lady of Aish

**Alignment:** Neutral Evil

**Domains:** Artifice, Evil, Fire, Protection

**Subdomains:** Construct, Defense, Retaliation#, Toil

**Traditional Territory:** Simoon, Ghadab

A powerful goddess in the south, Ashamar was overwhelmed by massed Deist attacks, even to the extent of changing the landscape of her homelands; still worshiped devotedly in some communities.

### Firelord Mal'eket, Master of the Furnace

**Alignment:** Chaotic Evil

**Domains:** Chaos, Charm, Evil, Fire

**Subdomains:** Entropy, Fear, Lust, Smoke

**Traditional Territory:** New Wathis, Birdman Mountains

Rapacious and lusty overlord of the element of Fire on Porphyra, Mal'eket was the de facto military leader of the Elementalists, leading dire antipaladins. He was destroyed and banished to The Abyss.

### Lord Grunzol Firestorm, Emir of the West

**Alignment:** Lawful Evil

**Domains:** Evil, Fire, Law, Sun

**Subdomains:** Day, Fear, Light, Loyalty

**Traditional Territory:** Clandoms of the Fourlands, Giant's Retreat

Grunzol forged an alliance with the Erkusaa, made a regency of the elves, but squandered his power in display, until overthrown by homegrown rebels and imprisoned in stone.

## The Lords of Water

The Ice Tyrant, Poison Wave, and the Naga Empress S'Sluun are the Elemental Lords of Water.

### Ice Tyrant, Jarl of Jarls

**Alignment:** Chaotic Evil

**Domains:** Evil, Strength, War, Water

**Subdomains:** Blood, Fear, Ferocity, Ice

**Traditional Territory:** The Northlands

Primal and primitive Elemental Lord, the Ice Tyrant delighted in war and brutality, testing the survival skills of the races that inhabited his lands. Defeated at sea by the Deists, he retreated to the northern pole of Porphyra.

## Poison Wave, Ur-lord of the Undines

**Alignment:** Neutral Evil

**Domains:** Evil, Travel, Water, Weather

**Subdomains:** Exploration, Oceans, Seasons, Trade

**Traditional Territory:** Californ, Rainbow Islands

Known by many names by natives and aberrant beings above and beneath the sea, the Poison Wave is a secretive being, both in appearance and in activity, revealing little to those not in its confidence.

## Naga Empress S'Sluun, Queen of Serpents

**Alignment:** Lawful Evil

**Domains:** Evil, Nobility, Scalykind, Water

**Subdomains:** Devil, Dragon, Leadership, Naga

**Traditional Territory:** Freeport, Jengu-Na

Bitter remnant of an entire reptilian royal line, S'sluun joined the Elementalists to try and rebuild her lost power, and gained a foothold among the evil aquatic and cold-blooded races of Porphyra.

## The Protean Lords

The Protean Lords of Porphyra rank among the primal Elder Powers that controlled the world prior to The Calling. Similar to the Elemental Lords and the powers of Death, they straddle an ephemeral line between gods and not exactly gods. The so-called Slithering Symphony never sought to rule and exploit the physical world and its mortal inhabitants. Unlike the Elemental Lords, their interactions are best described as fleeting and whimsical. The Protean Lords operate by their own supremely fickle interest, dabbling in the mortal world according to alien, unfathomable unreason, or when mortals deliberately called out to them, drew their primordial eyes, and somehow were found to be of sufficient interest. Unlike many of the Elemental Lords, none of these inscrutable entities of Chaos were actually banished during the NewGod Wars, but departed on their own terms, presumably so at least. As such, their cults remain, and so too their tenuous but ever lurking interest in the physical world.

## Amaelianesses

### the Lilting Song in the Aftermath

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Healing, Protection, Sun

**Subdomains:** Day, Defense, Protean, Restoration

Amaelianesses is uniformly remembered for acts of creation and healing. Farmers and peasants still recall tales of her aid in returning life to scorched and blood-soaked fields. His favored weapon is the longspear, his symbolic animal, the king snake.

## A'sevelix, the Devouring Obsequies

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Death, Destruction, Scalykind

**Subdomains:** Catastrophe, Dragon, Murder, Protean

A'sevelix was one of the first Protean Lords to come to Porphyra. He dragged his scythe across the earth, leveled mountains, and blotted out the noon-day sun with dust and ash. Dragons and executioners give prayers to the Lord of Entropy. His favored weapon is the scythe, and he has no symbolic animal.

## Jassisifrax of the Echoing Emptiness

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Charm, Chaos, Knowledge, Sun

**Subdomains:** Light, Love, Memory, Protean

By song, graffiti, letters and lies; followers of Jassisifrax espouse the virtues of Chaos primarily through words rather than blades or earthshaking cataclysms. His favored weapon is the bladed scarf, and his symbolic animal is the butterfly.

## Kekissendri the Bladed Cadence

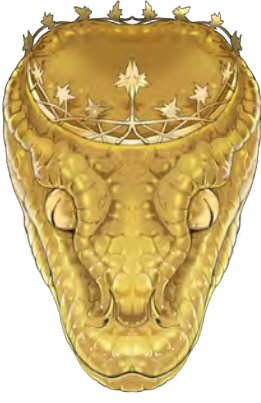
**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Community, Liberation, War

**Subdomains:** Family, Mayhem, Protean, Revolution

Kekissendri's followers were key in aiding those mortals who dared rebel prior to the arrival of the Gods. Less interested in gaining followers of its own than in liberating the shackled subjects of the Elemental Lords, with a specific hatred of Djinnlord Qarryn the Oppressor. His favored weapon is the scimitar, and his symbolic animal is the red wolf.

Amaelianesses



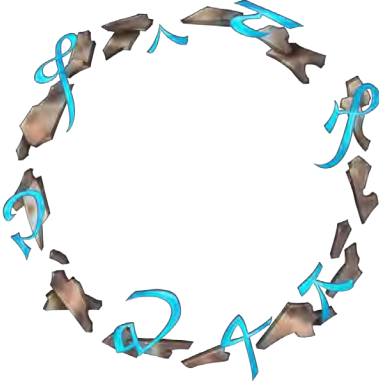
A'sevelix



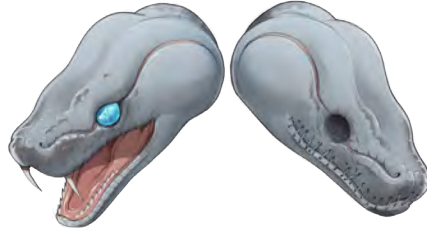
Jassisifrax



Kekissendri



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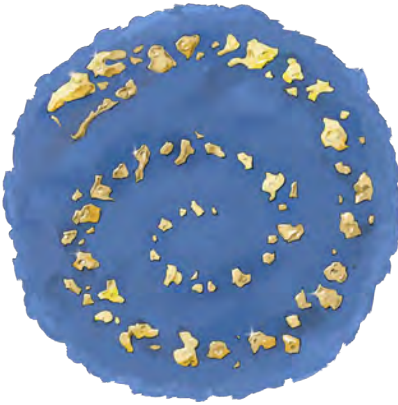
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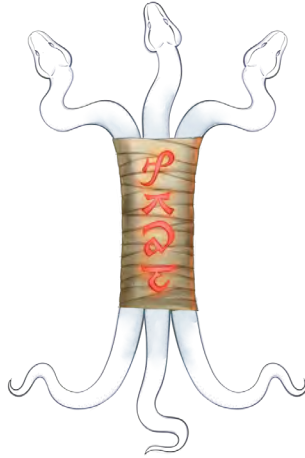
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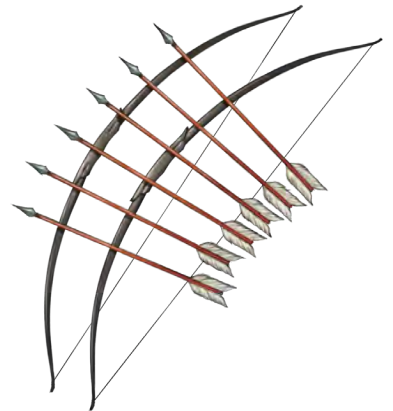
Y'Tinasni



Zaelendris



Zelasindrillis





## Ressiheksis the Sybil's Song

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Knowledge, Rune, Void

**Subdomains:** Intuition, Isolation, Language, Protean

To early dreamers she was a thing of majesty and terror, a creature of primordial wisdom and madness. Known for extreme asceticism, devotees starve themselves and imbibe hallucinogens, perform hesychastic prayers, and engage in profound self-mortification. Her favored weapon is a quaterstaff, and her symbolic animal is the locust.

## Sessenaileama

### the Deafening Howl in the Exordium

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Destruction, Fire, Darkness

**Subdomains:** Ash, Night, Protean, Rage

For all that is spoken of whimsy, freedom, and creation, Chaos is never complete and whole without destruction, loss, and sacrifice. This dark vision of Chaos was the creed of Sessenaileama the Deafening Howl in the Exordium. His favored weapon is the greatsword, and his symbolic animal was the coral snake.

## Solekniamendra the Rapacious Hymnody

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Darkness, Destruction, Earth

**Subdomains:** Catastrophe, Caves, Loss, Protean

The Rapacious Hymnody's followers congregate below ground and out of sight, insinuating themselves amid unknowing, unsuspecting populations. Great ruptures in fault lines shake cities to the ground and wells and oasis are soured and poisoned by her followers' devotions. Her favored weapon is the knuckle axe, and her symbolic animal is the rat.

## Vestrivissia the Mocking Canticle

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Trickery, Scalykind, Luck

**Subdomains:** Curse, Deception, Heroism, Protean

A whispered word of warning here, a rumor fed to a high priest, a subversive song penned in the name of another and distributed to the masses, all of these cor-

rupted the power base of those that wield it. The Mocking Canticle's followers make the churches of other gods their own, entering by stealth and conducting their own illicit ceremonies, or penning their own prayers into the liturgies of other faiths. His favored weapon is the rapier, and his symbolic symbol is the Mockingbird.

## Y'malikorim the Silent Susurrus

**Alignment:** CN

**Domains:** Chaos, Trickery, Artifice, Magic

**Subdomains:** Arcane, Construct, Deception, Protean

Y'malikorim the Silent Susurrus however is no axiomite, inevitable, but somehow, inexplicably a creature of Chaos at home within their rigid and artificial environments. The Ghost in the Machines manifests as a metal keketar made of multiple smaller versions of itself welded together into a larger whole, with ghostly after-images moving in and out of itself like a puppet master tugging upon ethereal strings. His favored weapon is the light hammer, and his symbolic animal is the crow.

## Y'Tinasni the Inchoate Exultation

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Madness, Water, Void

**Subdomains:** Insanity, Ocean, Protean, Stars

Alone in this among her kind, Y'Tinasni the Inchoate Exultation has never physically manifested upon the face of Porphyra. Unlike her lesser kindred, the Lord of Madness instead reaches out to receptive minds and those who—in their vanity, ignorance, or desperation—call out to her, having seen her name whispered in their dreams or penned, emergent in the Pareidolia of the randomness of the world. Her favored weapon is the morningstar, and her symbolic animal is the jellyfish.

## Zaelendris the Lament of Whispering Wounds

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Repose, Magic, Death

**Subdomains:** Divine, Murder, Protean, Souls

The protean lord of the spectral dead and perhaps all of necromancy itself, Zaelendris the Lament of Whispering Wounds seems to embrace the newly dead with the intent of allowing them revenge for transgressions against them in life, and succor for their pain. His favored

weapon is the light pick, and symbolic animal is the whippoorwill.

## **Zelasindrillis the Unplaced Harmony**

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Domains:** Chaos, Travel, Magic, Air

**Subdomains:** Exploration, Protean, Wild Magic, Wind

Not only popular among the *erkusae*, the cult of Zelasindrillis remains popular among *tengu* and humans. Firmly associated with wanderers, bards, and flying creatures, Zelasindrillis's faith is not one of churches, not one of cathedrals, not one of rites and liturgy, but one of laughter, song, and—in this age—joy. His favored weapon is the longbow, and his favored animal is the dragonfly.

## **Other Faiths**

Other belief systems exist outside of the dichotomy of Deist and Elementalist, less pantheon-based or even based in the Realms Beyond or Within. Most are peculiar to a specific race or culture, though assimilation and appropriation are spreading some of them, or suppressing them, as well. Faith traits for these systems follow.

### **Animism**

This ancient system of belief grants souls to objects in nature, to animals, to areas and regions of land, and to certain fetish objects of reverence. It is not god-based, nor is it elemental in nature, though it has concepts common to both. As such, its primitive practitioners—primarily arctic dwellers in the Frozen North and among the Sikoyan people of the Northland border steppes, but existing in remote pockets of wilderness as well—are persecuted by Deists and Elementalists alike. That one of those regions is Landed and the other pre-Elementalist native to Porphyra is an intriguing theological question.

### **Demon Worship**

A relatively new practice on Porphyra, as access to mortal souls has only been possible for less than a thousand years for those denizens of the Abyss. Most chaotic evil beings, skulks notwithstanding, have allied themselves with Elemental Lords, the Landed gods Vortain and Mal or the risen darkness of Rajuk Amon-Gore; they either ignore demons or set them to strictly subservient positions. Demons being what they are, some powerful de-

mon Lords such as Pazuzu, Dagon and the elusive Dark Mistress have made inroads on Porphyra, probably due to their semi-elemental nature. By that token, however, it is no small secret that any nascent cults of *Kostchtchie* in the frozen regions of Porphyra are wiped out without a trace. Demon worshiping divine spellcasters choose from listed domains for each demon lord.

## **Dragon Worship**

Primarily practiced by kobolds, atavistic saurians, a few cabals of dragonbloods, and the odd tribe of humanoid subjugated by one of the enigmatic metareptiles, dragon worship is less a religion than an abject abasement to the will of the proud lizards, playing to their enormous vanity. For simple worshipers, they are unaffected by a dragon's aura of frightful presence (unless the dragon wishes for them to be) but cannot be affected by positive morale effects of spells or abilities. Divine spellcasters that profess dragon worship must take the Scalykind domain or the Dragon subdomain, further receiving immunity to frightful presence and the ability to speak Draconic, if they did not already possess it.

## **Druidism**

Though druidism on Porphyra is frequently simplified as worship of nature, it is a highly complicated faith system with many facets, difficult to define with simple terms of good and evil or gods. Druidism exists as a faith of congregations, but also as that of individuals pursuing a calling from of Porphyra itself- or from the fractured hearts of Landed pieces of other dimensions. Some mad druids claim that the ultimate goal of every druid is to purge Porphyra of its divisive borders, drive off the invader gods and unify the world... Both the Landed god Saren and the risen native goddess Chiuta are closely associated with druidism, and Ithreia, in her aspect as Seasinger is revered through druidism by aquatic races such as the orcam, and as the Blinding Wind by the *ith'n ya'roo*. Druidism has become the faith by which many 'Giant' races have risen out of oppression and barbarism, as well. That being said, the druidic leaders of the *Mâlites*, followers of *Mâl the Destroyer of Worlds* balance all of the good or restorative deeds of the rest, in their relentless campaign to obliterate the existing animal life on Porphyra. Druids and druidical worshipers typically have to walk a narrow neutral ground between Deists and Elementalists, being quick targets for persecution.

## Great Old Ones

Two and a half millennia ago, a great incursion of godlike cosmic beings brought strange creatures and minions to Porphyra, in the name of conquest, but the Elemental Lords drove them off. Cells of their cults still remain, secretly, planning and hoping for their return—even though most Porphyrans, Landed or otherwise, know not of their existence. Of those that are known and named, Dagon is most prevalent, but now associates almost exclusively with demons. Hastur, Yig and Bokrug work behind the scenes in Freeport, Dunmark and Tuthon, limited in effect due to barriers erected by the Elementalists long ago... but the Elementalist Lords are gone now, these 800 years, and the walls are starting to slip. The faith traits of Defy Madness and Unnatural Presence are readily available for cultists of the Great Old Ones, as is a new trait, When the Stars are Right.

## Moon/Sun Cult

Peculiar to the xesa people of Californ and other verdant pockets, these cults are a peculiar example of “good” and “evil” being allowed, even encouraged, to coexist within a society. The genderless xesa being fascinated by the concept of division, they treat the twin cults much like political parties, with the ruling Undivided unswayed by either. The Moon Cult is made up mostly of witches, evil clerics that worship Evil as a dry, abstract concept, and the odd anti-paladin, while the Sun Cult is primarily low-level clerics who putter about espousing Glory, Good, Knowledge and Law like salesmen, lead always by a paladin and a council of deformed oracles. It is possible that some oaklings and gathlain have become adherents of this strange faith, taught by adventurous xesa “missionaries”.

## The New Way

A secret movement within the zendiqi is slowly trying to bring peace and acceptance of the New Gods and Landed peoples. An extensive underground exists with sympathizers in the north and Deist regions, some of whom also hold to New Way beliefs. One of their doctrines is a belief in messianic being, divine or mortal that will come to unite the two factions. Zendiqi characters have an alternative racial characteristic (The New Way, see *Fehr's Ethnology Collected* p 116) to indicate their belief; sympathizers of other races and nationalities may take Rainbow Underground as a faith trait.

## Faith Traits

These are available to those practitioners of non-mainstream worship systems, who cannot take religion traits for their object of worship.

**Faithful of the Demon Lords (Demon Worship):** We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history! Your traffic with demonic power grants you a +1 racial bonus to Intimidate and Spellcraft, and one of those skills is always a class skill for you.

**Tundra Spirit Follower (Animism):** The Sea of White; a crucible for testing, a purifier of fools... Once a day you may cast *know direction* as a spell-like ability.

**Obeisance to the Scaled God (Dragon Worship):** O, Great Scaled One, do not eat me, but bless me with your power! Spells cast upon you by Dragon type creatures add 1 appropriate time unit to the duration of the spell.

**Secret Green Unitarian (Druidism):** Someday the purple borders will be gone, and Porphyra will be one! Once per day you can bypass a porphyrite border without using a spell or porphyrite flake.

**Relativistic Morality (Moon/Sun Cult):** One cannot have dark without light, one cannot have good without evil. Once per day you can make a Will saving throw against a *detect good* or *detect evil* spell to give a neutral result to the caster if successful.

**Seekers of The New Way (The New Way):** The blood-feud of Deist and Elementalist must stop- our call for a savior, The Child, goes on... You gain +1 to save vs. divine spells, and to spells with an elemental descriptor.

**Rainbow Underground (The New Way; Sympathizer):** And you shall know us by the sign of the rainbow, however small. You gain +1 to two of the following; Bluff, Knowledge (local), Knowledge (religion) or Stealth.

**When the Stars are Right (Great Old Ones):** Twenty-five centuries have passed since the Old Ones left us... our time is coming soon. You gain 1 Hero point (see *Advanced Player's Guide*), to be used during a 24-hour period of your choice. This trait can be regained by use of the Additional Traits feat, once it has been used.



## Life on Porphyra

- From The Divine Record of Gerana, Book of Transitions I 2: 1-4

*“And so it was that The Middle Kingdoms did leave that world the World-That-Was, and no longer existed within it, as a nation contiguous with its fellows. For Divine Gerana has heard a Call of great power, from a different world, a world devoid of any divine presence, a world without Gods. Those who made the Call needed Gerana,\* and those of the Middle Kingdom needed to know the humility of a world that was not theirs to command, and so the Transition was made. The land from the World-That-Was came to a new world, and that world was called by those that inhabited it, Porphyra.”*

\*some versions expurgate “and the other gods,”

Some more dimensionally well-traveled beings refer to Porphyra as a ‘world of worlds’, a reference to the patchwork-quilt nature of the Landed territories come to that planet, and the odd and unique mix that has created with the cultures already there. Those travelers also note the divergent ways in which iconic races of the Multiverse differ on Porphyra- but they do not wonder too much, as the Multiverse is wide and strange, indeed, and Porphyra’s quirks are no more odd than the Rabbit-Elves of Nerr’wa. Humans are not in the majority on Porphyra, though that minority has narrowed since The Calling, with the coming of the Landed territories, and human-dominated nations such as The Middle Kingdoms, the Kingdom of Iskander, and Iffud.

## Measurement of Time

Worldwide Porphyran culture, deist and elemental and everything in-between (that are capable of keeping records), recognizes a timekeeping system of a 24-hour day, and ten 30-day months; adding the four Seasonal Feasts makes a 304-day year. Each month is divided into four weeks of 7 days each; the “leftover” last two days of each month consist of what are typically referred to as ‘High Days’- regular work and business are suspended for the primary activity of that specific area. In an agricultural area, that would be a showing of agricultural goods, a feast, some marriages and perhaps some child-namings. Other areas might have jousting lists,



gladiatorial contests, human sacrifices, or interminable church services. When coincidental with seasonal feasts, this can result in longer festivals for up to four days- the wealth of the area usually determines the degree of revelry that is experienced.

There are 10 months of 30 days each, Solstices and equinoxes count in no month, for 304 days of the year. The names of the months are:

Firstmonth
Domonth
Tremonth
Formonth
Fimonth
Simonth
Eimonth
Nimonth
Temmonth

## Legend of the Seven Days

Before the Calling, even in the not-yet-Landed territories of other dimensions and planes, the names of each individual day was largely unimportant, except to officiant clerics and cultists of some Gods and Lords that demanded a regular day of worship. “Three days hence” or a “week and three days ago” seemed to suffice. Stylings such as “The Fourth Day of the Week” was not uncommon, if it was necessary. During and after The Calling itself, survival seemed more pressing than keeping track of such days. But in the aftermath of the war, after treaties and provisions, after military units and beings were relocated to their postwar homes, there remained, in a refugee camp in The Middle Kingdoms, two children. The camp was within sight of both the badlands of Nor-du-Mag, and the relatively fresh ruins of Greencastle, and it was likely that those of the losing side would be expelled to the former, and those of the ‘winning’ side would be sent as far as possible from the latter. It is difficult to say what specific race the children were, as both were very dirty and covered with as many rags and bits of clothing as possible, to keep out the wind- they could have been fair-skinned, dark-skinned, even half-orcish or dwarvish children. One of the children said, predictably, “I wish there were no more wars and bad things,” to which the other child, more world-weary said “How could that be?” The other looked to the south, to the mists that surrounded the Western Nexus for miles. “See that brightly colored bridge in the sky?” he said, and indicated the rainbow created by the weak sun through the mists. “I see it,” said his companion. “It has seven parts.” as everyone knew. “Let us tell everyone that each color is a day, like the days of the week, and that each color of each day is a promise, from the gods and the elements, that there shall be no more war.” And the other child took his hand and smiled; but the people of the camp laughed and jeered that the children should tell such stories.

But as they laughed, soft rains came, warm rains that filled the barrels of the camp, washed the dirt from the downtrodden, and caused the camp’s meager crops to grow. And the bow in the sky came closer, until it was upon the camp, and a voice was heard, a child’s voice from the north with, perhaps, the suggestion of a face in the clouds; the voice from the face said- “It shall be so, the seven colors of the seven days shall remind you of the promise of peace- for all...” And so, from that nameless camp, the refugees decided on a hodge-podge of names for the seven days of the week, many from the dialect of Vinterre, where the refugee camp was, and some of the Old Porphyran language. For

want of a better, most literate peoples of Porphyra have adopted the names, and most everyone knows the legend- but the identity of the Voice is still unknown- though the source of its power has been proven to exist in the form of The Rainbow Promise.

### Days of the Week (from first to last):

Ruday
Tholaday
Jaunday
Verday
Bluday
Inday
Porday

**Note:** Though different regions ascribe significance to various days, Porday, the last day of the week, is aligned with the violet color of porphyrite, and is the most commonly chosen day of the week for religious services. Elementalists and non-deists typically choose Tholaday as their day of rest and observance.

### Rainbow Promise

**School** universal; **Level** alchemist 2, antipaladin 2, bard 2, bloodrager 2, cleric 2, druid 2, inquisitor 2, magus 2, paladin 2, ranger 2, rook 2, shaman, sorcerer/wizard 2, summoner 2, witch 2

**Casting Time** 1 standard action

**Components** V, S

**Range** 20 ft. radius, centered on caster

**Duration** 1 round

**Saving Throw** none; **Spell Resistance** no

While this spell is fairly simple, the origins of the magic are not; many arcane colleges and religious groups ban it and threaten serious consequences for its blatant use. When cast, the caster emits a rainbow-colored blast of light that forbids any caught in it to take any actions other than normal speech and movement for the 1 round duration; even ‘movement equivalent’ activities and ‘verbal-only’ spells cannot be cast—only normal speech and normal movement. Only unintelligent constructs are immune to *rainbow promise*, and no saving throw is allowed; spell resistance is not effective. An individual spellcaster cannot cast *rainbow promise* more than once in a 24 hour period.

## Trade

The commoners of the nations of Porphyra are not well traveled, as is usually the case, but there is a certain curiosity even the lowliest peasant has, in the darkest backwater, for other lands. To know that across the strange purple border might be a land of ice and snow, or tropical jungle, or alien strangeness to weird to contemplate stimulates the imagination, and those who adventure are often motivated by no more than this. The anomalous placement of climates and cultures creates a stronger flow of international trade, regardless of any isolationism that might exist, and wealth is slightly more evenly distributed than one would expect in a roughly medieval-level world. Food prices are slightly higher, so that farmers are that much more prosperous; crafts and goods that are exotic are easier to get, and thus trade is brisker, and hugely profitable trade companies exist, supplying demanding markets.

With increased wealth for the industrious, there inevitably exists a gulf between the ‘civilized lands’ and those that operate on a more tribal or hunter-gatherer existence, and this can create conflict.

Herders, farmers, miners, craftsmen; all must be wary of raiders from near and far, and many communities have systems of tribute and bribery in place to placate occasional armed plunder-seekers.

The sentients of Porphyra are races used to war, as suppression of subject nations was common in the days of the Elementalists, and tribute nations were encouraged to squabble among themselves. The Landed nations also knew war on their worlds of origin, and war was often the reason or the catalyst for their exodus. The two-century NewGod war was planet-spanning in scope, exhausting to whole nations, and devastating to ecosystems and economic systems alike. It continued on for as long as it did for the core reason of why it was fought; allegiance to beings from the Outer Planes. When whole armies could be composed of elementals, fighting against armies composed of outsiders (both drawn, ostensibly, from the souls of previously fallen faithful) campaigns were difficult to win decisively. Nearly every community on the planet has stories passed down generation after generation of their involvement in the War, hoping that the battles and armies would pass them by, hiding children to carry on families drawn up as fighters and ‘cannon fodder’ for unimaginable forces fighting one another.

With the centuries of ‘peace’ following, international trade has been deemed by most royal houses as the best method of ‘getting to know one another’ and promoting economic, rather than military competition. Defeated southern peoples eager for reconstruction (among the zendiqi, Siwathi, and Ghadabi) and the clerical orders of Shankhil, Veiloaria and Linium aggressively have supported this direction; unfortunately, so have the clerics of Rolterra, Shade, Eshsalqua and Vortain, all of whom have strong motives for encouraging brisk trade. In that vein, religious life has a different flavor on Porphyra, as well. Agnosticism or godlessness, difficult on any world with deities that play an active role in their followers’ lives, is extremely risky on Porphyra, for many reasons. In the Landed territories and converted nations, ambivalence to worship is akin to Elementalism, which in some lands (Middle Kingdoms, Iffud) is a jailing offense! In the southern lands, Siwath and Simoon especially, the opposite is true, and wary clerics have been known to suffer The Four Deaths; being dropped off a low cliff, burned and drowned, each time being healed back to consciousness, before being buried alive! In a world where the footprints of gods and elemental lords have been filled for cattle-dugouts, church services are seldom places for a bored child to nap...

### Medium of Exchange Equivalencies

10 copper/ 10 ‘simbi’ [seashell]	1 silver
5 silver	1 ‘black’ [obsidian]
2 ‘black’	1 gold
5 gold	1 ‘flake’ [porphyrite]
2 ‘flake’	1 ‘marble’ [low-quality gemstone]
3 ‘marbles’	1 ‘argent’ [1 oz. mithral]
2 ‘argent’	1 ‘node’ [1 oz. adamantine]
1 ‘node’	60 gold or 600 silver or 6000 copper

In antevocal times, coins were not common, and found primarily in capital cities of the various regions, filtering out into the countryside and hinterlands. Far more common were exchanges of commodities, which had an intrinsic value unto themselves, which soon led to use



as currency. “Simbi” is Old Porphyran/Aquan argot for a specific type of shallow-water cowrie shell used as body decoration and a currency medium for the coastal peoples of the southern hemisphere, from The Seven Principalities to the Brown Coast; they have invasively entered Pynian waters, and are enthusiastically used there. Obsidian, or ‘black’ is produced mostly in the Crumbs of Aish bordering Ghadab and Simoon, with plentiful deposits in many other places in the north and south. Like simbi money-shells, obsidian is also a commodity, as the sharp shards can be used to make weapons or household tools. Porphyrite ‘flake’ is a commodity item, too, with the double purpose of allowing cross-godswall travel and of creating weapons and items that bypass elemental damage reduction. Some commonalities with Landed and native nations have been alluded to with the propensity for using silver as a medium of exchange, especially in places like Nachtburg in The Middle Kingdoms, who prize silver above gold, due to the prevalence of lycanthropes in that arboreal kingdom.

### Erkusaa Spellscrip

Originating on the mystical island of Erkusaa during the early days of the Opal Empire of the erkunae, spellscrip was created as a medium of exchange of spell-casting services. Spellscrip appears as a small parchment certificate, color-coded to the level of spell capable of being cast by the bearer- but quickly being abstracted into a non-commodity medium. It was and is a currency used by the upper classes, as the lowest denomination is the equivalent of 5 gold pieces/ 2 obsidian ‘flake’; this naturally resulted in rampant inflation of common goods and services and a strange subclass of non-magical barter where payment was done in actual physical labor, counted off in divisions of an hourglass. In many parts of the world, the phrase “His hour won’t buy bread” refers to a lazy person.

Since the fall of the Opal Empire on 406 AC, spellscrip is only issued upon the inauguration of a new Emperor or Empress of the Opal Throne, but old certificates still exist, as a small amount of oil of timelessness is included in the ink used to print them, giving them a very, very faint magical aura of transmutation. Spellscrip is still commonly used on Erkusaa, the Fourlands, the Seven Principalities, Jengu-Na, and the Last Kingdom. It is recognized amongst the zendiqi peoples of Siwath, Simoon and Ghadab- less so the further one moves east.

Possession of spellscrip in Parl Pardesh or the lands of the Giant’s Retreat is punishable by flogging. In lands other than these, spellscrip is commonly boiled down for its magical traces, 100 pieces yielding the equivalent of an oil of timelessness, should the processor make a DC 11 Craft (alchemy) check.

Level of Spellscrip	Value
0th level spellscrip	5 gp equivalent
1st level spellscrip	10 gp equivalent
2nd level spellscrip	60 gp equivalent
3rd level spellscrip	150 gp equivalent
4th level spellscrip	280 gp equivalent
5th level spellscrip	450 gp equivalent
6th level spellscrip	660 gp equivalent
7th level spellscrip	910 gp equivalent
8th level spellscrip	1,200 gp equivalent
9th level spellscrip	1,530 gp equivalent

### Other Alternate Currencies

Specific commodity needs, or lack of other, specific commodities often results in other, informal mediums of currency being used in specific regions.

**Empire of the Dead:** Valuable metals mean little to the strange beings of the various cities of this land, though enough of every type of currency exists for trade with other nations. A freshly-drawn container of blood (1 Con) is the broad equivalent of a gold piece, with tokens available for lesser denominations, once the donation has been rendered. The celestial city of Digirn mostly operates on promissory notes of various denominations, or to a system of promised military indenture quite similar to that of the Jheriaks. For large transactions, measured quantities of Vita Sangua and Vita Luce (q. v.) are also legal tender, as are slaves (or promises thereof).

**Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes:** Porphyrite ‘flake’ has largely been replaced by ‘points’: arrowhead-like pieces of cold iron. This currency evokes hostility in any fey that might be encountered in that region, to say the least!

**The Haunted Sea:** Though ships’ clerics often can handle any arrangements, there are always those craft and individuals that require porphyrite to ‘pass the wall’ as the pirates say. ‘Flake’ is traded at 1 ½ times value

there, approximately 8 gp equivalent.

**The Jheriak Continuance:** Perhaps the most unusual commodity of exchange on Porphyra exists in this highly martial state; the ‘stroke’. A stroke is equivalent to one attack with one’s weapon of preference, which must be made against the target of the possessor’s choice. This is often crudely recorded on a wooden tab by means of knife marks over a fighter’s mark, though seasoned commanders have an amazing propensity for remembering which of his troops owe how many ‘strokes’. Though difficult to translate to a non-Jheriak, a ‘stroke’ is equivalent to a coin, on a sliding scale; each point of “base attack bonus” equal to a copper piece. Thus, a 5th level fighter, should earn 5 cp per legitimate stroke, and an 11th level, 1 silver, 8 cp. Fees are often charged for food, board and healing, but these are keenly negotiated with a ‘tabmaster’, a aide to a commander with high skills in Appraise and Sense Motive. Lying or cheating about one’s strokes is a serious offence, punishable by flogging and stripping, and being sent walking to the Red Gulag.

**The Pyynian Coast:** This torrid haven of drug-induced oblivion and decadence sees so much exchange of illicit goods that coin has largely become irrelevant, having one-tenth their outerworld value. ‘Flake’ is always accepted and prized, and spellscrip, though forgeries are all-too common. Simbi is used for mundane items such as food (a risky enterprise in Dravi Ankor) and a bewildering array of bundles of herbs and drug ingredients for denominations in-between the lower and higher values. One must be either a native of The Pyynian Coast or make a series of Appraise, Knowledge (nature), and Craft (alchemy), all at DC 10, to make sense of it all.



## Flora and Fauna

As with most biological issues on Porphyra, the question of mixture of natural species, invasive species, and those plants and animals engineered during the NewGod Wars is paramount to investigating what a given ecological zone looks like. Native vegetation on Porphyra has held its own, however, by the fact that many of the dominant plant species have aggressive defensive capabilities, such as internal acid, poison, thorns or concealment. Agriculture of native species on Porphyra consists of such crops as corn, potatoes, mushrooms (especially in forested areas), and orchard fruits- grain crops were rare, and any kind of ‘bread’ was made out of cornmeal, pre-Calling.

### Flora

Below are descriptions of some more unusual and characteristic forms of plant life on Porphyra, some of which are common enough on other worlds in other dimensions to be recognized by dimensional travellers.

**Darkleaf Cloth:** Darkleaf cloth is a special form of flexible material made by weaving together leaves and thin strips of bark from darkwood trees, then treating the resulting fabric with special alchemical processes. The resulting material is tough as cured hide but much lighter, making it an excellent material from which to create armor. Spell failure chances for armors made from darkleaf cloth decrease by 10% (to a minimum of 5%), maximum Dexterity bonuses increase by 2, and armor check penalties decrease by 3 (to a minimum of 0). An item made from darkleaf cloth weighs half as much as the same item made from leather, furs, or hides. Items not primarily constructed of leather, fur, or hide are not meaningfully affected by being partially made of darkleaf cloth. As such, padded armor, leather armor, studded leather armor, and hide armor can be made out of darkleaf cloth (although other types of armor made of leather or hide might be possible). Because darkleaf cloth remains flexible, it cannot be used to construct rigid items such as shields or metal armors. Armors fashioned from darkleaf cloth are always masterwork items; the masterwork cost is included in the listed prices.

**Darkwood:** This rare magic wood is as hard as normal wood but very light. Any wooden or mostly wooden item (such as a bow or spear) made from darkwood is considered a masterwork item and weighs only half as much as a normal wooden item of that type. Items not normally made of wood or only partially of wood (such as a battleaxe or a mace) either cannot be made from

darkwood or do not gain any special benefit from being made of darkwood. The armor check penalty of a darkwood shield is lessened by 2 compared to an ordinary shield of its type. To determine the price of a darkwood item, use the original weight but add 10 gp per pound to the price of a masterwork version of that item. Darkwood has 10 hit points per inch of thickness and hardness 5.

**Falseweb (Sheet-Fungus):** An accidental result of the arrival of the World Tree in the area of The Great Green known as Colothoria in antevocal times, falseweb developed in the shade of that mighty king of the plant world, from simple fungi that existed on the forest floor. Years of feeding on the decaying matter killed by denial of the sun caused these simple organisms to grow large and cover wide areas with mycological tendrils and nets, resembling nothing so much as a spider's web. In the centuries since, spores of the sheet-fungus has spread throughout Porphyra, even to Landed territories, growing where there is death and decay, above ground and below, most specimens being no larger than 10 ft. by 20 ft. Though falseweb superficially resembles the webs of large spiders, it has none of its qualities; if struck with a melee weapon, each 5' by 5' section disintegrates into spores that coat skin and lungs of any within 10 ft., doing 1 point of Constitution damage to any who fail a DC 12 Fortitude save. If subjected to flame, the entire growth is consumed and turns to a fetid smoke, making those that inhale it (failing a DC 14 Fortitude save) dizzy and nauseous (actually inflicting the nauseated and dazed conditions for 1 minute). It is probable that subterranean dwellers have found methods of cultivating the stuff, as a barrier to intruders and such- though moving through falseweb is no more debilitating than moving through a cobweb. It is otherwise a fragile and useless fungal menace.

**S'abarih (Seeker Cactus):** Mockingly called 'the evangelist' by some desert tribesmen, the s'abarih is the king of desert vegetation, handsome on the horizon with its dark green flesh, conical, armless trunk, and almost crystalline thorns, up to 2 inches long. When struck or disturbed, pressurized seed pockets shoot 1d10 thorns at all targets within 10 ft., with a ranged attack of +10. Each thorn does 1 point of damage, which cannot be healed until a DC 11 Heal check is used to prise each one out. A battle amongst a seeker grove will undoubtedly increase the population, as seeds bloom amongst

the corpses there. Zendiqi bear seeker scars with pride, as proof of their contempt of pain. The flesh of the s'abarih is extremely nourishing, fulfilling water and food needs for 10 men, if it is a full-grown specimen. Such a s'abarih has a hardness of 10, and 1d10+10 hit points. A tea can be brewed from recovered seeds that is said to restore lost vitality- some say, even ability score damage and drain.

**Snakewood:** A sinuous, deciduous hardwood that grows primarily in the Snakewood Forest of the western Tuthon Barony, this odd-looking plant rarely grows straight, and has scalelike bark. Its leaves vary in shades of green upon each plant, and it is not molested by animals or most insects, as its wood is poisonous. Slow-growing snakewood is prized because it stay flexible after being harvested, from one to two weeks, depending on the latest rains before being cut. Amazing sculptures, wheels, and window-frames can all be made from this amazing wood. Carefully made arrows, darts and blow-gun splinters (triple price, Craft +8) deal 1 point of Constitution damage if a DC 11 Fortitude save is not made, though only a skilled fletcher will make the attempt. Snakewood will grow in other areas, but will not tolerate heat, and thus will not be found south of Meynon.

**Sourroot:** Sourroot is a modified tuber crop plant modified to both feed hungry humanoids, and to deter burrowing menaces in plain-lands, such as the equally engineered burrow-mawts, and the invasive ankheg. Sourroots look like bloated, brownish-purple carrots two feet long and a foot around, with a hairy, acidic rind. The above-surface leaves are purplish-green, reaching about three feet high at harvest time. They are a staple crop in the Fourlands, Giant's Retreat, and occasionally in Parl Pardesh, by farm-slaves of the hobgoblins there. They are less popular in the eastern continent, but are occasionally grown in Enoria, Blix and Vinterre. Sourroot is not supposed to be able to grow wild, but enough examples have been seen in wilderness areas to verify sightings- sometimes large specimens...

Sourroots have helped curb the rapacious spread of burrow-mawts (and have helped protect crops against ankhegs) as mere contact with the rind, or consumption of the leaves does 1 point of acid damage per round. Consumption of the unpeeled tuber does 1d8 points of acid damage, and 1d4 point of Constitution damage. A thick crop of sourroots generally dissuades burrow-



ing creatures from entering a settled area. Preparation of sourroot for consumption is somewhat dangerous, as the processors must wear waxed leather gloves while peeling the tubers. Harvesting teams of marunites and oreads have been known to offer their services to sourroot farmers, putting their acid resistance to good use, and zendiqi of the -ard bayit grow them in desert oases. The taste of the tubers is said to resemble pickled beets, and the leaves, which must be boiled and skimmed, sour cabbage. Over-consumption of either is bound to bring heavy indigestion.

Other products of the sourroot, especially the discarded rind pulp, are avoided in polite conversation. Alchemists prize the stuff, mostly for making simple acids; Fourlanders charge syringe-spears with it for fighting marauding beasts. Then, there is sourroot rindwine, or just “rind”, a fermented concoction that irritates the stomach, brain, and most every other organ. A pint of the stuff lowers Intelligence, Dexterity, Constitution and Wisdom by one for an hour, but increases Strength and Charisma by 1; it is mildly addictive [Fort save 12], and each month spent addicted to it, the user must save again or have the decreases become permanent. A bar that serves sourroot rindwine is no bar that any person of standing wants to be in!

**Whipwood:** Woodworkers craft this extremely flexible material in a time-consuming process. Whipwood is actually a composite of several bendable wooden fibers woven and fused together to form a flexible but sturdy unit. Only wooden weapons or weapons with wooden hafts (such as axes and spears) can be made out of whipwood. A creature wielding a whipwood weapon gains a +2 bonus to its CMD when defending against sunder attempts against the weapon. A whipwood weapon's hit points increase by +5. Whipwood loses its special qualities if under the effect of an ironwood spell. Whipwood weapons cost 500 gp more than normal weapons of their type.

## Fauna

Many ‘normal’ species of animals are standard on Porphyra, though marsupials did not seem to have developed anywhere in the world. Cattle, horses, and other hoofed ungulates were only introduced by Landed territories. Goats were the mainstream livestock (tumble oxen in the mountains) and camels were the mount of choice for almost all regions- the cold north being the

exception, where reindeer were domesticated by the Kiyanoi people in the distant past. It is no coincidence that the horse and the cow are sacred animals to two of the Landed Gods, after all.

## Unique and Endemic Species

A fairly young and dry world, Porphyra was not blessed with an abundance of ecological diversity, compared to some worlds, until the The Calling happened, and the subsequent NewGod Wars. Invasive species from Landed territories clashed, and sometimes interbred with Porphyran species, and both sides of the War engineered and created new species as living weapons, many of which survive today.

These species include crystalline horrors, painshriekers, reapers, sarrenel, and, worst of all, burrow-mawts.

**Burrow-mawts:** Burrowing, weasel-like scourges of farmers all over Porphyra, they quickly adapt to permeable strata such as snow and sand. The packs of these miniature horrors often have a bounty on their ears- up to a gold piece each!

**Crystalline Horrors:** These bizarre, incomprehensible and usually hostile subterranean beings seem to have spontaneously come about due to the presence of porphyrite, true ‘sons’ of the planet itself.

**Painshriekers:** Aberrant killing machines that approximate humanoid appearance but have no social qualities, painshriekers seemingly reproduce by fission and wreak havoc for havoc's sake, fulfilling the purpose of their long-ago creation.

**Reapers:** It is unknown who engendered these misbegotten, single-eyed monstrosities, that can easily oppose magical power- perhaps engineered to be a mage-killer. They are attracted to freakish phenomena like extra-planar portals and reversed gravity.

**Sarrenel:** Sarrenel are to water what burrow-mawts are to land, even so far as to infesting city reservoirs and sewer systems. Something like a cross between piranhas and electric eels, to some races, “to swim” is the same phrases as “to bleed.”

**Sunbat:** High-flying photovores engineered by the Elementalists, these beasts need blood to reproduce, and thus are useful in denying land and shore to invaders, by ‘mining’ the airspace above with these sharp-beaked creatures.

## The Race of Giants

The true giants of Porphyra were, before The Calling, strictly segregated, elementally-connected megabeings bred from human and elemental stock in aeons past. Their purpose was straightforward and limited; they were bodyguards and symbols of power for the elemental lords' favorites, and shock troops for suppressing insurrections. They were few in number then, whispered about between adults, and threatened to bad children. With the coming of the gods, the servants of the elemental lords feverishly started breeding programs and training of the pampered behemoths for formation combat. Though a charge of giants was an awesome force, and won many battles for the elementalists, there were also serious setbacks to the embattled native Porphyrans. Certain terrain-specific breeds refused to comply with orders, notably the wood giants, who fled into the forests they grew to love, or the tumorous ash giants, who refused to obey anyone. The creation of the storm giants, thought to be the pinnacle of elemental humanoids, was their greatest failure. The willful titans thought themselves second only to the new-come gods themselves, and would not fight them, turning on their masters in the disastrous Battle of the Three Mountains. Difficult to control, quick to betray or flee, and with increasingly personal agendas, giants were part of the downfall of the elemental empire, and their reluctant turning to even more difficult geniekind did not, in the end, save them. The giants scattered where they could, and remain, living weapons without a true war to fight, trying to overcome their martial reason for being, or embracing it, in their own way.

### Greater Breeds

There are four greater breeds of giant on Porphyra.

**Cloud Giants (Rishoni):** These handsome air-linked giants developed a constant feud between those who selfishly sought treasure and domination, and those who wanted solitude and contemplation. Neither wanted to fight in groups and would frequently disappear while on mission. Today they are still reclusive, but the rivalry remains.

**Fire Giants (N'arun):** To the N'arun, the war never ended. They crave a resumption of hostilities, with their heavily armed warriors at the forefront. Unfortunately, few of the other races can stand them. They love to build forts, forge weapons and plan battles- that seldom

take place. They are competent miners, or enslave others to do it for them.

**Frost Giants (Talgar):** The Talgar love fighting as much as the N'arun, but have drifted into a culture of individual prowess, deeds, and achievements instead of massed armies. They are philosophically similar to the N'arun, but the presence of each makes the other sick. The Talgar were intended as a naval power, and are feared pirates as well as high mountain and glacier dwellers.

**Stone Giants (Ard'dru):** The Ard'dru were competent fighters in the NewGod war, acting as devastating artillery and were known to be very hard to kill. With the elementalists' defeat imminent, they quietly retreated to the mountains and embraced deist philosophy, commonly worshiping Ferrakus, whom they understood implicitly. They have no quarrel with 'small things', but one had better have a good reason or a better bribe when traveling in their territory.

### Lesser Breeds

All other giants of Porphyra are considered to be lesser breeds.

**Ash Giants:** Probably a crossbreed of fire and decadent cloud giants, they thrived in the aftermath of the Wars, due to the widespread devastation of the land and the increase in vermin and wasteland corruption.

**Cave Giants:** a crude crossbreed, probably of fire and stone giants, coming into being long after the war.

**Desert Giants:** Loyal servitors to the Porphyran leaders, the desert giants followed them in retreat. They do not follow the zendiqi way of kafir, and a great sadness sits between them and the fierce desert nomads. Hermit druids often act as go-betweens for the two races.

**Hill Giants:** Favorite pawns of the N'arun, those that aren't too dim call themselves the Jabbal, and crudely claim status as descendants of front line fighters in the War. In all likelihood, the 'Jabbal' were either an internal cross with humans, kept by the giants as servants for themselves, or a later mixture with ogres. Hill giants will spread to whatever terrain will support their small communities, and are not as territorial as the true breeds.

**Jungle Giants:** A terrain-specific breed, the ancient elementalists used nature spirits to create these jungle fighters, not exactly orthodox, and not exactly what was intended. Jungle giants would only fight if their personal territory were threatened, easily avoided by supply

caravans and scouts, once contact was made. If a jungle giant chose you as prey, however, your affiliation would not save you.

**Marsh Giants:** another terrain-specific breed, the marsh giants were terrifying skirmishers, assassins and all-around menaces, used to bloody effect in the Reedlands, the home and genesis of the goddess Chiuta. Marsh giants have been known to cooperate with Frost giants, especially in migrating to new hunting grounds.

**Storm Giants:** The story of the storm giants' rebellion against the elementalists is legendary, as any storm giant will tell you. Afraid of nothing, storm giants have specific preference in lairs, regardless of previous inhabitants. Several clans have claimed small islands in the Rainbow Isles chain in the east.

**Taiga Giants:** To suggest within the hearing of these enigmatic wanderers of the Sikayan Tundra that they are the engineered creations of the Elementalist Empire is to invite swift death and a fate as bait for their whale-hooks. The rumor that they may be the template for other, engineered giant races may have some merit, however.

**Wood Giants:** As with the jungle giants, the ancient elementalists combined unorthodox forces to create prefect forest fighters, probably elves in this case. They heavily favored their mortal parents, and left the Porphyran forces as soon as was prudent. They shun organized conflict to this day, and are staunch worshippers of Saren.

## Other Races

Other, rare giant races are either one-off experiments that got loose from their handlers, or later crossbreeds or even adaptations to specific terrains or conditions.

## Porphyra Trivia

Hags in Porphyra once supported the giants in their evil work, however they received warning of The Calling and the fall of the Elemental Lords from their divinations and auguries. Never wanting to be on the losing side, they abandoned their former allies for the worship of Mâl the Destroyer of Worlds.

## Languages

This list and attached descriptions detail the languages of Porphyra, both native and as introduced by Landed nations. If a dialect is deemed different enough by the GM, a DC 10 Linguistics check should be required to be able to understand the language by a speaker of the parent tongue.

### Prevalent

These are the most prevalent languages in the Lands of Porphyra.

**Common:** The language of the Landed humans, spread as a lingua franca throughout Porphyra in the millennia since the Calling. The New Gods made a universal decision to meld, unify and coalesce all languages from their chosen territories into a 'Common' language, and by the time their people had Landed on Porphyra, they had all but forgotten that they had spoken anything else. There are, here and there, fragments of words, phrases, and documents from the 'old worlds', which intrigue scholars and collectors, but most "chosen people" are content to heed the wishes of their ruling deities.

**Elemental Tongues:** Spoken by devotees and derivatives of The Four, the arcane elements of magic: Aquan, Auran, Ignan and Terran. Commonly spoken in Zendiqi lands, and available to wizards as a choice of bonus language, instead of Draconic.

**Elven:** The ancient forest people have several different dialects of their language, due to Landed elves coming from other dimensions; a DC 8 Linguistics check is needed to understand one from the other. Different dialects hold sway in The World Tree, Iluriel, and Meynon.

**Giant:** An economical, direct language evolved from the elemental tongues, the language of Giants (called Artaganar in that tongue) is spoken by many races associated with these huge beings, such as ogres, trolls, cyclopes and ettins.

**Goblin:** The language of the goblinoid races, including bugbears, goblins and hobgoblins, as well as variant races of these. The language (and the humanoids themselves) has resisted influence by deists and elementalists, staying apart and neutral in most areas.

**Old Porphyran:** spoken by the aboriginal humans of southern Porphyra before the Calling, and still today by the Zendiqi, Siwathu, and Ghadabi. Many old ruins contain script in this writing.

**Orcish:** Sounding like Elvish spoken with a mouthful



of broken teeth, the connection between the languages- the connection between the races themselves- is lost in the mists of Porphyra's ancient history.

### Uncommon

Though not universal, these languages are often heard in many regions of the world.

**Aboleth:** Spoken by the fearsome deep-sea creatures and those of similar ilk, it can also be heard in a highly debased form in certain dark corners of the Rainbow Isles, for reasons best not looked into.

**Aklo:** The northern, pale-skinned peoples of Porphyra speak dialects of this language of strange aberrations, common in Tuthon, Dunmark, Hesteria (The Wall of Sleep) and the Northlands. Their dialects use one of the elemental languages for all nouns (Auran, Aquan, Ignan, Terran) and Aklo for the balance of the tongue, speakable and understandable by those that understand both, with the specific element of the language retrievable by those that understand only one. Sikayans and Northlanders speak Aklo-Aquan, Tuthoners speak Aklo-Auran, Dunmarkers Aklo-Terran, and Hesterians Aklo-Ignan.

**Celestial:** Spoken in patois in the Holds of the Celestial Parishes, and the ecclesiastical language of The Middle Kingdoms and Meynon. Clerics of good deities often use it for private conversations.

**Draconic:** An ancient, but highly mutable tongue spoken not only by the elusive, magnificent dragons, but by reptilian humanoids such as kobolds, troglodytes and serpentfolk. If dialects differ, truces are held until the variances are ironed out, in true cold-blooded fashion. Wizards on Porphyra cannot substitute Draconic as a bonus language.

**Druidic:** The druids, who kept a middle road between the warring deists and elementalists, use this tongue between themselves and their naturalistic spiritual forces.

**Dwarven:** Dwarves are exclusively Landed peoples, with a rigidly common language between the various clans.

**Gnoll:** There are two dialects of this highly vocalized tongue; the more complex dialect of the civilized anpur, and the common yapping version of gnolls found across Porphyra.

**Gnomish:** A mishmash of dwarven nouns and elvish verbs, it has been suspected, but not proven, that gnomes had small colonies on Porphyra before the Calling, from dimensions unknown.

**Halfling:** The halfling tongue has spread mostly from ancient Enoria, where the halflings served elemental masters and overthrew them to establish the Bulwark. It is a quick language, conveying much.

**Sylvan:** Heard among many forest-dwelling beings and sentient plants, the xesa are the only race to have attempted to place it into a readable script.

**Undercommon:** The patois of the Underdeep, based mostly on the dwarven dialect of the Duergar, but spoken by others such as hhundi, morlocks, and some intelligent beasts.

### Rare

These languages are spoken within small cultural groups or tiny pockets of the world.

**Abyssal:** Spoken in dark chambers where demons are summoned, and by those who wish to deal with those foul beings. Heard sometimes in the gutter halls of G'sho'laa'n'rr.

**Boggard:** The xenophobic frog-folk have their own unpleasant-sounding language distantly related to Draconic.

**Catfolk:** Simply going "Meow, meow" to a catfolk will likely end up badly. Qit'ar and other sentient felines often also speak this tongue.

**Dark Folk:** Insane-sounding mutterings of the many clans of dark folk people of the Underdeep.

**Kripar:** An ugly, hissing and clicking language of those mercenary and secretive underworld folk, xenophobically spoken by few else but themselves.

**Infernal:** The bureaucratic language of the acquisitive devils, and those who would sell their souls for power. Sometimes used as a court language in the cities of the Empire of the Dead.

**Mahr:** The ancient language of the Mahrog, the primitive proto-humans of the forests and subterranean lands.

**Malite:** The hateful alien speech of the invaders from another dimension, those in the diplomatic corps are required to learn its rudiments. Somewhat similar to Protean.

**Maenad:** A beautiful, expressive language from the Maenad Isles of Sharira, many sailors learn this tongue as a matter of convenience.

**Manxic:** The truly alien language of an alien people, this strange tongue is the home language of the Femanx, rulers of the Advent Imperiax. They guard it closely, as much of their technology depends on detailed instruc-

tion in that technical tongue.

**Ophiduan:** Long separated from their draconic brethren, this sibilant tongue is useful to know in the Underdeep, to minimize misunderstandings common in their endless House Wars.

**Protean:** The court language of Erkusaa, and of some few extremely chaotic races and beings.

**Sign Language:** A communication form for the deaf, and for those who wish to communicate silently. Quite common in the Jheriak Continuance, even in ordinary households. Note that this language is useless in situations where the 'speakers' cannot see, such as darkness.

**Sphinx:** An ancient scholarly tongue heard mostly in their territories in Siwath, or on ancient tomes and tombs in the south.

**Strix:** The hissing, chirping language of the airborne strix and syrinx people of the Birdman Mountains, knowing this tongue rarely spares humans their hatred-fueled wrath.

**Tengu:** Another avian language, Tengu us nearly impossible to speak for other humanoids; found mostly in the Lotus Blossom Steppes.

**Xeph:** Found spoken by the xeph of Sharira, the Pinnacle Lands, it is known for having no punctuation, being spoken very rapidly.

**Zif:** The chittering language of the gastopodic zif people; for politeness' sake, they rarely speak it around others. The written form resembles swirls of sand.



## Holidays and Festivals

This section deals with those holidays and festivals that are widely observed on Porphyra, unlike local remembrances or those holidays specific to individual religions (Gerana's Dawn being the exception). Note that some specific regions may not observe all holidays and festivals, and various regions certainly observe them in different ways, but these listed are the most important and widespread.

### Gerana's Dawn

The first day of the calendar year, 1st of Firstmonth. This world-spanning festival predates The Calling, and is most prevalent in The Middle Kingdoms and its neighboring Landed territories. Tournaments of jousting and melee, contests of skill and wit, along with feasting and sensible merriment are held anywhere that Gerana is honored.

### The Rides of Nise

On one of the three last days of each month, 10 times a year, the Landed region known as The Haunted Sea moves to the next station in its circuit through the seas of Porphyra. Which specific day or time of day is never predictable by normal means, but magical methods such as augury have been known to reveal the time with some accuracy. As The Haunted Sea is a dangerous den of pirates and monsters, seaside nations take precautions when 'The Rides are upon them...'

### Spring Equinox (Springdance)

Follows the 15th of Tremonth, and is the first of the seasonal feasts that mark the solstices and equinoxes of Porphyra. The observance of 'Springdance' is a particularly joyous one, and is traditionally the day when debts are forgiven, prisoners pardoned, and new ventures started, all with the oversight and approval of elders and clerics.

### The Day of Calling

The anniversary of the Arrival of the New Gods is recognized in all lands, for good or ill. Both Deists and the pious, and Elementalists and those that disparage the Gods pass this day in a state of trembling wonder, as the practice of magic becomes more powerful and unpredictable, and strange events almost always come to pass. The day is usually spent indoors with family, but the ambi-

tious and intrepid go to places of arcane or divine power, to see if the Day will bring them to their destiny. The Day of Calling is on the 21st day of the 6th month (21 Simonth), as determined by the diviners of the elves and orcs in the days of the Cormazog Alliance.

[In game terms, there is a (3% x spell level) cumulative chance per spell cast during daylight hours of The Day of Calling for that spell to be modified as on the table below, roll d8:]

d8	Effect
1	+1 caster level
2	+1d3 caster levels
3	+1 caster level, and changed to a divine/arcane spell (opposite) of the same school, selected by the caster.
4	Spell becomes a <i>summon monster</i> spell of +1 spell level, with a duration of minutes instead of rounds. If the spell is a summon spell, +2 spell levels.
5	Whatever the spell cast, it becomes a <i>tongues</i> spell.
6	Whatever the spell cast, it becomes a <i>legend lore</i> spell on the oldest object within 30 ft.
7	Whatever the spell cast, it becomes a <i>rainbow promise</i> spell.
8	The spell fills the air with whooshing noises and color, but has no effect whatsoever.

### Summer Solstice (Signing Day)

Observed on the 30th of Simonth, Signing Day (referring to the Treaty of Siwath) is a great holiday in the core deist countries, a celebration of the victory of the “chosen of the gods” over the antitheistic Elementalists. In zendiqi lands, and in those places that disdain the gods, it is a day of mourning, of soured memories, a concentration of the resentment and betrayal the defeated people bear. “Signing Day” is a mild term meant to soothe divisions; it is commonly called “Surrender Day” by braggarts in the north. The Old Porphyran term “Tawba al-Arba” means ‘Retreat of the Four’, which is a blunt statement, and a cryptic prediction; those that retreat can counterattack at any time...

In observant deist countries, Signing Day typically has contests of arms, magic, wit and riddle, and clerics wear pilgrim’s robes and humbly serve the common people for

the day. Even the Codion himself chooses a beggar, and washes his feet in the Great Square of Sanctus Templum. Elementalists observe the day with ‘The Great Wailing’ of sorrow and anger, tithe to causes to improve the south’s standing, and furiously play at arbakampsi as if to find a secret key to the defeat of the arrogant northern deists.

### Fall Equinox (Day of Sighs)

This seasonal feast follows the 15th of Eimonth, and is a somber affair where confession is made by all, both Elementalists and Deists; debts come due and the poor come forward to take alms to survive the winter/wet season. Some isolated communities still practice an ostracism lottery on this day, a communal vote to expel undesirables from the community for a year.

### Arg-Ryeth Cormazog

#### (Freedom Day, Day of the Orcs’ Invitation)

Observed and celebrated on 9th Nimonth as both the victory of the Mummy King over the hobgoblin forces on the Great Green/ Pardesh border, and as a general celebration of Freedom- some would say the coalescent power of Chaos. A very important holiday to elves, who arrange elaborate demonstrations of martial and magical prowess in parades and festivals. Even the orcs declare a cease to fighting on this day, and hold what limited non-martial celebrations as they can muster. Human communities see it as a minor holiday where pardons are given and ‘Fool’s Parades’ are held with varying degrees of merriment, foolishness, and exchanging of roles of commoner and noble. Notably not celebrated in The Middle Kingdoms.

### Winter Solstice

The last of the seasonal feasts, on the last day of the Porphyran Calendar year. Winter solstice, the shortest period of sunlight upon the planet follows the 30th of Temmonth. Gifts are exchanged, wards are reset that guard communities, and traditional ‘Parades of Light’ are performed at midnight, with magic, pyrotechnics, and simple beauty on display.



## Weather Phenomena

The presence of porphyrite borders, and the relatively small size of the planet Porphyra creates some interesting phenomena on that world. Some of the Landed territories on Porphyra operate quite independently of the planetary weather system, and even the more ‘normal’ landed territories can experience radically different weather patterns than their immediate neighbors. Crossing a porphyrite border from Iffud to the Great Green can be a matter of leaving a drought and entering a massive lightning rainstorm.

This confluence of climates, combined with an imbalance of ‘returned’ porphyrite shards, can result in a strange and rare phenomenon known formally as a porphyrite tornado, known colloquially as an ozwind, or rijah-urzwani in Old Porphyran. They occur within 10d10 miles of a porphyrite border, and can move up to 50 miles per hour; they cover a 50 ft. area of effect, but do little harm to physical objects or terrain, often just subtle cracks and fissures. They do, however, take in living creatures and transport them to other porphyrite frontiers (10d10 miles from a distant porphyrite border) without a saving throw. It is rumored that certain charms or spells will resist or influence an ozwind, but few have put in the time for research or experimentation.

## Winter

Natural winters are mild on Porphyra, though the polar and sub-polar areas of the planet experience deep cold and quite a lot of snow precipitation. The natural areas of the Eastern continent see more wintry climate than the Western, which is an uptick in conflict as planting and harvesting stop and raiding begins. The Great Green has a ‘Winter Line’ (Krillayanos) where evergreens hold sway over deciduous trees, though the temperature increases somewhat in the Fourlands, which still can be very chilly and snowbound in season; the So’cha stay close to their herds at this time. The desert lands of the Southeast see their wet season at this time, comprising flash floods and swift lightning storms that can change the desert’s face in a short time. Remnant magics from Ghadab can also create strange phenomena during winter storms, like creating elemental portals or teleporting the unwary, a la rijah-urzwani.

## Hurricanes

Large oceanic storms that begin at sea and tend to move

inland, some natural scholars believe that it is the movement of The Haunted Sea that generates the friction that creates hurricanes, but there is archived evidence that they occurred in pre-Calling days, albeit less frequently. The most prevalent zone for hurricane occurrence is from the Pynian Coast to the Seven Principalities, and occasionally north to the Fourlands. Pirates of the Haunted Sea dream of being able to ‘ride’ a hurricane or use them to travel vast distances, and encourage magic-users to find some way to make this so.

## Magic-Dead Areas

Due mainly to ancient catastrophes that have disfigured the flow of magic over the face of the world, there are areas on Porphyra where magic, whether divine or arcane, does not work. Magical effects cease at the border of a magic-dead area, and expire normally; permanent magical effects, and magic items themselves, cease to have any magical abilities, and resume working once out of the magic-dead area. A magical effect will even cease to exist at that particular border, where, say, a lightning bolt will simply not be there at the line of a magic-dead area. Spell-like abilities (Sp) of characters and monsters will not work, either, nor will supernatural (Su) powers. Exceptional abilities function normally. All psionic items, effects, and abilities are similarly suspended and canceled in magic-dead areas, and psionic creatures avidly avoid magic-dead areas; most monsters with magical abilities do the same, including creatures of the ‘magical beast’ type.

Apart from small areas created, ironically by magical affects (which are usually temporary) the largest magic-dead areas on Porphyra are the region of Nor-du-Mag, and several ill-defined regions in the Ghadab, primarily on the Almuut Peninsula. The vast rocky wasteland that is Nor-du-Mag predates The Calling by millennia, and is a haven for apostates, outlaws, and many physically gifted monsters that can carve out a living in that harsh land; it is also the site of many rich mines held by stalwart dwarves. The Ghadab was ravaged by apocalyptic magics during the NewGod Wars by its psychotic Empress, but the most stable magic-dead areas are in the ancient, dead lands of the Almuut Peninsula, which, again, precede The Calling and the Wars.

## Glass Seas

A result of titanic magical and elemental energies during

the NewGod Wars, glass seas are large swaths of desert sand fused into fantastical vistas of glass. The largest is between Siwath and Simoon, a glass sea the size of Geranland known as “The” Glass Sea (al-Barzoi in Old Porphyran), the lesser called The Glass Sands in northern Ghadab. There are other, smaller glassfields here and there, but few larger than a good-sized pond. Though seemingly sterile and useless, glass seas have become resources for those that live near them, carefully carving and forming fragments into implements (the substance has the same qualities as ‘glassteel’), traveling upon it in bladed windships, using glass-trapped pockets of magic to amplify certain spells, and hunting weird creatures that have learned to live upon these freakish phenomena.

## Lunar Bodies and Lunomancy

Documents and legends from antevocal times tell of the complex attitudes of the various races towards Porphyra’s single, irregular moon. Named differently by the various races, it was called Ragol Suq- the Falling Man- by elementalists humans, a defiant king turned to stone and thrown in the sky by the Elders. The elves called it Kerith Nanai, the Jewel Out of Reach; the orcs Karka Unak, which means the same in their language. The erkunae had a better grasp of its nature, naming it The Door, but always describing it in its various positions, such as The Door Ajar, The Door Wide, The Closed Door, or at least half-a-dozen others. On Porphyra, a “month” is indicated by Kerith Nanai leaving the sky for a night, and appearing in the east to travel its past from east to west, every 3 sets of positions, 27 days.

Landed peoples typically call it First Moon, Shankhil’s Chair (or just Shankhil) to the chagrin of native peoples, and are woefully ignorant of Lunomancy, the traditional science of moon-position interpretation practiced by such Porphyran cultures as zendiqi, elves, orcs, elemental-kin, and the Erkusaan races of erkunae and dhosari. What little is known about Porphyra’s moon itself comes from fragments of the Ritual of Calling, in which the elf-orc alliance used Kerith Nanai/ Karka Unak as a beacon for the gods to find Porphyra in the Eternal Dark, having gleaned some of its properties as a gateway to other worlds. Primitive astronomers tell of glowing “craters” in its surface that are thought to be gateways to other dimensions, worlds, and realities. As such, it is much brighter a celestial body than its size would suggest. During The Calling, it is also known that Ragol Suq

shone brighter than ever before or since, and changed its hue from bluish-white to faint purple, indicating to those honoring the gods that it was now the sacred domain of Shankhil, the Twilight Man, the Doorkeeper of Eternity. This desecration turned the zendiqi largely away from lunomancy, though some less-proud individuals use the old ways, with the altered moon.

For a brief period Shankhil’s Chair sat alone, amethystine in the sky, brooding over the NewGod Wars. Though it likely appeared at least a decade before the final defeat of the elementalists at the hands of deists and the subsequent Treaty of Siwath, there appeared another orbiting body. A fiery red moon, like a burning eye; it coincided with the appearance of the Outcast god of Vengeance, Nemyth Vaar. Known as Vaar’s Eye or simply Vaar, this crimson ball has a long elliptical orbit, and appears in the vicinity of Shankhil only three days a month. These nights, known as Nemesis Nights, are considered ill-luck, and if Vaar appears on Dark Night, when Shankhil is absent, no peace-minded being stirs from their home. It is on the Nemesis Nights that lycanthropes are forced into their change, and it is his influence that is credited with their origin- the werebeasts are outcasts, even the benevolent werebear, solitary in his home in the deep woods.

The moons of Porphyra do not have particularly strong tidal effect, noticeable chiefly on The Door Wide, the Porphyran high tide. When Vaar’s Eye is together with Shankhil’s Chair, the tide is very high, and currents run strong- pirates consider this optimum sailing weather. They name Nemesis Nights as Sailor’s Moon, and relish the purple-red shadows that fall on their sails.

### Lunomancy

*You have learned the old way of reading the positions of the First Moon, as the ancients did in the days before The Calling.*

**Prerequisites:** Wisdom 12

**Benefit:** You can precisely interpret the position of the First Moon, and receive the effects of its astrological focus. Roll on the table below. Each effect counts as a supernatural effect, a feat bonus or penalty, affecting only the reader, and lasts 24 hours.

d10	Erkusaan	Elven	Orcish	Effect
1	The Door Wide	Thema	Brak	+1 to skill checks
2	The Door Ajar	Mesth	Craak	+1 to lowest ability score
3	The Closed Door	Sha-math	Drova	+1 to all saves
4	The Locked Door	Chikal	Lokka	-1 to skill checks
5	The Opened Door	Oralo	Brey-ach	+1 to caster level
6	The Door Cracked	Timal	Uucha	+2 to Perception
7	Half-Closed	Ra-shae	Narg	Reroll one odd-numbered roll
8	Half-Opened	Ra-nae	Garn	Reroll one even-numbered roll
9	The Moving Door	Mathae	M'raak	+1 to AC
10	Absent	Zeth	A'barr	None

**Special:** When combined with a divination spell, Lunomancy gives no effect, but adds 10% to the success roll.

### Shadow-Sail

**Aura** moderate transmutation; **CL** 5th

**Slot** none; **Price** 60,000 gp; **Weight** 60 lbs.

### Description

This ensorcelled sail appears as a 20 ft. square piece of purple-black canvas, dull in the light, but with twinkling highlights in darkness. A ship fitted with a shadow-sail gains the following bonuses during hours of darkness (see the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: GameMastery Guide*): +10 feet to movement, +1 to ship Reflex saves, +1 to captain's initiative, and it can change direction at the end, instead of the start, of the turn.

### Construction

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *darkness*, *burst of speed*; **Cost** 30,000 gp

## Magic

The realm of magic on Porphyra is held with a certain degree of awe by the general population, and with good reason; the divine magic of the gods sundered and remade the world, and the arcane magic of the Elemental Lords spurred two hundred years of warfare, conflict, and dire monsters upon the stunned planet. Depending on where you live, the use of magic is seen with very different lights: in the Jheriak Continuance, it is seen as a tool of weakness; in the Clockwork Lands, an outmoded, old-fashioned curiosity; in the Landed territories of the north, arcane magic is extremely suspect, and wizardry is highly policed; in the zendiqi lands of the south, divine clericism is anathema, and met with knives in the dark. In the largely nonhuman lands of the west, the lines are more blurred, and magic is seen to more of a natural outgrowth of one's being, a sentiment of the orcs and elves who dominate that continent. Their ways of magic are ancient and traditional, largely overlooked or dismissed in more urban, outward-looking society. In the erkunae's competitive, unpredictable society, anything goes, and they have studied magic for so long, they greedily seek to discover the underpinnings of the composition of the universe itself...

The less common classes of spell-users largely avoid the controversy, with bardic, inquisitor, and oracular magic, as well as that of paladins and rangers serving more narrowly into their fields, and note evoking the need for research and mystic exploration. The sense in the modern day of "there are things that sentient-kind is not meant to know..." is rather strong. Summoners straddle a strange line, for they manipulate outsiders for their own uses, but those outsiders can have elemental, deific or any number of characteristics that are controversial in this fractious world. Though they definitely possess power, they also tend to isolate themselves, a club of individuals. Witches, as well, have a reputation for persecution, and are the favorite target for crusading paladins, inquisitors, and other self-described "witch-hunters". They are rather more collective and organized, as the Sisterhood of the Black Glass can attest. Apart from these, magic has taken several different and strange paths on Porphyra, as various factions, races, and agendas vie to find the most useful, stimulating, or power-granting form of magical art, all to succor the unknowable powers of the Beyond. Below are some of the more intriguing paths of magic on the Patchwork Planet of Porphyra.



## Chaos Magic\*

Chaos magic is a line of magical practice that mostly hinges on two forces; trading choice of magical effect for wider access of effects, and manipulating the potential of the forces that move and shape actions of mortals. Apart from the ancient and typical divine domains of Law and Chaos, and the arcane spell subtypes of order and entropy, there are likewise two affiliations for the exploration of chaos magic; the Illuminates of Chaos\* and the semihuman erkunae people of Erkusaa. The abilities of each are somewhat similar, and there is overlap between them, as illuminati exist as a matter of course within the Opal Empire, and chaos sorcerers are spawned or engendered with purpose in the Landed and Porphyran nations of the mainland world. Totemic barbarian cultures expressing a near-worship of chaos exist in many wilderness areas of the world, and items such as chaos emeralds and rods of wonder, and beings such as proteans and chaos beasts give rise to the bubbles of chaos and chaos magic that exist just outside the perception of law-abiding peoples.

\* see *Legendary Classes: Illuminatus* for more about the illuminati and chaos magic.

### Chaos Sorcerer (Sorcerer Bloodline/Archetype)

*More than a bloodline, a chaos sorcerer gives over the totality of his being to tap into the primal forces of pre-creation, to the bubbling cistern of protoexistence that is Limbo itself. More than a pawn of the proteans, your personal journey to the heart of chaos gives you freedom like no other magic-wielder in creation!*

**Class Skill:** A chaos sorcerer can add any 1d4 skills to his list of class skills.

**Bonus Spells:** A chaos sorcerer does not gain any bonus spells, and does not use the 'Spells Known' table for sorcerers. At each spell level that a sorcerer gains access to a new spell level, he chooses one spell, plus a number of spells equal to his Charisma modifier. These spells are formed into a random array that is called upon whenever the chaos sorcerer wishes to cast spells. See the table below:

+1 modifier: d3	1) spell 2) spell 3) choose a spell
+2 modifier: d4	1) spell 2) spell 3) spell 4) choose a spell

+3 modifier: d6	1) spell 2) spell 3) spell 4) spell 5-6) choose a spell
+4 modifier: d6	1) spell 2) spell 3) spell 4) spell 5) spell 6) choose a spell
+5 modifier: d8	1) spell 2) spell 3) spell 4) spell 5) spell 6) spell 7-8) choose a spell

**Bonus Feats:** Any feats except metamagic feats.

**Bloodline Arcana:** Whenever you cast a spell with the chaos descriptor, you cast it at +1 caster level.

**Bloodline Powers:** As you gain in power through your exploration of chaos magic, you grow more competent in manipulating the strings of existence to shape the universe to your will.

*Influence Effect (Su):* At 1st level, you can choose to reroll a non-d20 die roll that you have just made that is the effect of an action you have just taken, such as the damage from a spell or attack, or some other non-d20 roll that you specifically are allowed to make. You can use this ability 3 times per day plus your Charisma modifier.

*Influence Cause (Su):* At 3rd level, you can choose to reroll a d20 die roll that you have just made, such as an attack roll or a saving throw. You can do this once a day at 3rd level, twice at 9th, and three times at 15th level. You must accept the new die roll, or use the ability again, if you are able.

*Rod of Power (Sp):* At 9th level, your studies lead you to be able to transform your lowly sorcerer's staff into a fabled *rod of wonder*, identical to the magic item of the same name. It possess this power as long as you are wielding the staff.

*Limbo-Wave (Su):* At 15th level, you gain the ability to unleash a *warpwave* once per day, identical to the power of an imentesh keketar (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Bestiary* 2).

*Chaos Lord (Su):* At 20th level, you are the apex champion of chaos. You resist acid, cold, electricity, and fire 10, gain spell resistance equal to your Charisma score, and may unleash a second warpwave each day.

## Covenant Magic\*

The realm of covenant magic deals with the risky business of mortals negotiating with spirit creatures, outsiders, undead and even stranger, unnatural beings that exist outside of the natural order. Before The Calling, covenant magic on Porphyra was a minor branch of mystical study, with some fringe practitioners known as ‘mediums’. Elemental beings from the Inner Planes that were out of favor with the Elemental Lords, and a few other strange ‘spirit’ creatures kept the narrow tradition going. But with the advent of The Calling, and the opening up of the Outer Planes, the amount of beings that were willing to become patrons for foolish mortals increased exponentially. For the price of a little (or a lot) of study of the field, some costly specific oils and incense for a purification ceremony, and, with a ceremonial offering, the promise of service to an immortal, inscrutable being, most anybody could increase their personal power and gain advantages over their rivals and enemies. This process is part of making a ‘covenant’ and so the branch of mystical effort and magic is called Covenant Magic.

The erkunae of Erkusaa were the first to enter into covenants with spirits- even beings that may have inhabited dimensions and planes other than the Inner Planes. Many of the traditions of covenant magic that exist on Porphyra today are as a result of Erkusaan colonialism, in places like the Fourlands, who enthusiastically pursue it, and all down the east coast of the Western continent, in Giant’s Retreat, the Jotun Forest, and north to the semicivilized lands of the Dry Peninsula. Mediums and covenant magic are not seen in a positive light in the East, and many Landed territories will persecute those that practice it as charlatans at best and elementalists at worst, as they seem to bypass devotion to the divine arts, and are not quite controllable arcane spellcasters- a dangerous combination.

The simplest form of this magic is the amateur covenant- which, in game terms, is a feat that allows a mortal to bond with a spirit creature or an otherworldly being that is willing to share its power in exchange for gifts of sacrifice and promises of obedience. A spirit trumpet is a device that is sometimes used by mediums to earn a little money by enabling ‘speaking’ with the beloved dead in some communities, and further to facilitate less costly covenants with appropriate creatures.

## Amateur Covenant

*With sacrifice and promise, you can gain power from a powerful extraplanar being.*

**Prerequisites:** character level 3, 100 gp per level worth of oils and agents for purification, 120 gp per level of offerings appropriate to the specific being, the willing presence of a being of the outsider type possessing no more hit dice than you possess.

**Benefit:** You gain one of the following: one of the Patron being’s spell-like abilities, of a spell level no higher than your character level, able to be used once per day; one of the Patron being’s racial bonuses to skills; or one of the Patron beings resistances, of no higher amount than you have hit dice. Once the decision is made, it cannot be changed, unless removed by the Patron.

**Special:** The patron being can, at any time, remove its patronage and divest the covenant taker of his or her benefit. The patron being also gains the ability to know where the covenant holder is at all times, even if they are on a different plane. If the patron is slain, the covenant holder loses all benefit.

## Spirit Trumpet

**Aura** faint necromancy; **CL** 5th

**Slot** none; **Price** 10,000 gp; **Weight** 5 lbs.

### Description

This otherwise regular-looking instrument glows with an eerie green light on command, (as a *light* spell), and its owner may use *mage hand* at will, but only on the spirit trumpet. The owner may also use *speak with dead* once per day, with the responses emerging from the trumpet itself. The *speak with dead* effect can be used at a range of 10 ft., even through dirt and stone, so long as the speaking dead’s remains are in range.

A medium or possessor of the Amateur Covenant feat may include a spirit trumpet as part of their dedication ritual, lowering the offering price by 10%. The item may be used once per week for this purpose.

### Construction

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *light*, *mage hand*, *speak with dead*; **Cost** 5,000 gp

\* see *Legendary Classes: Covenant Magic* and *Legendary Classes: More Covenant Magic*.

## Elementalism

That beings should demand worship – and deserve worship- is not necessarily the description of a ‘god’, and that practice is not exactly described as ‘religion’. That is perhaps the gulf that separates the Deists and the Elementalists on Porphyra, and that world is waiting for someone, some being to help the two sides come to some sort of realization of the others’ nature. Elementalism is just that- subservience to the ‘elements’ that make up the world, the universe, all that is. Breathing air, feeling the earthy solidity of one’s body, the fiery warmth and liquid components of it, all speak to the reality of The Four and the duty that mortals have to give them worship. To an elemental, the Elemental Lords did not just create the world, they are the world, are living composites of the planetary substance and existence. For them to assume even mildly humanoid shapes is a great gift to mortal life, as they are, literally, air, earth, fire and water. Rather than the notion of some kind of ethereal ‘people’ that gods are, robed and clothed with the concepts of humanity, and going on to an eternal frisking about in an imagined paradise/hell, adherents of elementalism await a glorious rejoining with the composite forces of the makeup of the universe- though whether individuality and consciousness remain is for different sects and mahdi-followings to decide and debate.

An available archetype “Mahdi (plural Mahdeen)” for zendiqi and other elementalists, which allows for the use of the ‘cleric’ class. They do not have auras, cannot use spells that utilize evil, good, chaos or law, or that summon outsiders other than from the elemental planes. Mahdi are implacable enemies of northern paladins, and the Invincible Order of the Code of Gerana has orders to slay them on sight. Serenity Guard vary according to the individual’s attitude towards the zendiqi; a zealot might call for a purge of a village harboring a mahdi, whereas one with sympathy for the oppressed southerners might tolerate a mahdi engaged in helping the desert people.

### Mahdi (Cleric)

The xenophobic, antideist zendiqi have struggled as a people with the disadvantages of lacking a clerical caste, but the fierce will of the people has generated another; the mahdi. They serve the absent will of the Elemental Lords and provide healing for the people, or death to outsiders, as the “Will of the Four” dictates. They can be identified by the ornate earmuffs, veils and gags that they

wear at all times outside of their personal tents, shutting the tainted world outside, and focusing their powers inward.

**Aura (Ex):** Mahdi do not have a clerical aura, and cannot use any spells or abilities that require the possession of one.

**Channeling (Su):** Mahdi can select, at will, whether to channel positive or negative energy as a cleric, but receive one fewer channel than they are entitled to, according to their Charisma, class, and feats.

**Spells (Sp):** Mahdi cannot cast spells with the good, evil, law or chaos descriptors, or summon or negotiate with outsiders other than those with the elemental subtype. When casting spells with the air, earth, fire or water descriptor, mahdi cast them at +1 caster level.

**The Shields of Faith (Ex):** The earmuffs, veils and gags of the mahdi enforce a penalty of -1 per two levels of cleric to Appraise and Perception. Mahdi are considered flat-footed for the first round of any combat. The Shields also confer a +1 bonus per two levels of cleric to saves vs. all mind-affecting effects.

**Collective Will:** A mahdi can select, daily, any one domain he wishes, except for Good or Evil. They may not select subdomains. They also may cast one fewer spell per level, thus, 0 spells at 1st level (plus a domain spell, and any spells granted by high Wisdom).





## Word Magic\*

Porphyrans historians of all camps and philosophies agree that the magic that caused The Calling to take place was rooted in the ancient tradition of word magic, for as the legend says “The Word was spoken, and The Call was made...” Further legends, some barely out of living memory for the elves of Azag-Ithiel and the Great Green, speak of a great congregation of the arcane elven traditionalists known as Runespeakers, and an even larger contingent of mystical orcish barbaric warriors called Runereapers. The combined power of those who trade their voices for runic power and those who mortify their flesh for the power of runes sundered the veil of the dimensions and brought forth the Age of the Gods. Word magic still has an honored place in the lands of Azag-Ithiel and The Great Green, and even in Azagor runereapers command respect for the old ways.

Word magic has not been ignored in the larger world either, for oracles of the sigil mystery, tapping the power of ancient runes of bygone eras, have been known to command great respect among the zendiqi and less affiliated Porphyrians. There are petroglyphs in hidden desert places that seem to predate even the semilegendary conflict between the Elemental Lords and the whispered-of masters of the Kayanoi, from so long ago. Even the unpredictably occurring and enigmatic dragonbloods, accidental scions of that even more enigmatic draconian race have inborn skills with word magic, hinting at connections that the larger body of metareptiles refuse to even acknowledge.

The choice to become a wordcaster, among the various arcane and divine disciplines on Porphyra, has somewhat more gravity there than it would on a world where the Word had not been spoken. Wordcasters, especially elven runespeakers, are likely to be seized and staked out for the sand-mawts in Simoon or the Siwath. In Landed, deist territories wordcasters are seen in the same light as apocalypse oracles and prophets, possible harbingers of great change and moment, and possibly presumptuous would-be rallying points for radical cults and cabals. In more chaotic lands like Hesteria, the Pynian Coast, the Jheriak Continuance- even Iffud and Iskander, wild-eyed followers flock to charismatic wordcasters, hoping to learn the secrets of the making and unmaking of the universe. To choose a discipline that has a reputation for changing the face of the Cosmos is not a choice made lightly. Should a wordcaster dare to tap the word magic



power source that was the Word that triggered The Calling, they may choose to learn a subschool of Summoning Words, by taking the following feat, which gives access to the word magic subschool of Calling Words:

### Words of Calling

*You dare to emulate the Cormazog Alliance and learn words of Calling.*

**Prerequisites:** Ability to cast wordspells, ability to cast meta words of 4th level or higher

**Benefit:** You can cause your *servitor* (summoning) wordspells to instead be spells of the calling subtype. Calling subtype wordspells use the next highest level on Tables 10-1 and 10-2 in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook* for the spell *summon monster*/*summon nature's ally*, though the creature summoned is not under the control of the caster, and is randomly selected from the table, with the most appropriate die for doing so, a d20 if there are more than 12 selections, rerolled if necessary.

If the wordcaster is able to cast *servitor IX* (calling), he may select any creature from the *summon monster IX*/*summon nature's ally IX* table that he wishes. If the *codex of the infinite planes* is present within a circle of at least twenty-seven copper monoliths prepared with words of *dimensional gate*, and *calling IX* is cast, well, then...

\* For more on runecasters and runereapers, see *Legendary Classes: Rune Magic*.

## Domains and Subdomains

The religions of Porphyra possess a number of domains and subdomains not found in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*. They have been reprinted here from Gods of Porphyra (GoP), Elemental Lords of Porphyra (ELoP), or Protean Lords of Porphyra (PLoP).

### Art Domain

**Granted Powers:** You can make the mundane magnificent with ease and create masterpieces of the artistic form. In addition, you treat Perform as a class skill.

*Masterwork (Sp):* You can temporarily transform a mundane object into a masterwork one, as per the spell, for a number of minutes per day equal to 3 + your cleric level.

*Masterpiece (Ex):* At 4th level, you gain access to the masterpiece class option commonly reserved for bards (see *Ultimate Magic*). Instead of spells known, masterpieces occupy spell slots. You may select a masterpiece whenever you gain a new spell slot. Once a masterpiece is selected, that spell slot is lost.

**Domain Spells:** 1st—*attention jolt*<sup>GoP</sup>, 2nd—*eagle's splendor*, 3rd—*breath of ecstasy*<sup>GoP</sup>, 4th—*philanthropist*<sup>GoP</sup>, 5th—*music of the spheres*, 6th—*mass eagle's splendor*, 7th—*steal the painful memory*, 8th—*euphoric tranquility*, 9th—*convert foe*

### Time Domain

**Granted Powers:** You can stop time momentarily, and can shift backwards in time briefly as well.

*Moment of Pause (Sp):* As a melee touch attack, you can stop time for one creature briefly, freezing them in place. For one round, the creature can take no action and experiences time as if that round never took place. Because the target of this ability does not experience the flow of time it cannot be affected by any event, attack, spell or effect as per the *time stop* spell. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier.

*Time Shift (Sp):* Beginning at 8th level, three times per week and no more than once per day, you can briefly shift time backwards. You can shift back no further than 1 combat round or 1 minute of noncombat time. Any actions that took place during the time you shift back before are considered to have not taken place yet, and all actions pick up at the point you shift back.

**Domain Spells:** 1st—*deathwatch*, 2nd—*one track mind*, 3rd—*delayed reaction*, 4th—*haste*, 5th—*hold monster*, 6th—*contingency*, 7th—*lesser time stop*, 8th—*temporal stasis*, 9th—*time stop*

**Purple Duck Note:** *Abilities that affect the flow of time can be troublesome for GMs to manage. Replace this ability with another if you wish.*

### Scalykind Domain

**Granted Powers:** You are a true lord of reptiles, and your gaze can drive weak creatures into unconsciousness.

*Venomous Stare (Sp):* As a standard action, you can activate a gaze attack with a 30-foot range. This is an active gaze attack that can target a single creature within range. The target must make a Will save (DC = 10 + 1/2 your cleric level + your Wisdom modifier). Those that fail take 1d6 points of nonlethal damage + 1 point for every two cleric levels you possess and are fascinated until the beginning of your next turn. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier. This is a mind-affecting effect.

*Serpent Companion (Ex):* At 4th level, you gain the service of an animal companion. Your effective druid level for this animal companion is equal to your cleric level –2. You may choose either a viper or a constrictor snake as your companion.

**Domain Spells:** 1st—*magic fang*, 2nd—*animal trance*, 3rd—*greater magic fang*, 4th—*poison*, 5th—*animal growth* (reptiles only), 6th—*eyebite*, 7th—*creeping doom* (takes the form of Diminutive reptiles), 8th—*animal shapes* (reptiles only), 9th—*shapechange*.

### Void Domain

**Granted Powers:** You can call upon the cold darkness between the stars to gain flight, travel to other worlds, or summon monsters from beyond to do your bidding.

*Guarded Mind (Ex):* You gain a +2 insight bonus on saving throws against all mind-affecting effects.

*Part the Veil (Su):* At 8th level, you can lace spells you cast with the raw madness that waits in the outer darkness. Activating this ability is a swift action that you must use as you cast a spell that targets a single creature and that allows a Will saving throw to negate or reduce the spell's primary effect. If the target fails to resist the spell, the target is also confused for a number of rounds

equal to the spell's level as visions of the void cause temporary insanity. The victim can attempt a new saving throw each round to end the effect—these additional saving throws apply only to the additional confusion effect and not to the original spell effect. Part the veil is a mind-affecting effect. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 1/2 your class level.

**Domain Spells:** 1st—*feather fall*, 2nd—*levitate*, 3rd—*fly*, 4th—*lesser planar binding*, 5th—*overland flight*, 6th—*planar binding*, 7th—*reverse gravity*, 8th—*greater planar binding*, 9th—*interplanetary teleport*<sup>UM</sup>.

### Future Subdomain (Time Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following power replaces the moment of pause power of the time domain.

*Insight (Su):* As free action, you can immediately gain a bonus to your initiative count equal to your cleric level (minimum 1). You can use this ability can be used a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier.

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 2nd—*augury*, 4th—*divination*, 5th—*opportunity*, 8th—*forewarning*

### Intuition Subdomain (Knowledge Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following granted power replaces the remote viewing power of the Knowledge domain.

*Blind Luck (Sp):* Starting at 3rd level, once per day you can make a skill check in an untrained skill, with a bonus equal to half your divine caster level.

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 3rd—*skill-thief's touch*, 4th—*Limbo's fickle blessing*, 5th—*chaotic breach*

### Mayhem Subdomain (War Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following granted power replaces the weapon master power of the War domain.

*Adaptive Strike (Su):* At 8th level, as a swift action, you may infuse all of your attacks with adamantite, silver, or cold iron, thereby allowing it to overcome damage reduction of those types. You may use this ability one round per day plus one round for every two additional cleric levels. These rounds do not need to be consecutive.

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 3rd—*fleshbreak touch*,

4th—*Limbo's grip*, 8th—*voidworm swarm*

### Movement Subdomain (Art Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following granted power replaces the masterwork power of the art domain.

*Dancing Touch (Su):* You can imbue the target with the urge to dance as a melee touch attack. For the next round, the target must use its move action to move directly away from you at their base speed. This movement is graceful and stylish and does not provoke attacks of opportunity but it may force the target to dance into other hazards. If the target's path is blocked they will turn 45 degrees clockwise and continue moving. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier.

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 1st—*expeditious retreat*, 2nd—*touch me not*, 4th—*freedom of movement*, 6th—*irresistible dance*

### Naga Subdomain (Water Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following granted power replaces the icicle power of the Water domain. Naga are serpent-headed beings that often live in watery areas.

*Fascinating Caress (Su):* You can cause a living creature to become fascinated for 1 round as a melee touch attack. Creatures with more hit dice than your cleric level are not affected. You can use this ability a number of times equal to 3 plus your Wisdom modifier.

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 2nd—*detect thoughts*, 4th—*poison*, 6th—*geas/quest*

### Oni Subdomain (Evil Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following granted power replaces the scythe of evil power of the Evil domain. Oni are a race of evil native outsiders.

*Tenacious Evil (Su):* At 8th level, as a swift action, you can trigger fast healing 2 for half as many rounds as you have cleric levels, ie. 4 rounds at 8th level, 5 rounds at 10th. If you are below 0 hit points, this ability will be triggered automatically.

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 1st—*enlarge person*, 3rd—*nature's exile*, 6th—*planar binding* (oni only)



## Past Subdomain (Time Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following power replaces the moment of pause power of the time domain.

*Do-Over (Su):* You may immediately reroll a failed skill check, saving throw or attack roll. You must accept the second roll regardless of its value. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier.

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 2nd—*ancestral advisor*, 3rd—*ancestral dream*, 4th—*commune with the ancients*

## Retaliation Subdomain (Protection Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following granted power replaces the aura of protection power of the Protection domain.

*Aura of Retaliation (Su):* At 8th level, you can emit a 30-foot aura of retaliation, lowering your enemies' resistance to your righteous attacks. All enemies within this aura suffer a -1 penalty to AC, and have their resistance to the elements reduced by 5 (acid, cold, electricity and fire)

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 2nd—*retribution*<sup>BoDM</sup>, 4th—*greater retribution*<sup>BoDM</sup>, 6th—*unwilling shield*

## Sound Subdomain (Art Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following granted power replaces the masterwork power of the art domain.

*Song of Courage (Su):* Your singing grants allies a +1 bonus to saving throws against charm and fear effects and on attack and damage rolls. You can sing the song of courage a number of rounds per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier. This power is otherwise similar to a bard's inspire courage ability.

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 1st—*silver tongue*, 3rd—*sculpt sound*, 6th—*sympathetic vibration*

## Wild Magic Subdomain (Magic Domain)

**Replacement Power:** The following granted power replaces the hand of the acolyte power of the Magic domain.

*Wild Surge (Su):* As a swift action, you can invoke the powers of chaos and alter the effective caster level of a spell you cast that round. Roll a percentile die and determine the effects using the follow-

ing chart, and alter the spell's effects to match your new, temporary caster level. If the caster level drops below the minimum caster level to cast a given spell, the spell fails. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier.

Roll	Effect
01-24	-2 caster levels
25-49	-1 caster levels
50-74	+1 caster levels
75-95	+2 caster levels
95-100	+3 caster levels

**Replacement Domain Spells:** 3rd—*befuddling infusion*, 4th—*inflict warpwave*, 5th—*greater befuddling infusion*



## Psionics

The ability of some to harness the power of their minds to complete awe-inspiring tasks falls into the realm of psionics. These talented individuals are able to harness this power without the need to traffic with spirits like covenant mages, begging divine creatures for spells, or toiling away in dusty libraries of forgotten lore. Psionic power has always been a part of the Patchwork World of Porphyra, however before The Calling most of its reach was limited to the Pinnacle Lands.

The forces of the Elemental Lords possessed few psionic individuals and struggled combat this strange power, so the Pinnacle Lands were ignored and isolated. Travel to and from the Pinnacle Lands is no longer restricted, so native psionic races as well landed psionic races can be found almost anywhere except Nor-Du-Mag.

**Purple Duck Note:** *Porphyra utilizes the psionics rules created by Dreamscarred Press in Ultimate Psionics if you do not have access to that incredible book here is briefly what you need to know.*

## Combining Psionic and Magical Effects

The default rule for the interaction of psionics and magic is simple: Powers interact with spells and spells interact with powers in the same way a spell or normal spell-like ability interacts with another spell or spell-like ability.

**Psionics–Magic Transparency:** Though not explicitly called out in the spell descriptions or magic item descriptions, spells, spell-like abilities, and magic items that could potentially affect psionics do affect psionics. When the rule about psionics–magic transparency is in effect, it has the following ramifications.

Spell resistance is effective against powers, using the same mechanics. Likewise, power resistance is effective against spells, using the same mechanics as spell resistance. If a creature has one kind of resistance, it is assumed to have the other. (The effects have similar ends despite having been brought about by different means.)

All spells that *dispel magic* have equal effect against powers of the same level using the same mechanics, and vice versa.

The spell detect magic detects powers, their number, and their strength and location within 3 rounds (though a Spellcraft check is necessary to identify the discipline of the psionic aura), while detect psionics detects spells, their number, and their strength and location within 3

rounds (though a Spellcraft check is necessary to identify the school of magic).

Dead magic areas are also dead psionics areas. Unless specifically mentioned in a power's description, a power cannot be counterspelled when it is being manifested, nor can powers be used to counterspell a spell as it is being cast.

## Psionic Disciplines

The six psionic disciplines are:

- Clairsentience powers enable you to learn secrets long forgotten, to glimpse the immediate future and predict the far future, to find hidden objects, and to know what is normally unknowable.
- Metacreativity powers create objects, creatures, or some form of matter.
- Psychokinesis powers manipulate energy or tap the power of the mind to produce a desired end.
- Psychometabolism powers change the physical properties of some creature, thing, or condition.
- Psychoportation powers move the manifester, an object, or another creature through space and time.
- Telepathy powers can spy on and affect the minds of others, influencing or controlling their behavior. Most telepathy powers are mind-affecting.



## Orders and Organizations

There are definitely organizations that have strong roots in one particular country or region, but there are also those that have spread their beliefs and memberships to many nations and territories, showing the universal appeal of their philosophy.

### Bertoni Choristers

Choristers are bards and lorekeepers that observe great deeds and regale the masses, with chapters in all major cities. Any bard that can create a Masterpiece or spell-caster that can cast *enthrall* or *major image* can apply for membership.

**Requirements:** The petitioner must accompany an adventuring band on an ‘epic’ mission, and tell the tale to the High Choristers in the Chapterhouse in Berton, capital of Iffud.

**Mark:** A cloak pin of a bronze note

**Benefits:** The aid of ¼ your level of bardic NPCs when in a city with a chapterhouse, as well as magical lore equivalent to the bonus feats Spell Focus (enchantment) or Spell Focus (illusion)

### Bronze League

A somewhat informal affiliation of ‘normals’ (non-psionics) that resent psionic interference, and psionics of any type. This has developed into angry reaction against any kind of mind-control, even of the magic or mesmeric type. Historically founded in Sharira, The Pinnacle Lands; there are chapters in other nations, mostly in large cities. They prefer angry mob-style activities.

**Requirements:** May not be psionic or of a typically psionic race; magically typical races are suspect, as well. Must purchase a copper bracelet (below) and contribute 300 gp to ‘the cause’ per year, which is dubiously distributed by longer-held members.

**Mark:** The *copper bracelet*, a magic item made by the League.

**Benefits:** Receives a *copper bracelet*, and can (eventually) count on their level in Bronze League aid for confronting or protesting mind control or psionicism. This often

brings attention from the Meridian, as well.

### Shariran Copper Bracelet

**Aura** faint abjuration; **CL** 3rd

**Slot** wrists; **Price** 1,000 gp; **Weight** –

#### Description

A *shariran copper bracelet* is a membership insignia to be a member of the Bronze League, an anti-psionic brotherhood in the Pinnacle Lands of Sharira. As a protection device, the copper bracelet allows the wearer, once per day, to roll twice when called upon to make a saving throw vs. a psionic power.

#### Construction

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *guidance, protection from chaos/evil/law/good*; **Cost** 500 gp

### Brothers of the Blue Star

An ancient league of cultists seeking to return pre-elementalist beings to Porphyra, inimical to both Elementalists and Deists, though infiltrating both. They often maintain storehouses of lore masquerading as benign libraries or “lodges” whilst gathering magical power and items, waiting for circumstances when “all is right”.

**Requirements:** Members must have at least a +3 bonus in Bluff, Disguise Self, and Knowledge (planes) and subject themselves to an awful ritual that permanently drains 1 Constitution point. Prevalent in Tuthon and Dunmark, rituals performed in Aklo-Kayan dialects.

**Mark:** Blue star tattoo somewhere on the body

**Benefits:** +2 to Diplomacy with aberrations, and brain-washing equivalent to the bonus feat Iron Will; at 9th level this increases to Improved Iron Will.

### Codionic Knights-Errant

A lesser rank from the Impervious Knights of the Code of Gerana, Codionic Knights-Errant serve as a reserve army to form units or command militia, or be elevated into the Codion’s bodyguard. Knights-errant can count on deference from sheriffs or other authorities, and swift obedience from commoners, but are expected to act as troubleshooters, bandit-hunters, and monster-slayers when required by the citizenry. They have a well-earned reputation for heavy-handedness, and some consider them bullies, but they feel it is this rigid strength that



holds the line between the vulnerable people and a myriad of terrors, such as the Sandmen and other threats.

**Requirements:** Must have at least 3 ranks in Knowledge (nobility), a total of +5. Must own a masterwork sword, heavy mace, or morningstar. Must pledge fealty to the Codion in front of a cleric or Impervious Knight of Gerana; may not be chaotic. Must report to the Church of Gerana in every community they enter that has one.

**Mark:** The gilded chains of the Codionic Knights on helm or epaulets.

**Benefits:** May not be detained by local authorities, and can order their Charisma as a number of Commoners to perform duties of their choosing. +2 AC vs. critical hit confirmation, and can cast *virtue* as spell-like ability 1/day.

### Evening Shades

Supported by House Vark, the ruling house of Tuthon, the Evening Shades are trained by demons and led by the Dark Mistress, the succubus patron of the house. Operating out of the pleasure-fortress of Shadowlight, their ultimate goal is nothing less than the ascension of their demonic mistress to the ranks of the divine. They combine pleasure and death, working the sex trade to gain access to both information and victims.

**Requirements:** Members must be female with at least 3 ranks in Craft (alchemy).

**Mark:** Grey crescent moons painted on fingernails

**Benefits:** + ½ point of sneak attack damage per level

### Fraternal Order of the Wyrn

Mostly a “men’s lodge” type of group, giving excuses for secret handshakes, drinking and camaraderie, the Fraternal Order of the Wyrn occasionally band together for ill-planned missions, such as invading the Wyrn’s Quarter in the Northlands. Applicants ‘pledge their sword’ and promise to be ready for the call;

**Requirements:** Membership fees vary according to venue, typically 1 to 5 gp, and the same upon joining a mission, to a ‘Wyrn-master’ who organizes events. They are usually fighter/wizards of levels 5-9. Members must

have their own sword and armor, and be in good standing with a religion willing to bury them.

**Mark:** *Arcane mark* of the order (a purple dragon) upon their weapon

**Benefits:** Benevolence from fellow-brothers, +1 to Knowledge (local) and Gather Information when bragging of exploits.

### Houses of Convention

A necessary cliché of city life, Houses of Convention (what rich folks call the Thieves Guild) attempt to regulate, to a certain degree, the crime that goes on in the environs of that jurisdiction. There are certain vague rules that loosely apply to all Guilds, namely 1) Don’t get involved with religion (followers of Shade have clerically-run cloisters) 2) Fleece the public, abide your own, and 3) Highest Magpies gets run of the Guildhouse. These rules are, naturally, bent, broken and ignored as frequently as possible. Fences make brisk use of Guildhouses, and are often sacrosanct (but see above).

**Requirements:** Visiting a city’s Guildhouse (if you can find it, at least a DC 15 Knowledge [local] check), solving a DC 20 Disable Device puzzle box, and paying from 10 to 50 gold pieces- cash or magic items only! Guilds reserve the right to insist on renewal every Magpies.

**Mark:** A colored lifebead, shade of which each city guild chooses. A lifebead goes clear if the individual it is keyed to is killed. Thus, you can steal one, but you can’t kill to get it.

**Benefit:** You won’t get robbed or ratted out in the city the Guild controls. If you have suitably impressed or paid off factors, they may throw a job your way, or hook you up with an adventuring party.

**Purple Duck Note:** *Lifebeads can be made using magically-blown glass and a deathwatch spell, then dipped in the blood of the new Guild member.*

### Illuminates of Chaos

A rather nebulous association containing all of those who practice chaos magic, known as illuminati. Seen

with contempt by chaos sorcerers, who answer to no master, the Illuminates often take up causes against oppression and arbitrary force, sometimes simply by pulling strings and spending money to get others to do the work. Probably an offshoot of a darker fraternity on Erkusaa, the illuminates love mystery, arcane symbolism, and the effect of being perceived as a string-puller in the grand scheme of things; they are nothing if not creative publicists and self-aggrandizers! The various cities of If-fud, Giant's Retreat, and the Seven Principalities all serve as shifting locations of their lodges.

**Requirements:** At least one level of illuminatus.

**Mark:** possessing an illuminating implement, instantly recognizable by other illuminati

**Benefits:** Mutual benevolence, infrequent summons to lodge-meetings by magical means.

## Magpies

The Magpies is a septennial, seven-day competition of thieves, burglars, and other robbers, with registered competitors; don't go looking for it, you'll be found if you are worthy! Winners and competitors are also called by the name. Magpies at the same job must vacate the premises and cooperate to escape, if necessary; no holds are barred 'after hours'. To speak or ask of it directly in a guildhouse is a banning offense.

**Requirements:** A quick hand and a sharp knife. Acquisition by military might or outright slaughter is forbidden, and will result in quick and painful assassination.

**Mark:** Black magpie tattoo on one's neck for every entry; ranking nicknames—1st entry fledgling, 2nd true magpie, 3rd black crow, 4th raven, 5th—onward 2nd, 3rd raven etc. The 'winner' has a tiny gem imbedded in the tattoo's eye.

**Benefits:** +1 to leadership score per tattoo, + ½ to Intimidate per tattoo.

## Meridian

A very secretive organization of psionically-talented beings, that have taken upon themselves the direction of mundane society, with the goal of increasing the domi-

nation of civilization. Led primarily by elans, lesser races come and go from their secret councils, identified only by psionic communication and other mind-signs.

**Requirements:** Must be psionic, must possess an identifying power; ectoplasmic trinket, crystal light, or mis-sive; must possess some level of recognized office, or be part of another organization. Petitioners must locate a Meridian training ground (typically a small 'dungeon' complex) and overcome puzzles and placed monsters and survive to the central chamber, where a Meridian member will grant them entrance (or not...)

**Mark:** Members must know the 'Split-circle' symbol and reproduce it with the required abilities, or know that pass-word.

**Benefits:** A complex mental surgery gives you a bonus power point, and a type of bonus feat similar to Endowed Mind, but only with regards to Will saves.

## Prefects of Ametrine

A globe-spanning organization closely allied with the religion of Shankhil, seeking to promote the progress of civilization and peaceful order. Elves and barbaric peoples rarely join, but they do ally themselves with the Prefects if the situation demands. The Ametrine Coalition is a pact made by various national rulers to share information and concerns, which are passed on to the Prefects by the clerics of Shankhil. Various alliances of Prefects and their friends are then dispatched to deal with problems, especially if they are best dealt with by "foreigners" for political reasons. Levels include Prefect Initiates (less than 5 levels since they joined), Spheres (6-10) and Pyramids (over 10 levels since they joined).

**Requirements:** Cannot be evil, must have an aristocratic patron, who has them swear an oath on a *crystal ball* made of porphyrite, which links them to it.

**Mark:** An amethyst solitaire ring on the left little finger. For higher level members, ("Spheres") this is a *ring of protection +1*, for "Pyramids", an added property of interesting and unique (if not particularly powerful) ability is added.

**Benefits:** "Free" passes at porphyrite borders manned

by Khilite clerics, can *commune* (as the spell, 1 question) with their patron 1/week per Prefect ‘level’.

### Sandmen

A ubiquitous, originally zendiqi-dominated antideist organization, making inroads from the south into the Landed territories of the north and west. Motivation of individual cells varies from altruistic opposition of evil religions to malicious pursuers of mass murder. No central organization that can be definitively identified, though rumors abound. They are extremely secretive and suspicious, usually meeting in cursed places.

**Requirements:** Recruits must take the Sand Sympathizer social trait, which may require taking the Scorn for Deists drawback (see Daamati) if not at 1st level or if the Additional Traits feat is not taken.

**Mark:** Ritual scarring made to look ‘normal’, immediately recognizable by a fellow

**Benefit:** May demand aid from racial zendiqi as a Diplomacy 10 + HD check, subject to retroactive approval by the local Sandman cell. A further +1 to saves vs. divine spells.

### Savants of the Fifth Element

A legendary cabal of non-aligned wizards and sorcerers, in the days before The Calling, most consider the Savants to be a myth, and it may be that they are; only strange ghosts, enigmatic dragons, and odd rumors speak with any definitiveness about them. No written account of their dealings exists from any later than 100 BC, yet whispers persist that they watch, and perhaps even influence the lives of intellectuals and humanists on Porphyra—certainly disdained by both Deist and Elementalist alike.

**Requirements:** Extremely high intelligence or wisdom, allegedly proven in a series of puzzles, games and conundrums, administered without the ‘applicant’ even knowing it. One does not find the Savants, they find you. The final test is spoken in legend of being disintegrated, and reconstituted!

**Mark:** Many are rumored; a rent somewhere in one’s clothing, a tattoo of the number “5”, a book whose cover

is a color that cannot quite be described—among others.

**Benefits:** Though many are spoken of in legend, the one that comes up the most is the ability to assume *gaseous form* at will. Others are said to be immunity to magic, the ability to *commune* with oneself, etc.

### Sisterhood of the Black Glass

One of the most open secrets of Porphyra, everyone in the magical community knows of the Sisterhood but it still manages to stay off of discussion scrolls at the government level. Nominally neutral, law-abiding witches tend to dominate the Sisterhood, though there are factions and machinations in myriad formats. The Highest (or oldest) of their order lives in the Corkscrew Tower in Calium, in Blix, though the Sisters meet everywhere and anywhere.

**Requirements:** Must be female, must be able to cast arcane spells; fealty and obedience to higher-level Sisters, must win a mystic duel with one’s double from a special *mirror of opposition*, “The Black Glass”.

**Mark:** A blue-black hourglass tattoo somewhere on the body.

**Benefit:** Aging slows to one year in two; at 10th level (“Motherhood”) aging slows to one year in three. Fealty and limited obedience from higher-level sisters who promote feminine rights and the sharing of magical power.

### Vortician Guild

This loose confederation includes wizards and other arcane casters that have been to, or are interested in other planes, dimensions, pockets of reality, or traveled in time. Centered in Hesteria, the Wall of Sleep, but many pyramidal towers found in large cities.

**Requirements:** A short ceremony of confirmation (via a *zone of truth*) of one’s extradimensional claims, and a sliding scale of 100 plus 50 gp per level guild fees per year guarantees entry.

**Mark:** A pin, badge or amulet showing interlocked “V”s.

**Benefit:** +1 per level to hit points of summoned creatures, and to % success in *augury* spells.



## Prestige Classes

The Impervious Knights of the Code of Gerana, Puritan Redemptors of the Way of the Gun, and Tearsman Shayk of the Sandmen prestige classes are detailed below.

### Impervious Knights of the Code of Gerana (The Impervious)

This elite level of paladinhood was the core of the Deist forces during the NewGod War; generals, commanders, Chaplains-Supreme and swords of the faith. Today they are hardly less powerful, being advisors and bodyguards to the Codion in Sanctus Templum and the Regents in the four secular Kingdoms. They maintain a heavy hand in the running of the Serenity Guard, and from this and other ventures have a well-earned reputation from grimness, implacability, and a swift guantleted fist.

**Hit Dice:** d10

#### Requirements

To qualify to become one of The Impervious, a character must fulfill all of the following criteria.

**Alignment:** Any lawful.

**Base Attack Bonus:** +5

**Feat:** Combat Reflexes

**Skills:** Intimidate 5 ranks, Ride 5 ranks

**Special:** must be able to cast divine spells, must worship Gerana

**Race:** Must be aasimar, avoodim, or human

#### The Impervious

Level	BAB	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+0	+0	+1	Impervious, smite the enemy
2nd	+2	+1	+1	+1	Authority, +1 divine spellcasting class
3rd	+3	+1	+1	+2	Impervious +5, smite elemental
4th	+4	+1	+1	+2	Aura of menace 1, +1 divine spellcasting class
5th	+5	+2	+2	+3	Scriptorian guard
6th	+6	+2	+2	+3	Aura of menace 2, +1 divine spellcasting class
7th	+7	+2	+2	+4	Impervious +5, Aura of menace 2
8th	+8	+3	+3	+4	+1 divine spellcasting class
9th	+9	+3	+3	+5	Impervious +5, retaliate
10th	+10	+3	+3	+5	General of the Deists, +1 divine spellcasting class

#### Class Skills

The impervious's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Handle Animal (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Ride (Dex), Sense Motive (Wis), Survival (Wis).

**Skill Ranks at Each Level:** 2 + Intelligence modifier

#### Class Features

All of the following are class features of the impervious prestige class.

**Weapon and Armor Proficiencies:** Impervious knights are proficient with all simple and martial weapons, with shields (except tower shields) and with light, medium, and heavy armor.

**Impervious (Su):** At 1st level, an Impervious Knight of the Code gains resistance 5 to acid, cold, electricity and fire. Every two levels of Impervious he adds 5 to one of those resistances. These resistances do not stack with other sources.

**Smite the Enemy (Su):** Impervious levels stack with paladin levels with regards to all rules pertaining to the smite evil class ability; thus non-paladins get smite evil at this level.

**Authority (Ex):** At 2nd level, an Impervious Knight of the Code can use Intimidate to demoralize a creature as a move action.

**Smite Elemental (Su):** At 3rd level, an Impervious Knight of the Code can use their smite evil power on be-

ings with any of the air, earth, fire or water subtypes.

**Aura of Menace (Su):** At 4th level, an Impervious gains an aura of menace identical to that of an archon, except that it is only -1 to effects at 4th level, and reaches -2 at 6th level.

**Scriptorian Guard (Ex):** At 5th level, the Impervious Knight of the Code becomes eligible to be a personal bodyguard to the High Codion of Gerana in Sanctus Templum. They gain the Bodyguard feat, and an addition of either a +1 value, or a +1 ability equivalent to their personal suit of armor.

**Retaliate (Ex):** At 9th level, once per round when a creature threatened by an Impervious attacks and hits an ally adjacent to the Impervious, he may make an attack of opportunity against that creature.

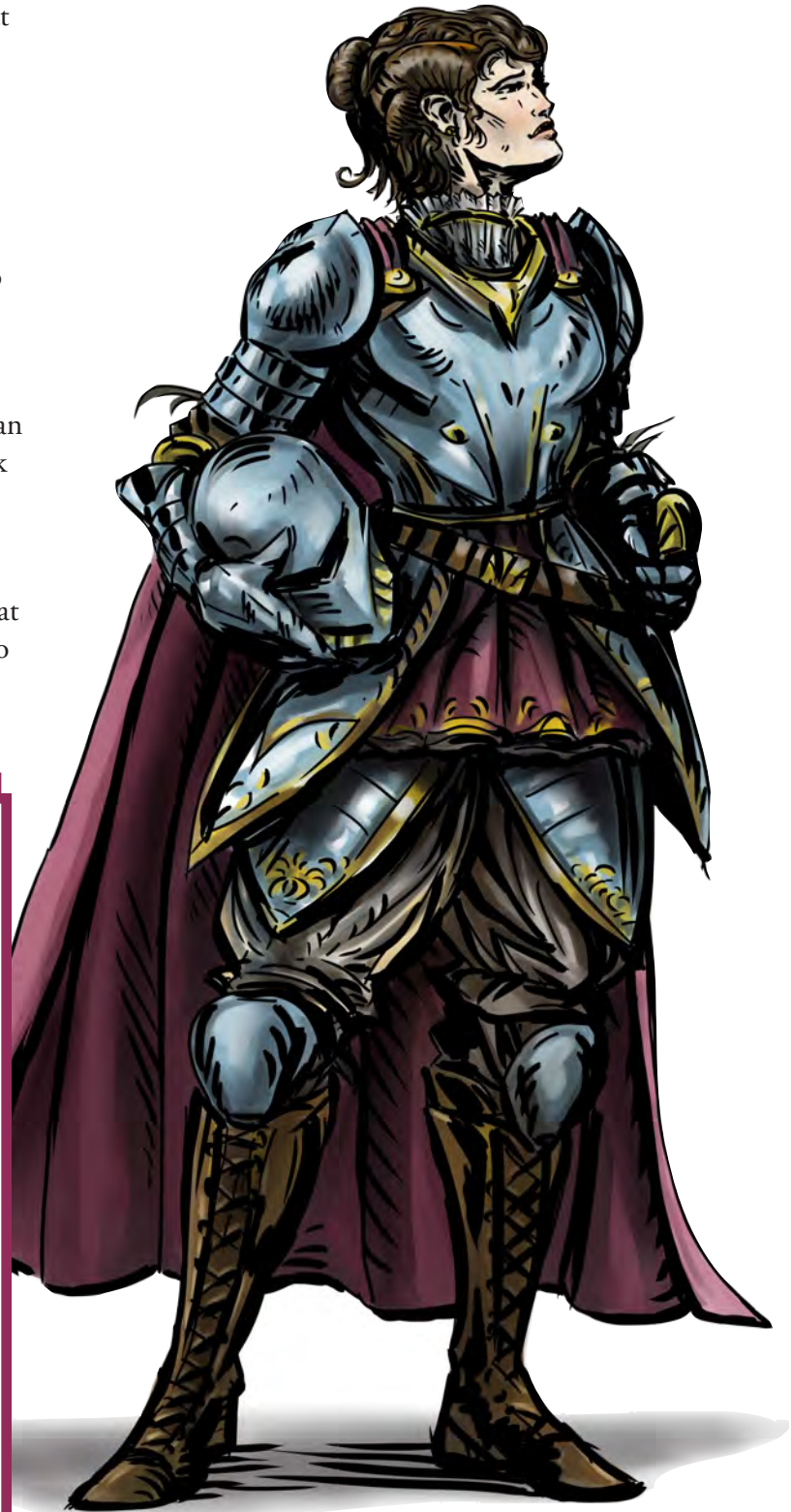
**General of the Deists (Ex):** At 10th level, an Impervious Knight of the Code gains Leadership as a bonus feat (if they do already have it) adds their Strength bonus to their Leadership score, and adds +1 to the levels of all followers indicated.

### Song of the Righteous Warrior (The Paladin's Hymn)

Eternal Mother, strong and wise,  
Whose voice rings through the endless skies,  
Who bidd'st the mighty oceans be  
as still and calm as inland sea-  
Oh, hear us when we sing to thee,  
when battling evil, tirelessly.

Oh Law! The order of the world,  
a calm when dev'lish pipers skirl,  
Your hand stays mountains, shaking down,  
the earth is still when you but frown-  
Oh, help us when we call to thee,  
when saving poor ones, selflessly.

Oh Goodness! Mercy, hands of weal,  
Your touch, through mine, makes others feel  
no pain when fire burns from below,  
and quenches flame with goodness' snow-  
Oh, save us when we'll join with thee-  
Our last reward, eternally.



## Puritan Redemptors of the Way of the Gun (Redemptor)

The long-ago days of the NewGod Wars were a trying time for all peoples of Porphyra, and the worldwide crisis gave rise to many lawless frontiers, defiant cults of bullies, and profiteers in vile practices. One of many groups that rose up to defy this backward, selfish behavior were the Puritan Redemptors of the Way of the Gun, (typically called redemptors) originally from the heroic land of Iffud. They grimly decided to fight the fires of barbarism with a different fire- gunfire- and supplement this deadly art with magic, even if it was magic of a sketchy sort. Combining primitive magic, modern gunplay, and a grim, noble spirit, black-hatted redemptors often show their unsmiling faces and gruesomely carved juju sticks in situations that demand violence be met with economical, versatile violence.

**Hit Die:** d8

### Requirements

To qualify to become a redemptor, a character must fill the following criteria.

**Alignment:** any non-evil

**Skills:** must have 5 ranks of Spellcraft and either Knowledge (arcana) or Knowledge (religion)

**Spells:** Must be able to cast 1st level spells

**Special:** Must have the Grit class feature or Amateur Gunslinger feat.

## Puritan Redemptors of the Way of the Gun

Level	BAB	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Spells per day
1st	+0	+0	+0	+1	Combined combat, juju staff	—
2nd	+1	+1	+1	+1	Fearless	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
3rd	+2	+1	+1	+2	Bonus feat	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
4th	+3	+1	+1	+2	Deeds	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
5th	+3	+2	+2	+3	Gun training	—
6th	+4	+2	+2	+3	Bonus Feat	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
7th	+5	+2	+2	+4	Smite shot	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
8th	+6	+3	+3	+4	Seek the unworthy	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
9th	+6	+3	+3	+5	Bonus Feat	—
10th	+7	+3	+3	+5	Smite shot 2/day, spell resistance	+1 level of existing spellcasting class

## Class Skills

The redemptor's class skills (and the key ability for that skill) are Acrobatics (Dex), Craft (Int), Escape Artist (Dex), Handle Animal (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (arcana), Knowledge (local), Knowledge (religion), Perception (Wis), Ride (Dex), Spellcraft (Int), Survival (Wis), Use Magic Device (Cha)

**Skill Ranks at Each Level:** 2 + Int modifier

## Class Features

All of the following are features of the redemptor prestige class.

**Weapon and Armor Proficiencies:** Redemptors are proficient with all simple and martial weapons, and with light armor. They are not proficient with shields. They are also proficient with all normal firearms, such as pistols and rifles.

**Bonus Feat (Ex):** At 3rd, 6th and 9th levels, redemptors gain bonus feats from the combat, grit, or metamagic feat lists, provided they qualify for them in all ways. Redemptor levels count as qualifying levels for any class level requirements.

**Combined Combat (Ex):** If a redemptor has multiple attacks per round, he may use one or more of them for a firearm attack, and one or more for a spell attack, as long as the spell has casting time of less than a full round.

**Deeds (Ex):** At 4th level, all redemptor levels count as gunslinger levels -3 when calculating a redemptor's abil-



ity to use gunslinger grit deeds.

**Fearless (Su):** A redeemptor gains +2 to all saving throws vs. fear effects. This stacks with Bravery and other abilities.

**Gun Training (Ex):** At 5th level, redeemptors add their Dexterity, Wisdom, or Intelligence modifier, whichever is the highest at the moment, to their damage rolls with a firearm.

**Juju Staff (Su):** All redeemptors carry a strange, wooden staff that they must receive from a supposedly immortal witch-doctor in the swamps of Avandrool. The staff allows them to cast cantrips and/or orisons as a move action, and to select cantrips and orisons from and all class lists, such as inquisitor for divine spells or bard for arcane lists. The staff otherwise works as a masterwork quarterstaff that qualifies as adamantine for the purposes of overcoming damage reduction.

**Seek the Unworthy (Sp):** At 8th level, a redeemptor adds all *detect* spells to his list of possible cantrips/orisons that can be cast with his juju staff, being able to cast any of them at will.

**Smite Shot (Su):** At 7th level a redeemptor can declare a target to smite with firearm or juju staff, in a manner identical to a paladins. He can do this once per day at 7th level, and an additional time per day at 10th level.

**Spell Resistance (Su):** At 10th level, a redeemptor gains spell resistance equal to 20 + his Wisdom modifier.

### Porphyra Trivia

Most scholars believe that firearms were created by the cyclopes that dwell at the Fortress of the Eye in the Hinterlands of Kesh. These “heroic” redeemptors stole the technology from the one-eyed giant-kin during the first days of the NewGod Wars.



## Tearsman (Daamati)

“Tears of sand for the wounded land/ Blood I spill ‘gainst the demon’s will/ for my Porphyra!” These” are the opening words invoked in clandestine meetings of this very clandestine group, so secret that it does not meet or organize in its own homelands, the deserts of Siwath and Simoon. The Daamati are pledged to oppose the rampant run of Deist rule, through means overt and subtle. Sabotage and destruction are one way, conversion and recruitment another. They are by nature a fatalistic lot, but they also have the freedom of true fearlessness of death. Naturally, the organization is heavily proscribed by all Landed religions, and a Tearsman would only associate with deist clerics in a covert fashion, to lead them to their doom.

**Hit Dice:** d8

### Requirements

To qualify to become a Tearsman, a character must fulfill the following criteria.

**Feats:** Sand Sadiki, Stealthy

**Skills:** Bluff 5 ranks, Stealth 5 ranks, Craft (alchemy) 5 ranks

**Special:** Must not be able to cast divine spells; must be a member of the Sandmen; must speak Old Porphyran

**Race:** Cannot be elf, half-elf, half-orc, or orc

### Class Skills

The tearsman’s class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Acrobatics (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str),

Craft (Int), Disable Device (Dex), Disguise (Cha), Escape Artist (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (local), Knowledge (planes), Knowledge (religion), Linguistics, Perception, Sense Motive (Wis), Sleight of Hand (Dex), and Stealth (Dex).

**Skill Ranks at Each Level:** 4 + Int modifier

### Class Features

All of the following are features of the daamati prestige class.

**Weapon and Armor Proficiencies:** No additional weapon or armor proficiencies are provided for daamati.

**Fire and Blade (Ex):** Levels of daamati stack with rogue levels with regards to sneak attack damage, and with alchemist levels with regards to bomb damage.

**Tattoos of the Four (Sp):** At 1st level, a Tearsman can use elemental magic almost at will; Four times a day, a Tearsman can cast any combination of *acid splash*, *ray of frost*, *mage hand*, and *spark* as a move action, using his character level as his caster level.

**Delayed Explosions (Su):** At 2nd level, daamati gain the delayed bombs alchemical discovery. A daamati without the bombs class feature gains it as though a 1st level alchemist.

**Eternal Sandman (Ex):** At 2nd level, and every three daamati levels thereafter, a daamati adds 1 to their DR/— granted by the Sand Sadiki feat, to a maximum

**Table X.X - Tearsman Shayk of the Sandmen (Daamati)**

Level	BAB	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+0	+1	+0	Fire and blade, tattoos of the four
2nd	+1	+1	+1	+1	Delayed explosions, eternal sandman +1
3rd	+2	+1	+2	+1	Elemental defiance
4th	+3	+1	+2	+1	Infidel infiltrator
5th	+3	+2	+3	+2	Eternal sandman +2, sandman strike
6th	+4	+2	+3	+2	Defy the gods
7th	+5	+2	+4	+2	Cell of the sandmen
8th	+6	+3	+4	+3	Eternal sandman +3
9th	+6	+3	+5	+3	Sandman cell zeidh
10th	+7	+3	+5	+3	Glorious death, sandman strike x2

of DR 4/— at 8th level.

**Elemental Defiance (Su):** At 3rd level, a daamati can apply his damage reduction to positive and negative energy damage; this stacks with the Sand Sympathizer trait.

**Infidel Infiltrator (Ex):** At 4th level, a Tearsman gains the Deceitful feat as a bonus feat. They gain a +2 competence bonus to Disguise as well.

**Sandman Strike (Sp):** At 5th level, the magical tattoos that enable daamati cantrip use treat all cantrips cast from the tattoos to do maximum damage, with a critical range of 18-20, and doing triple damage on a critical hit.

At 10th level, he can use all tattoo cantrips 8 times a day.

**Defy the Gods (Su):** At 6th level, a daamati applies his damage reduction to damage from divine spells cast from divine casters and outsiders.

**Cell of the Sandmen (Ex):** At 7th level, a daamati begins his own cell to fight the heretics. He gains the Leadership feat as a bonus feat, and another cohort of 1 level less than his appropriate cohort if he already has the Leadership feat.

**Sandman Cell Zeidh (Ex):** At 9th level, a Tearsman is the prime link in a Sandman cell. He gains a bonus Teamwork feat, and can grant that feat to the members of his cell (no more than 4 members of the Sandmen) up to a number or rounds a day equal to his Daamati level, in consecutive rounds.

**Glorious Death (Su):** At 10th level, when a Daamati reaches -1 hit points, or 0 ability points in any ability, his body explodes in a torrent of glasslike sand-shards, doing 10d6 slashing damage to anyone within 30 ft., DC 20 Reflex save for half damage.

### Drawback (Optional)

**Scorn for Deists:** Your contempt for the heaven-mumblers cannot be concealed, no matter how hard you try. You suffer -1 to Charisma-based checks involving beings that have a patron deity.

### Social Trait

**Sand Sympathizer:** You have been convinced by heritage or propaganda that the Elemental cause is righteous, and should rise again! You take 1 less point of healing or damage from positive energy and negative energy.

### Sand Sadiki

*You are a full-fledged Daamati of the Sandmen, pledged to the cause.*

**Prerequisites:** Sand Sympathizer social trait

**Benefit:** Through an elemental, alchemical ritual, your body gains some of the consistencies of the sand itself, giving you DR 1/—. This procedure also ensures you will not be taken alive, as your body and your non-magical goods dissolve into sand when you reach -1 hit points.





## Regional Traits

Traits were introduced in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game - Advanced Player's Guide*. In most campaigns, players are allowed to select two different traits to help flesh out their characters. Below is a selection of regional traits for characters to select if they were raised in a particular region.

**A Merchant's Eye (Blix):** Most Blixians can tell the value of an item with the merest glance, and are rarely out-bargained. You gain a +2 trait bonus to all Appraise checks.

**A Mind for Small Print (Blix):** A mercantile mind can be useful in almost any situation of negotiation. You gain a +1 trait bonus on Sense Motive and Bluff checks when in negotiations.

**A Miner Born (Creeper's Rift):** Your family were miners for generations. Gain a +2 trait bonus to Perception checks when looking for gems or precious metals.

**Animal Ken (Lotus Blossom Steppes):** You have lived around and with a variety of animals since birth and your travels have allowed you to develop an intuitive touch. You gain a +1 trait bonus on Handle Animal checks and on Knowledge (nature) checks dealing with animals.

**Arboreal Acrobat (Morah'Silvanath):** You grew up treading the bark of the World Tree, and are accustomed to its strange gravity. You gain a +2 trait bonus to Acrobatics checks for keeping your balance, jumping, and falling.

**Aspirant to Glory (Calopia):** The stories of retired heroes has lit you blood on fire for adventure. Once per day, you can gain an additional +1 to a morale bonus you receive.

**Backstabber (Freeport):** You have learned to keep your knife out, but hidden when at parley in Freeport- it's only prudent. You gain a +1 trait bonus to sneak attack damage, or damage done to a flat-footed target.

**Baha'ri Glassmith (Simoon):** The ways of the incredible Glass Sea of Ashyim are born to you, (or the Baha'ri have

adopted you) and you must protect them well. You are eligible for the feat Shape Simooni Glass, and are always considered to possess Simooni glass as a material component for spells that require it.

**Blood of Iskandar (Iskandar):** You have been raised on Skandari legend, and believe that perhaps the blood of the Lion flows in you. You gain a +2 trait bonus to all saves vs. fear.

**Blood of the Earth (Bulwark of the Halfling Nations):** The touch of the ancient magic of the earth grants you sturdiness and resistance. You gain a +1 trait bonus to CMD against bull rush or trip attempts, and a +1 trait bonus to saves against spells with the earth descriptor.

**Blood of the Four (Calopia):** You claim, through circuitous bloodlines, to be a distant descendant of one of the Four, The Golden Quest. If you choose fighter, rogue, wizard or cleric as your favored class, you gain an additional skill point or favored class bonus at first level.

**Born on the Road (Xoa):** You were born practically walking on The Great Road of Mount Xoa, and enjoy living on a journey. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Perception, increasing to +2 when waking up to encounters outdoors.

**Cavern Climber (Iluriel):** In bustling community underground, moving up and down is as common as moving back and forth. You gain +1 to Acrobatics and Climb when below ground.

**Center of Excellence (Pinnacle Lands):** You have had some of the best education the world can offer. Gain a +2 trait bonus to one knowledge skill of your choice.

**Chaos Purist (Erkusaa):** To embrace Chaos is to seize the weave of reality, wherever it may take you. Roll a die, choose odd or even. If your choice is rolled, you gain a +1 trait bonus to one roll today. If your choice is not rolled, the GM may subtract 1 from one roll today.

**Child of Dravi Ankor (Pynian Coast):** You grew up in Dravi Ankor, and you look the part. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Intimidate, and, once per day, you can Intimidate to demoralize foes as a move action.

**Citizen of Sanctuary (Fenian Triarchy):** Humans are so curious, they want to see the real face of the Green. You can show it to them. Spells you cast from the Illusion school are +1 DC versus creatures of the human subtype.

**Clovenlander (Nor-Du-Mag):** The harsh environs of Nor-Du-Mag rival the southern desert wastelands; once per day you may re-roll a Survival check, and you may always re-roll a '1' on a Survival check.

**Cold Lesson (Eternal Ice):** Life on the Ice is the harshest imaginable, and allows only the very tough to live. You gain DR 1/— vs. nonlethal damage.

**Crypsis (Jotun Forest):** You are skilled in the art of blending into one's background, using shape, shine and shadow for concealment. You gain a +2 trait bonus to Stealth checks.

**Deadborn (Empire of the Dead):** Your exposure to the magical fallout of centuries of arcane warfare within the Nightlands grants you a +1 trait bonus to all saving throws versus spells.

**Dedicated Philosopher (Jengu-Na):** You are deeply devoted to a philosophic order and such devotion focuses your mind more than any upstart religion. You may select any Knowledge skill as a class skill for you, or gain a +1 trait bonus to any one Knowledge Skill.

**Destined for Greatness (Iffud):** Iffud produces heroes of exceptional caliber on a regular basis. Once per day you can reroll a single attack roll or skill check that is not a 1. You must choose to use the reroll before you know whether the original roll succeeded, and accept it even if it is lower than the first.

**Dreamland Visitor (Hesteria):** You were raised near the Wall of Sleep, and it holds no terror or mystery for you. You gain a +2 bonus to Knowledge (planes) checks, and that skill is a class skill for you; you also receive a -1 trait penalty to saves vs. sleep effects, but gains the use of a guidance spell upon awakening.

**Dryblood (Ghadab):** Considered a boon from birth, a blessing of the dunes—you are capable of withstanding the worst the desert can throw at you. You only need half as much food and water as normally needed, and gain a +1 trait bonus to saves vs. exhaustion.

**Elan Taught (Kesh):** You were one of the fortunate few to have been taught by a mysterious elan tutor, who prized clarity of thought above all. Choose two: gain a +1 trait bonus to saves against mind-affecting attacks; +2 trait bonus to Sense Motive vs. Bluff attempts; or a +1 trait bonus to one Knowledge skill.

**Fearsome Foe (Giant's Retreat):**

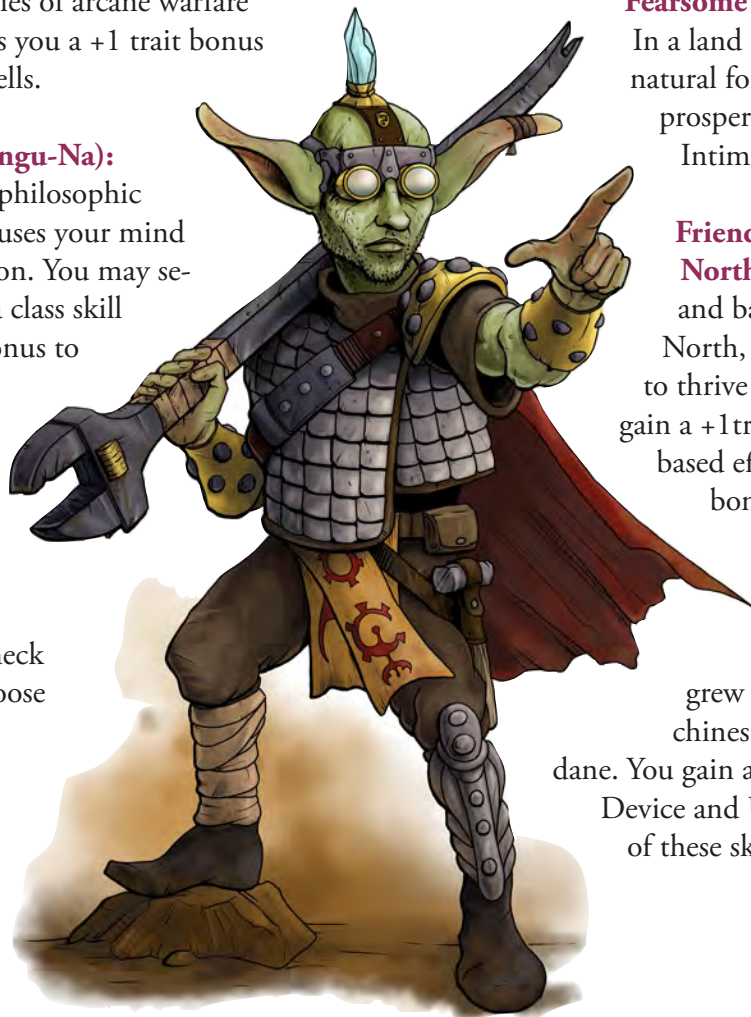
In a land of constant battle, it is natural for the strong and fearsome to prosper. Gain a +2 trait bonus to Intimidate checks.

**Friend of the Ice (Frozen North):**

Raised in the harsh cold and barren terrain of the Frozen North, you have learned how best to thrive in such conditions. You gain a +1 trait bonus to saves vs. cold-based effects, and gain a +2 trait bonus to Survival in conditions of snow and/or ice.

**Gearhead (Clockwork Lands):**

You grew up tinkering with machines both magical and mundane. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Disable Device and Use Magical Device. One of these skills is a class skill for you.



**Giantsbane (Jotun Forest):** In a forest ruled by large creatures, knowing how to deal with a massive opponent is a matter of survival. When fighting creatures of at least 1 size category larger than themselves and a minimum of Large size, the character gains a +2 trait bonus to CMB and CMD.

**Goatborn (Last Kingdom):** The term 'goatborn' is a compliment in the Last Kingdom, given to those who have taken to the challenges of mountain life. You may take 10 on Climb checks, even if a penalty follows failure.

**Greensense (Great Green):** The dangers of the Green require keen vigilance, so as to not be caught unawares. You gain a +2 trait bonus to Initiative when in the forest or jungle.

**Grim-Heart (Barony of Tuthon):** Growing up among the surreal sights of Tuthon have dulled your sense of shock, and marked your features. You gain a +1 trait bonus to saves vs. fear, and Intimidate skill checks.

**Green Thumb (Gardens of Meynon):** Your life spent near among the fields and groves of the Garden grant you a +1 trait bonus to any skill check relating to plants.

**Greenblood (Californ):** While your blood might not necessarily be green, you are acutely tied to plant life and used to dealing with the jungle. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Acrobatics and Climb checks when moving on trees or vines.

**Gulag Survivor (Northlands):** Not many are tough enough to walk out of the gulag, but it makes those few even tougher. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Fortitude saves, and cold resistance 1.

**Gutterborn (Empire of the Dead):** Your life in the harsh underbelly of the myriad cities of the Empire grants you a +2 trait bonus to Stealth checks.

**Harried (Bullwark of the Halving Nations):** Growing up with the constant threat of attack, you developed the habit of noticing threats and hiding from them quickly. Gain a +1 trait bonus to Perception and Stealth, and a -1 penalty to initiative.

**Herald of Iffud (Iffud):** Those with talent in words or song can earn a pretty penny praising the rich and famous. You gain a +2 trait bonus to one Perform skill, and add one coin to the result when using that skill to earn money.

**Hierarchy Manipulator (Advent Imperiax):** You don't do this well among the Femanx without knowing a bit about how best to speak to this sort, or this type – or know when to keep silent. Choose any two of the following: Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, Sense Motive. Gain a +1 trait bonus in that skill.

**High Noon Duelist (Kesh):** You were taught to face your enemy in the open street, draw, and put him in the dirt. Once per day, if you win initiative in a combat, you gain a +2 trait bonus to damage if you hit with your next firearm attack.

**Horseblood (Parl Pordesh):** You were practically born in the saddle. You possess the ranger's class feature of wild empathy, but may use it only with horses and equine creatures. If you have Wild Empathy from some other source, gain a +2 trait bonus to rolls used to influence horses and equine beings.

**Hunted (Erkusaa):** When such as the erkunae are looking for you, one learns to hide well. Once per day, you can roll twice for a Stealth check when outdoors, taking the better roll.

**Inner Peace (Last Kingdom):** Contemplation of the Five Truths has given you inner harmony and enlightenment, leaving you centered and balanced. You may ignore one point of Wisdom or Intelligence damage per day.

**Iron-Handed (Parl Pordesh):** Your ambition cannot easily be denied or broken. Choose one: gain a +2 trait bonus to Intimidate or Diplomacy skills used from a position of power, or add 2 to the DC of enchantment spells cast on a target with a racial history of servitude.

**Isolationist (Iluriel):** You are wary of outsiders to your closed community. You gain +1 on Sense Motive checks, and on Perception checks to notice details about individuals.



**Jungle Islander (Rainbow Isles):** The lost islands of the archipelago are covered in jungle and ruins, and most have their small colonies of intrepid races. You gain a +2 trait bonus on Survival checks in jungle terrain, +1 in forest terrain.

**Karkoon Marine (Mâl):** The original Karkoon Marines have long since been scattered to the corners of the world, but their teachings live on. You gain a +2 trait bonus to Profession (sailor) checks and can always take 10 on Acrobatics checks to keep your footing on a rolling deck.

**Keep Your Own (Dunmark):** Many secrets lie under the surface of life in Dunmark, for very good reasons. You've grown quite proficient at keeping secrets from others. You gain a +2 trait bonus to Bluff checks.

**Land's Child (Nor-Du-Mag):** You have been touched by the sundered soul of the dead lands from birth. You gain a +1 trait bonus to saves versus all spells and spell-like effects.

**Legacy of Plague (Avandrool):** Your family has avoided the various epidemics in Avandrool for centuries. You gain a +2 trait bonus on saves vs. disease or infection.

**Lizardfriend (Seven Principalities):** One way or another you have managed to befriend the lizardfolk of the Principalities, and they have taught you their ways. You gain Draconic as a bonus language, and a +1 trait bonus on Diplomacy and Sense Motive when dealing with Lizardfolk.

**Long Pig Hunter (Pyynian Coast):** You are a child of the southern tribes and know how to track the most dangerous game. Gain a +1 trait bonus to Survival; this trait bonus becomes +2 when tracking humanoids.

**Lore of the Mountain (Purple Mountain):** You have listened to countless tales from adventurers who have plumbed the depths of Purple Mountain. Once per day, you can gain a +3 trait bonus to a skill check for Knowledge (dungeoneering), or Knowledge (history).

**Lover of Birds (Birdman Mountains):** Birds of all types and kinds nest in the crags of the Birdman Mountains,

and you have learned their calls and habits. You may use Diplomacy on birds and avian creatures as though they were humanoids; if you have a similar ability already, you gain a +1 trait bonus to that ability.

**Made to Cleanse (Geranland):** Many elements of the militia and army are trained to slay the heretical non-humans, and you are trained in their methods. You gain a +2 trait bonus to critical damage when fighting non-humans.

**Maelstrom's Child (Haunted Sea):** You were born aboard ship in the Haunted Sea, and have a touch of the mystical about you. You gain a +1 trait bonus to saves versus electricity, and add +1 to the DC of spells you cast with the water descriptor.

**Manifest Destiny (Pinnacle Lands):** The inhabitants of the Pinnacle Lands are the chosen of Porphyra, and cannot be stopped! Once a day, gain a +1 bonus on any one saving throw or ability check.

**Merchant of the Canton (Jengu-Na):** You are a member of a family licensed to trade within the treaty city, with the Jengu-Na saurian- under strict supervision, of course. You gain Draconic, and the Saurian dialect, as a bonus language.

**Monotheistic Piety (Pium):** Gerana the True Arbitress defend me, highest deity of all, aid me now with your power, I pray! You receive a +1 trait bonus to one of your saving throws, and you may choose which each morning. Your other trait must be a Faith or Religion trait.

**Multilingual (Azag-Ithiel):** The multiracial and proudly multicultural nation of Azag-Ithiel requires a quick mind for languages. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Linguistics, and that skill becomes a class skill for you.

**Nature's Bounty (Morah'Silvanath):** You have spent enough time with the Silvanath elves of the World Tree or the Colothorians of the Shadelands to learn some of their techniques for refining the essences from natural things. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Craft (alchemy) and Knowledge (nature) checks.

**Old Blood (New Wathis):** Your lineage is of the old kingdom, somehow intermixed with the children of the elements. You gain a +1 trait bonus to saves against spells that have an elemental descriptor.

**Oligarch Scion (Creeper's Rift):** You are the child of an oligarch or leader of a major merchant house. Gain a +1 trait bonus to Knowledge (Nobility) and a +1 trait bonus to Diplomacy checks versus those of your social class.

**Natural Nomad (Californ):** You thrive while traveling and cannot truly prosper if you remain in one place too long. As long as you never rest within one mile of any place you have slept in the last week, you gain an extra 1d4 hit points from resting, and need an hour less sleep than usual.

**New Way Pacifist (Clandoms of the Fourlands):** You are a member of the dominant New Way philosophy, which holds elementalism and deism in equal standing, a fine line to walk. Once a day, if you take last initiative in a battle, the first spell you cast adds +1 to the save DC, or you add +1 to the first Intimidate check to demoralize.

**Night Axe Guardian (Frozen North):** You have trained and hardened in Night Axe Deep to fight the horrors that threaten your home and the regions beyond. You gain a +1 trait bonus to damage when fighting aberrations and magical beasts.

**Pirate's Jib (Freeport):** There is something about you that speaks to the buccaneer in all sailors, a sympathy for the life on the treacherous waves. You gain a +1 trait bonus to all Charisma-based checks with anyone who has ranks in Profession (sailor).

**Pit Born (Continuance):** You survived the pits of the Continuance, where violence was your sustenance. You gain +1 to Intimidate, and increase the duration rounds of demoralization for every 4 by which you beat the DC, instead of 5.

**Privation Proof (Eternal Ice):** Food is hard to come by on the Ice, and your body uses it economically. You need half as much food as normal, and you are immune to the spell *feast of ashes*.

**Product of the Sagia (Gardens of Meynon):** You spent your youth training in the Sagia, granting you a +1 bonus on Diplomacy, Bluff, and Sense Motive checks, one of which will always be a class skill for you.

**Psycho-Physics (Clockwork Lands):** Once you understand the Unified Theory of the Universe, everything is just a matter of the applied physics. Once per day, you may use Knowledge (engineering) in place of another skill in a skill check.

**Rage Touched (Ghadab):** Mâl's wrath cursed your entire bloodline, subjecting you and all your kin to bouts of terrible rage. Once per day you can Rage as the barbarian class feature, or add 1 round to your daily rounds of Rage.

**Red Host Training (Northlands):** Those that serve with the Red Host are hardy and learn tricks for fighting the giants that raid the Northlands. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Survival, and gain a +1 trait bonus to confirm critical hits against giants.

**Reedlander (Fenian Triarchy):** Hardlanders assume what is under their feet is theirs. We borrow our footing from Mother Chiuta. Possessors of this trait gain a +1 bonus to Reflex saves and initiative when on boats or floating platforms.

**Sandborn (New Wathis):** You know the ways of the desert, born and bred on the fringes of the stubbornly held greener lands. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Survival, and that skill is a class skill for you.

**Sandspeaker (Siwath):** You have learned the complicated rituals required to interact with the zendiqi nomads. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Knowledge (nobility), +4 with zendiqi.

**Sea Devil Survivor (Rainbow Isles):** You have battled your whole life against the sahaugin, and know a thing or two about seaborne warfare. You gain a +1 trait bonus to AC when in or under water, and wearing light armor.

**Shadow of the Blood Tower (Giant's Retreat):** Life is harsh in the Retreat, you must convince others that trying to kill you would not be in their best interest. You may rage, as a barbarian, one round per day, or add one to your daily number of rage rounds.

**Skinchanger Hunter (Rotwald):** The wolf is among us in human form... there are ways of finding out who it is! You gain a +1 bonus to hit opponents of the shapechanger type.

**Silkman (Hesteria):** You have worked with the highly dangerous tenebrous worms of Silkwood, and lived to collect your pay. Choose one: +1 trait bonus to any saves vs. paralysis, or +1 trait bonus to any saves regarding confusion effects.

**Silvathiel Native (Greet Green):** The Green is all, the forest provides and holds no secrets for you. You gain a +2 trait bonus to Survival in Forest terrain.

**Skyship Rider (Clandoms of the Fourlands):** You have studied, and perhaps ridden on the skyships of the I'nsian, though many may not believe you. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Fly skill checks, and Knowledge (engineering) checks.

**Slimefriend (Avandrool):** Not too proud to associate with mirkdwellers, you have adopted some of their ways. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Stealth or Swim, and one of those skills becomes a class skill for you.

**Social Climber (Vinterre):** Just because you don't have money or status doesn't mean that you can't hobnob with high society. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Disguise and Knowledge (nobility).

**Sojourn Frontiersman (Xoa):** Many fortune-seekers come through the largest town of Mount Xoa, and it pays to keep your eyes and ears open. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Appraise, and to Knowledge (local

when in a town of more than 500 people.

**Stone Slinger (Birdman Mountains):** The Birdman Mountains have nothing if not an abundance of crumbling stone. You are counted as always having ammunition when using a sling (stones).

**Strong Swimmer (Seven Principalities):** The islands of the Principalities are not far apart and the water is warm, so it is not unknown for brave souls to swim from one to another. Swim is a class skill for you, and you can always take 10 on Swim checks.

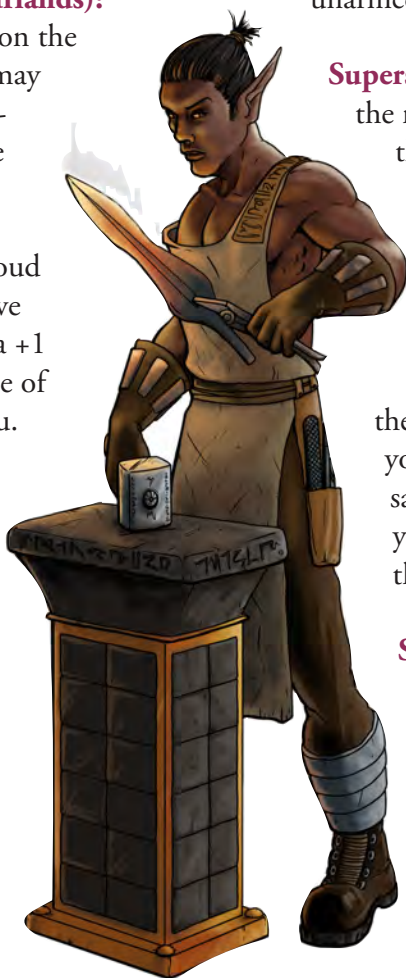
**Student of the Faiths (Celestial Parishes):** You grew up in a religiously diverse community. Gain a +1 trait bonus to Knowledge (religion), and Knowledge (religion) is always a class skill for you.

**Students of the Open Palm (Celestial Parishes):** You have had martial training in the style of Master Jon Feihung. Gain a +1 trait bonus to Reflex saves when unarmed.

**Superstitious Buktuni (Siwath):** Heretics from the north speak deceptive words- don't trust them! Once per day you may roll two dice when making a Will save, and take the best roll.

**Survivor of Mâl (Mâl):** One way or another, you have faced the devouring engines of the mâlites and walked away - but the memories of what you have seen will haunt you forever. You gain a +2 trait bonus on Will saves against effects to read your mind or alter your memories and must roll a save against the effect even if it is beneficial for you.

**Sword of Iskandar (Iskandar):** You strive to emulate Iskandar, legendary king of old. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Intimidate and Ride while in combat. One of these is also a class skill for you.





**Take What You Can (Continuance):** Life within the Continuance is harsh, you have learned to make each strike count. You receive a +2 trait bonus to damage dealt in the surprise round.

**Technosophist (Advent Imperiax):** Deism and elementalism are merely structures for parlor tricks; technology is the true strength. Gain a +1 trait bonus to saves vs. spells, and once a day you may reroll a Knowledge (engineering) check.

**The Blessing (Purple Mountain):** Due to the massive amounts of porphyrite dust in the environment, some children are born with violet-tinted eyes, called The Blessing. They gain darkvision 30 ft. and can detect raw porphyrite within 30 ft. once per day.

**The Power of Denial (Dunmark):** There are things in this world that mortal minds are not meant to know. As such, once per day, you may negate any fear effect that you fall under, but doing so causes you to ignore the source of the effect completely.

**Tiny, Mighty (Pygmy Nations):** There are titans among the smaller races, as well, and those who stand firmer than most. If you are small, gain a +1 trait bonus to either CMB or CMD.

**Tongue of Madness (Barony of Tuthon):** The Tuthoni are a race apart from Old Porphyrians, and have spoken dialects of Aklo and Undercommon for millennia. You gain either language as a bonus language.

**Tower of Will (Underdeep):** Your concentration is unmatched, a requirement of the hazardous environs of the Underdeep. You gain a +1 trait bonus to concentration checks and to saves versus fear.

**Underland Adept (Underdeep):** The gloomy fairyland of the Underdeep frightens topsiders, but to you it is as fascinating as the cities and farms of the upper world. Once a day, when making Knowledge (dungeoneering) checks, roll twice and take the best result.

**Ustam Artisan (Azag-Ithiel):** You graduated from the Ustam School of Artisans and are handy with a wrench and hammer. Gain a +2 trait bonus to any appropriate

skill when repairing a machine or mechanical artifact.

**Wearing of the Green (Fenian Triarchy):** Though your family doesn't talk about it much, grandad looked a lot like a leprechaun. You gain a +1 trait bonus on Diplomacy checks with elves, gnomes and fey.

**Wharf Brat (Haunted Sea):** You grew up on the docks of the scum-havens of the Haunted Sea, and know a thing or two about the pirate's life. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Sleight of Hand and Swim, and one of those skills is a class skill for you.

**Wind on the Steppes (Lotus Blossom Steppes):** You are exceptionally in tune with the grassy steppes, noting its moods and easily spotting anything out of the ordinary. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Perception and Survival when in plains terrain.

**Whispers of the Past (Pygmy Nations):** Having seen so many ruins in your life, you've a bit of a knack for interpreting the meaning behind such places. Gain a +2 trait bonus to Knowledge (history).

**Zendiqi Nomad (Siwath):** You can sleep when you are beneath the sand; for now, stand wary. When outdoors, you gain a +1 trait bonus to initiative, and a +1 trait bonus to Perception to avoid being surprised.

**Zephyri Mystic (Simoon):** The Four Who Are the Foundation have always called to you, and some day, you will find them. You gain Terran as a bonus language and a +2 trait bonus to Knowledge (arcana), but may not put skill ranks into 2 selected Knowledge categories.

## Campaign Traits

Porphyra is a fractious world, born of conflict and faction, of playing one side against another and hoping to escape down the middle. To reflect this worldview, this is a suggested set of campaign traits for Gamemasters to use with campaigns set in Porphyra, especially if they use the cornerstone nation setting of *The Middle Kingdoms*.

**Burning Curiosity:** A thousand years ago, a coalition of elves and orcs performed a ceremony that brought Gods to Porphyra, where there previously were none (it is believed). Due to a deep intellectual or spiritual need, you have an insatiable curiosity to find out how that event came to be. You may, once per day, make a Knowledge or Spellcraft check untrained with a +2 trait bonus.

**Conspiracy Theorist:** You are not exactly paranoid if they really are out to get you - and on Porphyra if someone isn't out to get you, you aren't trying hard enough. Secret organizations are at the heart of everything, you are sure... You gain a +1 trait bonus to one Knowledge skill, and Sense Motive is always a class skill for you.

**Cult Escapee:** The cult members promised power when you were powerless, refuge from a sea of troubles, and insight into the unknowable, especially just for you. The sacrifices and glimpses of horrors from beyond came later, and then the "Coven" didn't seem quite as attractive as before. So you left, and now you try not to think about the shapes in the shadows. You gain a +1 bonus to saves vs. divine spells, and a +1 bonus to Perception.

**Forbidden Magic:** As the Elementalists were free to delve into the depths of arcane magic, and the Deists call on their gods for all things, so you should be able to pierce the veil of hidden powers, right? You may have gone a little too far, as your power can transcend the rules of magic- and those that know of such things probably see you as dangerous, and fit for the Gulag! Choose a spell that you can cast; you cast it at +1 caster level. You can change the spell that you can modify at 5th level, if you can acquire (permanently) documents from a place of magical learning.

**Marked by the Sandmen:** The Sandmen are, according to rumor, a criminal organization among the defeated Elementalist forces, primarily the zendiqi people.

Known for poisons and magic that draw all the water from the body (their signature execution/ suicide), you have offended one of their cells, probably by foiling some scheme of theirs. Members of the Sandmen can tell you by sight- you have been 'marked', somehow. Your heightened anxiety gives you a +1 trait bonus to Initiative and Reflex saves vs. traps.

**Runaway Slave:** Whether by the erkunae, the hobgoblins of Parl Pardesh, drudge of the Pynnians, or the fighting pits of the Jheriaks, you spent years as a slave, with their mark branded in your flesh. Seeing your chance, you fled, taking the means to survive with you. There might be a bounty on you, there might not... You possess 10 porphyrite 'flake' and gain a +1 trait bonus to your Fortitude save.

**Target of the Codionic Knights:** Arrogant and oppressive hands of the High Codion of the Geranite church, the Codionic Knights brook no challenge. You may simply have met the gaze of one of the haughty paladins in parade and not backed down, or have actively opposed them. In any case, you don't back down easily, and add 2 to your CMD to resist bull rush and overrun, and add 2 to your defense number for Intimidate.

**Toy of the Savants:** The enigmatic, semilegendary Savants of the Fifth Element have fascinated you for years- people often laugh at you about your obsession. Hints of their presence have dogged and frustrated you, but you feel you are getting close, if only you could find the next clue. Once per day you may use any mental-based skill or Sleight of Hand (pickpocketing or stealing) in the place of Diplomacy (gather information), Knowledge (local or history), Sense Motive or Perception.

**Thieves' Guild Enmity:** In your travels, or in your hometown, you have either 'ratted' on a Thieves' Guild member, or stolen from the Thieves themselves. A sketch is definitely in circulation... you start with a reward/ plunder of 400 gp.

## Personages

Below is a listing of intriguing personalities that characters can meet and interact with on the Patchwork Planet of Porphyra. Information and location can be manipulated as the GM sees fit, and the items represent the most important the character might have. Note that some races and classes are detailed in other Purple Duck Game products, mentioned in the appendix.

### Aelithar Relithane (Elf)

**Class/Level** Fighter 8

**Community/Country** Est'Arden, The Great Green

**Items of Note** *Shy Lady* [+1 *holy short sword*], composite longbow (+3 Str)

#### Notable For

Commando missions against monstrous threats to the forest, somewhat of an inflated celebrity in that area.

#### Keys to Adventure

Being drafted into his retinue for a favor, debt or duty, putting up with a great deal of arrogance- and a chance at treasure.

### Benthaine (Undine)

**Class/Level** Druid 7

**Community/Country** Colichan Island, The Rainbow Isles

**Items of Note** +3 *eelskin armor*, masterwork cold iron daggers

#### Notable For

Elephant seal companion "Rawnulf".

#### Keys to Adventure

As master of her island, she will hunt shipwrecked foreigners with summon nature's ally unless they dispatch a threatening beast- and communication can be established.

### Br'ka Kaaw (Tengu)

**Class/Level** Rook 8

**Community/Country** Port Kalist, The Haunted Sea

**Items of Note** *hat of disguise*, +3 *short sword*

#### Notable For

Surviving stealing from bloodthirsty pirates, and having encyclopedic knowledge of them

#### Keys to Adventure

If freed from a gaol in Port Kalist, can lead an intrepid party to a beached ship containing unusual treasure... if you don't mind cannibals.

### Brother Lumsden (Landed Human)

**Class/Level** Monk 6

**Community/Country** The Silent Monastery, The Middle Kingdoms

**Items of Note** *a ring of 1 wish*

#### Notable For

Never speaking, being in love with a she-werewolf from Nachtburg.

#### Keys to Adventure

Will exchange his ring for being delivered of his love to him (and convincing her that Brother Lumsden is in love with her...)

### Caemarg'garlagg (Taddol)

**Class/Level** Covenant Mage 7

**Community/Country** Paradigm, Azag-Ithiel

**Items of Note** *flying carpet*, *wand of major image*

#### Notable For

Being both a swindling charlatan and a noble freedom fighter, depending...

#### Keys to Adventure

A being of multiple plans and machinations, will try to entrap foreigners into performing spying missions on the Jheriaks, with promises of extradimensional knowledge and power- they may even get it.

### Chanitia Artax (Elan)

**Class/Level** Psion 8

**Community/Country** Lissa, Pinnacle Lands

**Items of Note** *lesser domination psicrown*, *bracers of armor* +4

#### Notable For

Arrogantly flaunting her immortality and great beauty.

#### Keys to Adventure

A master at the webs of politics, will try to manipulate adventurers into removing her enemies by planting suspicion of evildoing, even mentally controlling them.

### Compsog Nathus (Saurian)

**Class/Level:** Alchemist 7

**Community/Country:** Long Cape Port, Jengu-Na

**Items of Note:** *amulet of proof against detection and location*; literally dozens of potions

#### Notable For

Buying black-market alchemical ingredients, making 'risky' preparations for wealthy patrons: Buys and sells potions for wildly varying prices.



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**Keys to Adventure**

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Willing to pay top dollar for dinosaur organs, which are highly illegal and immoral to trade in the Dry Peninsula; will fund a smuggler's boat to take hunters to the Dinosaur Islands.

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**Eoral the Loud (Polkan)**

---

**Class/Level** Gunslinger 6

**Community/Country** High Hill of Atiri region, Hinterlands of Kesh

**Items of Note** +1 *musket*, *horseshoes of a zephyr*

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**Notable For**

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A pair of pixies that act as spotters for him; killing cyclopes.

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**Keys to Adventure**

---

Will pay substantial amounts of treasure for cyclopes bounties.

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**Gamusz (Dragonblood)**

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**Class/Level** Sorcerer 8 (Draconic)

**Community/Country** Qadath, Wall of Sleep (Hesteria)

**Items of Note** *bracers of armor* +3, *wand of silent image*

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**Notable For**

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Member-at-large of the Vortician Order, recruiting adventurers for a foray into the wall.

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**Keys to Adventure**

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May offer membership in the Order for joining his quest for the strange and valuable beyond the Wall.

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**Jibber Lungwell (Halfling)**

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**Class/Level** Rogue 6

**Community/Country** Freeport

**Items of Note** *ring of blinking*, *ring of water breathing*

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**Notable For**

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Winning the Magpies tournament for the second time in five years.

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**Keys to Adventure**

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Wants to hire the party to help him win it a third time, they get the reward, he gets the glory (maybe).

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**Khana Ru (Dhosari)**

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**Class/Level** Wizard 9 (Conjuration)

**Community/Country** Southern plains, Clandoms of the Fourlands

**Items of Note** *wand of summon monster IV*, *eyes of charming*

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**Notable For**

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Collecting weird and strange monsters in his subterranean complex.

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**Keys to Adventure**

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Khana Ru may 'collect' the adventurers, whereby they must escape their captivity and face the bizarre mage himself.

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**Kkarl Breakstone (Half-Orc)**

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**Class/Level** Paladin 6

**Community/Country** Headwaters of the River Drool, Avandrool (Azagor)

**Items of Note** +2 *warhammer*, full plate armor

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**Notable For**

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Leading a group of reformist orcs and half-orcs that strive to live by Gerana's principles, yet annihilate Vandruli wherever they are encountered.

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**Keys to Adventure**

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Will give aid and succor to friendly adventurers they encounter, as long as they do not support Droolians (citizens of Avandrool).

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**Kosman Patrek (Human)**

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**Class/Level** Ranger 8

**Community/Country** Bloodshadow, Giant's Retreat

**Items of Note** *boots of speed*, +2 *bastard sword*

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**Notable For**

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Surviving The Wave of Steel, a fire giant invasion of western Giant's Retreat, holding the line when others fled.

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**Keys to Adventure**

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Promises an enormous gem to those who will help him infiltrate the fire giants' sanctum, to recover a talisman he lost at the Wave of Steel.

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**Lieutenant Zarpartar (Hobgoblin)**

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**Class/Level** Cavalier 7 (Order of the Cockatrice)

**Community/Country** Bonelands, Eastern Parl Pardesh

**Items of Note** adamantine battleaxe, trained mawgriff mount

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**Notable For**

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Running a successful mercenary company of disaffected Pardeshi hobgoblins and the occasional giant, while still keeping in good standing with Ush'Naar.

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**Keys to Adventure**

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Equal-opportunity employer of any races, even elves, always knows of a nearby military action to profit from, and has a few troop transport ships as well.

### **Moshiach Clan Lef B'nai (Zendiqi)**

**Class/Level** Barbarian 6

**Community/Country** Mount Nar territory, Deserts of Siwath

**Items of Note** advanced celestial camel, *heavy mace* +1

#### **Notable For**

Smuggling clerics into the southern deserts, for a price: claims to worship all gods simultaneously.

#### **Keys to Adventure**

Though he does not love the Wazir, he spreads rumors of lost Deist artifacts in the desert, and then abandons treasure seekers in the trackless waste...

### **Qallimuka (Human)**

**Class/Level** Witch 6 (Elements)

**Community/Country** Sikayan Tundra, Northlands

**Items of Note** *boots of the north*, *headband of intelligence* +2

#### **Notable For**

Challenging travellers in the Tundra to contests of magic and mind, helping those who are successful, plundering those who are not.

#### **Keys to Adventure**

With her arctic fox familiar, she roams the North and is very knowledgeable of its secrets; if impressed she can lead to buried barrows or caches of weapons.

### **Parqael (Awoodim)**

**Class/Level** Inquisitor 7

**Community/Country** Phoenix, The Clockwork Lands

**Items of Note** +1 *pistol*, +1 *warhammer*

#### **Notable For**

Taking extreme offense at anyone in 'his town' exhibiting possible allegiance to chaos, to the extent of even having that alignment; fanatically lawful.

#### **Keys to Adventure**

Develops an obsession with a chaotic-aligned PC, uses legal and governmental engines to ruin their lives.

### **Prophet Cohlan Drigjer (Landed Human)**

**Class/Level** Cleric 6 (Healing, Plant)

**Community/Country** Rhenhold, Gardens of Meynon

**Items of Note** *ring of swimming*, *wand of cure light wounds*

#### **Notable For**

Worshiping Neria in a very Aleria-prime area; claims visions of doom coming to the land of peace on a regular basis.

### **Keys to Adventure**

Begins to have public visions of an invasion; evidence points to either prophetic ability or massive deception and manipulation of the naïve priest.

### **Ykalicor the 66th (Erkuna)**

**Class/Level** Magus 8

**Community/Country** G'sho'laa'n'rr, Erkusaa

**Items of Note** *ring of blinking*, *Black Blade* [+2 long-sword]

#### **Notable For**

Being second in line for the Emperor's Nurse, possibly 'good' tendencies.

#### **Keys to Adventure**

Seeks asylum on the mainland, which would result in a huge price on his head and considerable diplomatic repercussions.

### **Yrrep Brehf (Landed Human)**

**Class/Level** Bard 6

**Community/Country** Carneton, Iffud

**Items of Note** *eyes of charming* (slightly cracked , +2 to saves)

#### **Notable For**

Running the Chorister chapterhouse in Carneton; claiming knowledge of virtually everyone in the Western Continent (sketchy...)

#### **Keys to Adventure**

Can get guns, wands, maps, blades, even an airship-but always in a roundabout and inconvenient way that exhausts his favors quickly.

### **Zhaddiq zan Sibarri (Ifrit)**

**Class/Level** Oracle 7 (Flames)

**Community/Country** Korech, Wastes of Simoon

**Items of Note** *staff of fire*

#### **Notable For**

Pursuing the mystery of flames, and the concept of a colony of ifrit in the nearby Crumbs of Aish; will zealously request donations of time, money and participation.

#### **Keys to Adventure**

He and his followers will promise treasure, anything, to get his burgeoning colony off the ground; actual reward will be less forthcoming.

# The Ruins of Greencastle

An adventure for 1st level characters in the Middle Kingdoms.

*“The walls of Greencastle are calling to me,  
Though tumbled they are and broken—  
Many a young man has tarried there,  
Who knows what great evil awoken?”*

*Wind and fire, stone and rain,  
So fell the walls of Greencastle...”*

- *The Walls of Greencastle*, popular tavern ballad

The taboo history of the fortress of Greencastle is well-known, with help from the famous, forbidden ballad and ghost stories around the fire. After two devastating invasions of The Middle Kingdoms, heart of the Deist alliance, certain factions of the Codionic Knights made decisive action; give the elementalists something obvious to attack, and crush them at that killing ground. At a natural stone formation in western Vinterre, the fortress was built in a fortnight, rumor has it with captive elementals as the workforce. “Fight the Four with the Four” was a whispered motto, and its commander, Lord Thrush vowed to stop at nothing to destroy the hated enemy. Nothing. From his impregnable fortress, this War would be ended quickly.

But Greencastle fell. Over one terrible night it fell, with no survivors to tell the tale of its falling. No army was in siege, no assassin evident. The Palatinate Commander removed all of the garrison from the records of the Codionic Knights and forbade from that moment that the name of Greencastle be nevermore spoken in The Middle Kingdoms under pain of exile. But the shell of Greencastle still stands, near the western border, halfway between Belle Ville and Thame, attracting the eyes of young adventurers and outlaws, the former for that which they are named, the latter for the utter lack of attention the fortress gets from authorities.

Greencastle protects itself, to some degree, as the villagers of Domino nearby know. Flickering lights, rumbling earth, flash floods and weird winds all tend to occur within sight of the dark castle. And lately, those phenomena have come to life, manlike life! Manlike beings of earth, air, fire and water have destroyed crops and homes for a league around the castle, leaving flee-

ing peasants and nothing salvageable in their wake. It has been a generation since young men dared the halls of Greencastle looking for adventure; why not the party that just came into town?

## Castle Ruins

Entrance to Greencastle is not obvious; the northern entrance was always more of a killing point than an entrance, and is concealed, as is the horse sally-port in the south. Climbing the towers to enter a window is an option (DC 15 Climb, DC 12 Acrobatics to enter), and the southwest tower is obviously breached. However, a copse of four xtabay carnivorous plants inhabits the walls, one on each tower, making the attempts dangerous. It can be assumed that a climber or those entering the breached tower will encounter the resident xtabay. Note that treasures of the NPCs are listed in their rulebook entries.

### 1. Southwest Tower (CR 1)

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*Most of this tower, which appears to be the largest of Greencastle’s four towers, is smashed and broken, creating a large, ivy-covered rubble pile at the bottom of the mount, thirty feet beneath. You can see a flickering light coming from deep within the tower.*

---

A DC 15 Knowledge (engineering) check will glean that the tower was burst from inside, rather than be siege weapons. The tower chamber itself is bare, except for a large coal-fire near the north door, and a large coal-pile beside it. A small fire elemental lives within the fire, and will aggressively attack those that approach the door.

#### Small Fire Elemental (CR 1; XP 400)

hp 11

#### Xtabay<sup>B2</sup> (CR 1/2; XP 200)

hp 8

### 2. Northwest Tower (CR 1)

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*Some of the inner structure of this tower remains intact, with a wooden staircase following the southern wall to a platform bearing a machine pointing out the upper windows.*

---

The rickety stairs lead up to an ancient ballista station







that the bandits have been tinkering with; it may (50%) successfully fire a ballista bolt at -2, or it may just break. There are 5 bolts there, but the small air elemental that inhabits this tower will attack as soon as party members are on the staircase.

#### Small Air Elemental (CR 1; XP 400)

hp 13

#### Xtabay<sup>B2</sup> (CR 1/2; XP 200)

hp 8

### 3. Northeast Tower (CR 1)

*Though the outside of this tower seems intact, the inner chamber appears to be full of rubble, with bits of wood and metal visible amongst the stones and piles of dirt.*

Entering the rubble field, of course, invites attack from the small earth elemental that inhabits this tower. Searching afterward will find 1d20 copper and 1d12 silver pieces, and a crushed suit of white enameled plate armor holding a small object in its gauntlet, what appears to be a crude doll clothed in red, blue, yellow and brown. This is a *token*, perhaps eventually a *holy symbol of the infant godling-to-be Aat'f'aal*, the Reconciler. Though likely not immediately recognizable, the token gives its holder the ability to cast guidance once a day.

#### Small Earth Elemental (CR 1; XP 400)

hp 13

#### Xtabay<sup>B2</sup> (CR 1/2; XP 200)

hp 8

### 4. Southeast Tower (CR 1)

*Only the top step of a short flight of stairs is above water in this tower chamber, filled to the windows, about three feet deep. No other objects are visible.*

Should the party remain for any length of time, they will be attacked by a small water elemental, which will seek to drag them under and drown them. If the water is searched thoroughly (DC 20 Perception) a small ivory brooch worth 20 gp will be found.

#### Small Water Elemental (CR 1; XP 400)

hp 13

#### Xtabay<sup>B2</sup> (CR 1/2; XP 200)

hp 8

### 5. Concealed Entrance

*Something catches your eye amidst the scrub the surrounds the mount's base- a heavily rusted iron gate, and beyond, in the gloom, a wide staircase carved into the native stone.*

The concealed entrance is discovered with a DC 15 Perception check while searching the base of the fortress mount. The gate is heavily rusted and will make a horrific screech when opened, alerting the guard station at area 6. At the top of the stairs is a rusty, cobbled-together suit of armor (with a functional breastplate) holding a flask in its gauntlet. The flask contains a tincture of belladonna, which has the effects of consuming that particular herb.

### 6. Guard Room (CR 2)

*Past the slot-fronted door is a sparsely-furnished room, bedroll and lantern, a small cask and pewter cup; what looks like a ball and jacks, a child's game.*

The bandits at home take turns guarding the entrance, and will be fairly alert. The bandits dress to scare civilians, wearing masks and robes of red, blue or brown to emulate "elementals". If intruding PCs come towards area 6 the guard will take a shot through the slot-door, gaining surprise but being -4 to hit for the awkward angle. He will brace the door with a chunk of timber, requiring a Strength check of 15 to breach, and retreat if that is accomplished.

#### Bandit<sup>GMG</sup> (4) (CR 1/2; XP 200 each)

hp 11

### 7. Sleeping Area (CR 1)

*An obviously lived-in chamber littered with personal possessions, weapon cleaning materials, cups and plates and dirty clothes.*

The other two bandits will be lounging here or nearby, and will grab their costumes if alerted. If combat gets fierce, they will shout for Carbonak, who will arrive in three rounds. One will cover the other with a bow, while he charges with his sword. A fighter's kit can be

put together from the various things the bandits have accumulated.

**Bandit<sup>GMG</sup> (2) (CR 1/2; XP 200 each)**

hp 11

## 8. Junk Room

*It is unclear what this room's purpose originally was, but iron hooks are still attached to the walls. Every corner is piled liberally with junk, chunks of wood, old armor bits, and discarded refuse.*

The garbage here is strategically placed, as the bandits have prepared niches by which they can hide and/or prepare ambushes. One can use Stealth in plain sight in this room, and gain +2 to the any Stealth checks. Nothing more useful than an improvised club can be found here.

## 9. Hall of Glory (CR 4)

*This very martial room contains weapon racks on the north wall, most of which look in good order, and suits of armor standing at attention in alcoves in the south.*

The bandits avoid this area at all costs, though they have not blocked the doors. Normal weapons hang on racks on the north wall, one of each martial and simple weapon as described in the CRB, though there is a 1 in 6 chance that any weapon is not fragile, and will shatter on a to-hit roll of 1. Four suits of heavy armor stand in alcoves on the south wall, equivalent to half-plate. Two of them are animated by the spirits of disgraced paladins, and are now phantom armor guardians. One suit bears a longsword, the other fights with 2 slam attacks. They will not pursue past this area.

**Phantom Armor<sup>B4</sup> (4) (CR 2; XP 600 each)**

hp 13

## 10. Sorcerer's Quarters (CR 1)

*Geometric patterns adorn the walls of this room, and carpets shaped and colored as jewels cover the floor. A straw pallet and a pewter dish holding what looks like gems sits in the southwest corner. A faint murmur can be heard coming from somewhere.*

Leader of the bandits, Carbonak is a greedy dwarf that has tapped into an evil that he is only beginning to comprehend. He has discovered the process of making lesser elemental gems in the cursed chamber below, but uses them only for his raiding depredations, so far. He accesses the chamber through the concealed door in the floor, under the rugs (DC 15 Perception) via a rope under the pallet.

**Carbonak<sup>NPC</sup> (CR 2; XP 400)**

Dwarf sorcerer 2 (gem sorcerer)

hp 18

## 11. Chapel

*This vaulted chamber seems to see a lot of traffic- the furniture is long gone but the north wall seems to have borne a large fresco of an armored woman, now largely defaced, chipped, and splattered with filth.*

Once the chapel of Gerana (identifiable with a DC 12 Knowledge (religion) check) it is now just a crossroad to access the southern part of the fortress. Some basic cleaning, followed by an offering and a prayer to Gerana will result in the party being blessed for 1 minute.

## 12. Pantry

*Past the thick wooden door, this room contains shelves, barrels and bags, apparently of foodstuffs and other provisions.*

The contents of this pantry are well stocked and of good quality, consisting of wine, dried fruit, hard biscuit, cheese and the like. They could support four humanoids for several weeks.

## 13. Cursed Chamber (CR 1)

**For both doors**

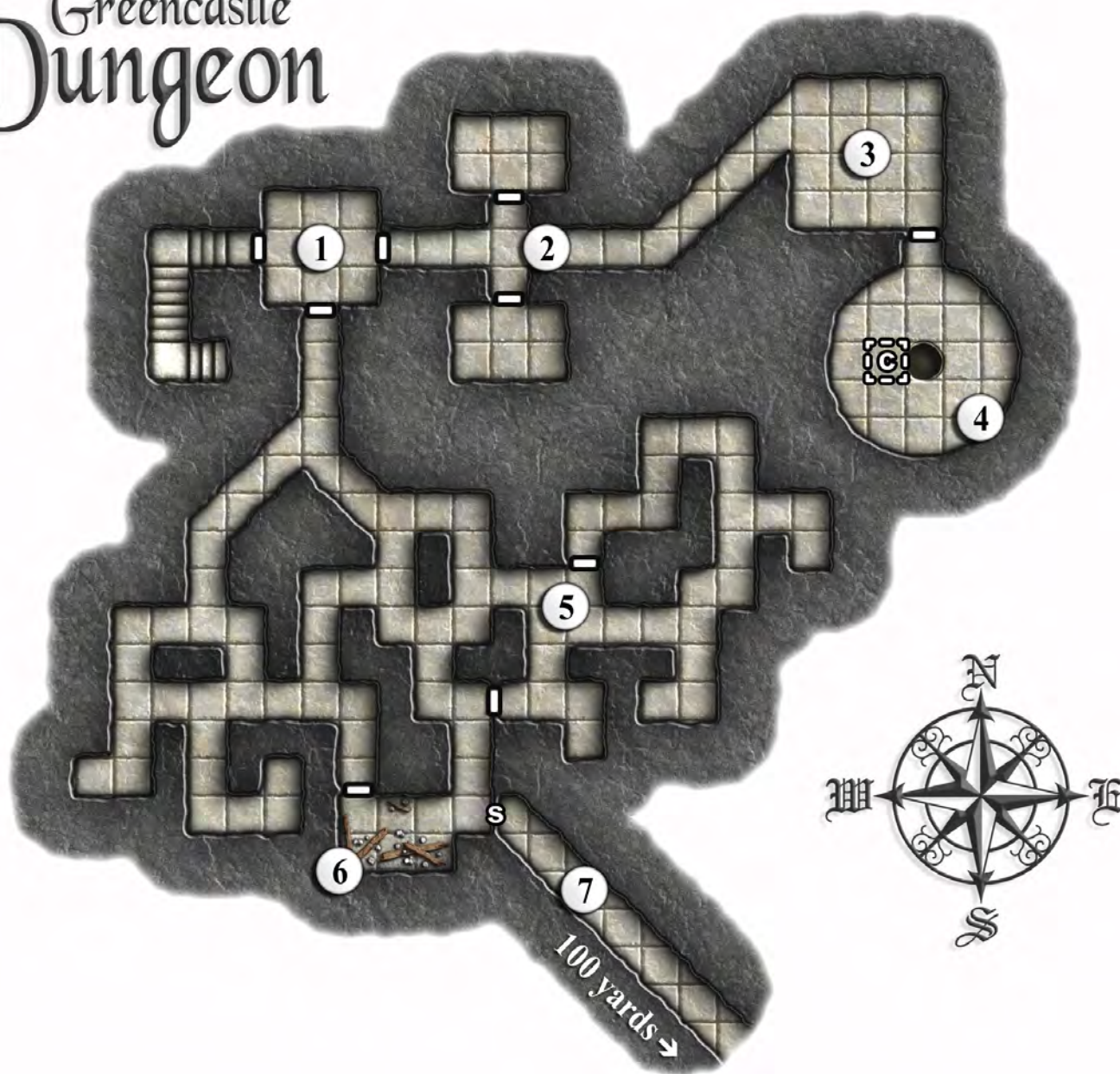
*This door has rough boards hammered over it, and is splashed with a large X in what appears to be red paint.*

**Inside**

*Whatever this room was, it has been blasted beyond recognition, the walls charred and dirty, dirt and stone fallen from the walls, breeze blowing through the cracks. Unrecognizable bits of metal and bone are piled here and there.*



# Greencastle Dungeon



Leaving immediately will incur no ill effects, but searching or staying for more than a round will result in the trespasser(s) becoming shaken until they leave the fortress. A DC 12 Perception check will find a tarnished silver holy symbol of Gerana worth 5 gp.

## 13a. Statue of the Test

*In the west alcove stands a statue of a smiling, long-haired knight in white marble. His arms are upraised and jointed, with symbols on the palms; an arrow on the right hand, four crossed lines on the left.*

Pulling down the right arm grants the tester a *cure light*

*wounds* spell, 1d8+1 hit points. Pulling the left triggers a poisoned dart trap;

## Poisoned Dart Trap (CR 1; XP 400)

**Type** mechanical

**Perception** DC 20; **Disable Device** DC 20

**Effects**

**Trigger** touch; **Reset** none

**Effect** Atk +10 ranged (1d3 plus greenblood oil)

## 14. Mountaintop Access (CR 3)

*You climb up 50 ft. of dusty stairs to a level 40 by 40 ft. leveled area that once held a small tower, now all shattered ruins and scrub trees. A draconian shape circles in the sky above you.*

What was once a staging area for flying knights is a smashed, overgrown ruin, now the nesting area for a pair of pseudodragons. Their nest contains an egg and two 25 gp gemstones. The tiny draconians are quite wild, but will respond to kind treatment positively.

### Pseudodragons (2) (CR 1; XP 400 each)

hp 15

## 15. Cellar Access

*A foul smell of damp dust and steam wafts up from this descending staircase; strange, faint sounds echo up from the darkness below.*

A DC 12 Perception check will clarify the smells as hot, wet earth borne upon a light breeze.

## Dungeon Level

These dungeon halls are cramped with debris and bear a foul smell of ancient death.

### 1. Echoing Chamber

*The strange smell is stronger in this subterranean chamber, though the doors south and east are closed. A red X, and the letter L is splashed across the south door, in what looks like faded red paint.*

A DC 15 Survival (tracking) check shows traffic to the south door, fairly recently. The symbols remind the bandits to stay to the right, avoiding the poltergeist's domain on the way to their horses.

### 2. Skeleton Ambush (CR 1 to 2)

*Two side chambers on either side of the hallway beyond the east door have sundered, splintered doors- and rattling through them are several bony horrors holding rusty swords!*

The facing chambers with the broken doors hold nothing but broken trash and the decayed good-bye letters of

the doomed defenders as they smothered to death. The skeletons are three to a room, and will follow and fight intruders until destroyed.

### Skeletons (6) (CR 1/3; XP 135 each)

hp 4

## 3. Zombie Lair (CR 2)

*The scent of the grave permeates this chamber, which may have held fragments of maps on its gritty walls. The smell comes from the shambling living corpses that shuffle forward, their decaying hands reaching for you.*

More undead remnants of the fall of Greencastle, these doomed unfortunates will pursue and attack until destroyed. Though the zombies have nothing, searching the walls with a DC 15 Perception check will find a scrap that says "Cavalry Sally tunnel- southeast 150 yds.", obviously referring to area D7.

### Zombies (3) (CR 1/2; XP 200 each)

hp 12

## 4. Well of Doom (Varies)

*The smell and sound get louder as you enter this circular, vaulted chamber- and see their awful source: four humanoids, with skin of various hues, are suspended several feet over a dark pit ringed with glowing metal. They are suspended by nothing, it seems, as is a large egg-sized gem- they and the gem rotate slowly, their eyes staring at nothing, their mouths working, soundlessly.*

This is the secret, sinful heart of Greencastle, a well of elemental energy discovered by Lord Thrush and harnessed to summon elementals and create *elemental gems* of his own. The well is powered by the life-essence of mortal outsiders, thus the kidnapped genie-kin that are trapped within. The *lesser elemental gem* beneath them is complete, and can be easily removed by hand. Touching any prisoner does 1 point of appropriate elemental damage per round, and a combined Strength of at least 20 must be exerted upon them to remove them from the well. Any outsiders, even native ones, lose 1 point of Intelligence per round in contact with the emanations from the well, no saving throw; victims recover lost ability points normally. The genie-kin are barely clothed and have no possessions.

**Ifrit<sup>B2</sup> (CR 1/2; XP 200)**

hp 8

**Oread<sup>B2</sup> (CR 1/2; XP 200)**

hp 12

**Slyph<sup>B2</sup> (CR 1/2; XP 200)**

hp 9

**Undine<sup>B2</sup> (CR 1/2; XP 200)**

hp 8

## 5. Haunted Labyrinth (CR 2)

*You can almost hear the screams and footfalls of the defenders of Greencastle in their last moments in these winding, shelved halls- perhaps for food storage, perhaps for receiving the bones of the nobly departed. Scraps of junk are everywhere, and a cold wind blows from somewhere...*

These halls are patrolled by the undead spirit of the ambitious Lord Commander Thrush, who enslaved elementals and sucked the life out of innocents to pursue his military dream. It will attack the party relentlessly within 1d4 rounds of entering the catacombs. If the poltergeist is (temporarily) dispatched, a thorough search of the halls will find a scroll that lists his lieutenants;

“Urich Longarm - Loyal, Gastar- Loyal, Menoch -Cowardly, Fracilo Whiteplate - traitor to the cause...”

**Poltergeist (CR 2; XP 600)**

hp 16

## 6. Collapsed Chamber

*There is only enough room for one person to enter, and barely that. You hear a soft tic tic behind fallen beams and stone slabs.*

Moving enough material to investigate the sound requires a DC 12 Knowledge (engineering) check and an hour's work. Without the check it takes 2 hours, with a 25% chance each hour of a small collapse setting work back an hour and doing 1d4 damage to all those working. The noise comes from a *feather token (bird)* trapped there, bearing Lord Thrush's confession. If it gets free, (flying to the Codion of Gerana) the poltergeist

will disappear, having found its final rest. The result of that message (see area 5) will likely rock the Iron Basilica and cause much unrest in The Middle Kingdoms...

## 7. Secret Exit

*Beyond the crude concealment is a wide, airy tunnel that immediately smells of farmyard. You hear whinnying ahead.*

The indicated chamber holds the bandits' horses, tied and well watered and fed, with full tack and saddlebags. The sally-tunnel exits in a small grove of trees 100 yards further to the southeast, virtually invisible from the outside.

## New Items

The following new items are mention in the adventure.

### Lesser Elemental Gem

**Aura** moderate conjuration; **CL** 7th

**Slot** none; **Price** 1,250 gp; **Weight** —

#### Description

These large, rough gems behave exactly as an elemental gem except that they bring forth a medium elemental, not a large elemental.

#### Construction

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *summon monster IV* or *summon nature's ally IV*; **Cost** 625 gp

### Token of At'f'aal

**Aura** strong universal; **CL** 20th

**Slot** none; **Weight** —

#### Description

In the chaotic, last desperate days of Greencastle, a few spellcasters that were trying to oppose the evil doings there stumbled upon the mention of At'f'aal, a nascent being that was known to the ancient Zendi order but was constantly rejected by them. If At'f'aal is recognized for what it is (through further adventures) he will be proven to be a God-Lord to reconcile the Deists and the Elementarlists.

At'f'aal has the domains of Air, Earth, Fire and Water, and treats Chaos, Good, Law and Protection as subdomains, though he possesses the alignment of True Neutral. His favored weapon is the unarmed strike, and his favored animal the rabbit. His token/holy symbol grants anyone, regardless of class, the following abilities 1/day,



graduating by level:

Level	Spell
1-2	<i>guidance</i>
3-4	<i>cure light wounds</i>
5-6	<i>rainbow promise</i>
7-8	<i>speak with animals</i>
8-9	<i>legend lore</i>
10-12	<i>dream</i>
13-14	<i>irresistible dance</i>
15-16	<i>resurrection</i>
17-18	<i>antimagic field</i>
19-20	<i>miracle</i>

Should *miracle* be cast, At'f'aal would become a God and fully enter Porphyra's reality

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### Destruction

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The *token of At'f'aal* can be destroyed, and At'f'aal barred from Porphyra forever if the token is immersed in the tears of one hundred and one children.

## Other Works of Porphyra

The Patchwork World of Porphyra is ever-changing. Several books provided background and hints to this world long before it was released, several books were written during that production of this book, and going forward we will further expand what is known about the Patchwork World of Porphyra.

**Assassins of Porphyra (Carl Cramér):** Seven assassin orders are introduced, as well as the base assassin class.

**Barbarians of Porphyra (Perry Fehr):** Contains racial barbarian archetypes for avoodim, dragonblood, erkunae, human, and ith'n ya'roo races, as well as a number of other barbarian options.

**Bards of Porphyra (Perry Fehr):** Six new bard archetypes, seven masterpieces, and other assorted options for the bard class.

**Cavaliers of Porphyra (Perry Fehr):** Five cavalier orders, and three cavalier disorders (for those less than lawful cavaliers), magic items, feats, and a

plant-based mount.

**Chi Warrior (N. Jolly):** A full base attack bonus martial arts class.

**Drow of Porphyra series (Patricia Willenborg):** This series examines the seven subraces of drow that live in the Underdeep. This series is in development as of 2015 with some parts released.

**Elemental Lords of Porphyra (Perry Fehr):** This introduces the 12 Elemental Lords providing information on the legend, church, and spell preparation rituals for each.

**Fehr's Ethnology Collected (Perry Fehr):** This book collects information from the Fehr's Ethnology series including information on avoodim, dhosair, dragonblood, erkunae, eventual, ith'n ya'roo, kripa, polkan, qit'ar, urisk, xesa, and zendiqi.

**Heroes of... series (various):** This is a series of region supplements for both players and gamemasters that explore one country in the Lands of Porphyra in greater depth. So far we have released:

- Azag-Ithiel
- Birdman Mountains
- Deserts of Siwath
- Fenian Triarchy
- Middle Kingdoms

**Legendary Classes: Covenant Magic, More Covenant Magic, and Further Covenants (David N. Ross, Julian Neale):** This trio of supplements introduces and provides options for our covenant mage class. Originally the class was called a medium but now that there exist a medium class in Occult Adventures future support for this class will refer to it as the covenant mage.

**Legendary Classes: Illuminatus (David N. Ross):** This supplement introduces a chaos mage class for the Porphyra setting.

**Legendary Classes: Rune Magic (Josh McCrowell):** Runecasters and runereavers (two alternate

classes) that play pivoted roles in The Calling are introduced. Runecasters use word spells as introduced in Ultimate Magic, while runereavers are barbarians with magical scars.

**Godmetals of Porphyra (Mark Gedak):** This was created when 3PPs were told that the skymetals from the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game were considered product identity and we could use their names. They were renamed in this book so we could continue to use the mechanics.

**Gods of Porphyra (Various):** A multi-author project that set the initial tone for the campaign world and provides details on all 27 of Porphyra's new and risen gods.

**Legendary Races: Sphinx (Julian Neale, Perry Fehr):** Expands the mythology of sphinxes and introduces the enigmon race. There is also an additional faith in here not chronicled in this book.

**Monsters of Porphyra (Mark Gedak, Perry Fehr):** This 196 page full-color monster book is an invaluable source of creatures that populate the Patchwork Planet.

**Nobles of Porphyra (Carl Cramér):** A reworking of the noble scion prestige class into one of nine noble class designs.

**Oracles of Porphyra (Perry Fehr):** A single oracle archetype with four additional mysteries.

**Paladins of Porphyra (Perry Fehr):** Six paladin archetypes keyed to a variety of the New Gods, and seven new paladin oaths.

**Protean Lords of Porphyra (Todd Stewart):** Information on the twelve protean lords that make up the Slithering Symphony.

**Puppets of Porphyra (Perry Fehr):** A book on puppet magic and magic items.

**Purple Duck Storeroom:** Arbakampsi (Perry Fehr): A boardgame that is played to memorialize the con-

flict of the New Gods War.

**Purple Mountain I-IV (Various):** Purple Mountain is a megadungeon adventure that is being written one level at a time.

**Rangers of Porphyra (Perry Fehr):** Five archetypes, three plant companions, and a bit of new magic items and spells.

**The Kingpin (Angel R. Miranda):** A skill-using class that supports a gang of allies.

## Older Works

The following books were involved in the creation of the Porphyra campaign setting by providing initial ideas and concepts.

**Legendary I-X (Various):** Many of the countries, villains and treasures mentioned in this series migrated wholly or by piecemeal into the setting. In some ways the *legendary treasures* series acted as a first draft for much of Porphyra's geography.

**Legendary Races: Cyclops, Medusa, Rakshasa (Various):** Form the basis for our half-cyclops, half-medusa, and half-rakshasa races.

**Legendary Races: Harpy (Josh McCrowell):** Lays much of the groundwork for the development of the region known as the Birdman Mountains.

**Memorable Townsfolk (David N. Ross):** This refers to several cities within Porphyra as well as provided the basis for half-orcs in Porphyra being (elf/orc hybrids).

**Monstrous Races I-III (Various):** This book provides early drafts for many of the non-traditional races in Porphyra like grippli, skulks, living ghouls, and sahuagin.

**Monstrous Bloodlines for Sorcerers I-IV (Perry Fehr):** The series started to make us considered producing class books for Porphyra. It is also probably why Perry will not write a Sorcerers of Porphyra.

## Specific Nomenclature of Porphyra

The following nomenclature is used by Landed and Native Porphyrans to refer to religious orders and nationalities.

### Religious Orders

Religion	Nomenclature
Aleria	Alerian
Chiuta	Chiutan
Eshsalqua	Eshsalquan
Fenris Kul	Kulite
Ferrakus	Ferrakan
Gerana	Geranite
Ithreia	Ithreian
Kamus	Kamian
Lyvalia	Lyvalian
Linium	Linite
Mâl	Mâlite
Myketa	Myketan
Nemyth Vaar	Vaarian
Neria	Nerian
Nise	Nisian
Paletius	Paletian
Rajuk Amon-Gore	Rajuki
Rolterra	Rolterrann
Saren	Sarenite
Shade	Shadeling
Shankhil	Khilite
Toma Thule	Thulian
Tulis	Tulite
Ul'Ul	Ulian
Veiloaria	Xia
Vortain	Vortani
Yolana	Yolanite

### Elemental Lords

Being referred to in different language systems (Old Porphyran, Elemental languages ie. Auquan, Ignan, Terran) devoted of the Elemental Lords use phrases that translate best as “servant of” or “beloved of” (in the case of Ashamar Shining and Mal'Eket). Thus, instead of “The Ithreian temple” one would say “Temple of the Servants of Drothos”, or instead of a “Rolterrann cleric” one would

say “Beloved of Mal'Eket” or “mahdi of Mal'Eket”, with the capitals required. Deists frequently invent terms for Elementalist devotees, such as “burners” for followers of Mal'Eket, or “drowners” for those of Poison Wave, so as to not invoke the name of the ‘defeated’ elemental lord.

### Protean Lords

The language of Chaos, Protean, is extremely mutable, and terms of reference extremely unspecific. The system of nomenclature for followers and reference terms to the Slithering Symphony are much the same as those for the Elemental Lords, but with a sliding scale of term or rank, according to the status the individual has with the Symphonist has at the time. For example, an acting High Priest of A'Sevelix might be “Very Beloved of A'Sevelix”, a berserker follower a “Son of A'Sevelix”, and an occasional tithe-giver a “trembler before A'Sevelix”. Holy texts to the Slithering Symphony are almost all completely unique and individual, with no specific text or codex for the ‘faith’.

### Nationalities

Country	Nomenclature
Advent Imperiax	Imperiax; ie. The Imperiax Embassy, an Imperiax vessel
Azag-Ithiel	Newlander
Barony of Tuthon	Tuthoni
Birdman Mountains	No formal or consistent term exists
Boroughs of Dunmark	Dunmarker
Bulwark of the Halfling Nations	Enorian
Californ	Califern
Calopia	Calopian
City-State of Iluriel	Ilurian
Clandoms of the Four-lands	Fourlander or specific tribal designation
Clockwork Lands	Corporate, along with caste designation
Creeper's Rift	Argentine (as from Argentum) or Rifter
Deserts of Siwath	Siwathi or Siwathu (the difference does not translate to Common)



Empire of the Dead	Imperial or Celestial (Digirn only)
Erkusaa	Erkusaan
Fenian Triarchy	Greenlander, Reedlander or Islander (Sanctuary)
Freeport	Freeporter
Frozen North	Coldlander
Gardens of Meynon	Meynoni
Ghadab	Ghadabi
Giant's Retreat	Bloodlander or Giantlander
Great Green	Ardeni
Haunted Sea	Pirate; they take issue with all others who call themselves such
Hesteria	Hesterian, or a specific term such as Nerian Hesterian or Olthari Hesterian.
Hinterlands of Kesh	Keshite
Holdfast of the Celestial Parishes	No formal or consistent term exists
Iffud	Fudi ie. Precision Fudi firearms, Fudi ambassador
Jengu-Na	Jengan (Common)
Jheriak Continuance	Jheriak
Jotun Forest	Jotun
Kingdom of Avandrool	Droolian
Kingdom of Iskandar	Iskandari, Skandar, or Skandari
Last Kingdom	Lastfolk
Lotus Blossom Steppes	Steppelander or Menguyan (in Samsariyu)
The Middle Kingdoms	Middlelander, with Piuman, Rotwalder, Vinterrish, and Thamian.
Morah'Silvanath	Silvanath or Colothorian
Mount Xoa	Xoan or Mountaineer
New Wathis	Wathisi or New Westerner (collaborationist only)
Nor-Du-Mag	Clovenlanders
Northlands	Northlander
Oncoming Wave of Mâl	Mâlite; hobgoblins of New Karkoon are Karkooni

Parl Pardesh	Pardeshi
Pinnacle Lands	Shariran
Purple Mountain	Elekireeni (rarely used), whereas Delver is common slang
Pygmy Nations	No formal or consistent term exists, often call Goblinland by sailors
Pyynian Coast	Pyynian
Rainbow Islands	Islander or Dark Islander
Seven Principalities	Council Islander
Trade Consortium of Blix	Blixian
Underdeep	Underman (uncommon)
Wastes of Simoon	Simooni



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