

notes on the lands of TREVILAND



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Overview

(Overview of the History of the West)

At the dawn of the west there came the man-tribes with names like the Phranes, the Druuns, the Gaufs, the Volds and the Vells. Simple creatures, barbaric in a barbaric world, but seething with raw strength. Great powers of magic rose against them, demons and beasts that made the very world shake. But the hearts of men held out and great deeds were done that are now only myths in old books. Then came the Great Wizard War, when magic itself was snuffed out for a time. But again, noble hearts arose and restored the magic. Hight came the Ancient Ages and new civilizations: the Druuns and Myrda, the Vards and Fenns, the



Harduin and Savrens and the Hundra, the Eymor and the Tuscorans and the Aldeians. Such was man's conceit that a single Empire rose up out of Celedon to swallow all but the farthest corners of the world. But man is nothing if not ephemeral. The Celedon Empire fell, and from their ashes the enlightened kingdoms appeared: Plenia in the west, Treviland to the south, Tirudor in the east, and Erigoth to the northeast, with the lands beyond lost to Orcs and Goblins. There much to see in this world. But this tale is the tale of Treviland...

“Take me to the fields of bluebells and foxglove, to taverns at every cross road, to old Trevilish songs sung with a pint and a pipe. From the rustic wolder-folk in the north to the merry music-makers of Lyre; from the sea-drenched walls of Myridon to the sullen men of Novulum: all of ‘em crown the glittering jewel of Illustrim: the shining city and greatest in the west.”

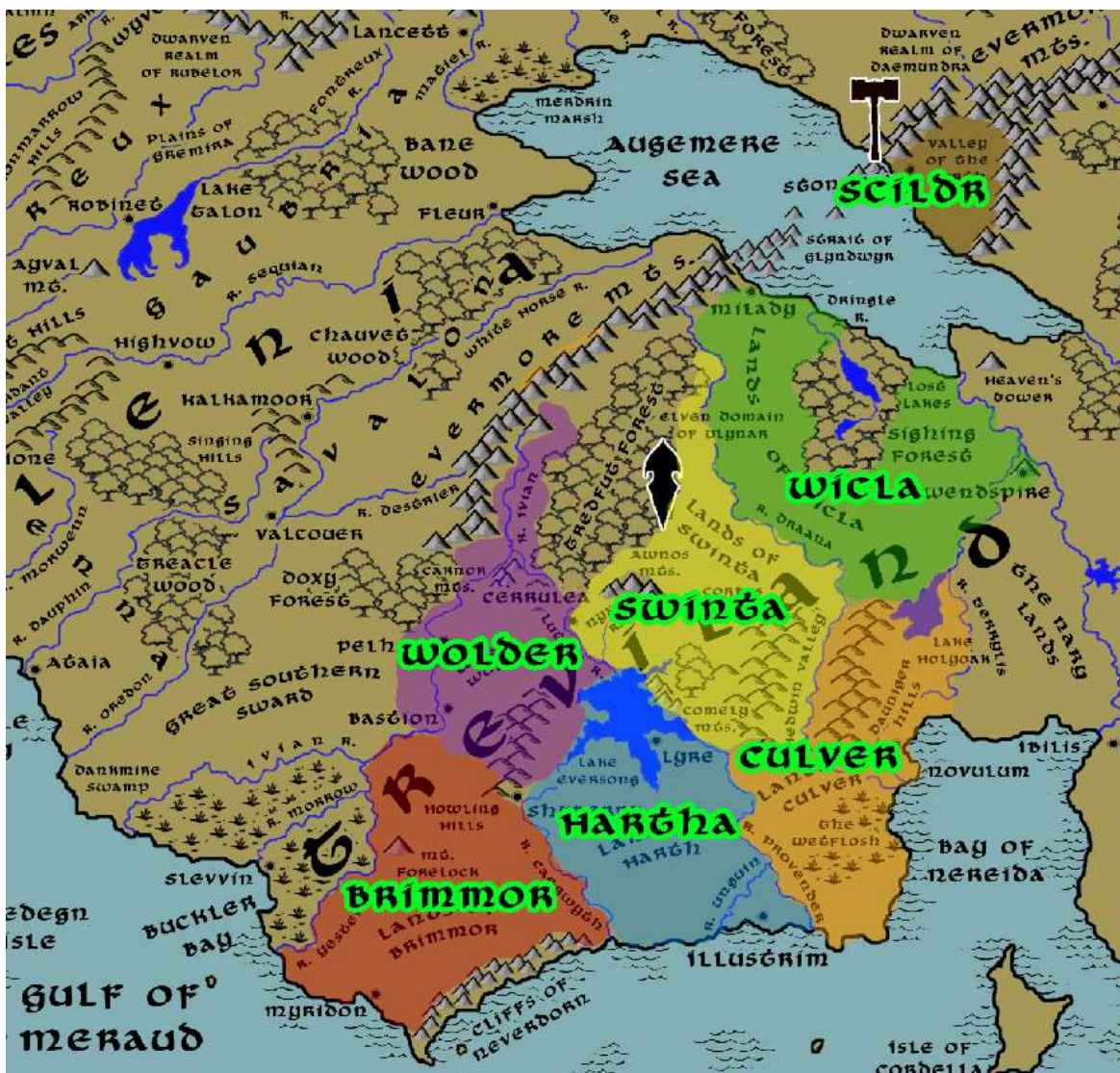
- Passage from the ‘Maid of Kendor’

Treviland is one of the four “civilized” kingdoms of the west. It is a land of sheep, of ale, of mysterious standing stones, and of a whimsical gentility claimed even by the common folk. Raised up from barbaric tribes that survived occupation by Celedon, the kingdom has grown fast and has set its eye on exploring the world. Yet it finds itself still locked in ages-old rivalries with its neighbors both politically and religiously.

The lands of Treviland extend from the **Morwenn River** in the west to the **Terryllis River** in the east, and from the shores of the **Augemere** in the north to the coastline meeting the **Ferrago Sea** in the south. In Primordial times these were the lands of the **Vold** tribes, and in the Ancient Ages the **Eymor and the Hundra**. After the Celedon Empire was driven out, there came the tribes of the Brimmor, the Swinta, the Hartha, the Culver, the Wolder, the Wicla, and the Scildr. Today the people identify as Trevilish, though each of the seven regions carries the name of their original tribes that came out of the Celedonian occupation and cling to their ancestral traditions.

The Seven Duchies: the Peoples of Treviland

Treviland is made up of seven regional peoples that have risen during the Written Ages. They are now duchies under the throne in Illustrim.



Brimmor - The **Brimmorans** dwell in the region governed by Myridon. Their lands extend Ivian River where it is flanked by the Howling Hills in the north down to the southern coastline, and from the Yester River in the west to the Caerwyth River to the east.

Hartha - The Harthans dwell in the region governed by Illustrim and includes Lyre. Their lands extend from the northern banks of Lake Eversong in the north down to the coastline to the south, and from the Caerwyth River in the west to the Provender River in the east.

Wolder - The Wolders dwell in the region governed by Pelham and includes Bastion. Their lands extend from the lands just north of the Carnor Mountains in the north down to the Howling Hills in the south, and from the western banks of the Ivian River in the west to the western shores of Lake Eversong in the east.

Swinta - The Swintans dwell in the region governed by Cerrulea. Their lands extend from the Augemere Sea to the north to the Draana River and the northern edge of the Dauniger Hills in the south, and from the Draana River in the west to the Terryllis River in the east, albeit with a bit of land just beyond where the Terryllis and Vestillon Rivers split.

Culver - The Culvers dwell in the region governed by Novulum. Their lands extend from the northern banks of Lake Holyoak in the north down to the coastline in the south, and from the Provender River in the west to the coastline of Nereida Bay up along the Terryllis River in the east.

Wicla - The Wiclans dwell in the region governed by Wendspire includes Milady. Their lands extend from the eastern flank of the Tredfut Forest in the north to where Lake Eversong spills into the Provender River in the south, and from the Luthia River in the west to the Draana River in the east.

Scildr - The Scildrs dwell in the region governed by Stonbrek. Their lands cover the Valley of the North Winds and some of the Evermore Mountains that encircle it.

A Brief History of Treviland

The **Kingdoms of the West** were born eight hundred years ago in the Second Written Age. Hundreds of tribes rose up against the waning power of the **Celedonian Empire** and drove them out.

Such was the turmoil that followed that the holy cities of **Indiron** and **Hylux** moved in, hoping to shape the new world. This led to the **War of Cathedrals** (470 WA2 – 560 WA2) as armies within the three kingdoms turned on one another. Even today the lands are divided between the two churches.

Six hundred years ago: The cataclysm of the **Dark Crusade** swept through these lands. The evil queen Mortavay marched forth from Ongolk and assaulted the western kingdoms. But in 749 WA2 Queen Raseda of Tirudor rallied the troops and laid down her life to destroy the evil sorceress.

Four hundred years ago: The **Great Erobring**, an onslaught of Norgardian raiders sailing down every river and waterway into the western kingdoms. Churches were burned, villages were looted, the western rules kissed the boots of savage warlords. It has only been two generations since Treviland routed the invaders. Some Norgardians still remain, peaceful settlers who have pledged loyalty to the crown.

The House of Faintree has ruled over the land now for three hundred years, but there is great unrest amidst the duchies. Novulum to the east makes its bid to take over the kingdom, while Illustrim rules with firm authority. The rest of the land waits breathlessly for war to break out within, all while eyeing Plenia and Tirudor for attacks from without.

Towns and Cities



- [Stonbrek](#) – large town, sign of the ram, House Camby
- [Milady](#) – large town, sign of the queen and her crown, House Hillock
- [Wendspire](#) – large town, sign of a winding stair up a hill, topped with a tower, House Miter
- [Cerulea](#) – small city, sign of the blue hawk, House Stalworth
- [Novulum](#) – large city, sign of the dragon, House Morley
- [Pelham](#) – large town, sign of the gate, House Herlen
- [Bastion](#) – large town, sign of the tower, House Lucrous
- [Myridon](#) – large city, sign of the mermaid, House Proy
- [Lyre](#) – small city, sign of the silver harp, House Sivvian
- [Illustrim](#) – metropolis, sign of the radiant gold sun and sword, House Faintree
- [Slevvin](#) – large town, sign of the serpent, Dorean
- [Shyberry](#) - small town, sign of the tree with many roots, Frockling

Best in the Land

Below is a list of trade goods from this land and which towns or cities generate them on a scale or quality that generate significant trade with other lands. Also listed are other, less tangible, commodities such as centers of religion, arts, and magic that create their own form of influence.

Trade Hub: Myridon, Illustrim, Novulum

Religion: Illustrim

Arts: Lyre

Magic: Illustrim

Spirits: Wendspire (Heathertop Wine), Lyre (Idlemay Wine), Shyberry

Steel: Novulum

Grain: Cerrulea, Bastion, Illustrim

Crafted Goods (e.g. Pottery, Textiles, Metal Wares): **Textiles:** Bastion, Lyre

Harvested Goods (e.g. Aromatics, Medicine, Dyes): Shyberry (tobacconist (Silversnuff))

Mined Goods: Stonbrek (stone, Guild Home), Stonbrek (iron), Novulum (iron, Guild Home)

Precious Metals: Milady (gold), Novulum (copper)

Ship Building: Myridon

Other: Wool: Milady, Cerrulea, Novulum, Bastion (Guild Home), Lyre

Stewards of Power in this Land

Kings and their armies are not the only wielders of power. There are many unseen friends and foes that shape the destiny of the land. Each of the groups listed below are well known to the people of this region. Some are feared; others venerated. All of them play their part in the grand drama of this land's story.

Merchant Companies

Silver Moon Trade Company - Novulum
Headwind Traders - Myridon
Heralds of Provender - Illustrim

Mercenary Companies

The Vanguard - Myridon

Smuggling Rings

Lords of Barley – Slevvin

Centers of Worship (Churches, Cathedrals, Shrines, Lodges, Temples)

Chapel of the Sacred Corbel - Stonbrek
Chapel of the Filling Heart - Milady
Diaphanous Chapel - Wendspire
Cathedral of the Threshing Floor - Cerrulea
Cathedral of the Cudgel - Novulum
Chapel of the Fire Flagon - Pelham
Chapel of the Endless Watch - Bastion
Cathedral of Following Seas - Myridon
Cathedral of Canticle - Lyre
High Cathedral of the Illumination - Illustrim
High Cathedral of the Yondalla - Shyberry (halfling)

Orders of Paladins

Heavenly Host - Wendspire
Order of the Kestrel - Cerrulea
Order of the Gauntlet - Illustrim

Druidic Circles

Circle of the Willow - Milady
Circle of Ennuit - Pelham

Bands of Rangers

Band of the Even Star - Cerrulea

Schools of Magic

Lostros Sanctum - Cerrulea

Orealta Sanctum - Illustrim

Bardic Colleges

The Sardonic - Lyre

Warrior Academies

(none)

Assassins Guilds

Burke Brotherhood - Novulum

Cults

The Unseen Hand – Lyre

Other Guilds

The Grimrodor (stone masons) - Stonbrek

Isernbrest (iron and steel) - Novulum

Epona House (wool and weavers) - Bastion

Nodens House of Shipwrights (shipwrights) - Myridon

Reaper House (casino) – Slevvin

Monasteries

Monastery of the Sorceled Star - head of the Ivian River in the Evermore Mountains

Monastery of the Night Queen - Mt. Forelock

Monastery of the Sacred Grove - Serpsis Valley near the River Hawkturn

Monastery of the Petrichor – Lands of the Wetflesh

Pirates

(none)

Points of Interest

- **Buckler Bay** – Dark, murky waters sit at the mouth of the Morrow River. Here, dense roots of swamp trees snake outward keeping boats from making landfall. The wrecks of a hundred ships can be seen lying just below the surface, making navigation dangerous at night. Most merchant ships steer away from Buckler Bays for fear of pirates, for these waters are controlled by the outlaw town of Slevvin. The Myridon fleet has found it hard to enforce the king's law this way and so there is little protection for a ship that goes astray.
- **Gulf of Meraud** – The Gulf of Meraud is called the antechamber of the western seas. All traffic passing from the Ferrago Sea westward travels through here between the Trevilish shoreline to the north and the Celedonian shores on the south. Coastal cities in this area often try to exert their control over these waters. The Trevilish city of Myridon often grapples with the Plenish city of Ataia but the Holy City of Hylux to the south has commissioned peacekeeping vessels to cite the will of the church in staving off conflict. Several historical battles have been waged in the Meraud, littering the sea floor with the wrecks of war ships. It is said on clear moonless nights one can see the ghost ship **Ifurin**, a Plenish ship sunk in these waters four hundred years ago. It is captained by the damned and said to drag the ships of the living into the depths.
- **Cliffs of Neverdorn** – The low mountains that top the easterly shores here are known as the Gnash. They are a series of jagged peaks that appear like fangs overlooking the sea. Below them are more jagged spires, one row buttressed by another below it, all sweeping out into the sea and disappearing beneath the waves. Ships dare not pass too near, for fear of countless hidden spires reaching up to their bowlines.
 - The cliffs are called the **Shield of Myridon**, for storms blowing in from the east barely reach the city of Myridon. Instead, these cliffs are buffeted year-round by strong winds and towering waves. Sea captains warn of strong tidal forces that pull unwary ships off-track as they pass westward from the Ferrago Sea and drive them into the cliffs. Legend tells of a jealous sorcerer from Myridon named **Hijeryon** who centuries ago coveted the noble lady **Saebaia**. When Saebaia was betrothed to a Tirudoran prince, Hijeryon flew into a rage and caused the prince's approaching ship to be dashed on the cliffs. It is said that Saebaia retreated to a reclusive life as a priestess of Clesia. Her ghost is said to wander the cliff tops at night.
 - There are underwater caves at the foot of the cliffs that are home to a mighty Sahuagin colony that goes by the name of the **Aeralugh**, known by their sign of the trident skewering a fish. They have burrowed up into the mountains and have strongholds looking out onto the Lower Treias plains. At times the Aeralugh numbers reach a point that they make trouble in this region.
 - In this region dwell the tribe of Storm Giants known as the **Skylfalla**, known by their sign of a circular swirl breaking against three jagged lines. It is rumored the giants hold sway over the winds and waves in the Straits of Fortune. This is only true when they are disturbed by passing ships or angered by the folly of men. Or if they are bored.
- **Strait of Glyndwyr** – Where the Evermore Mountain range dips into the Augemere Sea, only the tops of the mountains can be seen peeking up out of the water. Here there are channels

winding through the slick, moss-covered slopes. But the ways are tight and perilous. The wide opening of the Strait is the only safe route through. Here also dwell the Kuo-Toa of the **Hablith Clan**, known by their sign of the red webbed hand. They are extremely dangerous and attack any ship trying to pass this way but since the fall of the North few ships find any need to travel north of the Strait.

- **Causeway Bay** – The eastern arm of the Augemere Sea narrows here as it feeds the Ebon River, flowing to the Howling Sea. The bay separates the savages of Gunnar Gap on the north bank from the northernmost lands of Upper Ordonia on the opposite bank. Many great battles have converged here over the years.
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- **Augemere Sea** – large body of water that dominates the center of Western Amadar and is bordered by Plenia, Treviland, Erigoth, and the lost lands of the north. The Evermore Mountain range cuts through the center of the lake, broken up into submerged peaks that appear here and there along the surface. These peaks and surrounding rocks make passage over the water treacherous. The Strait of Glyndwyr is the safest route through these rocks.
 - The **Dwarven Kingdom of Demundra** spans the area beneath this sea. They are skilled at managing bulwarks against the water and guard against evils of the deep that enter their kingdom from the sea.
 - Here dwell the tribe of Storm Giants known as the **Grondar**, known by their sign of the three peaks beneath waves. The giants spend half their time beneath the sea, the other half roaming the jagged rocks protruding from the sea. They tend to keep to themselves, but are thought by some to bring foul weather to boats if disturbed. Grondar is the old Trevilish word for “Thunderwave.”
- **Doxy Forest** – The Doxy Forest is a wild and untamed wood, filled with dryads who are jealous of their privacy. To the north, near the foot of the Evermore Mountains, giant spiders have taken residence. Their great webs are impossible to see, ensnaring unwary travelers. It is said the wicked spider **Eselkess** rules over his kin and plots to invade the Evermores and take back the under lands there.
- **Tredfut Forest** –The Tredfut Forest is the largest forest in Treviland and filled with wonders. An ancient green wood, it is home to a vast array of magical creatures such as treants, fairies, brownies, pixies, unicorns, and sprites. These reside in peace alongside the Elves of the domain of Ulynar, who consider the forest their protectorate. Towering over all these creatures is the oldest of treants, **Oakbold the Forgetful**. He is a wise and compassionate creature who shepherds the creatures of the forest but is often unseen for months as he wanders off absent-mindedly.
 - Even so, there are gnolls who dwell in the northern reaches in the shadow of the Evermore Mountains as well as orcs that live in the far south near the Carnor Mountains, which are called **Druluk Orcs**. Some say the great spiders once dwelled here, but they’ve moved on to the Doxy Forest.

- **Sighing Forest** – the site of one of the settlements of the Elven Domain of Ulynar, also the site of the Lost Lakes.

- **Plains of Everain** – flat lands stretching from the Singing Hills to the Evermore Mountains, it is a dreary and flat land, perennially covered in sullen clouds and rain showers. The land here is soft and slick with mud, prompting travelers to hurry through here or around, and always an obstacle to armies on the march. Some say the rain is enchanted and will last forever. Others warn to take heed, as there are often fell creatures lurking in the inclement weather.
- **Great Southern Sward** – an immense stretch of plains and grasslands west of the Ivian River. The land here is fertile but wild, with tall grasses dominating the soil and making farming difficult. This region is currently under Plenish control but has changed hands between them and the Trevilish several times. It is frequently the site of major battles. It is said the tall grasses conceal the remains of a thousand-thousand slain warriors. A prophecy warns of a necromancer who will raise the dead hidden on the Great Sward and march them to conquer the west.
- **The Nary Lands** - the delta and all lands south of the split between the Terryllis and Vestillon Rivers. The region is a dangerous no-mans-land where countless battles have been waged between Treviland and Tirudor for who will control it. Today it remains a wild region filled with dark creatures and frequented by war parties spoiling for a fight.
- **Ivian River** – site of the **Monastery of the Sorceled Star**, where monks train and study in the ways of **Saint Sirona**, a storied sage of the stars, and **Saint Noctiluca**, an arch mage of old.
- **Eversong Lake** – dominates the center of Treviland, joining the northern regions to the coast by way of river. Large enough to be an inland sea, by some reckoning, she is fed by the Luthia River and lets out at the Caerwyth and Provender Rivers. The town of Lyre dominates the southern banks of the lake. Boats from Cerrulea make regular passage south to Illustrim across these waters, mostly trading cogs.
 - The lake is home to **Melusine**, a powerful water spirit that rules over the lake and the lesser water spirits and Nyads who dwell here and in the rivers. She is neither good nor evil, but suffers fools lightly. When the nyads aren't testing her patience with their mischief, she jealously guards the sanctity of the lake region against those who would spoil it.
 - The lake and its surrounding swamps are home to the **Ruskath** tribe of Saurians, known by their sign of the vertical slit-eye with three claw marks beneath. Far beneath the lake are the underwater caves of the Kuo-Toa tribe called the **Vorukh**, known by their sign of the lightning bolt in permanent black ink. The two are bitter enemies, with Saurians making regular trouble for fishermen, while the cultist Kuo-Toa keep to themselves mostly. Both hate and fear Melusine and her ilk.
 - On the western bank of the lake stands the secret keep of the archmage **Hereswith (f) the Cunning**. She is one of a select few **Arcthanes** in the world, members of the **Concord of the Spectral Shield**. They are an order of magical guardians of the material plane,

with each of them living in seclusion and charged with standing vigil over the lands in which they reside.



- **Lost Lake** – site of the calamity in 420 AA4 when the evil cleric **Dawinnis** angered the gods and caused the town of **Serene** to sink to the bottom of the lake. The ruins of **Serene** lie deep beneath the surface to this day. Some say that secrets remain here from the ancient times, but that a mysterious race of creatures has taken up residence here.
- **Dankmire** – This is a vast wetland stretch from the Ivian River in the west to the Yester River in the east, with the Morrow River running through the middle of it. It is a dark and dangerous place. Tall, gnarled trees rising up from the water to blanket the interior in darkness with their overhead canopies. Enormous poisonous serpents, toads, and salamanders lurk in the waters. Sea hags are known to build their lairs in the hulks of giant rotting tree trunks. Time passes strangely here, it is said. And the vapors of the waters create noxious fumes. On the western banks of the Dankmire sits the pirate town of Slevvin.
 - The Saurian tribe, the **Khusk**, dominates the northern half of the swampland. They are known by their sign of the jaws of the alligator.
 - **Oghiniam**, a ferocious black dragon, makes his lair here.
- **Wetflesh** – The boggy mires of the Wetflesh are a place of dread: the skies seem perennially gray, nasty insects swarm overhead like clouds. An unsettling stench hangs over the putrid water. Lurking within the waters are enormous eels. Hiding within the reeds scamper water goblins. Mud huts lay hidden deep within where hags spin strange curses. But, against all odds, there also dwell humans: the shabby and unwelcoming **Floshen folk**. They are short, thin people who ply the waters on light, flat boats they push along with poles. They are notorious thieves and much maligned by anyone outside the Wetflesh. They are a reclusive bunch except when it comes to trading, then they become very fast talkers and very persuasive. They have a reputation for being sneaky and untrustworthy but handy with building and repairing things. Their clothing lacks color, usually some shade of gray. It is oily and reeks of pyrethrum, which comes from the dried, crushed flowers of certain chrysanthemum species and serves as an insect repellent.

The marshlands have played a historical role, separating Illustrim and Novulum and preventing

successful marches between them. Even those who think they know a safe way around them have been surprised, for the borders of the bog seem to shift and move, threatening to swallow up any who venture too near it.

- Site of the **Monastery of the Mystic Mists**, where monks train and study in the ways of Saint Bussumarus, a powerful cleric and master of rain, wind, hail and fog.

- **Evermore Mts.** – Sung in songs and mentioned in many a saga, the ancient bulwark of the west (as it is called) runs from the midst of Treviland’s western lands all the way northward to the frigid waters of the Heedless Straits where the Erigots built the town of Hammer Hold. It even cuts across the Augemere Sea, its mountain range plunging beneath the water’s surface with only the tips of its peaks showing and forming a dangerous reef. Countless battles have waged around and within this storied range and many armies have broken against it.
 - Within these mountains stand the halls of the **Dwarven Kingdom of Demundra**
 - Here dwell the Orc tribes that call themselves the **Yargol**, whose sign is that of the broken spear
 - At the southern reaches dwells **Isienth**, an old copper dragon. Known as Isienth the Wise, she has been a protector of upper Kendor for centuries. It was she who helped Travix the Moth-eaten rout the orcs of the Awnos Mountains four hundred years ago. None know the location of her lair, but those who seek her counsel may scale the high hill of **Adathorn** where a lone tall tree stands. If one hangs a gem of exceeding brightness and beauty, Isienth is likely to come.

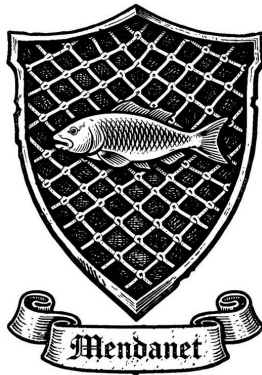
- **Carnor Mts.** – The low grey peaks of the Carnors represent the southernmost spur of the Evermore range. They are bleak, uninviting mountains with little vegetation and animal life. They form the western boundary of the Kendor Vale, the lands around the town of Cerrulea.
 - Here dwell the **Druluk**, a tribe of Orcs known by their sign of the dead bird
 - Location of the ruins of Khundrukar, a Dwarven colony from Demundra that was wiped out by Druluk Orcs
 - This was the site of the Battle of Carnor Mountains in 111 AA3, where King Reglif of Hundra slew King Aelmen of Eymorwhich, ending the War of the Lost Sons and beginning six hundred years of Hundran rule of the lands of present-day Treviland.

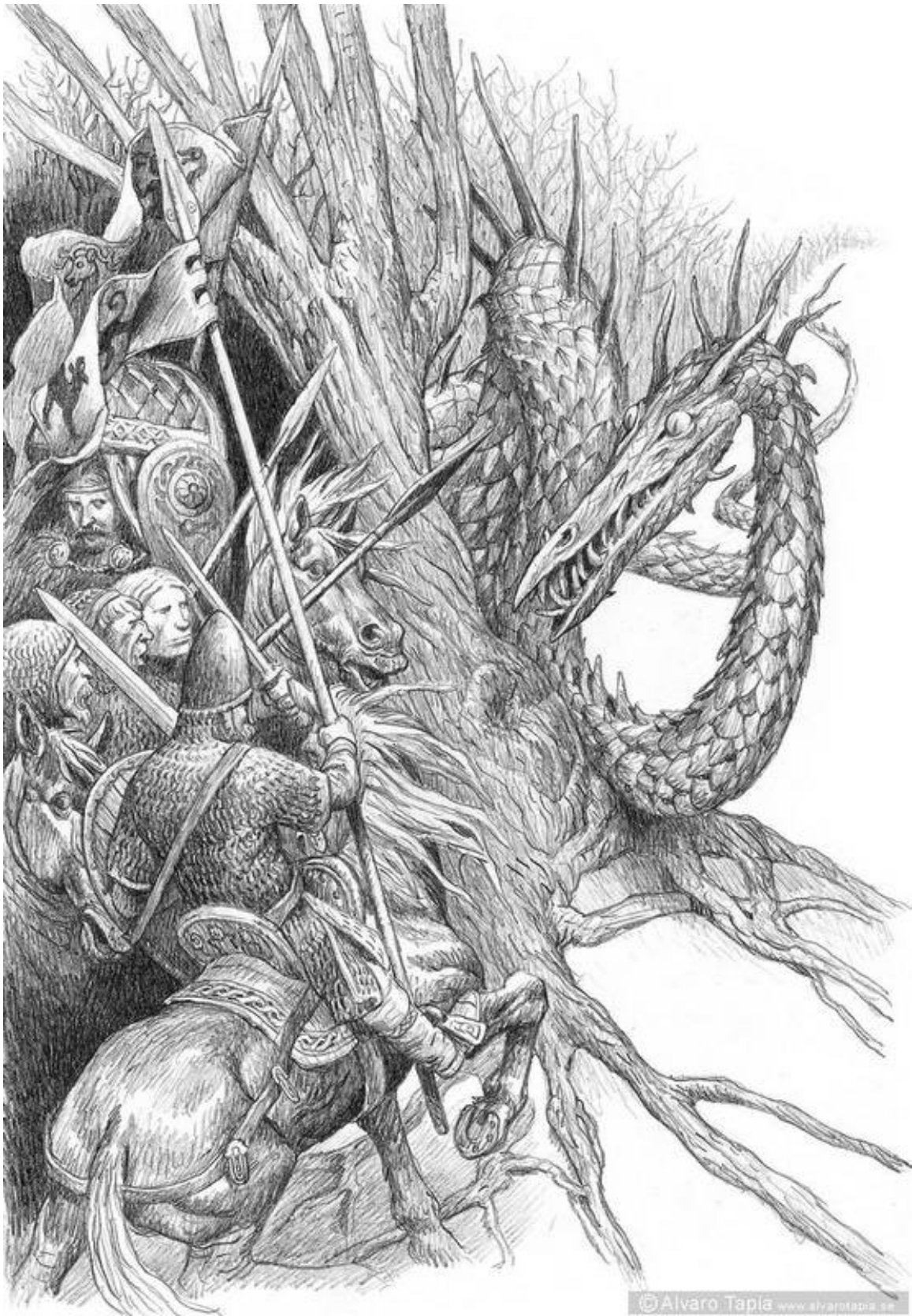
- **Awnos Mts.** – The shimmering purple peaks of the Awnos Mountains stand out prominently amidst the green fields of the Wicla Lands. The range forms a horseshoe, enclosing the Vale of Faerdeep within which can only be approached from the west. The Awnos represent the easternmost borders of the Kendor Vale, the lands around the town of Cerrulea.
 - Here dwell the **Bagrak** Orcs, known by their sign of the split eye

- **Heaven's Tower** – Standing vigil at the southern banks of the Augemere Sea, this mountain glitters at dusk as the sun’s dying light illuminates the purple quartz that blankets its western face. It is a holy place, for it was here that the goddess Clesia is said to have first touched the world when she arrived. Great pilgrimages are made to its summit by the faithful on high holy days.

- **Mt. Forelock** – site of the **Monastery of the Silver Steed**, where monks study and train in the ways of Rhiannon, goddess of horses
 - Comely Mts.
 - Here dwells the tribe of goblins called the **Geelgrub**, known by their sign of the dismembered foot
 - The cult of the **Unseen Hand** is said to meet here
 - Howling Hills
 - Here dwells **Eoldru the Lore Beast**, a brass dragon. He is friends with the Elves of Ulynar but also enjoys the company of other friendly folk. He enjoys telling stories and receiving stories in return.
 - Corbus Hills
 - Dwelling place of the **Gogmagog** clan of hill giants. They are bitter rivals of the Badaden hill giants across the Skedwyn Valley in the Dauniger Hills.
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- **Skedwin Valley** – The River Draana flows lazily through the middle of the Skedwin Valley, flanked on the west by the Corbus Hills and to the east by the Dauniger Hills. Heather, gorse, and coarse grasses grow over the rolling terrain. Only a few scattered farms occupy the valley, for as beautiful as it is the soil is difficult to cultivate. Occasionally the valley is the site of tumultuous battles between the Badaden and Gogmagog tribes of hill giants, who dwell in the surrounding hills.
 The valley is rich in wild magic. Fay creatures lurk along the river banks and in hidden dells. Druids from the Circle of the Willow make regular journeys from Milady to the north down to this valley to convene and tend to this beautiful region. It is said that a strange flower grows here called the **Lullaby**, which emits a scent that can put a man to sleep. Druids often use this flower to defend the valley. They've been known to put entire armies to sleep that dared to trespass this way or to use the flower on the hill giants when their battles get out of hand.
 - site of the **Monastery of the Sacred Grove**, where monks study and train in the ways of Saint Anotemen, "she of the sacred grove"
 - **Valley of the North Winds** – Shrill howls fill the flat, rocky landscape where winds rolling in off the Augemere Sea buffet the terrain and carve beautiful lines in the stones. This valley sits in a shoulder of the Daeumundra mountains, barring access here except by way of the Augemere Sea. Here sits the town of Stonbrek, a dismal mining town that produces most of the quality stone for Treviland. It is said an air elemental dwells in this region where it has feuded with an earth elemental since the beginning of time. It is also said many have gone mad from the constant howls of the winds and that mountain-dwelling creatures use the sound as cover when snatching unwary travelers in the night.

- **Faerdeep Vale** - The Faerdeep Valley lies on Kendor's eastern borders. It is wild and untamed and few dare to travel there. It is said that to be the realm of the **Faerie Queen Aradia**, who rules over a wild assortment of mystical creatures. Rangers who have ventured into the vale speak of a land of giant plants, talking trees, purple waterfalls, and toadstools as large as houses. The air there is filled with tiny faeries and underfoot there are nixies, pixies, grigs, and brownies. Those that venture in with ill intent are never heard from again. Only those of pure heart are safe, but even those are in jeopardy of falling under the faery spell and slumber for a year or more.
 - Faerdeep Vale is frequently visited by the **elves of Ulynar** who make their home in the nearby Tredfut Forest. It is also visited by the human rangers from the **Band of the Even Star** out of Cerrulea.
- Baronies around Lake Eversong
 - **Barony of Reedlam** - serves Duke Herlen in Pelham (Wolder)
 - **Barony of Mendanet** - serves Duke Stalworth in Cerrulea (Swintan)
 - **Barony of Blackbog** - serves Duke Stalworth in Cerrulea (Swintan)
 - **Barony of Driseldell** - serves Duke Sivvian in Lyre (Harthan)
 - **Barony of Waterlupp** - serves Duke Sivvian in Lyre (Harthan)







Stonbrek

Size: large town, population 5,000, guards / soldiers 50, militia 250

Trade Goods: iron, stone

Local Goods: mining, precious metals, marble, stone for fortifications, Rivenfire (spirit), Grith (beer), Ashmilk (beverage), Slatewort (tea)

Standard: ram

Colors: grey and black (with red ribbon for Treviland)

Patron Deity: Litavis; Saint Duthren of the Sacred Corbel

Ruler: Lorcan Camby and his wife Naomh

Sons Canice 20, Manus 18

Daughter Nainsi 16

Home: Bellicos Keep

Steward: Edan Shaw

Marshal: Brian Inroy

House Priest: Lumin Kesan Ward

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Greagoir Griffin

Captain of the Guard: Tadg Sailkirk

Knights in Service:

Sir Aran Dwyer

Sir Dubhan Reid

Sir Brogan Shanly

Sir Shane Glavin

Local Powers: The Streetsweeps (thieves guild), Chapel of the Sacred Corbel, The Gimrodor (stone masons guild), The Isernbrest (iron works guild)

Local Sites: The Hearty Hathel Inn & Tavern, The Lamb Shank Inn & Tavern, The Brass Nail (brothel)

Description:

Stonbrek is a colorless mining town. Squalid shacks of blackened timber sit one on top of the other, crowding narrow streets that lie in shadow behind the tall, slate-gray outer walls. Higher up, near the center of the town, taller stone buildings sit, squat and plain, with very little ornament or decoration. At the far end of town, butted up against the mountains, towers **Bellicos Keep**, castle of House Camby. There is little decoration or flair to break up this vista. Signage is plain and heavily regimented. Much of the town and its people are covered in fine dust from the mines, adding to the unnatural pallor of the place.

Condemned criminals from around Treviland are sent here to work the mines. Others are laborers who have travelled from miles away after opportunities dried up in their homelands. Here they toil inhuman

hours in miserable conditions hoping to get lucky and pocket a gem or two. On the edge of the town, they huddle in slums, where many are ill from working beneath the Evermore Mountains.

Stonbrek sits far to the north within the **Valley of the North Winds**. She governs the lands of **Scildr**, which are flanked on three sides by the mountains and by the **Augemere Sea** to the south. She is most vulnerable to the north. There, a pass through the Evermore Mountains leads to the untamed **Friendless Fringes** and hordes of inhuman tribes. Stonbrek invests heavily in a fortified keep at this pass and a heavily armed garrison stationed there.

The valley was settled by Scildr tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Scildr have their own unique customs and cultural identity, but answer to the Trevilish banner.

Industry:

Mining is the life blood of Stonbrek and few towns are more accomplished in dressing and finishing stone. The town was once allied with the **Dwarves of Demundra** and its artisans still use the trade secrets handed down from them. But greed and isolationism set in and the humans pillaged the mountains with no regard for the beauty of its caverns or the creatures living there. Today there is constant conflict with the Kingdom of Demundra. Entire mines change hands as wars are waged underground.

Stonbrek is always looking for ways to get its products to market. Overland routes pass through bordering kingdoms to the east, making travel dangerous. Ferries crossing the Augemere Sea haul huge stone blocks to Milady, and more recently down the Ebon River to Wendspire. Both towns add sizeable mark-up to the goods before sending them downriver to Novulum. By the time the goods reach Illustrim, any goods not reserved for the king are sold at premium prices. For this reason, if any lords wish to purchase the best stone for their strongholds, they hire caravans to go north and purchase them directly from Stonbrek.

The Isernbrest is the iron guild based in Novulum. It controls the mining and refinement of iron ore for all of Treviland as well as production of quality steel. **Silas Halben** is the head of the local chapter of Isernbrest located in Stonbrek. He is a short, dumpy man with boorish manners and a short temper. He is loyal to Camby, but he fears the guild master in Novulum more and grows rich working for him.

Popular beverages local to Stonbrek are not to most people's liking. There's **Rivenfire**, a clear but fiery spirit distilled in heated stone stills. It is flavored with peppermint and mineral-rich springwater from the deep rock. And there's **Grith**, a heavy, dark ale brewed in hot stones dropped into a wooden vat to heat it. It is a smoky, earthy, and thick "chewing beer" and is often flavored with root herbs or charred grain from cliffside plots.

There's also **Slatwort**, a tea with an infusion of hardy mountain herbs used to soothe sore throats and cracked hands. Miners often drink it at dawn, with a pinch of salt. Commoners are fond of **Ashmilk**,

which is boiled water and milk steeped with charcoal ash and ground oats. Said to settle the stomach and ward off bad luck.

Key Figures:

The Gimrodor – The Gimrodor is an ancient order of stone masons headquartered here and led by **Morgan Tavlin**. It is a powerful cabal controlling the stone and mining industry throughout Western Amradar. Members of the order travel abroad, learning the practices in other lands, keeping tabs on production, and compiling information. The guild also sends agents to interfere with those they see as competitors and to influence local markets. It is a secret and dangerous group, known to hire assassins to collapse tunnels of its competitors and kidnap masons who don't cooperate. Gimrodor holds a tight grip on Stonbrek and, by extension, all over Treviland. Tavlin tolerates Lord Camby but entertains his own designs for power.

Lord Camby – miserly, tyrannical, scheming

Lord Camby is a thin, pale man stooped with age. Long thinning gray hair frames a face permanently gnarled into a scowl. His dark eyes peer at everyone with a suspicious squinting expression. He is a rude man who speaks plainly and often rudely. He dresses in shabby nobleman's attire, dark black and bronze striped robe over a dark linen long shirt. There are no hints of decoration or jewelry except for the large ring on one finger bearing Canby's seal.

From his belt, Camby wears the fabled **Verudecus**, a magic item that is said to detect the truth or soundness in things. The item is a small, triangular device marked with a horizontal line. From this hangs a slender cord of silvered thread connected to a jeweled plumb bob. On command, the plumb line will hang straight over the vertical line if a person or venture seems to be of a legitimate nature. If the subject of the query is full of deceit or gives cause for concern then the plumb line deviates from hanging straight down. The more troubled the subject, the farther to one side the line will hang. Camby is fond of using the Verudecus when posing questions to his subjects or when evaluating a building project. It is unclear if the magic item is bound to tell the truth, or if it may be enchanted to steer the actions of its owner. But many poor souls have suffered at the hand of Camby for his rigid interpretation of the item's portents.

Canby is a miserly tyrant, always plotting to squeeze every cent out of his people and his trade partners. He loudly proclaims himself cursed to rule such a gloomy place but makes no effort to improve conditions in Stonbrek. Instead, he is keen on exploiting the poor and driving the miners and quarry men to produce. It has earned him enormous wealth, the extent of which he keeps hidden from his king. He secretly stockpiles large sums for reasons of his own. It is rumored he is as quick to cut deals with the Erigots of Wolfenfels as he is to pledge his fealty to the throne in Illustrim.

Greagoir Griffin – court mage

Master Griffin is a slight, elderly man with a thin face wearing a grave expression always. He wears robes of slate gray and carries a staff adorned with ten unremarkable stones embedded at the head. Griffin is a cynical man of little cheer. He serves House Camby faithfully but is inclined to be distracted by his pet projects as wizards are like to do. His specialty is in transmutation. He uses his powers to reshape stone

and study its properties. Griffin has carved out an elaborate series of dungeon levels outside of the Undercroft controlled by Camby. A charm that Griffin wears about his wrist would interest scholars of demonology. The charm is of magical design and can command a demon if used correctly.

Local Lore:

The **Chapel of the Sacred Corbel** is a small but proud structure, lacking in decorative flair but to the trained eye it is a masterpiece of stone masonry. It is so named for a section of wall at the head of the building where a magically enchanted support extends from the wall. Built as a load-bearing device, it is larger than a normal corbel at twenty feet wide and ten feet deep and sits at just under six feet above a raised floor. A large portion of the wall it supports has crumbled away. Priests divined that it has the power to take on even spiritual burdens.

Worshippers come here to touch the corbel and pray, often to unburden some heavy weight from their souls. They may also leave behind a token or object that represents their pain. This is called **The Hurtledege**, or laying down of pain. Fear, guilt, oppression, and other woes are left behind in the form of some physical object as tribute. The oppressed people of Stonbrek find great relief in leaving behind whatever weighs down their heart.

The pile of objects in the corbel vault is enormous, towering fifteen feet and disappearing into the depths of the chapel. Every new object that appears pushes the pile backwards, burying past burdens and never spilling over the side. Occasionally thieves break into the cathedral and purloin objects from the pile, but they seem to leave this place as cursed objects. There are magical wards to prevent theft, but word has spread and some of the kingdom's spies look to retrieve these objects as leverage against prominent pilgrims who unburdened themselves here.

The Undercroft - Stories are told of the labyrinthine maze of a dungeon that the rules of Stonbrek have crafted over the centuries. It is called the **Undercroft** and is rumored to be filled with all sorts of murderous horrors overseen by Lord Camby. Some say there are treasures there that the king of Treviland would very much like to know about but are kept secret. Some even say the lords of Stonbrek have been known to make alliances with goblin armies as part of their military forces and garrisoned them in the Undercroft.

Bluecaps are diminutive creatures that occasionally appear as strange companions to workers in the mines of Stonbrek. These are spirits that inhabit underground tunnels and appear as a small blue flame. If miners treat them with respect, the bluecaps lead them to rich deposits of minerals. Like knockers or kobolds, bluecaps can also forewarn miners of cave-ins. Mistreating them can invite disaster. They are also hard workers. They expect to be paid a working man's wages, equal to those of an average putter (a mine worker who pushes the wagons). Their payment is left in a solitary corner of the mine, and they will not accept any more or less than they are owed.

Kobolds are indigenous to the Evermore Mountains and a constant threat to the tunnels Stonbrek manages. Miners are regularly stumbling onto traps set by the kobolds or triggering landslides and cave-ins. The **Clabbix** are the most well-known of the Kobold tribes, known by the sign of a dark red

horizontal bar over a triangle. It isn't clear what the symbol stands for, but some speculate it is a representation of a lever and fulcrum. The Clabbix are notorious for setting murderous tripwires and elaborate death traps then picking an area clean of treasure or goods after a trap goes off. They believe they are the rightful rulers of the tunnels near Stonbrek and will do anything to rid the land of humans.

Deep within the mountains above Stonbrek are the ruins of the **Temple of Dubrum**, which long ago housed an order of earth elemental wizards. It is said the temple fell to ruin in the late Ancient Ages, but many secrets remain entombed within. Among the lost treasures of Dubrum were the **Shackles of Ornarath**, which could summon and command earth elemental constructs. It is said that the magic among the ruins is unstable and dangerous so few ever venture that way. But every so often one or more earth elementals appear from the mouth of the temple and wander down to threaten Stonbrek and wreak havoc.

History:

The people of Stonbrek descend from the Scildr tribes, who were banished after a failed attempt by their leader, Turstin Mortmain, to assassinate the leader of the Harthans (638 AA4). Mortmain's people moved into this region three thousand years ago and conquered the kobolds who lived here. They were eager to explore the Evermore Mountains for gold. But they quickly drew the attention of the Dwarves of **Demundra**. A war broke out between humans and Dwarves that lasted decades and was called the **War of Wind Valley** (661 AA4). The war only ended when an orc army threatened to wipe them both out. A hasty peace was made between Stonbrek and Demundra, and the two peoples fought side-by-side out of necessity. The chief warrior of Stonbrek, **Var Vengalen**, fought heroically and became a hero of the Dwarves (680 AA4). This led to a pact with the Dwarves which lasted for two thousand years.

In the Second Written Age the Scildrs once again warred with the Dwarves, this time allying with the Erigoths from the city of Wolfenfels (820 WA2). The war was so fierce it awoke the dragon Syzith, who destroyed all Demundra settlements north of the Rastalan River. Wolfenfels joined the Dwarves in driving the dragon back; but Stonbrek exploited the weakened Dwarves and continued aggression against them. This began a new feud with the Dwarves that continues to this day.

Customs:

Scildren folk tend to be short and lean, their arms sinewy from working the mines. Some say they resemble their Dwarven neighbors, but both take offense to the comparison. Scildrs are dour and colorless people. Their thinking is plain and without imagination. But they are hard workers, stubborn, and a hardy breed. They dress in like fashion to Culvers, wearing drab monotone colors. They wear a liripipe hood most times, including women and children, which is tailored uniquely to this region. The hood can be wrapped about their heads and a flap drawn up to conceal the lower half of the face. Mostly this is for protection in the mines, but it isn't uncommon to see Scildr folk concealing their faces as they shuffle along the streets. Their hands are calloused, their skin almost always covered in a fine dust. They are fond of wearing unfinished stones as ornaments, each of which has a meaning known only to them.

(Stonbrek is Scildren in heritage, but some have Culvren blood)

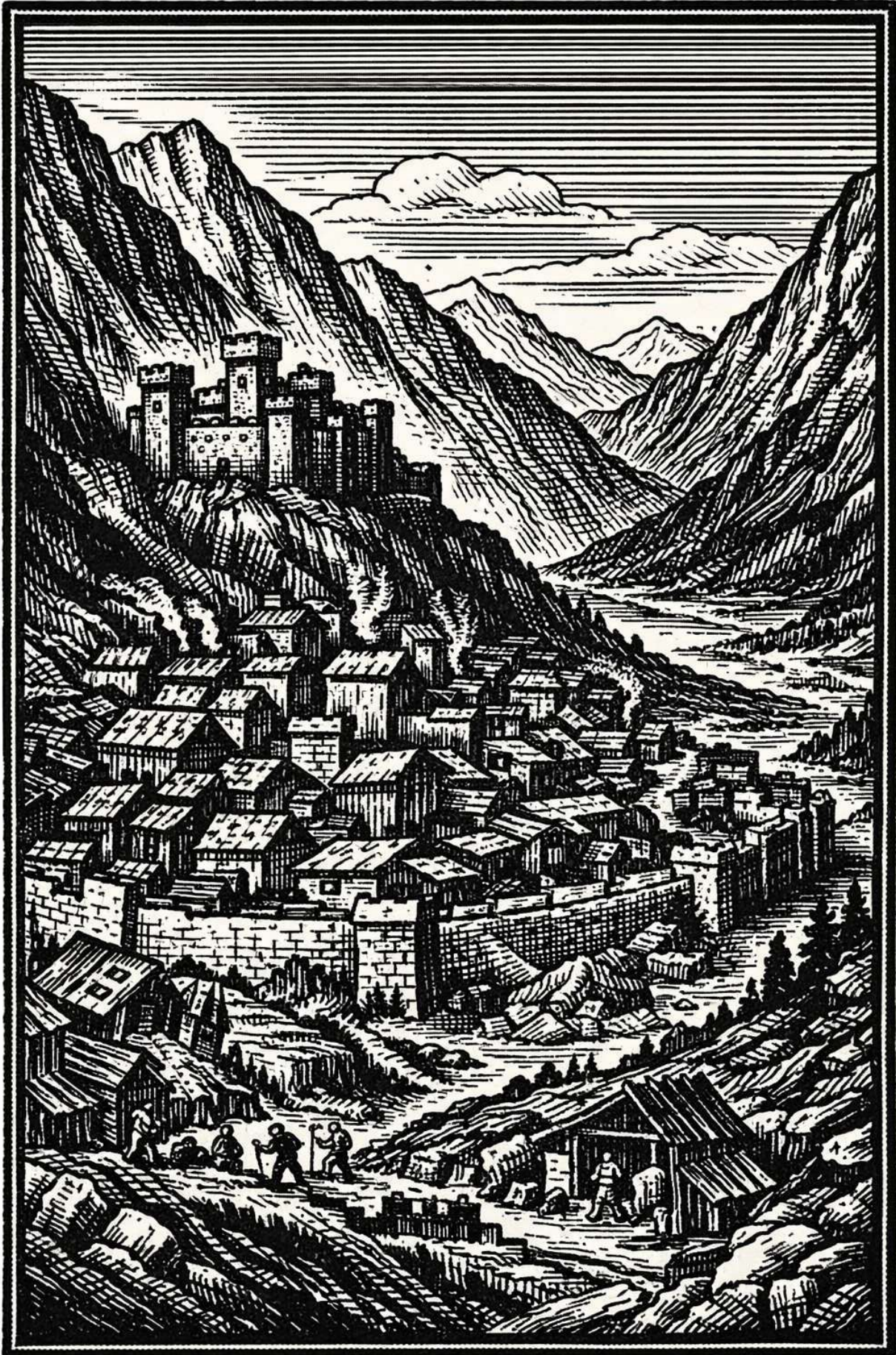
(Scildren characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Craft: Sculpting, Profession: Mining, or Appraisal.)

Death by stone: serious crimes in Stonbreak are punished either by stoning or by piling stones atop a criminal until the weight crushes them. The blood of the slain is taken and added to the mortar in a ceremonial cauldron in the **The Chapel of the Sacred Corbel** called the **Dreorled**, or **Blood Cauldron**. The priests use the mortar from the cauldron in special ceremonies, usually in anointing a new lord of the town, a new high priest, or consecrating a building site. It is said the mortar imbues powers of invulnerability or strength to the person or structure to which it is applied.

Flinting and the Thrung: Locals are known to routinely throw small pebbles at someone they take issue with, sometimes strangers passing through. This is called Flinting. It is considered a test of one's character to accept the assault without complaint. The correct response is to turn and lock eyes and make a show of your contempt. Anything more than this is seen as a challenge to the Thrung. The Thrung is a stone-throwing challenge of strength: the two challengers stand twenty feet apart and lob ever-larger rocks at the other until one yields or is rendered unable to continue.

Destiny Stones: It is strongly held in the Valley of the North Winds region that stones are strongly connected to magic and fate. A special quarry in the mountains is the source of **Destiny Stones**. These are geodes that are carefully selected by stone druids, called the **Lithren**, for each child born in this land. It is believed that each stone holds the fortune of the newborn for whom it is chosen. A special ceremony involves breaking the geode open and interpreting the child's destiny from the color and pattern of the crystals within.

Valley of Souls – A tradition in Stonbrek is to memorialize people and events in stone. Every so often the people nominate someone to be commemorated with a statue or an event with a carved fresco. The Stonbrek masons take great pride in creating these masterpieces, which are unveiled in a nearby valley and kept there for display as a growing museum. A festival is held when one of these works is unveiled. Town folk lay colorful sashes and flowers on the existing works. It is one of the rare times that the people of Stonbrek allow themselves to rejoice and enjoy a splash of color in their lives. A rumor persists among the elders of the town that a Lithren long ago placed a spell over the valley, causing the statues to come to life each night of a new moon. They say the statues possess the knowledge and personality of the people for whom they were created. Others say it is a curse and the souls are trapped within the stone.





Milady

Size: large town, population 5,000, guards / soldiers 50, militia 250

Trade Goods: wool, gold

Local Goods: stone brokerage, Shearling Ale, Horsebreaker Cider, Old Drift (wine), and Saddle Tea

Standard: image of Queen Gertha and her crown

Colors: blue and silver (with red ribbon for Treviland)

Patron Deity: Rhiannon; Saint Agatha (f) of the Filling Heart

Ruler: Baron Cathal Hillock and his wife Baroness Desmona Hillock

Sons Samuel 16, Ferndon 13

Daughters Eathla 14, Bronnwyn 9

Home: Castle Dumnonia

Steward: Willem Bhaired

Marshal: Loman Artain

House Priest: Zephan

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Morten Sporain

Captain of the Guard: Collum Craig

Knights in Service:

Sir Ultan Fallon

Sir Declan Guinne

Sir Enan Loudaine

Sir Toal Dorsair

Local Powers: The Crestlocks (thieves guild), Circle of the Willow (order of druids), Chapel of the Filling Heart, Epona House (chapter of the wool and weaver's guild in Bastion)

Local Sites: Gramarcy's Inn & Tavern, The Silver Hound Inn & Tavern, The Velvet Devil (brothel)

Description:

Milady is a sleepy country hamlet grown big. The keep and upper bailey sit atop a shelf carved into the Evermore Mountains, with a low wall descending and encircling a lower bailey. Outside its gates the town spreads out and meets the shores of the Augemere Sea. Behind the town the Evermore range continues northeast across the Augemere, growing lower and lower as it peeks out from the waters. Here the low mountains pause and form the **Glyndwyr Strait**, a break in the peaks that allows passage north to the rest of the sea. The town is kept tidy, with handsome half-timber houses lining cobble stone streets. People live by the rhythm of sheepbells, horse hooves, and slow-moving barges on the inner sea.

Milady lies in the lands of Wicla, which extend from the Augemere Sea to the north to the Draana River and the northern edge of the Dauniger Hills in the south, and from the Draana River in the west to the

Terryllis River in the east, albeit with a bit of land just beyond where the Terryllis and Vestillon Rivers split. Wendspire also lies within these lands and shares a cultural bond with Milady, as they were both settled by Wiclans tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Wiclans have their own unique customs and cultural identity but answer to the Trevilish banner.

Industry:

The largest farms around Milady tend to be sheep, followed by horses. Flocks of sheep wander the lower banks of the mountainside, migrating their grazing spots throughout the year. Shearing season leads to the weaving season, when artisans work their wheels and looms under shady trees until moving inside during the winter. Horses are brought in from the open plains in the south and tamed at **Halter's Gate**. From there, some may move to **Highmane Hall**, where the finest riders in Treviland are trained.

Milady has a few scattered gold mines in the Evermores. This sometimes proves to be a source of conflict with the nearby Dwarven kingdom of **Demundra**. The Dwarven town of **Merryhorn** opens out of the mountains a few miles from the town. Currently there is peace, even if the humans and Dwarves have little to do with one another.

A sizeable income comes from brokering stone from the town of Stonbrek, which sits on the far side of the Augemere, to Novulum and Illustrim in the south. Stonbrek barges ferry stone and other goods mined from the **Valley of the North Winds**, which Milady purchases and transports down the **Draana River**. Stonbrek regularly quarrels with Milady on the exchange rates for these goods. Often it diverts its business east down the **Ebon River** and the town of **Wendspire**. But sooner or later, Wendspire falls afoul of Stonbrek and the barges return here.

Epona Guild - The wool and weaver's guild of Bastion controls the wool market in Treviland. A chapter of the guild is based here, taking orders from Bastion on production, transport, and prices. **Ymbert Boutet** is the head of the chapter here. Like most guild members, her loyalties to the local lord and lady are often at odds with orders from the guild. Likewise, she may occasionally work deals with merchants off the books, which can be dangerous.

Local beverages include **Shearling Ale**, a soft, amber-colored brew traditionally first tapped at the start of shearing season. It is light, nutty, and often spiced with sweet clover or meadow sage. There's also **Horsebreaker**, a strong, sharp cider made from hardy orchard apples and said to "drop a man like a startled mare," but beloved by herders after a long day. **Old Drift** is a thick, brackish wine made from preserved sea grapes and mountain herb. It is almost medicinal, often drunk during mourning or stormy nights. Finally, there's **Saddle Tea**, brewed from tough mountain herbs like coltsfoot, pine needles, or rockmint and sweetened with honey.

Key Figures:

Baron Cathal Hillock - hunter, charming, decadent, fond of stories

Baron Hillock is a charming ruler but has excessive appetites: hunting, feasting, fighting, and women. He is keen for adventures and word of the outside world. Any travelers passing this way are summoned to

the keep, where Hillock will listen intently to tales and to song. If there are women among them, he is prone to be distracted and may put on lavish airs to woo them. He is known to engage adventurers in hunting trips into the mountains to hunt bugbears and dire boars.

Hillock is a large man with large appetites. He has broad shoulders from his days as a warrior but his ponderous gut suggests his fighting days are behind him. He dresses in lavish attire, silk shirts covered by jackets with brocade, silver-threaded knee-pants ending in long socks of brilliant colors with slippers to match. Hillock has a long moustache which he waxes into fancy curls. His blue eyes are bright with merriment (and sometimes petulant rage). He is a mercurial man, prone to mood swings. He very much enjoys his wealth and the amenities that come with his title, but he is known to sneak off to taverns in disguise and consort with the common folk in wild ribaldry.

Local Lore:

The **Chapel of the Filling Heart** is a small and rustic structure, with half-timbered walls and dark wooden floors. Modest stained-glass windows are brilliantly colored and feature scenes of Queen Gertha coming to Milady, her charitable works, and her defiance of the king's oppression. The altar at the head of the church is a fountain which flows with blessed water that emanates a soft blue glow at night. Those who drink from it and are free of evil intent find themselves refreshed. On rare occasions those in desperate need and of great faith have reached into the fountain and gained some object or token that has miraculously aided them.

The slopes of the Evermore Mountains in this region are heavy with Bugbear camps. Much of the early days of Furlaan were spent staving off Bugbear raids and the humans were almost wiped out. Typically, these creatures are enslaved by goblin chiefs and pressed into military service. Those that remain in the area are loosely organized into small nomadic groups that roam the mountains, descending from time to time to pillage. The chief among them, **Oggerbosh**, has led the Bugbear camps in times of all-out war and his name is mentioned with fear by the folk of Milady. It is said that Oggerbosh carries a cursed club that he calls **The Heavy** that spreads pestilence. Some say it was the wizard **Anguithor** that bestowed the club on him in hopes he could help him rid the region of humans and free it up for his own purposes. Many heroes have sought Oggerbosh's head but few return to tell of their defeat.

At the center of town is the **Fountain of Faraway Faces**. Created by a wizard long ago, the fountain is a masterfully sculpted stone structure featuring elaborate decorations of vines, flowers, and faces of all sorts. It is said on certain nights the faces move, creating a variety of expressions. Some rumor they even talk if one is keen to listen. The water cascading down from the top changes colors every so often and sometimes even sparkles. But the most bizarre property of the fountain is that when one peers into the waters along the base, the faces of strangers peer up from the water instead of one's own reflection. The people seem to be staring down into a fountain from a different location (or perhaps a different time!). Sometimes the people appear similar in complexion and dress as others in Western Amadar, sometimes they appear far more exotic and are rumored to be from the other side of the world. However, the people in the reflection carry on normally and do not seem to notice the person on the other side.

History:

In the First Ancient Age the Hundra made the fishing village **Gaelaga** their seat of power. It was destroyed when the Celedonians invaded, but later rebuilt in 31 WA2 by the Wiclans and named **Furlaan**. It was a fishing village for centuries. Four hundred years ago, King Simon of house Fullwyrth sent **Queen Gertha** here following the birth of their first son. In secret, the child was the product of the king's affair with Lady Constance, a powerful noble woman from Novulum. The king resented Gertha's popularity with the people, whom she championed against his growing abuses of the land, and he coveted power in spite of her many pleas to help their people.

After Gertha's departure, the king taxed his people brutally to fund his aspirations for power. He launched attacks into Plenish lands, slaughtering whole villages. At last, the knights of the court who frowned upon such recklessness petitioned the queen to lead them. And so, she did, helping overthrow King Simon and banishing Lady Constance. Upon her return to power, Gertha passed the power of the throne to Sir Lord Trinton, captain of the guard. She then returned to Furlaan to live out her days as a commoner. Gertha's popularity with the people led them to rename her the town Milady.

Milady sits in the shadow of the Evermore Mountains while overlooking the Augemere Sea to the east. Construction over the last five hundred years has carved fortifications out of the mountainside. Newer parts of the town are perched at elevated levels with better protection. This includes the keep where Baron Hillock and his family reside.

Customs:

Wiclan folk are a hardy people, more acclimated to the forestlands and the colder north. Some would say they are rustic and dim-witted. They can be dour upon first meeting, but have a lusty laugh and make friends quickly with outsiders who prove themselves capable in the wild. They are accomplished horse masters and hunters. The best cavalry units in Treviland hail from these lands. Wiclans attire often features the color pale gold or yellow. It comes from an ancient tradition honoring the sun and they consider it lucky. It is often worked into their garments whether it be thread, ribbon, or feather adornments.

(Milady and Wendspire are of Wiclan heritage)

(Wiclan characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Riding, Survival: Mountains, or Survival: Forest.)

Unlike most Wiclans, people here are exceedingly polite. Strangers are always greeted warmly and afforded hospitality. However, the people here are a garrulous lot and can talk for hours if allowed. Even



if one thinks a conversation is at an end, a local may feel the need to resume the talk if they see the stranger at a later time. Travelers are wise to find an excuse to end the conversation, usually done so with a small gift.

As for local attire, locals often adorn themselves with driftlace, which is seaweed-dyed lace with frayed edges sewn into hems or sleeves. Riders tend to wear split-back riding coats and braided sashes. Shepherds are like to wear layered wool tabards and wool wraps tied below the knee. Those who work on or near the water wear deep-hooded capes called Driftcloaks and sea-hide boots.

Day of Queens – Once each month the women of the town wear crowns made of flowers to honor Gertha. It is said that every woman is a queen in her own right. The crowns are placed on them by a friend or someone in their family or sometimes by an admirer. In the rare case a woman isn't presented a crown it is considered a misfortune and the woman feels great shame. Travelers are cautioned never to bestow a crown upon a lady here, for it is often seen as a proposal for marriage.

The Tidegather: On the longest day of summer, villagers build floating candle-boats and release them onto the sea at dusk, each with a small prayer or wish tied underneath. Locals believe whichever candles drift farthest will bring fortune to the sender.

Salt-Welcome: Visitors from the mountains or inland are welcomed with a pinch of local sea salt sprinkled into their drink or food. "So you carry the sea with you," as the locals say.

The Mare's Ribbon: On the eve of spring, young women braid ribbons into their horses' manes and ride them into the shallows of the inland sea to "wash away winter's weight." The tradition is said to bless fertility, good pasture, and swift courtship.



Wendspire

Size: large town, population 5,000, guards / soldiers 50, militia 250

Trade Goods: timber, Heathertop wine

Local Goods: stone brokerage, aerial devices

Standard: sign of a winding stair up a hill, topped with a tower

Colors: orange and white (with red ribbon for Treviland)

Patron Deity: Ceardren; Saint Regis of the Unseen Summit

Ruler: Lord Padrig Miter and his wife Ennis (f)

Sons Eoin 18, Suibne 14

Daughters Mallaide 15, Ceana 13, Rose 7

Home: Castle Avia

Steward: Aidan Mellis

Marshal: Devin Suain

House Priest: Archlumin Reid Finbar

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Abban Kail

Captain of the Guard: Kieran Tulloch

Knights in Service:

Sir Michan Varish

Sir Bryn Diarmid (f)

Sir Owen Elshender

Sir Garadh Lorcan

Local Powers: Hallowed Hunt (thieves guild), Diaphanous Chapel, Heavenly Host (order of paladins), Heathertop Vineyards

Local Sites: The Quelched Fonne Inn & Tavern, Pipe and Drum Inn & Tavern, The Well-Read Reading Room (brothel)

Description:

Perched atop **Skythane Summit** sits the town of Wendspire, built into the rock with streets winding back and forth down the side that lead to the main gate at the bottom. Slender steeples radiate skyward at the top, affording a breathtaking view for hundreds of miles. Colorful kites float lazily above, aloft in the updrafts that swirl around the summit. Wind chimes ring softly from open alcoves. A high wall of pale bleached stone encircles the base of the mountain, with low walls guarding the upper terraces. Dark orange veins marble the stonework, matched by the color of the rooftops of buildings. At sunrise and at sunset it is said the amber city looks to be a part of the heavenly canvass.

Called the **Gateway to the East**, the town commands bridges over the **Terrylis** and **Vestillon Rivers** as well as the embattled land between them, called the **Nary Lands**. An ancient system of ramparts and towers extends from the base of the mountain and over both rivers. The bridges control traffic east and west. These were built by the **Celedonians** during their occupation over a thousand years ago. The wall was built to defend against the barbarians of old that lived in the east. Today it is a beautiful and formidable citadel commanding the region.

Wendspire governs the lands of **Wicla**, which extend from the Augemere Sea to the north to the Draana River and the northern edge of the Dauniger Hills in the south, and from the Draana River in the west to the Terrylis River in the east, albeit with a bit of land just beyond where the Terrylis and Vestillon Rivers split. Milady also lies within these lands and shares a cultural bond with Wendspire, as they were both settled by Wiclan tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Wiclans have their own unique customs and cultural identity, but answer to the Trevilish banner.

Industry:

Wendspire, like **Milady** to the west, serves as intermediary for valuables shipped down from Stonbrek. River transport is the chief industry of the town. In addition, it sponsors timber works to the east and grows crops in the rich delta between the rivers. In times of peace the town also does business with the Tirudoran town of **Ibilis**, downriver by way of the **Vestillon River**.

Timber is the main driver of trade here. While town folk prefer life in the clouds, they deem the forests a special exception because they stretch to the heavens. Regardless, timber men come from poorer families and live in lodges down below. Trees are felled in select areas in rotation, with workers migrating with the work. Timber is transported down the two rivers to buyers in Novulum and Ibilis. Timber families are under the protection of the town, but oft times they are overlooked. So, encampments within the Nary Lands are located within wooden palisades inside motte-and-bailey fortifications.

The **Heathertop Vineyard** near the top of the mountain is run by priests who ferment a wine called **Heathertop Red**. It is a heady and aromatic wine, sometimes flavored with mountain herbs.

Key Figures:

Lord Miter is a slender man of average build. He has a neatly groomed beard that shines from many expensive oils he uses on it. He typically wears a light blue jerkin over which are bright blue robes threaded in silver. He is fond of aromatics and walks with a cloud of sweet smells about him. On his right hand he wears a dazzling ring of sapphire that is said to be enchanted and able to control the clouds above. Rumor has it that when he is alone Miter likes to draw pictures in the clouds like a child.

Miter is a simple man and not overly bright. Some say he has the mind of a child. His wife, Ennis, is an older woman from a prominent family of Wendspire. She has piercing eyes and an authoritative air to her. In public she says little but in the counsel chambers she does most of the talking.

Miter is a cautious ruler, always fearful of the lands around him and signs of trouble. His town relies on support from the city of Novulum to the south. Miter offers fealty to the city of Illustrim, but he regularly takes counsel from Novulum and is sympathetic to its ambitions.

Archlumin Finbar is a powerful figure here. Every sunrise he leads devout followers in prayers to the skyward gods that bless this place. Night time rituals can be seen from miles away, as divine light projects upward from the mountain and into the heavens. Finbar's paladins of the **Heavenly Host** enforce order and peace here and in the ravaged lands below.

Abban Kail, the court wizard, is rumored to venture into the skies above the town. There he has befriended the cloud giants and learned many of their secrets. He is an able adviser but he keeps his plans to himself.

Diaphanous Chapel: At the center of the town a single tower ascends and disappears, obscured by a whisp of clouds that never seem to move or clear away, even in the fairest of weather. A hundred feet above the town the stair ends at an oval-shaped, open platform ringed in delicate tracery. This is the **Diaphanous Chapel**. A divine ward holds here, an invisible canopy that is visible only in the rain. It blocks the elements and winds, allowing visitors to tarry in peace. Priests greet the dawn and sunset and summon mighty winds, unafraid of the mighty torrents that whirl about them. A font at the center of the cathedral is topped by the **Vane of Borrum**, a construct of silver rods that extend in every direction and end in cryptic divine symbols. It moves about in curious motions, known only to the priests, and often disappears from view. Some say it is an ancient artifact that can hear portents carried on the winds.

The **Heavenly Host** is an order of neutral good paladins serving the goddess Clesia. Rare among paladins, these knights employ giant eagles as their steeds. Knights of the Host wear glittering golden armor over tunics of sky blue. Their helmets are crested with wings. Each knight carries a bow of Ceardren, which is an uncommon weapon for paladins. Their charge is the safety of the town as well as fighting evil in this region. They are often called upon to aide in the secular battles in the Nary Lands, but often refuse if it does not serve Clesia's will. This has cast a shadow over their reputation among generals of Treviland.

Local Lore:

Four days' ride north of the town is the holy site of **Heaven's Tower**, which can be seen from here on a clear day. It is said that Clesia appeared at its summit hundreds of years ago and bestowed the Tome Resplendant to her faithful. Pilgrims travel from as far as Phaeria and beyond to visit the site. The Heavenly Host local order of paladins fly patrols to there and back each day, pledged to protect the site and any who travel there.

South of the city lie the plains of the **Nary Lands**, which crawl with various perils from both men and other creatures. Most famous of them are the baying hounds that can be heard for miles. Some say they are hell hounds unwittingly summoned by the fallen priest **Dando** hundreds of years ago. Dando was a

drunken priest but a capable huntsman. According to legend, Dando was resting during a hunt and found himself short of his normal spirits. He proclaimed "I'd hazard hell itself to fetch a pint of Heathertop!" A mysterious figure appeared and bid him open a strange door in the side of a hill. Dando obliged but was surprised when flaming hounds leapt forth. To this day it is said the hell hounds roam in packs across the plains and beset the unwary traveler. Visitors to Wendspire are warned to be on the lookout for **Dando's Hounds**.

History:

Wendspire is the easternmost holding of Treviland. The Celedonian **Brontes Legion** founded the town (240 WA1) after fierce fighting to take the lands between Terryllis and Ebon Rivers. Wendspire was the last of the Celedonian conquests to expand the lands of the Treian tribes.

The lands south of here between the two rivers is now called the **Nary Lands**. It is named for the perils there that 'nary a man should hazard.' It has traded hands countless times between the Trevilish and the Tirudorans. Soldiers from both sides often ride out to these parts and assail travelers for sport, for all who travel here are considered outside the protection of any king.

Wendspire is strongly fortified against assaults by the Tirudorans from the east and the Erigoths from the north. It relies heavily on support from Novulum far to the south. For this reason, it has often sided with Novulum in its quarrels with the throne in Illustrim.

Wendspire has a shared history with the neighboring Tirudoran towns of Ibilis and Novulum. After many wars in which they fought side-by-side, they share a pact of friendship. The pact was celebrated by the three weapons of Gorgorak, general of the Orc armies from centuries ago. Of Gorgorak's spear, axe, and helmet, each now sits in one of the three cities. They are sometimes brought out of storage during diplomatic talks or feasts where any of the three cities are present.

Customs:

Wiclan folk are a hardy people, more acclimated to the forestlands and the colder north. Some would say they are rustic and dim-witted. They can be dour upon first meeting, but have a lusty laugh and make friends quickly with outsiders who prove themselves capable in the wild. They are accomplished horse masters and hunters. The best cavalry units in Treviland hail from these lands. Wiclans attire often features the color pale gold or yellow. It comes from an ancient tradition honoring the sun and they consider it lucky. It is often worked into their garments whether it be thread, ribbon, or feather adornments.

(Milady and Wendspire are of Wiclan heritage)

(Wiclan characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Riding, Survival: Mountains, or Survival: Forest.)

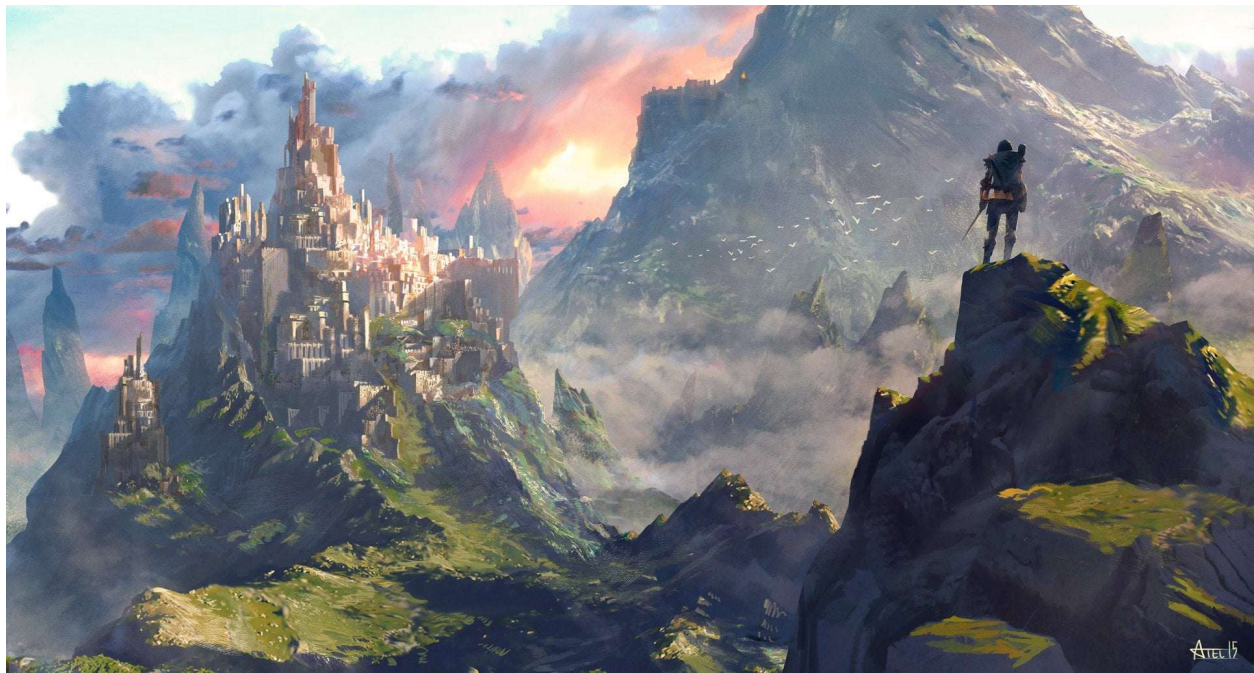
The people here, sheltered atop their mountain perch, often feel a world apart from the world below. This can make them appear aloof and detached from the rest of the world. Many hold that the town itself came from the heavens and is blessed.

Ascension Festival: Once each year the faithful worship in a ceremony where they believe the town rises into the sky for one night. At the stroke of midnight, a bell tolls in the Diaphanous Chapel and every person stands in silence, looking skyward. A single young woman sings the ascension song, which moves the town folk to tears. It is believed the spirits of the dearly departed return to visit this night. After several minutes, the silence is broken with great cheers and everyone celebrates. No work is done the following day as everyone contemplates their blessings.

Nether Soil: Those who travel below the mountain line their shoes with sacred leather that keeps them from touching the “nether soil,” as they call it. Some may carry protective scriptures in their soles.

Kite Flying: The flying of kites begins at an early age here. Town folk master techniques for building, decorating, and maneuvering them in the upper winds. Artisans create masterful constructs, some quite large, that perform impressive aerial maneuvers. They are employed in festivals, in religious observances, and even in communications with scouts far from home. A favorite pastime are kite battles, with fierce competition resulting in defeated kites sent plummeting far below.

Skybound Burials: The dead are not buried in earth. The bodies are burned on the “Wings of the Flame,” a stone platform on a high terrace. Ashes are swept into the wind or kept in glass lanterns hung in family halls.





Cerrulea

Size: small city, population 12,000, guards / soldiers 120, militia 600

Trade Goods: grain, timber, wool

Local Goods: Hearthmilk, Luthia Amber, Elderstout

Standard: hawk in blue

Colors: grey and blue (with red ribbon for Treviland)

Patron Deity: Rosmerta; Saint Everild (f) of the Fecund Flail

Ruler: Lord Alder Stalworth (game: Duchess Kereth)

Lord Alder Stalworth and his wife Ceana

Sons Padraig 21, Ros 19, Killian 12

Daughters Erin 16, Colleen 14

Home: Castle Hardin

Steward: Kelan Buckley

Marshal: Carbry Guinness

House Priest: Lumin Allean Clancy

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Domhnall Devilly

Captain of the Guard: Cavan Leish

Knights in Service:

Sir Gordon Dermond

Sir Coll Brennan

Sir Greer Kesson

Sir Nevin Honan

Local Powers: Nameless Graves (thieves guild), Order of the Kestrel (order of paladins), Band of the Even Star (order of rangers), Lostros Sanctum (school of magic), Cathedral of the Threshing Floor, Epona House (chapter of the wool and weaver's guild in Bastion)

Local Sites: Mary's Trumpet Inn & Tavern, Griffon's Head Inn & Tavern, Hochle House (brothel)

Description:

Sitting along the banks of the sleepy Luthia River, Cerrulea is a large farming town that has blossomed into a small city in the Wiclan heartland. Locals call it the **Blue City**, after its walls of blue granite that

sparkle in the rays of the setting sun. Life is quiet here, far removed from the political intrigue at court or the hustle and bustle in the coastal cities. The people here are honest and hard working, fond of a laugh and eager to lend a hand. Larger cities look down on Cerrulea as being too rustic and its people being too simple. But the people here are proud of their heritage.

Cerrulea governs the lands of **Swinta**, which extend from the eastern flank of the Tredfut Forest in the north to where Lake Eversong spills into the Provender River in the south, and from the Luthia River in the west to the Draana River in the east. These lands settled by Swintan tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Swintans have their own unique customs and cultural identity, but answer to the Trevilish banner.

Cerrulea sits at the eastern edge of the large rolling plains called the **West Wold**, presided over by the towns of Bastion and Pelham. In Cerrulea, the Swintan and Wolder traditions melt together. Being so far north, these are frontier people, living half in the wild. In times of war, these are the people who defend the kingdom's western borders. It is hardly surprising the three towns share tight alliances and come to one another's aid in times of trouble.

Industry:

Cerrulea is a farming boom town that has prospered from wool and grain merchant guilds. The land enjoys fertile soil and an abundance of crops. It supplies much of the grain, timber, and wool for **Illustrim** by way of ferries across **Lake Eversong** and down the **River Provender**. Not much else comes from the Kendor region, giving it an undistinguished reputation in the eyes of its neighbors. But when times are lean it is usually this region feeding the rest of Treviland.

Epona Guild - The wool and weaver's guild of Bastion controls the wool market in Treviland. A chapter of the guild is based here, taking orders from Bastion on production, transport, and prices. **Griffin Spicer** is the head of the chapter here. Like most guild members, his loyalties to the local lord and lady are often at odds with orders from the guild. Likewise, he may occasionally work deals with merchants off the books, which can be dangerous.

Some of the beverages local to these lands are:

Hearthmilk: A fermented oat milk drink, slightly spiced with nutmeg and thyme. Thick, nourishing, and often taken warm with honey on cold mornings. Especially popular with shepherds and early risers.

Luthia Amber: A light, floral mead brewed from wild riverbank honey and elderflowers. It has a soft gold hue with a hint of lavender on the nose. Often served during harvest or matchmaking festivals.

Elderstout: A darker, richer brew with notes of smoke, iron, and dried berries—aged in stone cellars near the riverbanks. Said to have restorative qualities, especially after long toil in the fields.

Key Figures:

Lord Stalworth is a plain man, tall and built like a man who has known work. He has a short dark beard and dark eyes that are earnest but kind. He normally dresses in simple attire, usually a dark leather jerkin with dirty boots, and often carrying a baby goat or pig while talking to the farmers visiting from the countryside. He is a man of the people and unafraid of mingling with them. Occasionally his advisors convince him to hold court, but he always appears uncomfortable in court finery.

Stalworth is firm with his people and principled. Having hailed from yeoman's stock, he is seen as a petty noble by his peers and overly serious for a lord. He is fond of hunting and sport and is liked by the commoners. Lady Ceana is a plump woman and sturdy, easy to mistake for a farmer's wife in spite of her apparel. She is free with her tongue and speaks plainly where other noble ladies shy from political topics. Lord and Lady Stalworth are loyal to the king in Illusttrim and are outspoken towards those towns that waffle on that score.

The **Order of the Kestrel** is an order of lawful good paladins in the service of Clesia. It is a small order, with only a few dozen knights. It is considered less noteworthy than the orders of the Heavenly Host or the Gauntlet. But what few there are consider themselves pure and passionate to their cause. Kestrel knights wear armor of muted silver with dark blue tunics and surcoats. Each swears on the **Souconna**, the longsword once carried by Artidius Kendor. Said to be blessed by Clesia herself, the sword grants feats and powers to the knights who pledge service to it.

Academy Lostros – The school of magic in Cerrulea is a strange fixture in a city so far north. Founded by the wizard Akhmeton a hundred years ago, it is a new school and a small one. Akhmeton drew the attention of the wizarding circle in Novulum, but refused the offer to begin his school there. He had grown fond of the Swinta lands and thought the study of magic should be far from the powerful coastal elite. It is located in a venerable old keep left over from Cerrulea's founding. Her graduates bear the sigil ring of the shooting star, which contain spells of light and illusion.

Local Lore:

The **Cathedral of the Threshing Floor** is a squat, wide structure with a short nave and a single bell tower. Wings carved of stone extend out and back of the structure then join to enclose an open-air courtyard filled with a lush garden. At the rear of the complex is a large interior area accessible by heavy doors much like those seen on a barn. This area is mostly empty, magical writings covering a bare stone floor. This is the threshing floor, where worshippers bring a portion of their harvest each spring. Priests bring forth the **Fecund Flail**, a magical flail designed as a farming implement but which **Saint Everild** used as a weapon against evil centuries ago. The blessed flail is used to thresh a sample of each harvest but it also reveals the nature of each person who comes before it: husks and grains are separated but some sign appears as well. Those of good heart may find ten-fold grains appearing or a small totem of blessing they can take with them. Those with guilt hanging over them may see blood appear or something written in the grains that fall to the floor.

Many legends spring from this region. Stories tell of sleeping dragons, reclusive witches, and fairy gardens. Orc tribes were driven out of this region a thousand years ago, but small tribes still persist. In the Carnor Mountains dwell the **Drulukk**, in the Awnos Mountains the **Bagrak**. Elves from the kingdom

of the **Ulynar** rule the **Tredfut Forest**, but are on good terms with the court of Cerrulea. It is said that the ancient **Heathlinga** dwell in the Tredfut Forest, wild people who live at one with the land and who were the first humans to dwell here as far back as the Primordial Ages.

Faerdeep Valley lies on Kendor's eastern borders. It is wild and untamed and few dare to travel there. It is said that to be the realm of the **Faerie Queen Aradia**, who rules over a wild assortment of mystical creatures. Rangers who have ventured into the vale speak of a land of giant plants, talking trees, purple waterfalls, and toadstools as large as houses. The air there is filled with tiny faeries and underfoot there are nixies, pixies, grigs, and brownies. Those that venture in with ill intent are never heard from again. Only those of pure heart are safe, but even those are in jeopardy of falling under the faery spell and slumber for a year or more. The rangers of the **Band of the Even Star** know this region well and are friends of the fay as well as their protectors.

Isienth, an old copper dragon, makes her home far to the north in the Evermore Mountains. Known as Isienth the Wise, she has been a protector of upper Kendor for centuries. It was she who helped Travix the Moth-eaten rout the orcs of the Awnos Mountains four hundred years ago. None know the location of her lair, but those who seek her counsel may scale the high hill of **Adathorn** where a lone tall tree stands. If one hangs a gem of exceeding brightness and beauty, Isienth is likely to come.

The **Heathlinga** are a strange people who inhabit the forest lands around Cerrulea. Little is known about them, except that they are wild and venerate the name of the Great Hunter Wyrrin above all others. They dress in furs, mark their bodies in tattoos and blue pigment, and speak an unknown language. Some say they are the long-lost ancestors of the Volds who settled these lands in the Primordial Ages. They are one with the land and it is said they speak to trees and plants, causing them to twist and grow into strange and beautiful shapes. Another tradition says that each spring they choose their mates with a hunt. Women from their tribes chase down the young men who come of age, wrestling them to the ground and making them their husbands for the next year. Most agree it is wise to steer clear of the woods at springtime. Many a young lad has gone missing for a year or more and come back a broken man.

History:

Cerrulea has traditionally allied with the capital and with the town of Lyre which sits between the two. Cerrulea is also known to heed the call when towns to the west, such as Bastion and Pelham, come under attack from Plenish forces.

Customs:

Swintan folk are exceptional farmers and have cultivated their lands into the breadbasket of Treviland. They are considered a bit odd by anyone outside of their borders, for people here are friends to both Elf and Dwarf. All manner of strange creatures are said to live here between the Evermore Mountains and the Tredfut Forest. But the Swintans are curious and are avid explorers of the wild lands. Swintans are known for adorning their clothes with mistletoe. The colors green and red are often worked into their attire and decorations.

(Cerulea is Swintan in heritage)

(Swintan characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Profession: Farming, Knowledge: Herbalism, or Handle Animal)

Every spring the city holds a massive **Vernal Fest**. Maypoles and pavilions are erected, competitions held among the young men and women of the region to mark their passing to adulthood, and a grand tournament of knights. Music and dancing are accompanied by large spreads of food offered from people's gardens and home recipes. There is also the **Feast of Cups**. Merrymakers carry simple wooden cups which are filled with samples of the foods. It is considered back luck if a cup is empty, so the delicacies never seem to stop.

Every fall the farmers in the region gather in Cerulea for the **Straw Festival**. Large spreads of food are put out. Then effigies made by each household are brought to a field and erected in rows. The effigies represent the enemy armies of the past, fears of the community, or a host of other dreads held by the locals. At the height of the festival, the head priestess from the Cathedral marches out bearing the Fecund Flail and loudly utters prayers while lopping off the heads of the effigies to the cheers of the bystanders. Afterwards, children are sent in with wooden swords to finish off the maimed figures.





Novulum

Size: large city, population 25,000, guards / soldiers 250, militia 2250

Trade Goods: trade hub, steel, iron, wool, copper

Local Goods: Ashwine, Gloamhoney Mead

Standard: sign of the dragon

Colors: black and red (with red ribbon for Treviland)

Patron Deity: Belisama; Saint Tostig of the Cudgel

Ruler: Lord Alco Morley and his wife Sive Daughters Mona 16, Moira 14, Meave 10

Home: Carrack Castle

Steward: Teague Arasgain

Marshal: Parkin Cowan

House Priest: Lumin Alastair

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Ruadh Conlan

Captain of the Guard: Declan Sorley

Knights in Service:

Sir Parlan Blair

Sir Bruce Leenan

Sir Ulick Gillivray

Local Powers: Silver Moon Trade Company, Quiet Quills (thieves guild), Burke Brotherhood (assassin's guild), Cathedral of the Cudgel, Isernbrest (iron and steel guild), Epona House (chapter of the wool and weaver's guild in Bastion)

Local Sites: Pitchkettle Inn & Tavern, The Cracked Chalice Inn & Tavern, The Dancing Dryad (brothel)

Description:

Novulum is a masterpiece of Celedonian engineering. From its founding over a thousand years ago, the city was envisioned as the model from which the empire would rule the northern continent. Towering aqueducts converge here from the Terryllis River, their red stonework adorned with mascarons of a thousand different faces. Streets are paved with stones of a hundred different colors, each laid with absolute precision to form brilliant designs that tell the stories of Celedon. Stone columns and statues of ancient and masterful design support terraces from which ivy hangs and arched bridges span.

The people of Novulum consider their city's aesthetic beauty as validation of their roots in history and therefore their greatness. This is in spite of the city being much younger than most villages in Treviland. Regardless, they chafe at Trevilish traditions and have a more progressive philosophy. To the average

person from Novulum, they are the future of the west and have a destiny from on high. Many people find this overbearing, while other towns and villages are quick to appease the city for fear of reprisal.

Novulum govern the lands of **Culver**, which extend from the northern banks of Lake Holyoak in the north down to the coastline in the south, and from the Provender River in the west to the coastline of Nereida Bay up along the Terrylis River in the east. The lands were settled by the Culver tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Culvren have their own unique customs and cultural identity, but answer to the Trevilish banner.

The church of Novulum is powerful and holds enormous sway over the city. Statues of St. Tostig can be seen everywhere, his grim expression staring down disapprovingly with his cudgel held menacingly in his hand. Priests stroll the streets in their dark mantles, cudgels in hand, punishing any who the church finds out of line with seemly behavior. People here dress conservatively and in muted colors but in clothes cut in finer material than most.

Industry:

Novulum is an industrious city on the rise. Iron and steel works drive an engine of construction and arms. The expansive port opens up to the **Bay of Nereida** and commands westerly shipping lanes leading out to the **Ferrago Sea**. Across the waters is the Tirudoran city of Ibilis, Novulum's rival in these waters.

Epona Guild - The wool and weaver's guild of Bastion controls the wool market in Treviland. A chapter of the guild is based here, taking orders from Bastion on production, transport, and prices. **Johanna Fuller** is the head of the chapter here. Like most guild members, her loyalties to the local lord and lady are often at odds with orders from the guild. Likewise, she may occasionally work deals with merchants off the books, which can be dangerous.

While the city is not known for its cheer, there are a few beverages that some find thin comfort in: **Ashwine**: A thin, sour black wine steeped with burnt herbs and ashen woodchips. Served lukewarm in iron goblets during weekly penitence rites. Believed to "cleanse impure joy" and stain the tongue as a mark of humility.

Gloamhoney Mead: One of the few indulgences permitted—a smoky, fermented honey-mead laced with duskpetal and bark spice. Doled out in tiny portions during sermons celebrating divine sacrifice. Black-gold in color, with a bittersweet warmth.

Key Figures:

Lord Alco Morley

Lord Morley is an awkwardly tall man with long dark hair, pale skin, dark eyes, and a prodigious nose. His mouth sits at a crooked angle, his large lips appearing petulant. He dresses almost exclusively in shades of dark purple, a tribute to his late and doting mother. At his side he carries the **Toma Totalem**,

an ancient and mysterious book handed down by his ancestors that promises ultimate knowledge. Some consider it cursed, but the lord of Novulum consults it nightly and claims it has given him great visions.

Morley is aloof and cruel, pressing his subjects to be industrious, for he sees Novulum as the future power in the West. He works the eastern sea trade routes east to amass wealth and contacts. His iron and steel works have built up his armory and those of his allies. He has secretly secured alliances with **Wendspire** to the north as well as agents from **Tirudor** across the bay. And he currently works to buy the support of **Stonbrek** and **Milady**. Morley pays fealty to Illustrim, but in name only: he bides his time until he can find an opportunity to overthrow Illustrim and restore Novulum to the greatness promised to its founders.

The Isernbrest is the iron guild based in Novulum. It controls the mining and refinement of iron ore for all of Treviland as well as production of quality steel. The mines in Stonbrek are part of their network.

Arica Semain

Hailing from a long line of minor lords in Tirudor, Arica's house fell out of favor with the ruling powers a hundred years ago after a failed campaign in Erigoth. House Semain has suffered scorn and ill repute with the last three kings. Their banner of the marching hoof was removed from the hall of Colova by King Eduardin, sending Semain into near exile.

Arica is a striking beauty, her lustrous dark hair matched by penetrating eyes. An angular face frames bright red pouting lips. Her glare is hard and rarely shows warmth. She is quick to wrath when provoked. Her speech is loud and quick and heavily accented in Tirudoran but speaks Trevilish fluently.

Arica was pledged to Lord Morley when she was only six. Morley was busy with campaigns but planned ahead to wed her when she came of age so he could boast a young beauty for a bride. Arica's heart burns with hatred for the Trevilish, seeking to use her role as a lady of Treviland to subvert the region around Novulum and prepare for Tirudoran invasion to win power for her house. She uses her wiles to seduce men close to Morley and bring them under her control.

The **Silver Moon Trade Company** is a ruthless enterprise that seeks to disrupt the other merchant companies in the west. Following Morley's orders, they employ a company of cutthroat mercenaries to sink ships, pay off port authorities, steal shipments, and spread disinformation to sour the relations of other merchants they see as competition. Silver Moon vessels frequently find themselves at odds with the naval patrols out of Myridon who seek to carry out the king's justice. They are known by the sigil of the full moon.



The **Cathedral of the Cudgel** is a towering structure of dark stone, dazzlingly decorative tracery, and tall and narrow windows. The exterior is covered in grim reliefs of saints staring down in condemnation, above which are grotesque carved totems of gargoyles, demons, and other frightening creatures. Inside the lofty ceilings are covered in gold tiles, the floor is polished purpled marble. At the head of the cathedral sits a wide pit with a large fire always burning. Worshippers kneel before the great fire as liturgies are read. Each person is brought forth to stand before the fire. It is said those of pure heart have nothing to fear, but those of ill intent will see their shadow dance as if an evil spirit follows them. These are taken into the back and beaten to drive out the evil. Stories abound of evil spirits being released in this place but never leaving, trapped within the darkened walls or becoming one of the decorations outside.

The Cathedral is home to a dark priesthood order intent on spreading their doctrine throughout the kingdom. **Ambrose Prophete**, the head priest, looks down on the rest of the Trevilish church as weak and fallen from the purer faith. Suspected heretics are stolen away at night and tortured in the catacombs beneath the cathedral. Chancel priests dress in sinister black robes with red cudgels as their mark and their weapon. It is said they wield frightening powers over their enemies.

Local Lore:

The Speaking Mascarons: The faces in the mascarons adorning the aqueducts are said to carry the wisdom of the Celedonians who erected them. Each face is imbued with some scrap of lore that has long since been lost when Celedon fell. No one knows how to command the faces to talk: they randomly come to life, mostly at night and speaking to passersby. Scribes spend sleepless nights waiting by the aqueducts, scroll and quill in hand, waiting to write down what they say. One theory is that each face can sense when a person is of the right mind to hear what they have to say.

The Dauniger Hills are the dwelling place of the **Badaden** clan of hill giants. They are bitter rivals of the **Gogmagog** hill giants across the Skedwyn Valley in the Corbus Hills. The king of each clan carries the name of the tribe and is taller and more powerful than most hill giants. Each winter they come down from the hills to make war on one another in the valley. Often the war spills over into human settlements: farms are crushed with flying boulders, people taken and eaten as spoils, and entire herds

stolen for winter provisions. By spring the two tribes make peace, partially to combat the humans that launch assaults on them in reprisal.

History:

Over three thousand years ago the Celedon Empire marched across western Amadar, conquering every tribe in its way. When **General Aratus** entered the realm of the Treian tribes he recognized the potential of the land. He sacked the powerful city of **Eathra** (130 WA1), the site of present day **Illustrim**, because it was the seat of power among the tribes. When he moved on to the Bay of Nerieda he envisioned a new seat of power at the mouth of the **Terryllis River**. He commissioned great building projects and named the new city Novulum in 180 WA1, which implied the new start to the land. Ruins of the old Celedonian stronghold still stand where the mighty **Brontes Legion** once ruled over the land.

After the Celedonians left the Treian tribes warred constantly for power. Tradition-minded chieftains restored the power to the ruins of Eathra and built a glittering palace. They anointed the city Illustrim in 900 WA1. Power shifted west again. Novulum has never forgotten its former role and eagerly covets to wrest the power back.

Novulum has a shared history with its nearby neighbors of Ibilis and Wendspire. After many wars in which they fought side-by-side, they swear by a pact of friendship. The pact was celebrated by the three weapons of Gorgorak, general of the Orc armies from centuries ago. Of Gorgorak's spear, axe, and helmet, each now sits in one of the three cities. They are sometimes brought out of storage during diplomatic talks or feasts where any of the three cities are present.

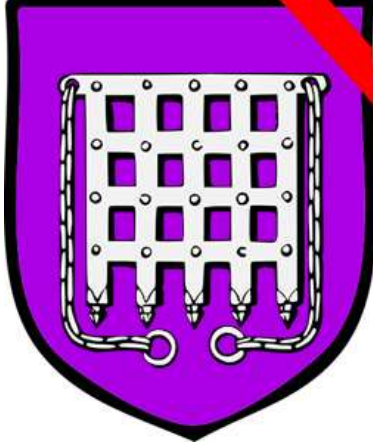
Customs:

The people of this region are Culvren folk, descended from the tribes that settled in and around the marshlands of the Wetflesh. Centuries ago, they were press-ganged by the invading Celedonians into draining the marshes and building a city from which the invaders could rule their new dominion. They learned much of engineering and architecture from their occupiers. Alas, they also inherited the Celedonians' ambitious drive and their sense of superiority. They can be an industrious people and clever, but they also have a reputation for being unscrupulous.

Like their swamp kin to the south, the Floshe, Culvren folk are smaller in stature and slight of build. They tend to be dark of hair and pale in complexion. Culvren are cunning people, prone to gossip and plotting schemes. They enjoy strange riddles and often cite obscure verse known only to them. Their clothing, like their disposition, tends to be dreary and colorless, running from black to light gray and featuring intricate geometric patterns. Culvren tend to carry finely-wrought charms that are in fact puzzles with two adjoining pieces. The pieces are often detached and one sent as a token that uniquely identifies its wearer.

(Culvren characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Bluff, Forgery, or Gather Information.)

The church of St. Tostig requires every person entering the city to wear the symbol of purity: a pendant of the cudgel. Simple lead pendants attached to lengths of leather are handed out at the gates as visitors enter, wooden ones to the peasants. Wearing them is compulsory. There are severe fines or worse for those caught without the pendants worn visibly.



Pelham

Size: large town, population 5,000, guards / soldiers 50, militia 250

Trade Goods: timber, furs

Local Goods: Mother Mercy (ale), Eymore Red (wine)

Standard: sign of the gate

Colors: purple and white (with red ribbon for Treviland)

Patron Deity: Scylden; Saint Cynebald of the Fire Flagon

Ruler: Nile Herlen and wife Flora

Son Radulf 17, daughter Fermin 13

Home: Hewer's Keep

Steward: Edgar Armisan

Marshal: Cynric Marcinel

House Priest: Lumin Harlin Smedley

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Widdard Storm

Captain of the Guard: Paxton Newell

Knights in Service:

- Sir Tomas Morgulot
- Sir Charles Winbow
- Sir Tate Palot
- Sir Bede Whittard
- Sir Edward Palaivere
- Sir Robert Flur
- Sir Ansley Abram
- Sir Artimus Carolaine
- Sir Denton Ransley
- Sir Richard Dinears

Local Powers: The Hard Hasps (thieves guild), Circle of Ennuit (order of druids), Chapel of Fire Flagon

Local Sites: Hare's Foot Inn & Tavern, The Brown Boggart Inn & Tavern, Dora's Dance Hall (brothel)

Description:

Adrift at the edge of the grassy plains are the horn-topped walls of a frontier town. The houses are handsome lodges of neatly-joined darkened logs, which the locals char and burnish then seal with linseed oil. Antlers adorn the doorways and luxurious furs and pelts decorate the homes. Hounds scamper through the hard-packed earth streets while the town folk work the lathes in the lumber yards.

Pelham is known as a town of adventure. It is a crossroads where knights meet to travel upriver to the Evermores and merchants cross into the lands of Kendor or west into Plenish lands. Many tales tell of the dangers of the nearby **Doxy Forest** and **Carnor Mountains** (and the fortunes to be had). The people

here are friendly and boisterous. They are used to strangers passing through and strike up conversations easily. Rangers and druids find a welcome home here, as half the town are hunters and the other half timbermen.

The town sits at the western border of the Kendor region and overlooks the river **Ivian** and the Plenish lands beyond. More than one war between Treviland and Plenia have begun and ended with battles in and around the town. Today it is a well-fortified town that trades peacefully with the Plenish.

Pelham governs the lands of **Wolder**, which extend from the lands just north of the Carnor Mountains in the north down to the Howling Hills in the south, and from the western banks of the Ivian River and the large rolling plains called the **West Wold** in the west to the western shores of Lake Eversong in the east. Bastion also lies within these lands and shares a cultural bond with Pelham, as they were both settled by Wolder tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Woldren, sometimes referred to as Wolderfolk, have their own unique customs and cultural identity, but answer to the Trevilish banner.

To the east lie the lands of Swinta and the small city of Cerrulea. The three settlements have forged strong ties, for while it is the people of the Wold who defend the kingdom's western borders, Cerrulea often always heeds their call for aid.

Industry:

Timber and furs are the mainstay of industry in this town on the plains. Farming is enough to feed the people but not enough to be an export unless requisitioned by the throne in times of war. Trappers and timber men are the chief laborers here. It is a modest town with little wealth to impress its neighbors.

Pelham is well allied with Cerrulea to the east, for it remembers the long tradition of the Blue City answering the call when Pelham needed aide. It is also very close to its twin town of Bastion, just down the river. Both of these border towns secretly send goods downriver to the rogue town of Slevvin where they know the residents will pay well for supplies that are shipped overseas or to equip pirate ships in need of provender.

Favorite local beverages include:

Eymore Red: A sharp, tart wine made from redcurrants and sun berries grown in plots out on the Great Sward. The drink honors the ancient Eymorean founders, often served in deep stone-carved goblets during feasts.

Mother Mercy: A bracing herbal pale ale made with heather, yarrow, and local rye. Light and slightly bitter. Customary for the healers to carry it into battle, for it's said to fortify the limbs of even a broken man.

Key Figures:

Lord Nile Herlen – curious, overly confident, charming, adventuresome, womanizer

Lord Herlen was the youngest of five and the only son to the former ruler of Pelham. To many he was a disappointment, often traveling afar instead of sitting at the feet of his tutors. At the age of fifteen he enlisted in the Plenish militia and traveled to the Friendless Fringes. He came back with a small fortune and many friends among the Plenish (and a few enemies among their daughters). With the town in his charge, Herlen is restless and eager to find new ways to face risk and greater reward.

Herlen is a short man of light build, with long blondish brown hair and mirthful eyes. His grin is both mischievous and disarming. He wears shirts spun in cloth of gold beneath a leather jerkin that still carries a few battle scars. He is fond of the ladies and never missing for company, but he is mostly interested in women from far-off lands.

Herlen is friendly with Cerrulea and knows from his father's accounts what a reliable ally they can be. He pays the proper respects to the throne in Illustrim but feels no real sense of responsibility for the kingdom. Though he is an adventurer at heart, he has grown to care for the lands of western Treviland and the welfare of his neighbors, including Bastion to the south.

The **Circle of Ennuit** is an ancient order of druids in this region. They are the reputed experts on the old ways of the land of Treviland and are consulted in dire times. They gather at a remote circle of stones of same name, calling on the old gods of nature. While the new gods have erected cathedrals in this land, the druids remember the ones who favored them in the dark times. Here, the god Wyrin is called upon on each special moon.

The druids commune regularly with the elves of **Omanarra** in the Doxy Forest, an outpost of the **Elven kingdom of Ulynar**. Occasionally they come in contact with the dwarves from the **Lonely Keep**, which is part of the **Dwarven kingdom of Demundra**. The people of Pelham are on good terms with both Dwarves and Elves and trade regularly with them.

Local Lore:

The **Chapel of Fire Flagon** is in fact a domed basilica built by the Celedonians over a thousand years ago. A long nave and twin towers were built onto it when the first bishop of Clesia reconsecrated this site. Now fieldstone walls make up a long barrel-vaulted nave and side aisles extending from the basilica. The cathedral is a mix of building styles and features mosaics along the outside in brilliant colors. Priests tend to the altar of the many cups, serving from sacred flagons. A large brewery sits to the rear of the church, which produces a heady ale used in worship. Visitors are invited to drink from the altar, choosing from any of one hundred and twenty-one cups. The number of cups honors the number of days the town held out in a siege by Plenia during the War of the Red Moons. It is said those of pure heart looking for courage here will find the one true cup, but others say the gods fill a man's mind and heart with what they need. The drink has even been known to offer visions.

Gremians, known abroad as gremlins, are a persistent problem in this region. Drifting down from the Carnor Mountains, they wreak havoc on well winches, farming tools, and military equipment in and around Pelham. Some say they originally settled in the **Carnor Mountains**, where they preyed on the

machinery of the Dwarves in the now-defunct colony of **Khundrukar**. A handful of gremian hunters work out of Pelham. They are crafty hunters and are not quite right in the head, but they seem to think like the gremians so they are tolerated. So far, they have been unsuccessful in wiping out the gremian scourge.

History:

The **Dwarves of Demundra** have long watched in disbelief at how often the town of Pelham came under attack during wars between the Trevilish and Plenish forces. Twelve hundred years ago they offered to help reinforce the town's walls in exchange for tokens of friendship. **Baron Geoffryd** spurned the offer, scoffing at the need for Dwarven aide. This soured relations for hundreds of years until eight hundred years ago a human ranger named **Masyn Elgan** heard of orc attacks on **Lonely Keep**. He rallied the men of Pelham, citing the shame brought on them by Geoffryd many years ago. Pelham mounted an attack on the rear of the Orc host, shattering their forces. The Dwarves of the Lonely Keep thanked them for the assistance and drank to renewed friendship. Soon after they came and reinforced the outer walls of Pelham with their strongest granite slabs. To this day the workmanship of Pelham's walls is impressive to behold and it has never been breached by an enemy force.

Customs:

The people of Pelham hail from the tribes known as the Woldren. Wolder folk are a rugged and pugnacious lot, having survived centuries of conflict with the neighboring Plenish. They are more reserved than their Wiclán kin, but they befriend any who prove worthy and are keen on codes of honor. They are devoted to their gods whom they believe protect them in war and who have chosen their people to be the protectors of the realm. Wolder Folk fashion is plain and practical, with a muted red worked in that transforms to bright red during war time or during celebrations. Every Wolder carries at least one weapon on their person at all times, with even the small children concealing a sling or a dagger. Their only adornment are their battle pins, wrought in brass, which are awarded even in peace time for training achievements. There are many pins in all shapes and sizes, most of which are a mystery to anyone not from this land.

(Wolder folk inhabit Pelham and Bastion)

(Wolder characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Intimidate, Knowledge: , or Knowledge: Warfare.)

Rolling of the Heads – Once each year the town folk gather at the keep, carrying balls made of various materials. A race is held where everyone kicks their balls down the winding steps and streets of the town. Each participant is expected to keep up with their own ball and finish the course just outside the western gate, where they kick their ball as hard as they can.

The festival commemorates the ouster of the Plenish conquerors who once held the town and their leaders beheaded. The balls represent the heads of the enemy and the kicking of the balls to the west signifies the people returning the heads to Plenía from whence they came. In addition to prizes for finishing the race first, a special prize is awarded to the one who kicks his or her ball the farthest. Stone markers stand in the fields to the west, marking where each year's winner kicked their ball.

Yeoman's Welcome:

Four times a year the towns people roll out a lavish feast and indulge in a series of athletic games. There are contest of axe throwing, archery, wrestling, log hewing, and pole climbing. Each of the contests begets a copper pendant of an axe, an arrow, a bear, a tree, or a bird, respectively. Town folk are proud of their yeoman's medals and they are quick to pull them out from under their tunic when boasts are made.

A customary saying:

When saying farewell to someone, Pelham folk often say "May your trail be clear and the hounds be swift." This is sometimes shortened when hoisting a drink to "Clear trails," which is answered with "Swift hounds!"



Bastion

Size: large town, population 5,000, guards / soldiers 50, militia 250

Trade Goods: grain, wool, textiles

Local Goods: Waller's Grit (beer), Wolder Milk

Standard: sign of the tower

Colors: brown and white (with red ribbon for Treviland)

Patron Deity: Taranis; Saint Birstan of the Endless Watch

Ruler: Martin Lucrous and wife Matielle

Daughter Griselda 7

Home: Thistle Keep

Steward: Abel Thacker

Marshal: Hadley Horn

House Priest: Lumin Marlow Odell

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Lucius Woolgar

Captain of the Guard: Darren Benbow

Knights in Service:

- Sir Redford Weston
- Sir Pierce Herlunt
- Sir Rigby Koy

Local Powers: Keen Blades (thieves guild), Chapel of the Endless Watch, Epona House (wool and weavers guild for all of Treviland)

Local Sites: Foyson House Inn & Tavern, The Shepherd's Daughter Inn & Tavern, The Wandering Mistress (brothel)

Description:

Straddling the great Ivian River, Bastion is a tumble of rugged stone walls with lower walls criss-crossing the interior at odd angles. Walls are everywhere, some of them even dividing older buildings down the middle. Signs of countless sieges still scar its exterior, giving the town a beleaguered look. Voices ring strangely against the many stone surfaces here. The inner walls of Bastion date back two thousand years, built with river stones by the **Eymoreans**. The second wall was built by the **Celedonians** when they moved eastward across **Amadar**. The third, outer wall was put in place two hundred years ago after repeated assaults by the Plenish proved it necessary. The areas between the walls are kept clear of huts to allow artillery against attackers, but plots for farming are permitted as long as there are no plants large enough to offer cover.

Bastion lies in the lands of **Wolder**, which extend from the lands just north of the Carnor Mountains in the north down to the Howling Hills in the south, and from the western banks of the Ivian River and the

large rolling plains called the **West Wold** in the west to the western shores of Lake Eversong in the east. Pelham to the north is Bastion's closest ally, as they were both settled by Wolder tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. To the east lie the lands of Swinta and the small city of Cerrulea. The three settlements have forged strong ties, for while it is the people of the Wold who defend the kingdom's western borders, Cerrulea often always heeds their call for aid.

Industry:

Bastion is called the **Woven Throne**, for it commands the textile industry in the kingdom. Flocks of sheep adorn the hillsides around Bastion. Expert weavers create lavish clothing and decorative tapestries.

Epona House trains the finest weavers and sets the standard for masterful woven goods. It is also the center of the powerful **Wool and Weavers Guild**, which controls the textile houses all over Treviland and the kingdom's exports. Chapters of the guild exist in every other town or city that works in wool.

Bastion and its sister town to the north, Pelham, share close ties as well as the Ivian waterway. Both secretly trade with the rogue town of Slevvin on the coast.

Though the town has a somber aspect, folk here still enjoy the simple pleasures. Here are some of the local refreshments:

Wolder Milk: A fermented sheep's milk drink lightly flavored with elderbark and wild fennel. More savory than sweet, this is a warming hearthside staple for cold seasons.

Waller's Grit: A strong dark ale fermented in sealed stone crocks inside the city walls. Thick, malty, and smoky, with an iron tinge from the brewing stones. It's said a pint of Grit can brace a soldier for a winter night on the wall.

Key Figures:

Lord Lucrous is a pale, thin wisp of a man and often mistaken for a large boy. He has pale skin, small eyes, and shoulder length reddish hair cut in a bob. He wears a worried expression most times, with his lips protruding outward when he is thinking. The servants jokingly refer to him as 'Lord Kissing Duck.' He wears only the fanciest of court clothes and is fond of foppish hats. He regularly shocks everyone in town with his extravagant clothing, which feature bright colors, gaudy jewels, puffy frills, and very tall hats.

Lucrous is a young and foolish ruler. Some consider him a pale reflection of his late father, who was a respected military commander. He is fond of drink and silly games and leaves the running of the town to his advisers. His one saving grace is his friendship to Lord Herlen of Pelham. The two grew up together as the sons of their respective towns' rulers and are like brothers. Herlen is constantly on him to get out of the castle and live life more fully, but Lucrous insists his advisers have warned him against it.

Hadley Horn, marshal of Bastion, is always wary of dangers to the town. An old soldier, he is always spoiling for a fight. He regularly takes a patrol of soldiers over the Ivian River and into the Great Southern Sward. While most are content with peace, Horn is eager to start trouble with the Plenish.

Local Lore:

The **Chapel of the Endless Watch** is a towering structure that was once the town keep. Its exterior walls are made up of odd-sized fieldstones from when it was first erected generations ago. Its roof is embattled, its stained-glass windows narrow. Softening its forbidding aspect, ivy covers the sides of the building and angelic statues look down from above. In its courtyard are more angels, each of them emblazoned with names of heroes almost forgotten. Within the building, floor mosaics and stained-glass windows tell the tales of the many wars the town has weathered. The tallest tower of the church is topped with a window gallery that can see out over the lands in every direction. Some say that on moonless nights a keen eye may spot the ghosts of sentinels past, pacing the ramparts and scanning the horizon for signs of the enemy.

One local legend of these lands is that of the **Habetrot**. She appears as an old woman, deformed with twisted mouths, who is but a harmless spirit born of an enchanted spinning wheel said to have magical powers. Those who persuade her to weave them a garment are said to be free of illness after wearing it. Habetrot is thought to steal any wool that is left unspun or unwoven at the end of the year. None know where she resides, but it is thought it is deep in the forest far outside of town. Oft times she will appear to young maidens when they are alone, eager to teach them the art of spinning.

History:

Bastion is a storied town, standing on the border of Plenia and Treviland. Many battles have been fought here as the town exchanged hands over the centuries. Its name bespeaks its role in history: always the stronghold that town folk flock to, and always the place of strength from which one kingdom or the other strikes. Old soldiers who once faced it describe it almost like a living thing, stubborn and spiteful. More soldiers by far have died on its walls than in all the battles on the Great Sward.

Customs:

The people of Bastion hail from the tribes known as the Woldren. Wolder folk are a rugged and pugnacious lot, having survived centuries of conflict with the neighboring Plenish. They are more reserved than their Wiclan kin, but they befriend any who prove worthy and are keen on codes of honor. They are devoted to their gods whom they believe protect them in war and who have chosen their people to be the protectors of the realm. Wolder Folk fashion is plain and practical, with a muted red worked in that transforms to bright red during war time or during celebrations. Every Wolder carries at least one weapon on their person at all times, with even the small children concealing a sling or a dagger. Their only adornment are their battle pins, wrought in brass, which are awarded even in peace time for training achievements. There are many pins in all shapes and sizes, most of which are a mystery to anyone not from this land.

(Wolder folk inhabit Pelham and Bastion)

(Wolder characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Intimidate, Knowledge: , or Knowledge: Warfare.)

Bastion is a farming town and peaceful when not caught in border wars. The people are friendly to travelers but wary of those with a Plenish accent. Festivals are regular affairs and revolve mostly around farming.

Horn Dance – On the last day of summer the town folk gather for the annual Horn Dance. A group of revelers emerges from the chapel in Bastion bearing carved reindeer horns which they carry about their shoulders and dance gaily. They are accompanied by a cast of familiar characters: a fool in motley, a person dressed as a horse who prances about trying to corral the reindeer, a child with a bow who shoots at the horse, and a maiden who leads the way. The procession, accompanied by musicians, walks for days along the Ivian River stopping at the villages where locals greet them with food and drink. This procession continues until they come to the chapel in Pelham. There they are greeted by the head priest and a great festival signals the end of the ritual. The tradition dates back hundreds of years to the Great Erobring, when the Norgardian invaders landed here and engaged in fertility rituals.

Weaver's Eve – Once each spring the weavers of Bastion are celebrated. Locals pack the town square to visit booths boasting masterful woven items. There are magnificent detailed works of art that the weavers work on all year for just this day. Food and music and casual tourneys between knights take place while storytellers weave tales of their own. An elaborate obstacle course is erected that can only be navigated quickly if one knows the patterns of the local weavers' techniques.

Wall-Clearing Day: Twice a year, every able-bodied citizen joins to clear brush, rubble, and new growth from between the walls. It is a civic and spiritual act, said to "wake the stones" and remind the people of their guardianship.



Myridon

Size: large city, population 25,000, guards / soldiers 250, militia 2250

Trade Goods: trade hub, clay, fishing, ship-building

Local Goods: master boat building, fishing, naval warfare, sea exploration, Kraken (rum)

Standard: mermaid

Colors: blue and green (with red ribbon for Treviland)

Patron Deity: Niskus; Saint Maerwynn (f) of the Following Seas

Ruler: Lord Nevan Proy and his wife Moreen

Sons Donnchad 17, Mellan 16, Eimear 14, Finlay 11

Daughters Ailis 13, Arline 9

Home: Castle Gullwyn

Steward: Darach Mellis

Marshal: Alaois Orchard

House Priest: Archlumin Garbhan

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Cavan Lagan

Captain of the Guard: Gilroy Corbett

Knights in Service:

Sir Chay Clambroch

Sir Gavin Master

Sir Kirk Leay

Sir Shane Duthie

Local Powers: Headwind Traders, Holy Priers (thieves guild), Nodens House of Shipwrights, The Vanguard (mercenary company), Cathedral of the Following Seas

Local Sites: The Hende Lady Inn & Tavern, Fore and Aft Inn & Tavern, The Broken Bed (brothel)

Description:

Myridon is a city that seems birthed by the sea. Sprawling up from the water's edge are a myriad of white buildings marbled in iridescent green and covered in ivy. Long piers of dark green stone stretch out from the coastline, walkways connecting them in a complex web that is almost a town to itself. The crystal-clear waters in the bay open to a stunning view below of preserved Celedonian pillars and masonry that decorate the ocean floor. **Castle Gullwyn** towers over the upper ward of the city, her towers decorated in coral decorations and flapping canvas pinions.

Out to sea, tall monolithic rock formations jut out of the waters for miles around. These are called the **Teeth of the Deep**. Only experienced sailors know the best route through the stones. Few hazard sailing into or out of Myridon during storms for fear of striking them. Some are so large that lighthouses and small fortifications have been built atop them.

Myridon governs the lands of **Brimmor**, which extend from the Ivian River where it is flanked by the Howling Hills in the north down to the southern coastline, and from the Yester River in the west to the Caerwyth River to the east. Slevvin also lies within these lands and shares a cultural bond with Myridon, as they were both settled by Brimmoran tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Brimmoran have their own unique customs and cultural identity, but answer to the Trevilish banner (at least, Myridon does).

Industry:

Myridon is Treviland's nautical juggernaut. The city is home to the **Nodens House** of Shipwrights, one of the two greatest producers of fighting and exploratory vessels in Amadar, the other being Saludar. To the west is the rival coastal city of Ataia, whose fleet number in the hundreds, but whose craftsmanship any Treian will tell you is lacking. She is also a major trade hub, nicknamed the **Emerald Port**. Her ships command the primary Ferrago Sea routes: the **Inner Via Maris** and the **Ewa** and **Norso Crossings**.

A favorite drink of sailors in these parts is **Kraken**: A spiced rum distilled with dried sea fennel, wild horseradish root, gorse flower, and (if handy) citrus peel. Served warm and strong in port or on voyages. Has a briny aftertaste and a warming kick.

Key Figures:

Baron Proy is a tall man, lean but strong. He has dark hair that he wears in a sailor's knot. His cold blue eyes seem to take in everything around him. His large hands bear scars from years at sea working the lines. In spite of the fine cut of his noble clothing, he insists on wearing sturdy boots bleached by salt. At his side he carries the enchanted sword **Arianoer**, or Cold Silver in the common tongue.

Proy rules the port city of Myridon with two hands: one dispensing rigorous levies on all trade passing through here, the other in fostering relations with Plenish and Tirudoran envoys. He is a man of exacting detail, proud of his stewardship of the city for the throne in Illustrim. He commands a third of the kingdom's navy and is eager to use it. An old sea dog and a master naval tactician, Proy secretly longs for the days past when navies did battle on the Ferrago sea. He often disappears without warning, commanding expeditions to hunt down privateer ships. There are rumors that missing Plenish and Tirudoran ships have met their end at Proy's hands, even in peace time. He is a patient and calculating tactician and has a thirst for battle.

Myridon tolerates the rogue town of **Slevvin** to the west but only as long as its activities don't interfere with the king's business. Disgruntled sailors from the Myridon navy are known to join up on crews in the Slevvin ports. Slevvin smugglers who are captured are branded with a snake-like letter 'S' and usually

hanged. Those that survive wear the mark as a sign of honor but are quick to hide it around Myridon sailors.

The pirate **Aylmer Holdforth** is a vile presence in the waters near here. His ship, the **Teran**, sails out of the **Isle of Sabina** and raids ships passing from the **Gulf of Meraud** to the **Ferrago Sea**. Baron Proy is keen to find and hang the pirate and ships who follow him. Some say that Holdforth is the one who gave Proy his ugly scar. Others say that Holdforth stole the **Map of Terrible Tides** from Proy years ago and uses it to evade capture.

Captain Aerin "Anlas" Gayle is the youngest man in the western kingdoms to command a ship. An orphan of a Trevlish sailor, he grew up in Slevvin learning the skills of a smuggler, a gambler, and a privateer. At the age of sixteen he charmed his way into his majesty's naval academy in Myridon. At eighteen he'd already hijacked a galleon and sunk a Plenish cog, returning a noble's errant daughter before being expelled. The years that followed saw him join the crews of three pirates, get cursed by a sea witch, earn a fortune in Farnaway, summarily lose the fortune, and eventually find himself in chains in Illustrim's dungeons. But Captain Hemash Pemmerton came calling one day. It was his niece the lad had rescued years before. He had Aerin freed and secured his own command aboard the newly christened galleon, the Goldemane. In the years that followed, Gayle has won a string of victories for Treviland, his reckless daring at sea concealing a prodigious tactical mind. He is a known scoundrel at court, but it has never kept him from being invited time and again to its royal balls. Women of the court blush at the sound of his name, the generals detest him, the nobles applaud him while hiding their fine jewels. Standing shorter than most men, his golden hair and blue eyes still earn him adulation. Baron Proy mumbles disagreeably about him in private, but knows he has a weapon in the dashing young captain and calls on him regularly. For Gayle, his service to the throne is amusing in light of his past, but he does his duty as long as it is good sport. At his side he carries his rapier, "Herrow," given to him by the Queen of Tirudor as a token of affection.

The **Headwind Trading Company** is a powerful presence in Myridon. Their ships are known by the sigil of the lady of favored winds. Their ships are the fastest of any private fleet in the west. They wage a bitter rivalry with the Heralds of Provender out of Illustrim.



Local Lore:

The **Cathedral of the Following Seas** is an enormous structure that appears to be emerging from the sea itself: low, thick walls are mortared with fieldstones mixed with seashells, the windows are tinted a light green, and the twin towers are decorated in coral-shaped tracery. The western end of the church, housing the chancery and altar, is built over the water, with under crofts descending into the waters. Behind the altar a large window frames the setting sun. Wide cisterns in the front of the church act as tidal basins, with outlets beneath them connected to the sea. On high holy days fish, crabs, sea turtles, and other creatures emerge from below. The priests are dressed in blue-green robes garlanded with sashes fashioned to resemble seaweed. Worshippers come to pray for fair weather and good news on the tide. They are welcome to wade into larger pools of seawater located near the altar.

The waters around Myridon are beset with a myriad of water menaces. Chief among them are the water caves along the coast that are home to **knuckers** or water dragons. These caves are often surrounded by mist. Knuckers emit a poison gas in addition to their sharp teeth and claws. They swim freely in the waters near the coastline but some inhabit ponds and other water holes further inland. They are keen to attack small fishing boats as well as cattle on the mainland.

The undersea caves beneath Myridon are many and deep. Some were once home to a merfolk kingdom. When the merpeople fled human aggression for the **Cliffs of Neverdorn**, some stayed behind. Merfolk live here still and appear regularly near the tall monoliths that project out from the sea off the coast.

Selkies are rumored to dwell in this area. These are beings capable of changing from seal to human form by shedding their skin. Stealing or hiding a selkie's skin traps them in human form. Many tales involve a human man (or occasionally woman) hiding the skin to force a selkie into marriage. However, once they find their skin—no matter how long it's been—selkies will always return to the sea, often leaving behind family and children.

History:

Myridon began as a large fishing village in the time of the Volds. The deep coves here teemed with life fed by the warm currents rolling in from the **Gulf of Meraud**. Such abundant and strange marine life drew the Volds to the sea where they made their lives.

But in the dawn of time the sea was its own kingdom: merfolk and leviathans of the deep were drawn to the coves. Tales tell of apocalyptic storms raging here, met by priests who fought to calm them. Mighty sea monsters came, destroying the settlements here time and again while being hunted by brave mariners. For some time even the creatures of the sea lived here in peace with the humans. But over time the merfolk fled their caverns deep within the coves and migrated to the **Cliffs of Neverdorn**. It is said that the **Teeth of the Deep**, the name given to the tall monoliths projecting up from the waters here, had their origin before recorded time. Some say the even the gods fought here for the love of a mermaid queen. Others say they were raised by Niskus as guardians of this place.

When the Celedonians invaded they marveled at the area's potential. They built up great sea breaks and piers extending farther out than the Volds could imagine. When Celedon collapsed the Trevilish

took what they had learned from their conquerors and built up a large navy. As their rival town of Slevvin fell into disarray, Myridon rose to power in this region.

Customs:

The people of Myridon hail from the Brimmor tribes who settled this region. Brimmoran folk are at home along the coast as well as in the wetlands around the banks of the Yester River. They are master ship builders and fishermen. They are recognizable from their bright blue stocking caps, which they decorate with family and religious emblems. They are fond of drink and song, and are a garrulous lot with loud voices. Brimmorans tend to make wild boasts, speak in tall tales, and pledge bombastic vows. Brimmoran attire features short breeches capped at the knees and intricate overlapping straps covering their lower legs. Women's skirts are tailored to be pinned up around the knees when needed, making them practical for working in and around water.

(Myridon and Slevvin are both Brimmoran in heritage)

(Brimmoran characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Profession: Sailing, Profession: Fishing, or Profession: Shipwright.)

Myridon has many nautical traditions.

Each spring the people load up a large ship with goods, usually an older one or one thought to be cursed. They festoon it with garlands of flowers and bright ribbon. The ship is set off to sea, while archers fire flaming arrows to ignite it. This is a sacrifice to the god **Niskus**, the god of the sea and patron of sailors.

There is also the **Vernal Regatta**, a ceremonial race of small craft from a launching point near the horn. The boats race to the finish line in Myridon where the victor is hailed **Duke of the Sea** for one year, an honorary title.

Dawn Bell Ceremony: Each morning, a bell is rung from a watchtower facing the harbor to “wake the tide”—a symbolic act inviting fair winds and safe sailings.

Saltwater Libations: Captains or dockhands pour a ladle of seawater at the pier’s edge and whisper a vow or thanks to the Sea Mother or local ocean deity.

Seaweed Wreaths: Hung on doorways for good luck, made fresh every few days from tide-wrack. A drying wreath is a sign of a sailor long absent or lost.

Superstitions and Sailor Beliefs

One must never name the sea aloud. She is “She” or “the Deep Lady.” Naming her directly is believed to invite storms.

Nails Must Face Aft: When repairing ships, it's bad luck to hammer a nail while facing the prow.

Silver in Your Boot: Sailors tuck a silver coin into their boot heel before sailing to pay the “drowned ferryman” should the worst happen.

Rope-Chanters: A sacred guild of rope-weavers recite sea-hymns while braiding cordage, believing their words bind wind-spells into the fibers.

Rituals for Departure

- The Keel-Kiss: Before casting off, every ship lowers a rope or plank for the captain to touch the sea with their fingertips or forehead. “Kissing the keel” to show humility before the waves.
- Harbor Chimes: Families and lovers attach seashell charms or small bells to the rigging before a long voyage. The chiming is thought to echo across the sea to keep the sailor safe.

Return Traditions

- White Pennants for the Living, Black for the Lost: Ships returning from long voyages fly colored flags to announce safe return or crew lost at sea. A ship may fly half-white, half-black if some perished.
- Harbor Fire Dance: A ritual held at night on the docks when a full crew returns after surviving a storm. Torches are lit, sea-spirits are thanked, and old nets are burned to cast off ill fate.



Lyre

Size: small city, population 12,000, guards / soldiers 120, militia 600

Trade Goods: wool, wine, textiles

Local Goods: fishing, water transport, musical arts

Standard: silver lyre harp

Colors: green and silver (with red ribbon for Treviland)

Patron Deity: Croian; Saint Oelfwine of the Canticle

Ruler: Lord Brogan Sivvian and his wife Myranna
Sons Pdraig 24, Flurry 18

Daughters Alastriona 21, Dana 16, Cait 8

Home: Castle Balladeer

Steward: Alan Coyne

Marshal: Mahon Hale

House Priest: Lumin Doyle Lomas

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Oisean Finnever

Captain of the Guard: Royce Kellar

Knights in Service:

Sir Niall Fowlis

Sir Osgar Gahan

Sir Sorley Cowan

Sir Manus Devane

Local Powers: Loot Players (thieves guild), Cathedral of the Canticle, Idlemay Vineyards, The Sardonic (bardic college), The Unseen Hand (cult), Epona House (chapter of the wool and weaver's guild in Bastion)

Local Sites: The Blue Nightingale Inn & Tavern, Banner and Bell Inn & Tavern, The Open Bailey (brothel)

Description:

In all the west, no place is quite as merry nor as enchanted with the magic of melody as the town of Lyre. It is an idyllic country town, sitting half on land and half on Lake Eversong. Wide wooden piers extend out into the water where stilt houses overlook boats paddling lazily down the water-streets between. In olden days large stone plinths were sunk into the lake and from them grew small towers. Situated at a promontory of land, the town is well defended the earthen causeway the only egress.

Lyre lies in the lands of **Hartha**, which extend from the northern banks of Lake Eversong in the north down to the coastline to the south, and from the Caerwyth River in the west to the Provender River in the east. Illustrim also lies within these lands and shares a cultural bond with Lyre, as they were both settled by Harthan tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Harthans have their own unique customs and cultural identity, but answer to the Trevilish banner.

The people here are industrious but simple compared to the cities along the coast. Travelers are regular here, but few stay for long. During the good times, the town flourishes on song and food and merriment. In darker times, when goblin tribes threaten it from the nearby Corbus Hills and the Comely Mountains, the town becomes a citadel on the water.

Few would count the lake people as valorous or particularly clever. But few would also suspect that the town's oral tradition contains more songs and stories than many libraries hold in their books. Even the most illiterate sheep farmer here can be counted to know an impressive array of history and legend. As the wizard Agringetorix once wrote, "Look to the hearts of the lake town when the courage of the west breaks: for from their song cavaliers rise from cowherds and anthems from their tavern songs. There is great knowledge held in the tavern halls of Lyre."

Industry:

Residents are expert boatmen and fishermen, plying their trade from the lake. Shepherds tend flocks along the banks of the Lyre where vineyards thrive. Expeditions are sent across the water or by land to the nearby **Comely Mountains** to the north for small mining operations.

Much of Lyre's commerce comes by way of cargo boats coming south from **Cerulea** on their way to **Illustrim**. Lyre is often credited as the supplier of the capital, though much of the grain comes from Cerulea originally. Lyre is steadfast allies with both cities. It is also steward of the farmlands south in the **Upper Treia** region.

Epona Guild - The wool and weaver's guild of Bastion controls the wool market in Treviland. A chapter of the guild is based here, taking orders from Bastion on production, transport, and prices. **Avelina Faucon** is the head of the chapter here. Like most guild members, her loyalties to the local lord and lady are often at odds with orders from the guild. Likewise, she may occasionally work deals with merchants off the books, which can be dangerous.

Idlemay is a brew house that produces the local drink **Rush-ale (or Lakebrew)** made from bulrushes, wild reeds, or lake grasses. It is sometimes mixed with wild barley, cattail pollen, or foraged fruits. Lake folk gather rush roots in late summer, dry and grind them into a coarse meal. The mash is boiled in large copper pots with water and sweet herbs (like meadowsweet or mint). It is allowed to cool and ferment in open crocks, covered with lake-netting to keep out bugs.

It is earthy, slightly sweet and grassy, with a murky appearance. Outsiders refer to it as "pondwater mead" or "frog beer." But it is a pleasing local favorite and is served at parties, weddings, and wakes.

Rush-Ale is served chilled in stoneware jugs or horn cups. Some rare batches glow faintly in moonlight and are said to reveal truths when sipped near water.

Key Figures:

Lord Sivvian is a stout, overweight man of average height. He has a prominent chin, rosy cheeks, a tussle of blonde hair going grey, and gleaming blue eyes. He is a jolly man with a large laugh. He is dressed like a country gentleman, with a plain frock and short pants with hose. On his feet he wears boatman's shoes, for he is not afraid of boarding every boat that makes port and talking up visitors.

Sivvian is a loyal vassal to **King Faintree** in Illustrim and holds with Cerrulea and the towns of the west. He is not a shrewd man, but he is earnest and a capable custodian of the farmlands of the Upper Treia region.

Sivvian's wife, **Myranna**, is an aloof and mysterious beauty. She is tall and slender, with long dark blonde hair that carries a tint of green. Her skin is as pale as milk and her eyes are a deep blue-green. Her eyes seem to be set slightly wider apart than is normal, giving her an otherworldly aspect. There are whispers at court that Myranna is of fey origin, having come from the lake or the woodlands around it.

Thingle is a simple human merchant but he's traveled the world and has many contacts in Darmidia. He tends to have items other merchants do not. If he doesn't have them then he can put his hands on them. He is an unscrupulous dealer of things, willing to break the law to make his fortune. He has contacts in the thief's guild in Lyre and most other towns and cities in Treviland. Thingle operates as a fence for the guilds and buys their friendship with good coin and no questions asked. He operates a plain shop on the main street of Lyre but this operates as a front for several rooms below the shop, one of which leads to a tunnel that lets out down river where boats can come and go unseen. Thingle has roots in Lyre, but his name is spoken in Plenios and Tirudor as well as across the sea to the south lands of Darmidia. He is a thin man, plainly but neatly dressed, of fair complexion with immaculately plaited braids in his dark beard. His gray eyes are narrow and watchful. He wears upon one hand a ring showing the seven cities of the Tarbian desert, a gift from a sultan there for his past dealings with the nomadic tribes.

The **Unseen Hand** is a cult operating out of the **Comely Mountains**. Thought to be a druid sect that turned to evil, its followers believe in eternal life through sacrifice to the underworld. Patrols out of Lyre regularly encounter carcasses and corpses staked out along the eastern banks of Eversong. Occasionally travelers go missing and are found later on sacrificial open-air altars. Unseen Hand followers are known to use a mysterious toxin that enslaves the mind and drive their victims mad. Some say this creates recruits for their fellowship.

Local Lore:

The **Cathedral of the Canticle** is a marvel to the eye of western worshippers. In contrast to a long nave with a tall ceiling, the cathedral is built wide and rounded and is paneled with special timbers to capture music and amplify it. Indeed, the entire structure is dedicated to worship in the form of music. The choir gallery is twice the size of that in Illustrim. Large banks of metallic tubes dominate one wall to form a massive organ. Instruments of many makes and sounds are played, including a rare claviorgan. Far above, a belfry holds a host of bells that play elaborate tunes. Bards who have never stepped within a church before travel leagues to play within this special place. Every priest is an accomplished vocalist or musician. It is said that the careful ear can hear the words of the divine in the chants and the notes of this place. At the head of the cathedral stands a tall metallic cylinder etched in old markings. This is the legendary **Chime of Passage**, reputed to transport the spirit of the faithful with a single strike by a trained priest.

Eversong Lake is home to water nymphs, some tied to the lake and some from the rivers that empty into it. Other creatures roam the forests including pixies and grigs. These are mostly kind-natured creatures but untrusting of humans and their ways. The water spirit **Melusine**, who appears as a mermaid, rules over the lake and all nymphs answer to her. It is worth noting that nymphs are fickle by nature, and prone to mischief or worse. Many foolish fishermen disappear to be thralls of the nyads, something Melusine tolerates to a degree. A statue to Melusine stands atop a rocky promontory at the center of the lake. On moonless nights it is said that Melusine appears and sings a haunting melody. Proverbs warn that evil men who sully the waters may well be met by the water nymphs and taken below.

To the east, the **Basin of Konsonas** sits atop the Comely Mountains. It is a perfect bowl-shaped depression that holds the supernatural power to capture and amplify sounds made at its center. For centuries it was used by bards and clerics to utter their songs and prayers in perfect harmony. Deep within the mountain, far below the basin, lies the ruins of the **Shrine of Konsonas** also called the **Hallowed Halls of Harmony**. It is the location of a powerful focal point in the world's magical lay lines buried in the ground.

The lake and its surrounding swamps are home to the **Ruskath** tribe of Saurians, known by their sign of the vertical slit-eye with three claw marks beneath. Far beneath the lake are the underwater caves of the Kuo-Toa tribe called the **Vorukh**, known by their sign of the lightning bolt in permanent black ink. The two are bitter enemies, with Saurians making regular trouble for fishermen, while the cultist Kuo-Toa keep to themselves mostly. Both hate and fear Melusine and her ilk.

The Corbus Hills are the dwelling place of the **Gogmagog** clan of hill giants. They are bitter rivals of the **Badaden** hill giants across the Skedwyn Valley in the Dauniger Hills. The king of each clan carries the name of the tribe and is taller and more powerful than most hill giants. Each winter they come down from the hills to make war on one another in the valley. Often the war spills over into human settlements: farms are crushed with flying boulders, people taken and eaten as spoils, and entire herds stolen for winter provisions. By spring the two tribes make peace, partially to combat the humans that launch assaults on them in reprisal.

Geelgrub Goblins prowl the northern and eastern edges of the lake. Most come from the **Comely Mountains**, where the tribe makes its home. Others, the face with bleeding eyes and agape mouth in from the **Howling Hills** and the **Corbus Hills**. On three separate accounts in history the town of Lyre has been razed by goblin or orc marauders.

History:

While most days are peaceful in Lyre, goblins from the Comely Mountains on the northern shores occasionally march out to harass the outlying farms. Three hundred years ago the hero **Muriel Dyneley** led a host of warriors to meet a massive army of goblins and hobgoblins that marched on the city. The flaming arrows of the goblins nigh well burned the cottages and piers down. But Muriel's magic horn, which created notes both sweet and terrible, rallied the soldiers of Lyre and struck such fear into the hearts of the goblin army that they were utterly destroyed. Muriel's horn, named **Assaxa**, is still held in the **Sardonic** to this day.

Customs:

The people of Lyre hail from the Harthan tribes who settled this region. Harthan folk are lake and river people and a merry lot. They have a rich oral and musical tradition and are fond of story-telling. They are natural diplomats and orators, with a long line of leaders of the Volds and Treians hailing from the Harthan tribes. They favor the color purple in their clothing, which often comprise of knee breeches, lacy shirts, and handsome vests. Each Harthan bears a curious nickname, which they were given at a young age for some noteworthy (or sometimes unflattering) exploit. They are also chronic gamblers and often show poor judgment, but they consider themselves lucky and often prove to be so.

(Lyre and Illustrim are both Harthan in heritage)

(Harthan characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Perform: Singing or Musical Instrument, Perform: Gambling, or Profession: Fishing.)

Lyre came by its name for the great songsmiths and musicians that come from here. Residents sing in a style unique to the region and many popular songs in the West can trace their origin to here. A famed bardic college, the **Sardonic**, was founded here hundreds of years ago by legendary bard, **Elric Buslingthorpe**. It is sought out by musicians from around the world. Storytelling is a fine art here, and it is said that one should avoid a Lyrean from recounting a tale or else one will lose the better part of a day or more to their silvered tongues.

The city of Lyre holds many festivals throughout the year. In the winter there is the **Tourney of Bards**, where musicians from all over compete for a silver harp. In the spring there is the **Casting of the Petals**, where flowers are strewn on the lake in honor of **Melusine** and her water nymphs. In the summer there is the **River Regatta**, where small boats row to the northern banks and back to see who is the swiftest. And in the fall, there is the **Baron's Harvest Feast**, where food and drink and music are aplenty for a week or longer.

The Feather-Casting: On select days the villagers pluck a downy feather (often from waterfowl) and cast it upon the lake's surface. If the feather drifts westward, it's a sign of peace and good trade. If it spins or sinks, something ill may be nearby. Children are taught to whisper their hopes into the feather before casting it.

Lake Offerings: Each new moon, a small dish of smoked fish, rushbread, and fermented lakebrew is left on a stone by the lake, an offering to Melusine the lake spirit. No one touches the offering once placed, and it is believed Melusine chooses who in the village will have good luck or prophetic dreams that month.

Net-Mending Chant: Fishing nets are never mended in silence—villagers sing rhythmic work-songs that mimic the lap of the lake. The chant is believed to “bind favor” into the net, ensuring that the catch is plentiful and no fisherman drowns.

Stone-Wading for the Dead: When someone dies, their kin wade waist-deep into the lake at dawn, carrying a smooth river stone engraved with the name of the deceased. They toss the stone as far as they can while whispering a farewell verse. This act is believed to carry the soul to the "Water Hall", the lake's underworld hall of ancestors.

Lake-Reed Rites: Reeds are sacred. Brides and warriors wear braided reed circlets to mark major life transitions. Reeds harvested at Midsummer are believed to ward off drowning if kept by the hearth.

The Drowning Silence: If the lake is unnaturally quiet, people will stop all work and whisper prayers. It is said that a barrow-king or lake spirit is passing below and must not be disturbed. Children are taught to never throw stones during such silences.

Washing and Purity: No soap is used when washing in the lake. Instead, locals scrub with marsh herbs or fish-scales, believing that man-made soap offends the lake. Women rinse their hair in the shallows during quarter moons to strengthen it “like woven net.”

Mistfire Evenings: On cold foggy nights when the lake mist creeps inland, households light "mistfires"—low, smoky fires with damp rushes and cedar bark—to "guide the spirits back to the barrows" and keep them from knocking at doors. Mistfire stories are shared around the hearth—often involving lake spirits, lost sailors, or whispering kelp-maidens.





Illustrim

Size: metropolis, population 50,000, guards / soldiers 500, militia 2500

Trade Goods: trade hub, grain, tea, magic center, livestock

Local Goods: seat of power in Treviland, naval forces, infantry forces, fishing, ship building, exploration, sale of goods coming downriver from Cerrulea and Lyre, Dockrake (liquor), Wallcap Bitter (ale)

Standard: radiant sun

Colors: red and gold

Patron Deity: Draiachta; Saint Brighid (f) of the Illumination

Ruler: King Cennyd Faintree and his wife Kayla (f)

Son Flann 18, Daughter Aislinn (f) 16

Home: Castle Riverstone

Steward: Earc Daly

Marshal: Sbaronas Roian

House Priest: Lumin Ryan Byrne

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Tuathal Sheehan

Captain of the Guard: Doyle Kavanagh

Knights in Service:

- Sir Finlay Roibert
- Sir Shane Lyons
- Sir Kiefer Suain
- Sir Lee Kumor
- Sir Wilfred Holt
- Sir Tyne Burchard
- Sir Feldaumor Quick
- Sir Hawthorne Clemons
- Sir Palmer Koy
- Sir Cody Alden

Local Powers: Heralds of Provender Trading Company, Footfells (thieves guild), High Cathedral of the Illumination, Orealta Sanctum (school of magic), Order of the Gauntlet (order of paladins)

Local Sites: The Goose Scrag Inn & Tavern, The Lazy Lion Inn & Tavern, Lady Diamond (brothel)

Description:

It is called the **Golden City of the West**. Tall steeples rise from behind elegant stone walls of dandelion yellow, chased in marble the color of corn silk. Cobblestone streets trace through a honeycomb of half-timber houses, each larger than the last, perched on terraced quarters rising from the sea up to Castle Riverstone at the top. The Cathedral of the Unseen Sun rises skyward to catch the daylight and shine like a beacon. It is a city of a hundred districts, the showcase of the finest culture in Treviland, and home to the most lucrative markets of the Ferrago Sea.

Illustrim governs the lands of **Hartha** and from it, the kingdom. Hartha extends from the northern banks of Lake Eversong in the north down to the coastline to the south, and from the Caerwyth River in the west to the Provender River in the east. Lyre also lies within these lands, and shares a cultural bond with Illustrim. Both settled by Harthan tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Harthans have their own unique customs and cultural identity, but even here they pledge they are Trevilish first.

Nestled between the **Rivers Unguin** and **Provender**, Illustrim is well defended along the waterways. Her high walls are guarded by a host of artillery, infantry, and war ships anchored in the massive harbor at the mouth of the Unguin River. Red banners bearing the Sun and Sword fly prominently as an inspiration to Trevilish folk that their kingdom is strong. Life is hectic here, with visitors and merchants and emissaries feeding a constant stream of people crowding the streets. But, as in all large cities, finery gives way to wretched poverty in the darker districts and it is a breeding ground for crime.

Industry:

Illustrim is swimming in wealth. The **Heralds of Provender** trading company drive hard bargains from the wily merchants of Darmiddia far across the Ferrago Sea. The Church of Clesia and her arch-lumin command the faithful from a powerful stronghold in the Cathedral of the Unseen Sun. Money, religion, and politics are all played at high levels in Illustrim as power in the west is decided by many players. All manner of goods is traded here. Chief among them are textiles native to this land, with the Weavers Guild controlling their supply and export.

Illustrim tends to import the finest spirits, but in the slums of Illustrim, the beverages are less welcoming:

Dockrake: A cheap, briny liquor made by soaking barley mash with dried sea lettuce. Tastes of salt, woodsmoke, and regret. It is often diluted with river water to make it go farther.

Wallcap Bitter: A strong, dark ale brewed from stale grains, leftover apples, and mushrooms growing on the old walls. Earthy and pungent, with a gritty finish. "Puts stone in your bones."

Key Figures:

King Faintree is a stately, regal man. He is tall, with high cheekbones and a strong chin. His long gray hair curls near his shoulders and his thin beard is perfectly shaped as if from a painting. His pale grey eyes are casually wise and simultaneously mirthful. He speaks with a soft and even voice, which drifts into a low rumble when his temper is up. He idly wears open shirts like some would throw on sleep wear,

though gilded brocade trimmed in ermine. His air is casual, for power and wealth have long since worn off their luster for him. He believes he is his own man and grows impatient with servants making a fuss over him. At his side he carries Luxorum, the hereditary blade of his house. It is said to be a fearsome weapon of old, possessing the power of searing rays of sunlight.

Faintree has continued the reign of the last five generations of his house. He has kept the lands south of the mountains united under one banner in spite of machinations by Novulum to upend the order of power. He is cautious, but open, receiving envoys from Erigoth and Tirudor. Plenía, an ancient enemy, is not welcome in these lands. Though they remain well beyond the Great Sward, they are never to be discounted. Meanwhile, Faintree is fond of jests at their expense and is known to send Arrione strange gifts of cheap wares.

The king is wary of Lord Morley in the east, for Novulum was once the seat of Treviland's power when the Celedon Empire invaded and relocated the throne to their newly built city. Faintree is keen to avoid being baited by Morley into decisions that would split the kingdom. He has rewarded the friendship of the Wolderfolk and the river lords of Cerrulea and Lyre who supply his city with resources. Myridon, he has kept close by saluting Proy's achievements and granting him open license to police the seas. Knowing he has no friends in Stonbrek, the king has invested heavily in loyal soldiers to keep the mines under his control.

The Order of the Gauntlet – The knights of the Gauntlet are proud and haughty, most hailing from highborn families and knowing little of charity. Gauntlet knights are charged with protecting the kingdom, but are more concerned with glory than with aiding the weak. Riding in glittering armor with their red capes, they are indeed an impressive sight. Any quests commissioned by the high church that concern the kingdom are handed to the Gauntlet Order first. Those that they deem beneath them are sent on to the Orders of the Kestrel and Heavenly Host.

The **Heralds of Provender** are a well-financed and well-connected mercantile house that enjoys the favor of the throne. They are unscrupulous in their business practices, allegedly boarding and sinking the boats of their competitors in Myridon: the Headwind Trading Company. They are known by their sigil of the crossed trumpets.



Local Lore:

The **High Cathedral of the Illumination** is one of the three most extravagant houses of worship in the west, rivaled only by the Cathedral of the Severed Sword in Arrione and the Madrugada Cathedral in Colova. Illustrim's cathedral boasts an enormous structure with a lofty ceiling decorated in sparkling gems, floors paved in gold tiles, and amber tinted windows that fill the interior with a golden light. The statue of St. Brighid looms over the place, her arms outstretched in welcome as her eyes peer heavenward. Warmth emanates from Brighid's bosom where the legendary stone, the **Eye of Clesia**, hangs from a heavy chain. Priests here consider their cathedral the home of the Clesian faith and take pride in attracting many worshippers who once made the pilgrimage to the city of Indirron far to the east and actual seat of power for the world faith. This has caused more than a little tension between Treviland and the Isle of Indirron.

The river lands around Illustrim are rolling pastures dotted by ancient burial mounds and gullies where the sunlight never reaches. These are the lairs of wights and other fell creatures that stalk the plains in the moonlight. Here too are many sites of ancient battle fields where lie the remains of countless slain warriors. It is not uncommon for necromancers to plunder these sites to recruit gruesome soldiers for their causes.

History:

In 591 AA1 Chaldrik, chieftain of the Eymor tribes, was crowned its first king in the village of Eathra. Eathra was razed by the Celedonians to break the spirits of the Eymor and move the seat of power to the new city of Novulum. But in 792 WA1 Harald Trevin of Hartha united the tribes of Brimmor, Hartha, and Wolder to defeat the Celedonians outside the ruins of Eathra. They liberated the Harthan lands. Harald rebuilt Eathra and renamed it Illustrim.

Customs:

Residents of Illustrim are a busy lot. They tend to speak quickly and with shortened forms of older words. They walk quickly and tend to avoid eye contact. Those who idle in the streets may be elbowed for being in the way. Travelers who gawk at architecture or stare at guards may be mistaken for thieves, spies, or bumpkins.

Illustrim is home to a wide variety of people from every Trevilish tribe as well as people from abroad. But among the commoners who trace their ancestry back a long way, these hail from Harthan tribes who settled this region. Harthan folk hail from lake and river people and are a merry lot. They have a rich oral and musical tradition and are fond of story-telling. They are natural diplomats and orators, with a long line of leaders of the Volds and Treians hailing from the Harthan tribes. They favor the color purple in their clothing, which often comprise of knee breeches, lacy shirts, and handsome vests. Each Harthan bears a curious nickname, which they were given at a young age for some noteworthy (or sometimes unflattering) exploit. They are also chronic gamblers and often show poor judgment, but they consider themselves lucky and often prove to be so.

(Lyre and Illustrim are both Harthan in heritage)

(Harthan characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Perform: Singing or Musical Instrument, Perform: Gambling, or Profession: Fishing.)

The Giant Hunt: Once each year the king in Illustrim joins forces with the lord of Novulum in an annual campaign into the **Skedwyn Valley**. Hill giants from the Dauniger Hills have long troubled these lands. The campaign is as much to strengthen the bond between the two cities as it is to keep the giants in check. A great festival in Illustrim marks the departure of the king and his retinue as well as their victorious return.

The Binding of the Gates: Once a year, on the anniversary of the city's liberation from Celedon, the main city gates are bound shut with chains and then ceremonially broken by the King. The chains are cast into the river or harbor as a symbol of continued freedom. Children carry mock chains of reeds and stomp them into the dust in the streets.

The Law-Swearing at Sunstead: Every Sunstead (summer solstice), nobles, merchants, and guild leaders are led by the arch-lumin from the cathedral to the old moot-hall. There, they swear loyalty to the city's laws and the throne. The book of laws bound in wyvern leather is kissed, and oaths are made over a bronze sword said to have belonged to the last Vold chieftain.

The Counting Hour: At sunset, bells ring across the merchant quarters signaling "Counting Hour," when shopkeepers count coin, balance ledgers, and offer a coin to the shrine of Draiachta. It's said that those who skip the ritual will find silver turned to tin by morning.

Bread-rolling for the Wurm: At harvest festivals, loaves of bread are rolled down the central avenue toward the old river wall. This is an echo of an older rite meant to feed the sleeping earth-drake beneath the city who "slumbers on a bed of clay and gold." The Guild of Bakers claims responsibility for keeping the wurm asleep.





Slevvin

Size: large town, population 5,000, guards / soldiers 50, militia 250

Trade Goods: dyes, clay

Local Goods: smuggling, piracy, black market, Blacktongue Rum, Hagsweat (moonshine)

Standard: sign of the serpent

Colors: none

Patron Deity: Wyrrin; Saint Hethin the Apostate

Ruler: Kesan Dorean and his wife Naomh

Sons Padraig 24, Bryon 18

Daughters Alastriona 21, Dana 16, Cait 8

Home: Dour Tower

Steward: Alan Coyne

Marshal: Mahon Hale

House Priest: Lumin Doyle Lomas

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Oisean Finnever

Captain of the Guard: Royid Kellar

Knights in Service:

Sir Niall Fowlis

Sir Osgar Gahan

Sir Sorley Cowan

Sir Manus Devane

Local Powers: Turnkeys (thieves guild), Lords of Barley (smuggling ring), Reaper House (casino)

Local Sites: The Happy Munuc Inn & Tavern, The Topaz Inn & Tavern, Turgid Tower (brothel)

Description:

Shrouded on all sides by the murk of **Dankmire Swamp** is a tumble of wooden structures blackened with pitch, moss dangling from their eaves. The ramshackle structures sit perched atop wooden pilings, rope bridges criss-crossing one above the other. Floating piers stretch out from beneath their shadowed under carriage. A gaggle of canoes, rowboats, and barges sit in silent regard all around.

Slevvin is a rogue town overlooking **Buckler Bay**. It is a honeycomb of slums, taverns, gambling houses, brothels, fight pits, and thieves' dens. Music drifts out of open windows, accompanying a never-ending symphony of laughter, curses, oaths, and moans. To civilized folk this would be the epitome of hell. To cutthroats and the lawless this is paradise.

Slevvin lies just outside the lands of **Brimmor**. Its natives, the few who aren't just passing through, share a cultural bond with Myridon. They were both settled by Brimmoran tribes after the ouster of Celedonian occupation in the First Written Age. The Brimmoran have their own unique customs and cultural identity, but answer to the Trevilish banner (at least, Myridon does).

Long ago, escaped slaves from the Celedon occupation found their way to the coast and hid in the swamps. A makeshift camp evolved. Over the centuries, pirates, smugglers, and thieves found refuge here and the camp grew. Robber barons came and went, each of them taking charge over the work even as they took their own slice of the profits. Today the place is sacred to outlaws just as it is also one of the most dangerous places in Western Amadar. The throne gave up trying to control it long ago. Darmiddian merchants often make use of it for smuggling. Landed lords often hire mercenaries who are mustered in and around the place.

Industry:

Reaper House is a famous and profitable gambling den. Pirates from all over the world have heard of the place and look to try their fortunes there. Decorated with the filched fixtures of royal courts from all over, the place is styled like a luxurious ballroom. Servants wait on visitors in mismatched elegant livery, serving pirate swill in crystal goblets. Every visitor is treated like a king, but most leave with lighter pockets. There are few gambling houses more talented at cheating, and it is common for blood to be spilled when arguments break out. It is a dangerous place, for all its allure.

What drink can be had here is usually commandeered from abroad. When that runs dry, there are a few local concoctions unlikely to be served anywhere else:

Blacktongue Rum: A murky black molasses rum spiked with bark vinegar and laced with stolen spices. Leaves the drinker's tongue stained dark and their breath reeking of rotgut and cloves.

Hagsweat: Crystal-clear swamp moonshine, sometimes cut with fermented citrus rind and a touch of honeyed lichen. Served chilled in glass phials or repurposed potion vials. Just the thing to steel your courage, but enough of it will make you go blind.

Key Figures:

Kesan Dorean is a lightly built man, tall and thin with a pale complexion. His long dark hair he wears up, fastened and decorated by exotic-looking implements from around the world. His moustache has grown exceedingly long, giving him the appearance of a soothsayer from Xiandai. His bright green eyes carry equal parts mirth and menace from behind darkened eyelids. He wears a loose-fitting jacket and shirt, along with dark trousers which he rolls up to his knees in sailor fashion when at sea. On each finger rests a gawdy ring, each one a different precious stone. At his side are his two short rapiers, **Besa** and **Mata** ("kiss and kill" in Tirudoran), which are rumored to have been worn by every baron of Slevvin since the town's creation.

Dorean is himself a retired pirate and rules the town as the latest in a long line of Thief-Barons. He knows every face that passes through this place and marks them in the **Slevvin Ledger**, which has been kept since the town's inception. A charming rascal, Dorean is always working out schemes for any rogue

willing to serve him. He has his hands in every game in town, including the **Lords of Barley** which is his personal smuggling ring. He is a clever leader and cautious of others seeking to take his seat. He is protected by his personal guard, the **Order of the Adder**, who are marked by a dark serpent tattooed on both forearms.

Local Lore:

Slevvin sits at the mouth of the **River Morrow**. Sailors prefer the approach by sea rather than venture into the swamp, but a handful of guides know the ways through it. It is rumored that travelling by either the River Morrow or its sister river the **Yester** at full moon will curse travelers who are never seen again. Others say the rivers themselves are waterways into ages past or those yet to come.

The Revenant Tree – A trail leading into the swamps ends in a dark and gnarled tree, its boughs stretching wide in a menacing stance. Something about the tree feels sick, twisted, angry. But also, powerful. Overhead, a thousand or more drinking jugs hang from the limbs. A careful eye will see not a one of them is corked, and a strange ichor seems to leak down the branches and into the jugs. These are called the **Reaper Jugs**, left here by folk to drink now from the tree.

It is said that any who drink a full measure of the special spirit and leave their jug can have the town's priest (after a fashion) say words over the jug and hand them the cork. If that person ever be slain anywhere in the world and his body returned, the cork can be exchanged with the tree and the jug poured into the corpse's mouth. The corpse will come to life, burning with the living hate of the tree, and be made to walk again but only for one purpose: vengeance against whoever was their end. Now it need not be the exact person, I've heard – but the one ultimately responsible, even if they didn't do the deed themselves. But that revenant will walk the world for as long as it takes to complete the task and, if they succeed in exacting their revenge, the body goes lifeless in an instant, the job complete. Well, that's the legend, leastways.

The Dankmire is filled with unspeakable horrors. The area is choked by vegetation and a welcome hiding place for hags and witches. Other creatures of old, such as shellycoats and grindylows, prey on unwary travelers. Tribes of Saurians control large sections of the swamp, naming it their own kingdom. Chief among them is **Uszrux the Lidless**, a savage warlord with flaming orange skin. He carries an infamous poisoned harpoon and rides a giant crocodile the locals call **Dethroll**. His tribe, the **Khusk**, rule all of Dankmire north of the Morrow River and are terrors of the Great Southern Sward. They are known by their sign of the alligator jaws. Uszrux tolerates Slevvin partially because the town is formidable but also because Dorean sends him regular tribute in the form of live food on two legs.

The southern Dankmire reaches are home to **Oghiniam**, a ferocious black dragon. Also known as **Oghiniam the Wretched**, he has terrorized the countryside as far as Myridon and was once responsible for devouring an entire caravan of envoys from Plenja. It is said that Oghiniam strikes deals with those with enough gold to employ his service, but he is devious as well as terrifying and isn't above turning on his allies.

A strange creature that dwells in these parts is the **Sigil Slug**. These tiny creatures are harmless, but have the mysterious habit of crawling across living skin and leaving a lasting mark similar to a tattoo. Left to their devices, a Sigil Slug somehow draws out arcane symbols and glyphs in a language lost to knowledge. A few shamans who dwell in Slevvin still understand the language and, when consulted, have revealed that the symbols are portents of the future. Many a resident of Slevvin awakens to find a Sigil Slug's mark on them. Typically, a person will only receive one of these marks in their lifetime, but in rare cases two or more may appear. A very few regulars of Slevvin have their entire bodies covered in the marks and tend to have strange powers, either as a result or perhaps as a sign.

History:

It is rumored that many years ago the pirate **Griffin Fogg**, terror of the Ferrago Sea, led an expedition into the Dankmire and set up camp somewhere within the swamp. There he buried his massive treasure. But some say he and all his crew were cursed by the spirits of the swamp and slowly turned into creatures of the plant and muck itself. Stories told in Slevvin taverns speak of grotesque figures dressed in old sailor garb wandering the Dankmire, either guarding the treasure or seeking it.

Customs:

The people of Slevvin hail from the Brimmor tribes who settled this region. Brimmoran folk are at home along the coast as well as in the wetlands around the banks of the Yester River. They are master ship builders and fishermen. They are recognizable from their bright blue stocking caps, which they decorate with family and religious emblems. They are fond of drink and song, and are a garrulous lot with loud voices. Brimmorans tend to make wild boasts, speak in tall tales, and pledge bombastic vows. Brimmoran attire features short breeches capped at the knees and intricate overlapping straps covering their lower legs. Women's skirts are tailored to be pinned up around the knees when needed, making them practical for working in and around water.

(Myridon and Slevvin are both Brimmoran in heritage)

(Brimmoran characters get 10 ranks in one of the following skills: Profession: Sailing, Profession: Fishing, or Profession: Shipwright.)

The denizens of Slevvin are a mixed and myriad lot, many of them hailing from the various Trevlish tribes or even from lands abroad. But for the poorest residents who can trace their ancestry back longer than most, these hail from the Brimmor tribes who settled the coastline and rivers of this region. Brimmoran folk are at home along the coast as well as in the wetlands around the banks of the Yester River. They are master ship builders and fishermen. They are recognizable from their red stocking caps, which they decorate with family and religious emblems.

An early code dictated a "**portion o' fortune**" be paid by any who dropped anchor or did business here, owing to the upkeep and development of the place. The custom remains to this day. Any traveler who sets foot in Slevvin is levied a tax.





Shyberry

Size: small town, population 2,000, guards / soldiers 20, militia 100

Trade Goods: religious center, wine

Local Goods: ale, pipe weed, Elation plum wine, Brownback Ale, Snorri's Port, Farmer Seamus' smoked hams, Hearthhill apple pies, Brumblebank stew, Sogbottom, Long Leaf, Laughing Crone, and Follyfae

Standard: tree with many roots

Colors: green and red

Patron Deity: Yondalla, goddess of the halflings

Ruler: Fredegar Frockling and his wife Abigail

Sons Walaric, Fulvus; Daughters Ingridrude, Joveta, Elanor

Home: Thornburrrow Keep

Steward: Burchard Hayward

Marshal: Berthaire Whitbottom

House Priest: Theobald of the Sacred Sling

House Adviser (Scholar/Mage/etc): Basina the Clever

Captain of the Guard: Arnoul Langham

Warriors in Service:

Ansegar Burrows

Leuthard Dewfoot

Lamorac Hogpen

Fulvus Tunnelly

Local Powers: High Cathedral of Yondalla (world seat of power for Church of Yondalla), Last Tumblers (thieves guild), House of Elation (abbey and distillery), Silversnuff (tobacconist)

Local Sites: Hither Thither Inn & Tavern, The Wishing Well Inn & Tavern

Description:

At the very southern end of the **Howling Hills**, tucked away where no one can see it, is an unlikely place. Just through a gap in the hummocks is a path leading to a shallow valley, where little doors dot the brows of the grassy mounds all around. Tilled plots of earth lie between foot paths winding here and there, with short rustic figures making their way at a leisurely pace. The smell of bread baking mingles with that of blossoming trees. Singing can be heard on the wind, simple words that are oft sung out of tune.

Shyberry is the largest Halfling settlement in the west. Which is saying something, as little folk aren't keen on cities. They barely tolerate more than a few dozen of their own kind. But, back at its founding, a headstrong Halfling named Hagen Heelfist sheltered his people here from goblins out of the Corbus

Hills. Eventually, as Halflings are wont to say, more people just kept showing up for dinner. Today, Shyberry is considered the capital of Halfling culture and religion. Most folk keep to themselves, but are friendly with those who pass through if they seem harmless. Homely inns have been erected on the outskirts of the town to accommodate visitors, but far enough away to keep them at a distance. Friendly wardens casually invite themselves to walk with strangers and escort them around if they wander from the inns.

The Halflings have made a comfortable home here in the valley. Visitors are rare. **Basina the Clever**, the court mage and illusionist, maintains illusionary spells all around the countryside to keep troublemakers away. For those visitors that are expected, a hummingbird will come to meet them on the road. If they know the password, the hummingbird leads them to the town's gates.

Shyberry sits between the lands of Brimmor, Wolder, and Hartha, but the halflings hold allegiance to no banner except their own. The town is mostly forgotten by everyone and is almost impossible to find by anyone but other Halflings.

Industry:

House of Elation - The priests of Yondalla brew a heady plum wine called **Elation** by its locals. It is popular enough it is barreled and taken to markets in Illustrim, where it has a following in pubs throughout Treviland. They also produce **Brownback Ale** and **Snorri's Port**, which are harder to find outside of Shyberry.

Silversnuff is a family-owned tobacco house, offering a wide range of pipe weed that is popular throughout Treviland. In fact, the industry has brought in quite a lot of coin to the town from human merchants. The most popular blends are **Sogbottom**, which is rich but overpowering, **Longleaf**, which is cleaner and more widely used, and **Old King Brag's**, which has a pleasant scent to it but is a bit pricey. On occasion one can find Halflings enjoying **Laughing Crone Leaf**, which dulls the senses and evokes great merriment. Some say there is a leaf called **Follyfae**, which is rumored to have strange effects on the mind. The problem with Follyfae that no one seems to know where they got it after they've recovered!

Other local fare includes Farmer Seamus' smoked hams, the storied Hearthhill apple pies, and Brumblebank stew which is made on the regular.

Key Figures:

Mayor Frockling is a roly-poly, jolly fellow. He has curly red hair that is mostly gone except around his ears, rosy cheeks, and bright green eyes that twinkle with mischief. He is normally dressed in a gentleman's waistcoat and short trousers, his pipe held to his lips so he looks like he's thinking of something wise. He strolls the town daily, making sure he talks to everyone: from the goat herder to the washer women to the sleepy guard at the gate. Frockling is a fast talker and always looking to recruit his town folk into his latest ideas. Currently he is hiding a secret garden of radishes that he is convinced are

touched by magic and will end up being a big seller. Unfortunately, the radishes have taken on strange properties and Frockling keeps having to sneak off to get the garden and its offspring under control.

Lady Abigail is an industrious woman who endlessly fusses over the state of the town and its folk. She is a broad-shouldered woman with curly brown hair that is always trying to escape from her bonnet. She wears an apron about her waist in spite of being the mayor's wife and is seldom cooking in her own house. She has a high, shrill voice that can be heard throughout the town and uses it to sweetly pester every resident about the jobs they are doing.

Theobald, the town's head priest, is often away on one of his walks. He fancies a flask of Elation and is pleasantly pickled most of the time. An older Halfling, his white hair has grown long in the back and his skin is a ruddy brown from being out of doors more than in the church. He is a friendly fellow and ready with a blessing and a sage piece of advice.

Local Lore:

Redcaps are tiny figures who menace the countryside. They are mean little cusses, who look to draw blood which they use to soak their hats and give them their red color. In halfling fairy tales, redcaps are said to be former halflings that were cursed as punishment for betrayal.

On the far side of the Howling Hills dwells a brass dragon by the name of **Eoldru the Lore Beast**. Eoldru is a secretive creature, almost impossible to find. But he regularly makes unannounced visits to halfling farms where he enjoys days-long conversations with anyone who will listen. Eoldru is an avid collector of stories and poems and can recite from memory entire digests of history. It is said his treasure trove is fuller of books and scrolls than it is of gold or gems. Wizards and other scholars occasionally make pilgrimages into the Howling Hills seeking an audience with the dragon and access to his library. More often than not, they are met with Eoldru's insistence that he knows all his material by heart and he will be happy to recite it, whatever it is the person is looking for.

History:

210 WA2 - Hagen Heelfist, chieftain of a loose band of halflings driven out of the Corbus Hills, leads his people to the Howling Hills and establishes the first burrows that will grow to become Shyberry

211 WA2 - Hagen Heelfist travels into the Howling Hills and recovers the magic sword Brathuneidr ("biting snake")

212 WA2 - Battle of the Broken Yoke: Hagen Heelfist leads a band of halfling defenders to defeat the Wrovugs, goblin chieftain of the Howling Hills

250 WA2 - Shyberry grows to become a town in its own right; halflings deposit the Seeds of Yondalla as the holy relic around which the High Cathedral of Yondalla is built

Customs:

The people of Shyberry are farmers and shepherds primarily. Gossip is the most popular pastime, followed by storytelling, singing and drinking. Shyberry food is hearty fare and a source of great pride. Festivals are year-round, as the folk are fond of merriment. In the spring tents are spread out on the lawns and music plays til the fireflies retire. In the winter the great hall is opened to all including those from the outer farmsteads, for no one should feel left out.

While the little folk are shy, they are quick to befriend and are prone to long conversations. If one offers you a pipe or a mug of refreshment, one should be prepared for a long and ambling story. Guests are expected to stay for at least three cups of whatever's offered (tea, cider, elderflower cordial). Leaving after just one cup is considered a quiet insult unless you make an excuse about the goats or the weather.

Lantern Winking: On moonless nights, folk walking the road will light small lanterns and "wink" them at passing homes to say goodnight—one blink for friends, two for sweethearts. A home that doesn't return a wink is said to be "deep in dreams or deep in stew."

Second Greeting: It's customary to greet someone a second time if you see them again the same day—often with a different phrase, like: "Sun's still up and so are you!" or "Twice met, twice blessed." It's considered bad luck to pass someone twice without a word.

Chair-Borrowing: It's completely normal for neighbors to borrow chairs from each other before a gathering—there's even a phrase: "She brings her own pie; he brings his own chair." Families mark the bottoms of their chairs with carved initials or tiny motifs.

Bell at the Gate: Most garden gates have a tiny bell tied with ribbon. When guests arrive, they ring once politely—or twice if bearing pie. A third ring means urgent news (or you've run out of tea and need help fast).



History of Treviland

In the Primordial Ages this land belonged to the Volds, but little is known of them. In the Ancient Ages the Hundra and Eymor Tribes warred for land and for survival against dark forces. They were mostly wiped out during the Celedonian occupation. After the empire fell and the invaders were driven out, new peoples rose to claim the land: the Brimmor, Hartha, Wolder, Swinta, Culver, Wicla, and Scildr tribes. They linger to this day in the seven duchies.

Not much else is common knowledge to the average person, even the literate. More can be found in scholarly study, if one cares for that. But the church is happy to tell of the lines of royals and even a farm hand has heard of them at least once:

Kings and Queens of Treviland

111 AA3 – 746 AA3 - Hundran rule of the lands of present-day Treviland

749 AA3 – 57 AA4 - Eymore rule of the lands of present-day Treviland

57 AA4 – 132 WA1 – split rule of the lands by Hundra and Eymore houses

566 AA4 – 132 WA1 - rule of House Alden (Eymor), Celedonian conquest ends both Hundra and Eymor lines

566 AA4 - Urian Alden is crowned king of the Eymor; he builds the Shining Hall in Eathra (present-day Illustrim) and creates the Code of Eymor to unite the people; rule of House Alden begins

182 WA1 - 485 WA1 – rule of House Tregon (Culvren, vassal of Celedon)

485 WA1 - 729 WA1 – rule of House Baynton (Culvren, vassal of Celedon)

731 WA1 - 79 WA2 – rule of House Laken (Culvren, vassal of Celedon)

843 WA1 - 79 WA2 – rule of House Trevin (first Treian rulers)

80 WA2 - 522 WA2 – rule of House Swanborn

523 WA2 - 731 WA2 – rules of Houses Derring and Digby, which rule separately

731 WA2 - 772 WA2 – rules of Houses Derring and Digby, which rule together

772 WA2 - 164 WA3 – rule of House Derring

171 WA3 - 602 WA3 – rule of House Faintree

605 WA3 – 645 WA3 – rule of House Wylvern

645 WA3 – 681 WA3 – warring chieftains during the Second Dark Crusade, the land is without a king

681 WA3 – 82 WA4 - House Fullwyrth

82 WA4 – present - House Trinton

First Written Age (WA1)

110 WA1 - Celedonian Conquest: Celedon invades present-day Treviland

132 WA1 - Celedonian Conquest: Fall of the Eymor and Hundra: Spargeus Legion is joined by the Brontes Legion and defeats last of the Eymor and Hundra tribes, sacks Eathra (present-day Illustrim); King Alfsig is taken to Celedon in chains, ending the rule of House Alden and the Eymor as well as the Hundra

133 WA1 - Celedonian Conquest: Celedonians raze Eathra and Gealaga to the ground, removing the cultural homes of the Eymor and Hundra

180 WA1 - Celedonian Conquest: Brontes Legion founds the city of Novulum and establishes it as the new seat of power in Treviland; Culvren tribes, new to this region and sympathetic to the Celedon rulers, are placed in control of the city

182 WA1 - Leofing Tregon of the Culvren tribes is crowned as king in Novulum as a puppet ruler answering to the Celedonians; rule of House Tregon begins

240 WA1 - Celedonian Conquest: Brontes Legion commissions the building of Wendspire in the Nary Lands

265 WA1 - Introduction of Celedonian gods in western Amadar: Emissaries from the Holy City of Hylux burn the sacred groves of the old gods and erect temples to Aurelon and Seraphyne in every major town and city

485 WA1 - King Gamel is assassinated by Brimmoran rebels; end of the rule of House Tregon; Eygar Baynton, a Culvren general, assumes the throne during occupation; beginning of the rule of House Baynton

607 WA1 - Clesia appears to Eogytha on Heaven's Mount and bestows upon her the Tome Resplendent; Eogytha bears the holy book to Indiron and originates the church of Indiron

727 WA1 - Queen Ailleth Baynton steals the Cask of Orcus from the Celedonians; she wields dark powers over the land, slaying thousands of her countrymen and Celedonians alike

729 WA1 - Esabel Faramond leads a group of heroes to thwart Ailleth; they fight their way into Novulum's dungeons, slay the queen, and cast the Cask of Orcus into oblivion; end of the rule of House Baynton

731 WA1 - Siward Laken, a Culvren noble, assumes the throne in Novulum after the death of Ailleth; he plunders the land with taxes making his allies wealthy; beginning of the rule of House Laken

789 WA1 - Harald Trevin of Hartha is bestowed the Helm of the Old Gods and the Sword of Taranis and called to free the land of Celedonian occupation

792 WA1 - Celedonian Conquest: Harald Trevin unites the tribes of Brimmor, Hartha, and Wolder to defeat the Celedonians outside the ruins of Eathra and liberate the Harthan lands; rebuilds Eathra and renames it Illustrim; beginning of the Treian alliance and tribal uprising

822 WA1 - Godwin, son of Harald, leads the Treian tribes in liberating the region of Brimmor; first Duke of Brimmor appointed

843 WA1 - Edric son of Godwin is crowned the first Treian king in defiance of the Culvren throne and Celedonian occupiers; beginning of the Treian royal lineage

852 WA1 - Edric Trevin liberates the lands of Wolder; first Duke of Wolder appointed

Second Written Age (WA2)

22 WA2 - Treian tribes defeat the Brontes Legion in the Wicla and Swinta lands; first Dukes of Wicla and Swinta appointed as their tribes join the Treian alliance

22-79 WA2 - Treian Uprising: Treians war with the Scildren and Culvren tribes and their Celedonian allies

31 WA2 - Wiclans rebuild on the site of Gaelaga and name it Furlaan

79 WA2 - Treians conquer Novulum and depose King Heregod, ending House Laken and Culvren rule; last of the Celedonian forces in Treviland are destroyed; King Alfer Trevin falls in battle after defeating the Celedonian's general, Bakrus; end of the house of Trevin

80 WA2 - The magical sword of King Trevin chooses Sir Ithamar Swanborn to rule the Treian alliance of tribes; Ithamar is crowned king; the throne moves back to Illustrim and the region is collectively referred to as "Trevin's Land" (a precursor to "Treviland"); beginning of the rule of house Swanborn

84 WA2 - King Ithamar receives fealty from Scildr and Culver, appoints their first Dukes and recognizes their lands as vassals of Treviland

99 WA2 - Dawn of the Indiron Church: priests from Indiron reawaken the worship of the old gods throughout the west; chapels to Clesia begin appearing in small towns and villages

191 WA2 - Dawn of the Hylux church: Hylux converts to Clesian worship; they use the old system of temples in Amadar to impose their own church, venerating Clesia as head of the pantheon

210 WA2 - Hagen Heelfist, chieftain of a loose band of halflings driven out of the Corbus Hills, leads his people to the Howling Hills and establishes the first burrows that will grow to become Shyberry

211 WA2 - Hagen Heelfist travels into the Howling Hills and recovers the magic sword Brathuneidr ("biting snake")

212 WA2 - Battle of the Broken Yoke: Hagen Heelfist leads a band of halfling defenders to defeat the Wrovugs, goblin tribe of the Howling Hills

250 WA2 - Shyberry grows to become a town in its own right; halflings deposit the Seeds of Yondalla as the holy relic around which the High Cathedral of Yondalla is built

330 WA2 - the town of Lyre is destroyed by goblins of the Geelgrub tribes out of the Comely Mts.

400 WA2 - mad druid Garruld Rotroot seeks to wipe out humans to protect his lair in the Tredfut Forest; rangers from the Band of the Evenstar hunt Garruld down and after a mighty battle slay him; the Seeds of Madness, Rotroot's weapons, are lost

470-751 WA2 - The War of Cathedrals: churches of Hylux and Indiron wage war; Treviland and Erigoth take up arms for Hylux against Plenja and Tirudor who take up arms for Indiron

522 WA2 - King Torkel ignores the warnings of the druids and sets fire to the Doxy Forest in an attempt to trap the armies of Indiron; Torkel falls in battle as his enchanted armor fails him; end of the Swanborn lineage

523 WA2 - Treviland has two kings, as Solomon Dering is crowned in Illustrim as the king anointed by Hylux while Nigel Digby is crowned in Novulum as the king anointed by Indiron

730-749 WA2 - First Dark Crusade: Mortavay unearths the Crown of Power and enchants a horde of thousands to march on the west, beginning the First Dark Crusade; combined forces of orc, goblin, and gnoll tribes join and march westward and absorb Hyderis and Central Amadar around the Oberon Sea

730 WA2 - King Silas Digby mounts an attack on Queen Constance Derring in Illustrim, taking advantage of the chaos caused by Mortavay; Silas is captured and imprisoned

731 WA2 - after a year of imprisonment, Silas and Constance fall in love and marry, sparking both alarm and rejoicing among the people

741 WA2 - Queen Raseda of Tirudor unites the kingdoms of the west to march against Mortavay's growing army; the War of Cathedrals pauses in the face of encroaching evil, the two faiths set aside their rivalry to join Raseda's army

748 WA2 - Baldwyn Derring, young son of Silas and Constance, sneaks off to join the war; Constance sends the court wizard Mortimer the Insane to help him;

748 WA2 - Baldwyn quests into the Stonecurtain Mountains; he retrieves the sword and armor of the legendary paladin Sir Atalann; Baldwyn battles heroically in the Battle of Fangring, winning renown

749 WA2 - Battle of Fangring: after years of carnage the forces of the west meet Mortavay's army at Tarvos Pass; Queen Raseda falls in battle, but eight heroes arise to slay Mortavay and destroy her crown; end of the First Dark Crusade

750 WA2 - armies of the west return home as a changed people, having faced true darkness and savoring the light; the pious return to their churches with more tolerant hearts

751 WA2 - End of the War of Cathedrals: the Clesian church becomes the main religion of the west, with Treviland and Erigoth recognizing Hylux as the holy seat and Plenian and Tirudor recognizing Indiron; peace is established between the competing churches, while emissaries from either side who continue to preach war are banished from the kingdom or executed

772 WA2 - after many attempts on his life by nobles in Novulum, Baldwyn Derring crowned king; the throne moves exclusively to Illustrim, Baldwyn has the traitorous nobles executed

825-842 WA2 - War of Syzith's Wrath: Wolfenfels and Stonbrek go to war with Dwarves of Demundra

842 WA2 - War between Men and Dwarves awakes the dragon Syzith, who destroys all Demundra settlements north of the Rastalan River

842 WA2 - Wolfenfels, sickened by the destruction of Syzith, joins the Dwarves in driving the dragon back; Stonbrek instead attacks the weakened Dwarves

843 WA2 - Wolfenfels strikes an alliance with Demundra; Stonbrek begins its feud with both Wolfenfels and the Dwarves

Third Written Age (WA3) (the current age)

150 WA3 - The Great Erobring begins: Norgarde raiders invade eastern Treviland and western Tirudor; sack Lyre, Novulum, and Ibilis

150-472 WA3 - The Great Erobring sees Norgardian boats repeatedly sail the riverways of Western Amadar, raiding and plundering; Trevilish forces are constantly out-witted by hit-and-run tactics while the Norgardians make off with fortunes

164 WA3 - King Hardwin falls in battle attacking the Norgardians; end of the Derring lineage

171 WA3 - Alfrun Faintree crowned queen of Treviland; after seven years of squabbling between nobles, Alfrun rides out to challenge each noble individually and defeats or slays them, earning the throne for herself; start of the Faintree lineage

320 WA3 - Norgardian settlers colonize lands from Harth to Culver to the Nary Lands and parts of Ordonia; they build large wooden defensive works to protect their occupied lands

458 WA3 - Nobles of Treviland band together and defeat Norgarde raiders in the Battle of Keslinga

472 WA3 - End of the Great Erobring: last of the Norgardian warlords driven out of Amadar; Norgardian settlements remain but their people swear allegiance to their new lords

481 WA3 - Cennyd Faintree crowned king of Treviland; he marries Kayla, a Wiclan noble maiden

Local Goods

Cereals: wheat, spelt (wheat), barley, oats, rye

Fiber: cotton, hemp, flax

Fruits: blackcurrant, damsons, juniper berry, pear, raspberry, bilberry

Meat and poultry: beef, pork, boar, chicken, lamb, mutton, duck, geese, pheasant, quail, venison, veal, rabbit, goat

Nuts: chestnuts, hazelnut

Vegetables: angelica, cabbage, parsnips, radish, rapeseed, turnip, potatoes, carrots

Herbs: caraway, dill, hops, tarragon, thyme, oregano, wormwood, ramson, borage, celery, chives, gale, horseradish, juniper, mugwort, southernwood, water cress

Oils:

Fermented Drink: beer (ale, lager, malt, stout) with the following types: amber, blonde, brown, cream, dark, pale, strong, wheat, red, pilsner, golden, fruit, honey, and merchant; wines red and white

Salt-water fish: herring, cod, oysters, mussels and scallops

Fresh-water fish: pike, carp, bream, perch, lamprey, and trout

Wood: willow, alder, ash, beech, birch, chestnut, fir, hornbeam, larch, oak, pine, poplar, spruce, walnut, sycamore

Notes on Culture

Customs of Treviland

Clothing and attire

People in the western kingdoms tend to wear woolen clothing with undergarments made of linen. Men don woolen tunics with hose, leggings and/or breeches. Men of station wear doublets, a close-fitted padded garment with long sleeves. Sometimes they wear jerkins, a tight-fitted sleeveless jacket, over the doublet. Women wear long gowns with sleeveless tunics and wimples to cover their hair. Sheepskin cloaks and woolen hats and mittens are worn in winter. Women of station wear flowing gowns and elaborate headwear, ranging from headdresses shaped like hearts or butterflies to tall steeple caps and Italian turbans.

Peasants wear simple hide shoes or footwear made of cloth bound by leather straps. Commoners wear leather boots of varying heights, sometimes with straps and buckles. The wealthy may wear boots of great quality and decoration. Dyes are common, so even peasants wear colorful clothing. Fabrics of the brightest and richest colors are found on nobility and the very rich. Brighter colors, better materials, and a longer jacket length are usually signs of greater wealth.

Clothing of the aristocracy and wealthy merchants tend to be elaborate and change according to the dictates of fashion. Some materials are sable, velvet, cloth of gold, or silk. Garments are often lined with fur or garnished with silver or gold thread.

Magic

Those who practice arcane magic are known as **Cunning Folk**. Some peasants refer to good wizards and witches as "**pellers**," which is a contraction of the word "expellers" for their gift to expel demons. Witches are referred to as 'wise women' or "Nicnevins" ("daughters of heaven").

Healers who train under wizards refer to the **Lacunga**, a tome of remedies that mix herbalism with magical properties.



List of Beverages found in Treviland

Drinks of Stonbrek and the Scildren region

- Rivenfire (spirit): a clear but fiery spirit distilled from gentian root in heated stone stills. It is flavored with pepperroot and mineral-rich springwater from the deep rock.
- Grith (beer): a heavy, dark ale brewed with hot stones dropped into a wooden vat. It is a smoky, earthy, and thick "chewing beer" and is flavored with nettle and charred grain from cliffside plots.
- Slatewort (tea): a tea with an infusion of saxifrage used to soothe sore throats and cracked hands. Miners often drink it at dawn, with a pinch of salt.
- Ashmilk (beverage): boiled water and milk steeped with charcoal ash and ground oats. Said to settle the stomach and ward off bad luck.

Drinks of Milady and the Wiclan region

- Shearling (ale) - a soft, amber-colored brew traditionally first tapped at the start of shearing season. It is light, nutty, and often spiced with sweet clover or meadow sage.
- Horsebreaker (cider) - a strong, sharp cider made from hardy orchard apples. It is said to "drop a man like a startled mare," and beloved by herders after a long day.
- Old Drift (wine) - a thick, brackish wine born of vineyards bordering the inland sea and flavored with creeping charlie and angelica root. It is somewhat medicinal, often drunk during mourning or stormy nights.
- Pillion aka Side-Saddle (tea): brewed from coltsfoot, pine needles, and lemon balm and sweetened with honey.

Drinks of Wendspire and the Wiclan region

- Heathertop Gold (wine) (trade good): comes from bright grapes drenched in enchanted cloud vapor and a dash of heather that grows only here. It is a heady and aromatic white wine with a lustrous color to it. Nobility favor it at court and amusingly refer to it as the peak of wines.
- Cirrus (tea): a fragrant white and herbal blend. It is light, floral, with notes of bergamot, elderflower, and pear.

Drinks of Cerrulea and the Swintan region

- Hearthmilk (beverage): A fermented oat milk drink spiced with nutmeg and thyme. Thick, nourishing, and often taken warm with honey on cold mornings. Popular with shepherds and early risers.
- Luthia Amber (mead): A light, floral mead brewed from wild riverbank honey and elderflowers. It has a soft gold hue with a hint of lavender on the nose. Often served during harvest or matchmaking festivals.

- Elderstout (ale): A dark, rich top-fermenting ale with notes of smoke, iron, and dried calamus. It is aged in the same centuries-old oak barrels that were used when the Swintans first created it, hence the name. Locals boast of its restorative qualities, especially after long toil in the fields.

Drinks of Novulum and the Culvren region

- Ashwine (wine): A thin, sour black wine steeped with blessed thistle and ashen woodchips. Served lukewarm in iron goblets during weekly penitence rites. Believed to “cleanse impure joy” and stain the tongue as a mark of humility.
- Gloamhoney (mead): One of the few indulgences permitted among the citizenry - a smoky, fermented honey-mead laced with duskpetal and centaury. Doled out in tiny portions during sermons celebrating divine sacrifice. Black-gold in color, with a bittersweet warmth.

Drinks of Pelham and the Wolder region

- Eymore Red (wine): A sharp, tart wine made from redcurrants and sun berries grown in plots out on the Great Sward. The drink honors the ancient Eymorean founders, often served in deep stone-carved goblets during feasts.
- Mother Mercy (ale): A bracing pale ale made with heather, yarrow, and local rye. Light and slightly bitter. Customary for the healers to carry it into battle, for it’s said to fortify the limbs of even a broken man.

Drinks of Bastion and the Wolder region

- Wolder Milk (beverage): A fermented sheep’s milk drink lightly flavored with elderbark and wild fennel. More savory than sweet, this is a warming hearthside staple for cold seasons.
- Waller's Grit (dark ale): A strong dark ale fermented in sealed stone crocks and flavored with calendula. Thick, malty, and smoky, with an iron tinge from the brewing stones. It's said a pint of Grit can brace a soldier for a winter night on the wall. The calendula, used on wounds in the battlefield, became a warrior’s best friend.

Drinks of Myridon and the Brimmor region

- Kraken (rum): A spiced rum distilled with dried sea fennel, wild horseradish root, gorse flower, and (if handy) citrus peel. Served warm and strong in port or on voyages. Has a briny aftertaste and a warming kick.
- Merrinvale (tea): a spring-picked comomile tea: calming, mildly sweet, with hints of white clover.

Drinks of Lyre and the Harthan region

- Idlemay (wine) (trade good): is a sweet, tart wine made from bog grapes and flavored with sweet woodruff and sometimes watermint. It goes down easy but sneaks up on you. Commoners love it throughout the west, while the nobility look down upon it (but enjoy it all the same in private).
- Rush Ale (or Lakebrew) (ale): is made from bulrushes, water avens, and bog myrtle mixed with wild barley. It is earthy, slightly sweet and grassy, with a murky appearance. Outsiders refer to it as "pondwater " or “frog beer.” But it is a pleasing local favorite and is served at parties, weddings, and wakes.

Drinks of Illustrim and the Harthan region

- Goldleaf (tea): a black tea that is smooth, brisk, with notes of honey, dried cherry, and faint oak smoke.
- Dockrake (liquor): A cheap, briny liquor made by soaking barley mash with dried sea lettuce. Tastes of salt, woodsmoke, and regret. It is often diluted with river water to make it go farther.
- Wallcap Bitter (ale): A strong, dark ale brewed from stale grains, leftover apples, and mushrooms growing on the old walls. Earthy and pungent, with a gritty finish. "Puts stone in your bones."

Drinks of Slevvin

- Blacktongue (rum): A murky black molasses rum spiked with bark vinegar and laced with stolen spices. Leaves the drinker's tongue stained dark and their breath reeking of rotgut and cloves.
- Hagsweat (liquor): Crystal-clear swamp moonshine, sometimes cut with fermented citrus rind and a touch of honeyed lichen. Served chilled in glass phials or repurposed potion vials. Just the thing to steel your courage, but enough of it will make you go blind.

Drinks of Shyberry

- Elation (wine): A pale gold plum wine with a rosy glint, a blend of wild hill grapes and the subtle nectar of late-summer clover. It has a gentle fizz on the tongue and a clean floral finish that lingers like laughter.
- Brownback (ale): A deep chestnut ale with a creamy tan head. Malty, nutty, and smoky with a bite of roasted barley and a pinch of honey.
- Snorri's Port (port): A fortified port that is deep ruby with violet undertones. It is rich, sweet, with notes of plum, spice, and pipe smoke.

Weapons and Armor

Military Clothing, Weapons, and Armor

Clothing: The typical soldier of the west, high-born or low, is attired in a mid-length tunic, breeches, belt, and leather boots or shoes. Knights and well-funded soldiers may wear a higher quality cloth, some even silk, decorated in threadwork and high boots of rich leather and shiny buckles.

Armor: Common foot soldiers and archers wear a gambeson (also aketon, padded jack, pourpoint, or arming doublet), which is a padded, quilted defensive jacket constructed of linen or wool. Professional soldiers and knights wear medium to heavy armor over this jacket. Foot soldiers carry kite shields or, in some cases, tower shields. Cavalry carry light shields.

Weapons: Conscripts carry only a spear and perhaps a short sword or dagger. Militia and professional soldiers carry long swords, battle axes, heavy maces, or some form of polearm. Mounted soldiers carry a heavy lance as well as a longword, light mace, flail, or battle axe.

Markings and Standards: Western armies prominently display the devices and colors of their local lord or lady on banners, shields, and clothing. Soldiers of the king or queen bear the device and color of the throne. Vassal armies feature a diagonal sash of the kingdom's color on their shields and banners to show their allegiance. Knights and high-ranking soldiers may wear a tabard, a sleeveless jerkin or loose overgarment, bearing the colors of their lord. Conscripts carry no device on their shields, but may be issued a ribbon of their house or kingdom color to wear on their left arm. In well-funded campaigns, conscripts receive a tabard of coarse cloth.

Local Deities



For as long as anyone can remember, the loving mother Clesia has shone upon the western lands and filled hearts with hope and love. She was here at the birth of the first men, welcoming them to the world. She has and always will be the giver of life and the healer of souls. In her name, great cathedrals have been raised and crusades launched to gain her favor.

But it was not always so. The lands are old and there were other gods. The mighty churches of Hylux and Indiron, both fiercely jealous of their love for Clesia, sent forth agents to purge the lands of all but the Radiant Mother. Such was their greed they even waged war on one

another, resulting in the War of Cathedrals which lasted for generations. The old gods were forgotten and faded into myth. Or did they?

Few there are that know the truth. The War of Cathedrals never ended out of love for peace. Out from Ongolk she came, the sorceress Mortavay thirsting for blood, her dark armies unstoppable. The hosts of men and elves and dwarves were cut down like wheat. Only when the war was over, and the memory of death so fresh, did the Church of Clesia emerge with a penitent heart. Hylux and Indiron reformed their ways, living in grudging tolerance of one another. And the family of Clesia appeared in the chapels, then the churches, and at last in grand temples.

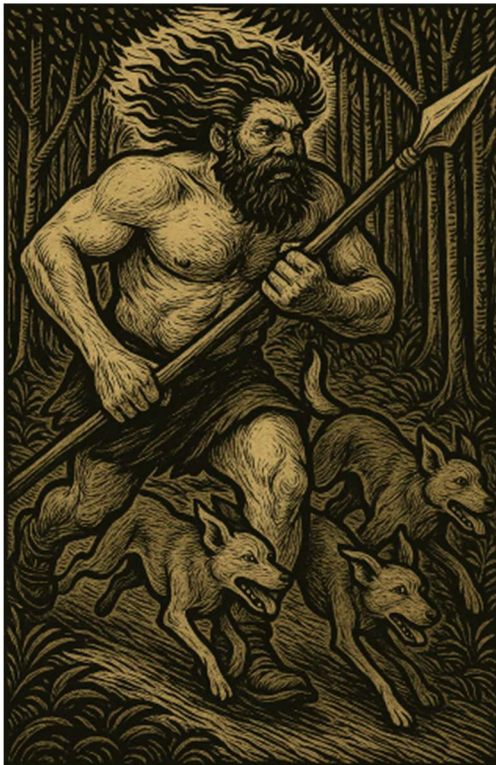
Now is the cycle of Clesia and her kin. Thirteen figures for the thirteen months. But none speak of whence they came. Only the scholars muse at their likeness to the gods of old, but they dare not speak it aloud. For Clesia and her kin have always been, and always will be.



First came **Clesia**: radiant mother, giver of life, healer of souls, wife to Wyrrin and mother of Croian and Draichta. Hers are the domains of healing and good and the sun. She is the ruling goddess over all the churches in every town and city of Treviland. She is known by the sign of the spring.

At the dawn of time, Clesia and her sisters looked upon the world and smiled, regarding the realm like a newborn babe to be raised. All three set to cultivating the life of the world. But Clesia, being the most earnest, invested the most of herself in shaping the face of all things. Her vision encompassed all things, not limited to her

power's domain. She brought into order all the disparate powers of the other gods and channeled them to their best ends. She does not call herself queen or ruler, but like a good mother she has the most wisdom and marshals the gods to bring balance and prosperity.



There is **Wyrrin**: husband to Clesia, the wild hunter, friend to beasts, spirit of the wild. His are the domains of animal and strength and chaos. He is the patron deity of Slevvin. He is known by the sign of the oak tree.

In the beginning of this world Wyrrin reveled in the primordial state of things: battling colossal beasts of legend, leaping over mountains, making the great forests his bed. He was the first that men worshipped, and he granted them his boon when they hunted. But as man began to farm and domesticate beasts, Wyrrin saw them turn away and grow soft. His wrath grew, and for a time he joined his brother Tiranis in slaughter and mayhem. He looked upon Clesia his rage cooled and a glimmer of reason came to him. She convinced her lover that all things have their place and all of it in balance. And so, he wed her and pledged to help nurture the world and marshal its gods.

Wyrrin still seeks out the wild hearts of men and relishes in the spirit of their hunters. He is oft away from Clesia, easily tired from her constant planning and caretaking. But he returns to her always, ready to aide her vision.



There is **Croian**: handsome son of Clesia and Wyrrin: champion of great deeds, athlete and dancer and poet, dashing and full of song, patron of the arts, inspiration to heroes, carefree champion of all matters of the heart. His are the domains of luck and travel. He is the patron deity of Lyre. He is known by the sign of the swan.

Croian was a headstrong child and never shared his mother's vision for cultivating the world of men. When he saw their heroes rise up, he sang their praises and urged them to great deeds. And when civilization birthed the arts, Croian inspired them to greater heights. The

godling prince cares little for the plots of gods or men, except when it makes for good sport. And so, he relishes in holding the hearts of all and makes merry wherever he can in a world that is his playground.



There is **Draichta**: daughter of Clesia and Wyrrin, seeker of knowledge, brooding and intelligent, pondering all the mysteries of the world, disciple of order. Hers are the domains of knowledge and magic. She is the patron deity of Illustrim. She is known by the sign of the owl.

Draichta was an apt pupil of her mother's teachings. But she wanted to know more. She tires of the folly of the gods and is more enamored with what lies beyond even their grasp. Reclusive and brilliant, she travels the planes of existence and studies all that there is to know. She is ever hungry for knowledge and will stop at nothing to know all there is to know.

Beside Clesia stand her sisters:



Rosmerta, herald of fertility and abundance, blesser of crops, mistress of herbalism. Hers is the domain of plants. She is the patron deity of Cerrulea. She is known by the sign of the bee.

Rosmerta gazed upon the world when it was young and, like her sisters, was enthralled with its potential. She fell in love with life being birthed in every form. Her face shown on the plants and she delighted to see them blossom. She watches as beasts gave birth and thrilled with the beating of their hearts. When blight and pestilence came soon thereafter, she took it upon herself to keep them in check. She often calls upon Lutavis and Niskus as comrades in her charge, asking for help with fields and rivers where sustenance is needed. She has little care for

the schemes of gods or men, for her watchful eye is ever needed to keep life in this world.



Belisama, mistress of crafts and of the forge, matron of fire and light. Hers is the domain of fire. She is the patron deity of Novulum. She is known by the sign of the salamander.

Like her sisters, Belisama was fascinated by the potential of this world. But where they saw only destruction in the power of flame, she saw its potential. She tapped the first volcano and smelted ore into a great blade. She laid the slain beast Wyrrin brought her over a flame and watched him delight in the first taste of roasted boar. Her keen mind engineered the kiln, the lathe, the plow, the wheel, and every manner of crafted item

that man has used to rise above their station. This has angered Wyrrin, for he resents the march of man to industry. But Belisama ignores him, and the advances of his brother Tiranis. She delights in the work of her hands and mastery over the workings of this world.

Beside Wyrin stand his brothers:



Taranis, the warrior, bearer of cudgel and wheel, bringer of storms and war. His is the domain of war. He is the patron deity of Bastion. He is known by the sign of the flaming wheel.

Taranis came to this realm and was filled with ambition to possess all he saw. For a while, Wyrin made sport with him and the two touselled over mountains and across deserts, scheming over who would be ruler of all. But Wyrin tired of the game and took up with Clesia, who sought order in this world. Even now Taranis burns with rage, seeking to one day wrest control of all. But until then he makes sport with the lives of men, laughing and cheering at their war. He burns with

passion for Clesia's sister, Belisama. But his crude advances have found no purchase in her heart.



Niskus, lord over the seas and the waves and all life beneath them. His is the domain of water. He is the patron deity of Myridon. He is known by the sign of the dolphin.

At the waking of the world, Niskus tired of the games his brothers played atop the lands that had formed. The lakes and rivers and ocean sang with the song in his heart. When he sought the hand of the maiden Clesia, he bid her join him in his aquatic realm. But her affections for Wyrin were too much for him to bear. So, he resigned to linger always in the seas and leave behind any reminders of his broken heart. Now he tends to the waters of this world wherever they may be, appearing

in lakes and rivers as much as the sea. He delights in the courage of men who set out on the water, but he is fickle and just as often punishes them when they grow haughty in his domain.

Beside Croian stand his companions:



Rhiannon, mistress of horses, hero of the wronged, seeker of justice, administer of mercy. Hers is the domain of law. She is the patron deity of Milady. She is known by the sign of the white horse.

Peace and freedom are Rhiannon's truest passions. Both are found in the company of horses: their gentle nature, their noble stride. But she will not abide when wrong is done and a cry goes up for vengeance. Her aspect is somber, her words few. But those who win her respect will know no better ally. She chides Croian for his playful manner, but she knows his value. He inspires, and fosters freedom. For her part, she will dole out the justice when needed.



Scylden, shield of the people, noble hero to the weak, protector of the innocent. His is the domain of protection. He is the patron deity of Pelham. He is known by the sign of the shield.

Scylden is cursed to always wear his helmet. In a battle long ago, he was visited by Lady Death, who came to claim the souls who Scylden couldn't save. She comforted Scylden, knowing only his valorous heart could withstand her presence. In a moment of tenderness, they kissed, the only passion Erescura had ever known. But a trace the terror she embodies clung to Scylden's lips, and it was doubly powerful for the ardor it carried. Now Scylden dare not show his

face, for fear of the deadly fright his visage still carries.

Beside Draiachta stand her companions:



Litavis, blind stone maiden, mountain tamer, silent tiller of the soil who communes with the world. Hers is the domain of earth. She is the patron deity of Stonbrek. She is known by the sign of the badger.

Litavis is thought to be the twin sister of Erescura, who went mad from the secrets she learned in the dark and was buried in the depths by Litavis to put her soul to rest. Litavis seeks her sister out from time to time, both to embrace her once more and to ease her loneliness. In all other times, she is content to be still, to be quiet, and to hear the songs of the earth beneath her.



Ceardren, winged master of the four winds, trickster and whisperer of secrets. His is the domain of air. He is the patron deity of Wendspire. He is known by the sign of the magpie.

Ceardren is a keen archer and said to have the eyes of an eagle. His bow appears on command and he can hit any target he wishes, even if it be on the other side of the world. He is a faithful friend to Draiachta, but grows weary of her scholarly work and often urges her to take pause and make merry with him in the world.

Standing alone in the twilight of the world:



Erecura the dark, wrapped in a funeral shroud, bearer of souls and heedless of peril in search of mysteries hidden in darkness. Hers is the domain of death. She is known by the sign of the crow.

Erecura's face is covered by a thin translucent veil, through which her hollow eyes can be seen. Such is her beauty all mortal men are compelled to look upon her face. But if the veil is lifted Erecura bares her true skeletal form which is enough to slay most living creatures.

Lady death carries three items:

The Torch of the Barrow – A slender iron torch that burns with a cold, white-blue flame. It lights the way for souls crossing into the afterlife.

At her side is the Raven-Binding Cord – A silver cord woven from moonlight and shadow. She uses it to bind the spirits of oathbreakers or to tether lost souls to her side.

Beneath one arm is the Bone-Scored Book – A funerary ledger of every name spoken at the hour of death, bound in dark wood and etched with ogham-like carvings.



Bealucor: hell spawn, heart of hate, lord of all evil. He was once a member of Clesia's trusted circle, but sought to wrest away her power and bring the world to utter ruin. His rule would purify the world of weakness and refine it to its primal nature. He has his own family of powerful allies, among them arch demons and devils, all of whom kneel at his throne in hell. His are the domains of evil and destruction and trickery. He knows every weakness of the puny gods. He works to slowly unravel their fellowship. And one day the world will be his.

The History of the Clesian church

In the first Written Age the Celedonians banned the religion of the conquered peoples and imposed their own. Sacred groves were burned, and in their place, temples were erected to **Aurelon** and **Seraphyne**. Over time an organized religious hierarchy grew, with Aurelon's high priests presiding over large areas. Their power intermingled with that of local governors and merchant houses. Fortunes in tribute were sent back to the ancient Holy City of Hylux. Such was the city's power that worshippers whispered the name of Hylux in both reverence and fear.

But the Amadaran gods lingered, though far to the east, in the last sacred grove on the Isle of Orison. A faithful few collected the relics of the old gods and hid them from the Imperial overlords who dominated the mainland. It was at this time that **Clesia**, mother goddess of old, appeared to an old woman named **Eogytha** in her dreams. Clesia bid Eogytha meet her at the summit of Heaven's Mount. There, she bestowed upon her the **Tome Resplendent**, a lost collection of written accounts of the Amadaran gods. Eogytha bore the holy book to Orison, and there she founded what would grow to be the holy city of Indiron.

After the fall of the empire, the temples of Celedon were abandoned. Into this great emptiness came priests from Indiron to reawaken the worship of the old gods throughout the west. Chapels began to appear in small towns and villages, each venerating one of several deities from tradition (90 WA2). But Hylux would not relinquish their power so easily. In 191 WA2 Hylux converted to worship of the Amadaran gods. They formalized a calendar of the thirteen gods with Clesia as the mother and queen over them. And they leveraged the Celedonian network of temples in Plenian and Tirudor to introduce their own church.

Worship of the thirteen spread and became formalized, with Indiron copying the Hylux calendar and affixing the thirteen to the same pantheon. Relics were enshrined, saints were named, cathedrals built, and holy days declared. Eventually, the religion formally came to be known as the Clesian faith and was adopted by all rulers in the land.

But as the two churches grew, each grew jealous of the other's power. In 471 WA2 Hylux commissioned her followers to decry the apostates of Indiron. Indiron reciprocated with a dictum of rebuke. That same year, the Massacre of Ordonia witnessed the executions of hundreds of Hylux worshippers. So began the War of Cathedrals, with Treviland and Erigoth taking up arms for Hylux, and Plenian and Tirudor taking up arms for Indiron. Battles waged across western Amadar for almost three hundred years. Thousands died in battles or were burned at the stake.

Only the coming of Mortavay and her Dark Crusade in 730 WA2 gave pause to the holy war. The churches suspended their differences and joined together against an invasion that threatened the kingdoms of men. After devastating losses, the hosts of the west prevailed. But the spirit of the kingdoms had been shaken. Worshipers returned home from an apocalyptic war bereft of any more will to fight. The dictums of both churches were abandoned. Thereafter, the Clesian faith would remain strong but would be a house divided.



Cleric Domains and the western gods who embody them:

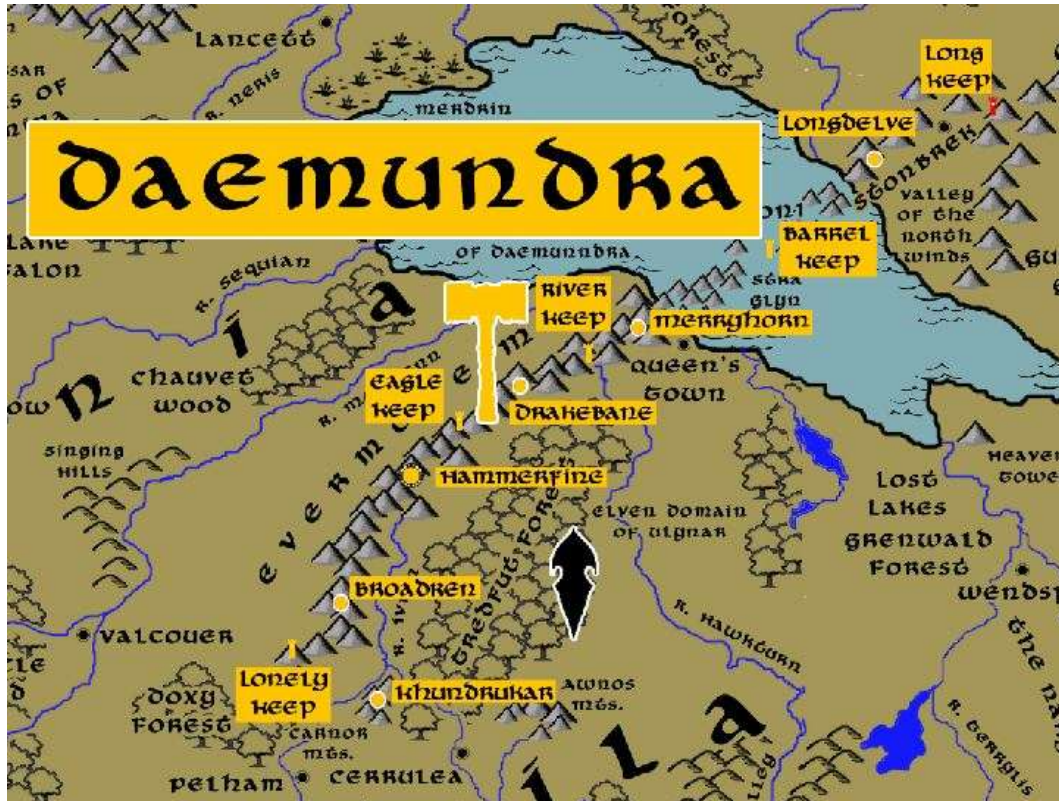
Air - Ceardren the winged master of the four winds
Animal - Wyrren the wild hunter
Chaos - Wyrren the wild hunter
Death - Erecura the bearer of souls
Destruction - Bealucor the lord of darkness
Earth - Litavis the blind stone maiden
Evil - Bealucor the lord of darkness
Fire - Belisama mistress of crafts and the forge
Good - Cleisa the radiant mother
Healing - Clesia the radiant mother
Knowledge - Draiachta the seeker of knowledge
Law - Rhiannon hero of the wronged
Luck - Croian champion of great deeds
Magic - Draiachta the seeker of knowledge
Plant - Rosmerta herald of fertility and abundance
Protection - Scylden shield of the people
Strength - Wyrren the wild hunter
Sun - Clesia the radiant mother
Travel - Croian champion of great deeds
Trickery - Bealucor the lord of darkness
War - Taranis the warrior
Water - Niskus lord over the seas

There stand many churches dedicated to Clesia and her family. But it is the saints that many of the common folk have come to pray to.

Saints of the Trevilish Churches

Stonbrek - Saint Duthren of the Sacred Corbel
Milady - Saint Agatha (f) of the Filling Heart
Wendspire - Saint Regis of the Unseen Summit
Cerulea - Saint Everild (f) of the Fecund Flail
Novulum - Saint Tostig of the Cudgel
Pelham - Saint Cynebald of the Fire Flagon
Bastion - Saint Birstan of the Endless Watch
Myridon - Saint Maerwynn (f) of the Following Seas
Lyre - Saint Oelfwine of the Canticle
Illustrim - Saint Brighid (f) of the Illumination
Slevvin - Saint Hethin the Apostate

Dwarves



- **Demundra - Dwarven Kingdom – Evermore Mountains** - Located beneath the Evermore Mountains, the Demundran Dwarves play an active role in the history of man in this region. Many times, the Dwarves have closed the pass from Erigoth in the east and thwarted shipping lanes across the sea to Fleur in the west. Demundra is usually on good terms with humans, however, except where mining rights are concerned. Disputes have flared up with lords of Stonbrek in Treviland, as well as those in Wolfenfels among the Erigoth. Demundran dwarves enjoy the company of the lake people around the Augemere Sea, however, and come to their aid whenever called. **King Glorain Kilbek the Stone Guardian** rules with a firm hand from his throne in **Hammerfine**.
 - Khundrukar - Dwarven town of Demundra
 - Broadren - Dwarven town of Demundra
 - Hammerfine - Dwarven city of Demundra
 - Drakebane - Dwarven town of Demundra
 - Merryhorn - Dwarven town of Demundra
 - Longdelve - Dwarven town of Demundra
 - Lonely Keep - Dwarven outpost of Demundra
 - Eagle Keep - Dwarven outpost of Demundra
 - River Keep - Dwarven outpost of Demundra
 - Barrel Keep - Dwarven outpost of Demundra
 - Long Keep - Dwarven outpost of Demundra