



EARTH'S EMBERS

ELEUSARIA



The Merchant Sea

Sea of Storms

Tradeport

Stormhaven

The Wild Coast

The Merchant Coast

The Central Plain

The Capital

The Sands

Irithyn

HOMEBREW SOURCEBOOK

Lakton

The Great Lake
A GUIDE TO THE CITIES & PEOPLES OF
ELEUSARIA

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome traveller to the mysterious continent of Eleusaria. It is a land of changing climates, from the frosty Dragon's Teeth Mountains in the far north, to the arid deserts of Journey's End in the South- West.

Five city states sprawl across the large land mass in between, nominally governed from The Capital, though in truth this has become largely symbolic. This is a land of political intrigue and forgotten histories. Be wary good traveller, for all is not as it seems here.

A BRIEF HISTORY

There have been four ages of the world so far, stretching back to antiquity. What came before nobody knows, and it seems lost forever.

The Arrival The earliest records of the elves show that they and the dwarves arrived on the continent and fought a deadly war against an unknown foe. Very little is known of this time, and even the dwarves seem to have forgotten it.

The Rejoining - Men, halflings and gnomes arrived and were reunited with the elves and the dwarves. The city states were founded, mostly divided amongst the species, and it was a time of peace.

The Raging Dark - Peace was shattered by the invasion of the orcs from across the desert, crushing the city states each in turn. It was only an alliance forged by the elven king Eleusa that enabled the races to stand together and drive them back, though much knowledge was destroyed in the war.

The Time Of Light - After defeating the orcs, King Eleusa and his advisors reformed the continent into its current state, rebuilding the cities and binding them in fellowship. The Capital was built as a symbol of new beginnings, and Irithyn withdrew from the world, to become forgotten to the mortal races. After Eleusa's death without an heir, The Council took over administrative duties and have run the country ever since. One advisor from each city is chosen to maintain balance.

It has been a long peace, and cracks are starting to show.

CHOOSING AN ERA

All of the adventures on the podcast take place during The Time of Light as our adventurers gradually uncover some of the secrets from the ancient world. All the supporting materials are based on this age, but if you wanted to create your own myths about the past then you are absolutely free to do so.

PLOT HOOKS

DM's might choose to centre adventures around the political turmoil in each city as the nation gradually unravels. Or maybe your party would prefer to go in search of lost treasures in the many ruins and forgotten places in the realm? Each City State has dedicated information to help you choose the adventure that is right for you and your party.

THE RACES

Eleusaria does not have the racial diversity of the Forgotten Realms or Eberron. The only races that have managed to find their way here are Elves, Dwarves, Humans, Halflings and Gnomes... so far. If you would like to play as a different race, consider the following:

- What effect would the arrival of that species have on the already fragile political state?
- The last 'new' race that arrived was the orcs, and they brought war and destruction. How would your race be perceived by the very insular inhabitants?
- How did your race arrive?

You'll see as the seasons unfold how this is handled by us, as it is something that is definitely planned. Get creative and feel free to destabilise The Council's plans!

NEW RACES & NEW CLASSES?

Grey Blood Elves & High Elves are new subraces within Eleusaria, with new classes currently being written.

BEYOND THE BORDERS

What lies beyond the edge of the maps? Nobody yet knows...

RESOURCES

Maps and details of each area will be laid out for you, with all resources used in the show available on the website.

CREATING A CHARACTER

Those wanting to create a character in Eleusaria should consider first the origins of their character. Are they from a noble house? Or of lowly birth? This will determine how much they know of the world around them. Then consider their race. Though the options seem limited at first, the subtleties can allow for exciting role play opportunities.

ORIGINS

A HUMBLE BEGINNING

If you wish to be from a paupers background, or perhaps a simple trader, then expect to fit in at the docks, or in the many slums that can be found in each city. Markets and taverns will hold no fear for you, and the common people will open up easily to you.

The wealthy will mostly ignore you, if not outright disdain you. Some parts of several cities will be off limits to you, as will certain centres of learning and shops.

You start with an excellent knowledge of what life is like in your city for ordinary folk, but perhaps little knowledge of the world at large to begin with.

A NOBLE LINEAGE

Ah, those of class will find life in Eleusaria a more refined experience. The finest of shops await your pleasure, as do the finest salons and archives. If you are new in town you can expect an invitation to the latest soirée held by your peers.

Sadly, if you veer off course down a dark alley in a drunken stupour you are quite likely to awake without any clothes, if you awake at all.

Your education means that you have a working knowledge of most cities in the kingdom, with a specialised knowledge of your own. At least in terms of who's who, and the best places to dine.

THINGS TO CONSIDER

- What would cause your character to leave their home in search of adventure?
- How would their origin change their perspective of the world?
- What do they want from life? Justice, fairness and to overthrow the corrupt? A return to the days of royalty? Or maybe just to survive?

A NOTE ON CHARACTER CREATION

These backgrounds are not intended to replace the backgrounds already in existence, but rather to supplement them. Consult with your DM/players on how you'd like to incorporate it into your story, and how much you'd know of each city. If it's fun for you and your game, then it's fine!

CHOOSING A RACE

The races of Eleusaria are simple people for the most part. This may change as the world develops, but for now you can choose whichever variants you like from existing sources. Location does not define race, except in Irithyn. Aside from Grey Blood & High Elves, all race stats can be found in the PHB.

HUMANS

Humans are the most plentiful race now, and have risen to places of power all over the kingdom. They are not well loved by the dwarves, who have long since been pushed to the sidelines, but neither are they hated.

DWARVES

The dwarves are the second oldest race in Eleusaria. They are hardy folk, spread all over, though they are less common in Journey's End. They have a mistrust of the elves over some long forgotten incident, and a new found wariness of humans. Mostly though, they are left to themselves in the north and they are perfectly happy that way.

HALFLINGS AND GNOMES

The little people appeared with the humans, and have prospered with them, though they have never really received the same level of freedoms. They are respected enough by all, but rarely rise to positions of influence.

GREYBLOOD ELVES

Unique to Eleusaria are the Greyblood Elves. These are elves who have become sundered from their kin over the millennia since Irithyn withdrew from the world. They have bred with half elves and each other for so long that they have developed unique traits.

Another defining trait of both half elves and Greybloods is that they do not know High Elven, or the whereabouts of Irithyn. The knowledge of the city has disappeared from their line, and they are fully a part of the mortal realm.

"They walk across the world with no idea how far they have fallen, or just how much they have lost. Pity them, for they know not that they are children." *The Unknown Scholar*

Ability Score Increase. Your Dexterity score increases by 1, and one other ability score of your choice also increases by 1.

Age. Greybloods mature at the same rates as humans and Half Elves, and live on average for 200 years.

Size. Greybloods range from 5 to 6 feet tall. Your size is medium.

Speed. Your base walking speed is 30 feet.

Ancestral Darkvision. Thanks to your heritage you have the ability to see faintly in darkness, gaining the ability to see in shades of grey up to 30 feet in darkness. You can't discern colour in darkness, and cannot see through magical darkness.

Fey Ancestry. You have advantage on saving throws against being charmed.

Bonus Feat. You start with a feat of your choice from the PHB.

Skill Versatility. You gain proficiency in two skills of your choice.

Languages. You can speak, read and write Common, Elvish & Gnomish.

HIGH ELVES

Of all the people of Eleusaria, these are the most mysterious. Once they were a mighty immortal people who ruled the land, but now their numbers are waning, death has found them and their time seems finished. Mistrusted by the dwarves, and often taken for Halfbloods by humans, they are the guardians of the ancient knowledge of this land. Why do they hoard it?

Legends say that one day they will return to their rightful place in charge, and a new golden age will sweep the land. The elves themselves seem highly uninterested in this, but only time will tell.

High Elves reside in the gleaming white spires of Irithyn, the hidden city. They only leave there when great need arises, though covert agents travel the land to gather information.

Sometimes scholars also leave Irithyn, in search of artifacts from before the Raging Dark, and to find a possible answer as to why they lost their immortality.

Once upon a time young Elves were forced to leave the city when they reached a certain age, to take part in a cultural ritual called "**The Wandering**", a journey of self discovery where individuals had to learn to survive outside of the supportive close knit family structure of Elven Society. This journey was designed to replicate their ancient ancestors' first arrival on the continent in the first age, though it has fallen out of favour in the last thousand years.

Some say that losing this bond to their ancestors has contributed to the loss of immortality, others that it is just a sign of their society's slow decline, and the loss of the ritual is mourned greatly.

Ability Score Increase. Either increase your Dexterity OR your Intelligence score by 2. You can increase two other scores of your choice by 1.

Age. High Elves mature by 25, but live between 400- 600 years. They do not appear to age until the last 100 years of their life.

Size. They range from 5 feet to 6 feet tall on average.

Speed. You have a base walking speed of 35 feet.

Moonsight. You have Darkvision up to 60 feet in shades of grey. If you are outside at night and can see moonlight or starlight, no matter how faint, you can see in full colour as though it were dawn or dusk.

Fey Ancestry. You have advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic cannot put you to sleep.

Arcane Heritage. You gain the prestidigitation cantrip and one other cantrip of your choice. You gain the ability to cast Detect Magic once per long rest as an innate ability.

Skill Versatility. You gain proficiency in the History skill, as well as two other skills of your choice.

Languages. You can speak, read and write Common, Elvish and one other language of your choice. You can also read fragments of High Elven, the ancient language of your ancestors. You gain advantage on all history or investigation checks with ancient elven writing.

Elven Proficiencies. You gain proficiency with Longswords and Longbows.

"The Elder Race live shut behind their walls, longing for days long passed. They abandon their responsibilities to the other people of the realm, and put faith in their mighty archives. How The King would cry if he could see his people now."
- The Unknown Scholar

THE RAGING DARK



he last era was named for the state of perpetual war that lasted for over four hundred years. In that time much of the old world was destroyed or lost.

HISTORY

It began in Journey's End, so the legend says. There was great excitement amongst the folk who dwelled there that the time when they would be able to cross the desert was creeping closer. People rushed to be the first, and though many tried none succeeded.

It is believed that during one of these expeditions the party was captured by the orcs, who soon after invaded the kingdom. They destroyed Journey's End, burning it to the ground and annihilating the population. Some few escaped and made it to other cities to spread warning, but by the time they arrived raving of "strange green monsters appearing from over the desert" they were laughed at and ignored.

Not for long, as the orcs eventually marched onwards and into the lands we now know as The Merchant Coast. The cities back then were not fortified, and there was no centralised military or roads. Settlement after settlement fell in the south, and the smoke from the fires grew so thick that it blotted the sky itself.

A FLICKER OF HOPE

Whilst we may not have records of many of those cities, or details of who may have lived there, we do know that three places existed that still stand today: Journey's End (though as this was rebuilt from scratch it is by no means the same city), the Dwarven mines at the Dragon's Teeth Peaks and Irithyn.

Our survival stems from a group of wandering traders from the elven city. They were caught on the central plain and used the hilltop where The Capital now stands to survive a raid by a small troop of orcs. This encounter led them to resolve to rescue others from the fate they had so nearly fallen into, and they began to rescue refugees and lead them back to their camp.

It so happens that the leader of this band was an Elven noble, who had been undergoing the Elven tradition of 'wandering' (see more in the 'elves' section). His ability to inspire and lead others drew to him a small following. That Elf's name was Eleusa.

SHIELD OF THE REALM

Before he was a king, Eleusa became a fierce soldier. The records state he had great skill with both blade and magic, but was also blessed with a silver tongue. He used his diplomatic skills non stop as he tried to assemble people to fight against the invaders. He sent delegations to Irithyn asking for reinforcements, but they were trapped in their own city as the orcs had spread far along the Great Lake and were pressing against their walls.

So he turned north instead, and headed to The Wild Coast where he defended village after village. Each village was instructed to rejoin him at his encampment, where they were trained in the arts of defense in the hope that they could learn to protect each other. Gradually the population there swelled enough that they drew the attention of the orcs, only a few days away, and a large part of their army turned towards them.

THE GREAT SIEGE

The people faced annihilation, and it seemed that no help would come. The day before the battle horns sounded on the outside of the wooden pallsades that had been hastily erected, and Eleusa came out to see a single legion of Elves had made it to the settlement. They had been returning from their lands to the far north, but had discovered more refugees heading to the settlement and decided to join them before heading back to Irithyn.

If that group had not found their way there that day, then we would not be here today. For in that legion were several hundred fully fledged Elven magisters, who wrought great magic to summon the great walls of the city that stand to this day during that night, before collapsing from exhaustion.

With such a large space to defend Eleusa had to divide the people. The Elven legion would take the southern gate, at the time the only way in to the complex. The refugees were spread inside in different areas, depending on how competent they had become with military training.

The orcs hit before dawn the next day, and concentrated all their efforts on the gates. The Elves fought fearlessly, and held for the first day. Then the second, and the third, and the fourth. The orcish army showed no signs of diminishing in numbers, and the Elves were starting to suffer great losses.

This was the moment when the orcs unleashed their secret weapon: a black dragon. Ankurinon was huge, and belched such flames as to make ordinary stone turn to liquid. They did not unleash the dragon on the southern gate, but instead on the northern wall. His fire greatly weakened the magic stone, and then the combined effort of his mighty strikes and the orcish siege weaponry finally collapsed a section of it inwards, at a point where the elves could not get to.

On the other side of that wall were the human refugees: huddled farmers and barely trained pikemen, with only a handful of Elven officers and human nobles. Had they faced Ankurinon then all would have been in vain, but the dragon was driven off by the combined effort of the Elven wizards who had by now partially recovered from their great work. The army could still not reach them, still being pinned at the southern gate, and the humans had to defend the breach alone. Which they did, for two days.

By now Eleusa himself had tried to divert some of his forces to reinforce them, but they were spread too thinly to hold much longer. He himself joined the refugees and held the breach, but the orc numbers seemed untouched. Every morning they had replaced each fallen monster, fully trained and armed and eager for blood.

It was in this moment that Eleusa felt at the lowest ebb. His journals reflected that he thought he had doomed everyone in the walls to die for his own hubris, and that he had failed them.

HOPE DAWNS

On the next morning, the seventh day of the seige, battle resumed. The orcs were on the verge of overwhelming the rag tag survivors when great horns sounded. The battle in the city raged on, and Eleusa and the others had no time to wonder what was happening.

Until they saw that the orcs were falling from behind, cut down by troops in gleaming mithril armour. The Elven army had arrived from Irithyn, having broken their seige a week before.

With the orcs now trapped between a wall and an army they either fled or died quickly, and granted a brief respite for the people of the land. The legend of the survivors holding spread fast, and Eleusa himself received legendary status amongst his own people for the feat. The land from what we now call The Capital to Irithyn started to be reclaimed.

The mages the army had brought with them refortified the walls, and Eleusa returned to his previous role of sweeping the land for survivors. Except now he did it with troops made up from the survivors of the seige: the first military unit ever to be made up of all races.

TOGETHER WE STAND

For the next several hundred years he fought, gradually unifying the people. Before this time races had generally stuck together: Elves to the south, humans to the north west with gnomes and halflings, and Dwarves to the north east. Eleusa convinced them that their greatest strength was in their unity, and combined the pikemen of the humans with the great armored warriors of the dwarves, utlising the gnomish inventors and elvish magic to support them.

The battles were endless, for the orcs seemed to never run out of numbers. A great plan was hatched: to retake Journey's End.

Eleusa led his team of seven close companions, with a small contingent of Elven magisters, to Journey's End in the dead of night. After a great adventure they raised The Plateau upon which the city still stands, cutting off any access from the desert. Finally they had a chance, as the orcs could not replenish their armies any longer.

THE TURNING TIDE

The return of Eleusa from Journey's End sent renewed hope out to the people of the land. The mortal races had known nothing but war for many generations, and were exhausted. The Elves were losing numbers fast, and have always found it harder to breed.

It took a co-ordinated effort, but they hunted down the orcs, securing one region at a time. The army came out of The Capital and went on the offensive, driving the orcs to extinction.

At last, the war was over, and the age ended.

GREAT HEROES

One cannot talk of this era without mentioning those people that saved us, that defined what it meant to be alive. Their names will pass down in legend for the rest of time, and no history would be complete without their mention.

KING ELEUSA

The greatest of them all, the Elf that united us and forged out the kingdom.

We know that he was born in Irithyn to a noble house, and became a wandering trader during his Wandering, whereupon the war had begun.

He founded the city and bound together the races to work together, rescuing survivors and forging kinships that last to this day.

After the war he focused on building roads, libraries and schools to ensure that as much knowledge as possible could be recovered, and that his people would be able to support each other more effectively.

It was he who conceived of The Council as a way to ensure that no one race or city had more power over any other, to try and help people feel represented and empowered in their new Kingdom. *"I am just a caretaker, this land is yours."* he would often say.

He never did find love, at least not publically, and his heirlessness was a cause for concern for his councillors. It came to a head when he responded to the threat of a black dragon in the north of the kingdom, leaving him with mortal wounds. His death was mourned for years, and it could be argued that we have never recovered from it.

ARITHEA SILVERSIGHT

A human archer, and last to come to Eleusa's side. Arithea was a consummate archer, and a total scoundrel. He was known for always showing off and attempting to charm anyone he could. His vanity and casual semi-nudity is not reflected in the paintings and statues that remain, which depict him in a more noble guise.

His ability with a bow, and genuine kind heart for those in need, are what endeared him to The King. It was his arrow that allowed The King the opening to slay the black dragon, though it cost Arithea his life.

MAGNI IRONBLOOD

Dwarf fighters often have a reputation for stoicism, but not so Magni, who by all accounts was the life and soul of many a party. Her ready wit and optimism were always on hand to boost the morale of those she fought with, and were her greatest asset aside from her mighty great axe.

Magni is still revered in Dwarven society, with many statues to her in the north. It says something about the outward conservatism of traditional dwarves that they have added a beard to those statues, for when she was alive she proudly shaved her face to *"feel the winds of freedom"*.

IRAENI EARTHENSONG

The greatest mage of her era, Iraeni was part of the unit that helped raise the walls of The Capital and the plateau in Journey's End. She was known to be studious, somewhat serious and a master of her craft. Hers was the first advice Eleusa sought when difficulties faced them, for her calmness and ability to examine obstacles from every side to find the simplest solution made her an invaluable friend.

After the war she led the Elven efforts to rediscover all the knowledge that had been lost, and became cloistered in Irithyn teaching others. She left the city only once more, responding to a desperate plea for help from Eleusa to head north and deal with an ancient foe one last time.

She never returned from that journey, for the dragon proved too much for her. She fell as she lived: defending her allies.

SILKON BUMBLESON

The halfling boy was captured by orcs during the war, and was rescued from a cage by Eleusa, winning his loyalty for life. Silkon was a master of moving through the woods, and often took on scouting roles during their expeditions.

His skill with duel daggers was legendary, and nobody ever wanted to gamble with him as he had unbelievable luck in games of chance.

After the war he settled in what was to become Tradeport, marrying and raising a family. He met his end against the dragon with The King, despite not being invited for the journey north. Word reached him through his trade network, and he simply left home with his daggers to rejoin his former colleagues. It was Silkon who survived the fight and dragged the King back to Stormhaven, only to die of exhaustion as the local mage tried to save Eleusa.

JASSICA FINDORP

The gnomish inventor was renown for the many useful items she created by fusing elven magic with gnomish ingenuity. She was not known for her bravery, and never fought on the front during the war, but could always be found close by crafting things for her companions to put to use. When she was drawn into battle, she would use bombs and a mechanical bow that could be used in one hand.

After the war she settled in Lakton, using her knowledge to reclaim land from the water to help build the city. She found the waters serene and would spend her downtime sailing and enjoying the stillness. Eleusa only reluctantly called on her for the confrontation with the dragon because he needed her ingenuity to help overcome the impassible frozen peaks as quickly as possible. She didn't stand a chance against the dragon and was the first to fall, taken unawares by his fire before she could even warn the others.

ELESIL DAWNSIGHT

The King's cousin, Elesil was a great warrior, and part of the force that helped break the seige of The Capital by attacking the orcs from the rear. He fought with a shining mithril glaive that he wielded with unsurpassed skill, and on the battlefield he moved as though in a dance. He and Arithea were especially close, and were often found by each others side after the war. Elesil was also the first elf to suffer from premature aging, and returned to Irithyn so that Iraeni could study him in hope of finding a cure. None came, and by the time Iraeni had to leave to join Eleusa again Elesil appeared to be an old man, his reflexes slowed. This proved his downfall, as he could not dodge a boulder sent crashing down by the dragon's tail, and his mighty glaive was sent skittering down into an icy vallet to be lost forever. Arithea was said to be over his body as he himself fell.

THE UNKNOWN COMPANION

All records of this companion's name have disappeared or been destroyed. We know that they were skilled with a longsword, and did not wear armour, but no statues remain of them and no records use a name.

This unknown companion was the only one whose body was not recovered after the King's demise in Stormhaven, and we know nothing of what happened to them.

THE AGE OF LIGHT

The current age is in its 3,106th year. It began when the city states came together to form The Kingdom of Eleusaria under the reign of the Wise King Eleusa, who united the peoples of the realm against the orcs during the Raging Dark.

The elven king formed a council, based not upon race but instead founded by ruling members of each city state. This move was intended to give each city the feeling that its voice mattered, and that though they were still governed by a king, they would never completely lose their autonomy.

The plan worked, and the council became the glue that held the kingdom together. Each city had its own method for electing council members, and the war had caused so many refugees that most cities in the kingdom lost any semblance of racial bias and became instead multicultural melting pots.

THE LOST KING

When The Raging Dark was defeated, King Eleusa was urged to marry and produce heirs. He laughed at the notion, for elves were in those days still immortal. His closest allies were the seven knights, who had stood with him through the war, and they would see no harm came to him, so what did he have to fear? Everything, as it turned out.

Fifty cycles of peace came and passed, until many of the knights were no longer in their prime. A threat emerged in the far north in the shape of a black dragon. The king responded, and though he delivered the killing blow, he was bitten in the process, the dragon devouring his sword arm. Six of his knights were all dead around him, and he limped back to Stormhold only to succumb to his wounds.

Rumours abounded that he had secretly had a bastard daughter, for long nights of fear and the prospect of impending death do not lend themselves to loneliness. And who could blame the king for seeking companionship?

THE SLOW DECLINE

Nobody knows what happened to the last knight, and with his disappearance went the only hope of ever knowing what had happened to the royal line. In their grief the council ruled on for many years.

The throne still sits empty, for the council could not appoint a new king except by a unanimous vote, and rivalries and self interests have always prevented this. The memories of mortals are short and in time it was easier to just carry on. Why appoint a king when Councillors already held supreme power?

And thus the world turned, from chaos, to honor, to order.

If we strain our ears, rumours of chaos once more fly before us. Only now there is no king to save us. Can we save ourselves?

THE CALENDAR

The calendar in Eleusaria is split into five seasons. Each season has a three month cycle before the next begins, except for The Time of Chaos, which has only one month.

THE YEAR CYCLE

Season	Month	Pronunciation
<i>Time of Growth</i>	Liethyn	Lee - thin
	Luaryn	Loo - are - in
	Laeryn	Lay - air - in
<i>Time Of Feasts</i>	Saenii	Say - nigh
	Murnig	Murr - nig
	Alaeryn	Uh - lair - in
<i>Time of Tears</i>	Wenth	When - thh
	Alaeranon	Uh - lair - anon
	Undig	Une - dig
<i>Time of Bones</i>	Untathor	Un - ta - thor
	Braendil	Brenn - Deel
	Morgothir	More - goth - ear
<i>Time of Chaos</i>	Suanathye	Sue - ah - na - thay



Each month is divided into three week long cycles of nine days.

THE WEEKLY CYCLE

Day	Pronunciation
Murnir	Murr - near
Wendyll	When - dill
Hendwë	Hend - way
Firgas	Fear - guss
Sundig	Soon - dig
Brenethor	Bren - ee - Thor
Lofgni	Lovg - knee
Eleusa	El - you - sa
Naenari	Nay - narr - ee

THE KINGDOM OF ELEUSARIA



Map made using www.inkarnate.com

THE MERCHANT COAST

The tamed Western coast is home to most of the country's farms. It's weather is fairly clement, if a tad on the cold side. **Tradeport** is the main city, the port hub where all the ships arrive from across the sea.

THE SANDS

To the South -West of the country lies a sunken desert of hot sands and blowing winds. The very edge of the kingdom is **Journey's End**, the city that overlooks the unknown. During The Raging Dark the Orcs came across this desert to destroy the kingdom, and one of the final acts of the war was to raise the western edge of the city upon a great plateau, and since then the city has truly become the edge of the known world.

THE CENTRAL PLAIN

Rolling Grasslands and low lying hills in the centre of the Kingdom. **The Capital** is located here. The safest and most civilised area in all of Eleusaria, the folk here truly live a blessed life.

GREAT LAKE

The very south of the Kingdom is dominated by a freshwater lake, the other side of which cannot be seen and has never been reached by boat. At the north edge of the lake lies **Lakton**, a city of canals and extreme wealth.

THE PRIMAL FOREST

A vast and unexplored forest that no humans, dwarves or gnomes have ever managed to penetrate. The secret Elven city of **Irithyn** can be found here. To the South- East of the city the woods continue on, but even the Elves never managed to penetrate further. Who knows what lies beyond?

WILD COAST

Strange beasts wash up upon the beaches of the Wild Coast, deformed and terrifying creatures from the Sea of Storms. The sea itself has so far been impossible to cross, racked by near constant storms and gales. The folk who live on this coast are hardy and stoic, used to surviving in a less forgiving climate. Nowhere is this more true than in the people of **Stormhaven**, the principal city.

DRAGON'S TEETH PEAKS

The jagged peaks run across the northern edge of the kingdom, snow touched and sheathed in ice. Some Dwarves still attempt to mine the rock here, but much of it is as temperamental and dangerous as the dragons for which they are named.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO CHRONICLE THE KINGDOM? IT'S A DUMP!" *The Unknown Scholar*

THE CITIES OF ELEUSARIA - JOURNEY'S END

"The journey there was sand, sand and more bloody sand. 'Oh, but your must see the view from atop the plateau' they told me, so onwards I went to this accursed place. Once I had climbed to the top, what did I see? Sand."

The Unknown Scholar

A BRIEF HISTORY

The one place that can truly be said to be at the end of the known world, the city gained its name from the elves that first settled here in the first age. It was the place where they could go no further, turned back by an impassable desert. They tried many times, and stories of ancient expeditions out into the wasteland are something of a speciality in the inns of the slums, where paupers dream of finding treasure.

It was after one such expedition that the first contact of The Raging Dark happened, and the orcs came swarming over the desert sands, destroying the ancient city and rendering it rubble. The combined might of the magisters of the ancient elves were required to raise the plateau to shut off access to the desert, and since then expeditions have been banned.

People slowly returned, but the city was never truly rebuilt, and has acquired something of a hap hazard look as tents and sandstone buildings that had been temporarily erected became permanent. Some say this adds to the cities charm. Others that it helps the thieves hide more easily.

Regardless, should the orcs ever return this is the city that will meet them first. It stands, as it ever has, as the kingdoms first defense.

THE PLATEAU

The most obvious feature when one approaches the city is the giant wall of the plateau, 300 feet high, that blocks the desert from the kingdom.

THE GARRISON

Upon this is erected the giant military fort, which has been maintained since the time of The King. This is where the Kingdom's elite forces are trained, and they often see action against the many bandits that breed like flies in the desert. The military is currently led by **Lord High Commander Whitestaff**, an honourable man who has developed a reputation for fairness. Given this, the people are understandably confused as to why he has seemingly declared martial law, instituted a curfew and refuses to attend meetings of The Council.

THE TEMPLE

The military citadel is built a few hundred yards away from The Temple, a giant marble construct that houses priests of the many gods of the world. The current leader of the priests is **High Priest Wurmont**, an elderly male with long white hair who rarely leaves his inner chambers. He is a secretive type, and he clashes with the Lord High Commander Whitestaff about almost everything.

Their positions atop the plateau define life in Journey's End. Caught between the military and the church, people had better watch their step.

ANCIENT RUINS

Also resting atop are the ruined remains of the original city. Worn by sand and time, there is not much remaining aside from walls and columns. Rumours persist of ancient elven wonders still to be found there, but to search is considered graverobbing, and who would dare that so close to the two powers?

THE BAZAAR

Nestled under the plateau, the bazaar is a mess of tents, alleys and shops where the majority of the people work and trade.

The most notable stores are those run by **Boric and Gloric Caskgut**, the ageing dwarven traders who have been known to deal in under the table goods for the right price.

Batterbee's Workshop is a place where adventurers can have things made and altered by Ava Batterbee, the brilliant human inventor. She is only young, and tends to be a little naive about the world outside her inventions, but she works tirelessly for a way to greenify the desert.

Adventurers seeking more arcane goods would do well to head to the small tent of **Malask Drask**, if they can find it. They had better hope they had something good to barter with, as he can be notoriously difficult to deal with.

THE SLUMS

What is there to say? If The Bazaar was hard to navigate, the slums are positively labarynthian. This is the place to come to find the downtrodden, the destitute and the underworld.

THE OASIS

Formed of a natural lake, the waters of the oasis are clear and refreshing, as are the dense thickets of palm trees that grow around it. Though these have become riddled with bandits recently. The farms rely on the oasis for irrigation, so somebody had probably better do something about the bandits before they start throwing their filth there and everybody starves to death.

THE FARMS

On the outskirts of the city can be found the farms. Food grows here. There are lots of farmers, and goats. I don't recommend going there much, unless you really like dung.

WHAT HAPPENS HERE?

Not a lot. Mostly religion and military training, with people left to scabble for survival. This is the end of the world, and only the most wretched or most devout end up living here.



JOURNEY'S END BACKGROUND

D4 Origin Story

- 1 **Farmer.** Growing up by the oasis your family provided food for the city. From an early age you got used to waking up early to tend the fields, though you never loved it. After one harvest you argued with your folks and decided to run away. Cities make you uncomfortable, but you thrive in rural areas.
- 2 **Merchant.** The Bazaar was your playground as a child, running errands between the stalls until you were lucky enough to be taken on as an apprentice. You have an eye for a bargain and find it easy to locate places that welcome travellers.
- 3 **Acolyte.** The giant temple on the plateau is all you've ever known as home. You don't remember your parents, and you assume yourself to be a foundling. Churches & temples are always places where you can find inner peace.
- 4 **Soldier.** You've trained with weapons since you were young. Were you selected for a mission and asked to leave? Or did you have enough of the endless discipline and decide to desert? You can easily recognise those who are competent with arms, and know the insignias and banners associated with the military.

THE CITIES OF ELEUSARIA - LAKTON



Map made using www.inkarnate.com

A BRIEF HISTORY

After the last war Lakton became a place of healing as the lake was claimed to have properties of rejuvenation. Communities were built on the tiny islands, and over time they grew and joined together. The primary means of travel has always been on water, with canalboats and gondolas being the most common vehicles.

The city became a prime destination for the rich to visit, and they paid vast amounts to build luxury mansions overlooking the lake itself. This shunted the common folk to the parts of the water that had become polluted by the accumulation of human waste.

Trade flows into the city in the form of food, which is not grown here. The main exports are the artisanal jewellery produced for the rich clientele, and art. Lakton is a city of high luxury, where the rich party endlessly and the poor slowly wither.

THE BRINE

The area closest to the land, The Brine is the area where the poorest and most wretched are forced to live amidst the filthy water. Here the waterways are fetid, narrow and covered in shade. The cheap wooden houses lean in to each other as they rot and warp. What little paint might remain on houses is chipped and discoloured.

Notable locations here include:

- **The Rotten Squid:** a squalid inn where people are lucky to survive the night.
- **The Silver Swan:** an abandoned hotel that has become home to a nest of thieves.
- **Bartle's Goods & Wares:** A well known local store whose owner Bertie Bartle is rumoured to be a fence.

THE FLOATING MARKET

One of the great spectacles of the realm, this market floats upon barges in the middle of the lake. It is open all day and all night, only shutting down during the heavy storms. This market caters to all patrons, from the gourmet restaurants and art galleries for the rich, to the street food vendors and performing artists for the rougher elements of the city.

Notable locations here include:

- **Maker's Tower:** the giant clock tower that is visible from everywhere in Lakton. It hasn't worked in years.
- **Felderwisp's Finery:** a clothes shop for the most refined in society.
- **Embersun's Magical Goods:** Gilder Embersun's shop sells genuine magical artefacts, so they say. If you ever have the money to find out it's worth a look.
- **The Floating Lotus:** The finest food in all the realm can be found here for those with enough gold. ### The Golden Isle Named after the money that endlessly flows into it, these islands are where the wealthy reside. A collection of mansions and gardens, this area is well patrolled and requires a pass to dock at. The greatest of all these mansions belongs to **Lady Emmeline Strega**, better known as 'The Magistrate', and Lakton's current ruler.

CLIFFTOP

The top of the cliffs overlooking the lake are where all the caravans and traders from the rest of the kingdom unload their wares. A network of warehouses and trading posts, this is where the honest money is made in the city.

Overlooking all of this is the lighthouse, which shines a magical light out over the water to guide the pleasure boats back to shore.

ELDER'S ISLE

An Elven temple sits isolated on Elder's Isle. None have been able to enter for centuries, and everybody who attempts it has disappeared. At least according to the stories.

CATHEDRAL OF THE LADY

Standing near The Brine, The Cathedral is a well attended temple that honours The Lady of The Light. Made of stone hewn from the rocks of the north and transported down, it is a baroque style masterpiece of art and architecture.

There is not much of the inside that isn't gold leaf. Surprisingly, it has never been targeted by any of the thieves guilds that live close by.

"The water shone like facets of a jewel in the light of the morning sun, and everywhere I looked were faces so beautiful it would bring most people to tears. Market traders sold goods of such splendour my eyes widened anew around each corner. The folk were congenial and warmly embraced me as I passed. It was right about then I noticed that one of the little buggers had made off with my coinpurse." - *The Unknown Scholar*

LAKTON BACKGROUND

D4 Origin Story

- 1 **Fisherman.** You were raised day and night on a boat, used to backbreaking labour. When your father passed you decided to sell his boat and see what the world had to offer.
- 2 **Noble.** Born on The Golden Isle, you were both privileged and spoiled growing up. You are used to the parties and the dances of the wealthy. The world is your oyster, and yet you chose to leave home and see what else was out there. Let us hope that your complete lack of understanding about the real world does not bring you trouble.
- 3 **Thief.** You survived a tough childhood in The Brine, falling into bad company and joining a thieves guild. Now you're based out of the The Silver Swan, working jobs for the gang. What could make you leave? Did a job go wrong? Are you playing a long con? Maybe you're on the run from your gang?
- 4 **Trader.** The stalls of the floating market were your home growing up. You've a sharp eye for a deal and enjoy the hustle and bustle of lively crowds. You've seen many of the material wonders that life has to offer already, but there's a world of splendour still waiting for you out there.

THE CITIES OF ELEUSARIA - IRITHYN



Map made using www.inkarnate.com

A BRIEF HISTORY

The oldest city in the realm, Irithyn is the place that all High Elves call home. It is a secret city, hidden and unknown in the depths of The Primal Forest.

Once the city stood open and all species were welcome, but after King Eleusa died the elders closed the gates. For a time the city still sent a representative to the council, though they were sworn to secrecy by magic. This has not happened in a long while, so long in fact that the other races have forgotten that Irithyn ever existed.

The reason for the withdrawal from the world is unknown, and there are almost no facts to speculate on. Did they lose all belief in the mortal races since the death of their king? Are they amassing an army of conquest to retake their ancient lands? Or do they hold themselves apart to prepare for the return of darkness to the land? That is a mystery for you to uncover.

One thing we know for certain: High Elves never mention the existence of Irithyn to any but each other, not even to Grey Bloods or Half Elves.

THE ARCHIVE

A repository of all the knowledge ever collected. There are scrolls so old in there that the language cannot be translated by the wisest linguists in the land. The histories of all the peoples of the land are chronicled here. What ancient secrets are hidden there to uncover?

THE HALLS OF WISDOM

This soaring spire is the home of those High Elves that are called to study magic. It is both a university and a training school.

THE HOUSE OF HEALING

Elven healing is legendary, but it is not because of any innate ability, but rather the willingness of their healers to study.

THE FIELD OF BLADES

There is nothing more deadly than a phalanx of Elven warriors. They train here.

THE HEARTH

The citadel in the centre of the city.

THE FIELDS OF REMEMBRANCE

A forest of colourful leaves that seem to defy nature grows inside the city.

ERADIN'S JOY

A theatre and home of the elven artists.

THE CITIES OF ELEUSARIA - STORMHAVEN



Map made using www.inkarnate.com

A BRIEF HISTORY

The mountains at the north of the world were first colonised by Dwarven folk who were drawn to the abundance of ores. The fact that the surface was pummelled by storms for the majority of the year was no issue to a people who spent most of their time underground.

The keep at Stormhaven sprung up during The Raging Dark as a solid defensible position, and the rest of the city grew around it after the war ended. The people who choose their homes here are hardier than other folk, and are rarely inclined to grumble about the weather. They know it will be bad and deal with it anyway.

"For three weeks I travelled north through dark forests, wretched swamps and gathering snows. When I arrived I found a squalid city cowering under endless storms. My companion suggested I visit the Dwarven mines to get warm. Let me tell you that the hospitality of those folk was anything but! They stared at me and went silent whenever I spoke to them until I left to head back south to civilisation. If only a storm could blow the whole blasted place down nobody would care! - *The Unknown Scholar*

Its proximity to the mountains was not always a good thing. Many years after the war a black dragon named **Untaring** was drawn to the region, causing havoc and destroying towns. King Eleusa himself set forth, with his by now aged companions, to slay the beast. The fight became one of legend, the King and his Knights fighting a dragon amidst the lashing snow and thunder, until most of the knights were slain and the king claimed the mortal blow at the cost of his own arm. He was rushed back to Stormhaven by his surviving companions as they sought a healer, but none of sufficient skill could be found. Consequently infection took hold and he died, heirless, heaving the kingdom into turmoil again. The city has never really recovered from the ignomy of this, and even during the long period of prosperity that followed it has become a place to be avoided by most. What little nobility exist there are withdrawn and sullen, rarely venturing forth to the rest of the Kingdom.

The only thing that can be said of the place is that The Dwarves still attempt to mine the mountains, despite almost nothing being left and rockslides becoming more frequent.

In the deep places of the world lie remnants of what came before, and some brave souls claim to have found otherworldly secrets lying deep in the heart of the mountains.

DRAGON TEETH

The mountains that lie at the edge of the world are home to the last clan of Dwarves that mostly keep to themselves. They don't turn away visitors, but neither are they particularly welcoming. They delve in the deep places of the earth, looking for precious gems.

The mountains themselves have never been successfully navigated. The extreme cold brings ice, and the constant storms send not only lightning but giant hailstones raining down onto the jagged black peaks.

CITADEL HILL

The oldest part of the city, Citadel Hill houses The Citadel, an ancient keep hewn from the stones of the nearby mountains. It is functional in almost every way: designed to not only keep the elements out but invaders too. Battlements, drawbridges, arrow slits and traps are just some of the ancient defenses that still linger.

Around The Citadel itself houses have sprung up, mostly the common folk who work in the castle. The wind still reaches this high up and it is not a pleasant place to live.

THE SWEEPS

Those who have truly fallen to the bottom of the social pile may find themselves here. The Sweeps is the region atop the cliffs to the south of the city. Even the giant city walls do not shield this area from the brunt of the ongoing storms, and residents are often blown off to their deaths. The ground is permanently slippery ice, and only during the brief period of sun in The Time of Feasts can residents hope to enjoy the spectacular view looking out over the sea.

NOOKS

The safest part of the city, Nooks is below the cliffs, sheltered from the winds by the walls and The Sweeps. Stone pavements are a luxury for those that can afford to walk on them, for the poor must walk in the muddy slush trail that the carts follow. Not much trade comes up this high, except from local towns, though there are some markets here. Do not expect to find anything exotic here. The houses of the rich are devoid of the extravagance of other parts of the kingdom: strong stone houses and slate roofs are finished off with stout wooden shutters. The insides tell a different story, for here the people can express themselves more lavishly.

THE WASH

Down by the sea is The Wash. A marshy wasteland that passes for a beach, crossing the river. A church to The Lady of The Light stands here, though it draws only small crowds.

The Wash has one truly peculiar feature: the carcasses that wash up during The Time of Chaos. Mysterious and terrifying sea creatures are left dead on the shores during this time, and some few brave scholars venture north to study them.

STORMHAVEN BACKGROUND

D4 Origin Story

- 1 **Washing.** Abandoned as a child, you have grown up in The Wash. You have learnt to live off scraps and trash, but are fascinated by the strange and unusual objects that wash up on the beach daily. Are you still in the city, scrabbling to survive? Or did you manage to hide on a wagon headed south and are now trying to survive in the warm and relatively storm free lands?
- 2 **Hunter.** Only the strong survive in the wilds. You've learned to hunt game and beasts with competence. Others might be terrified of the wild storms, but you are canny enough to know how to find shelter from the worst of the weather even when stuck outside.
- 3 **Humble Origins.** You grew up in The Sweeps, with a loving family who could never offer you much, but raised you as best they could. You may have been poor, but your clothes were always clean and your hair was always brushed. Now it's time for you to take those solid sensibilities into the real world and find your way.
- 4 **Stormrider.** Nobody has ever managed to successfully sail in the seas of The Storm Coast. You fully intend to be the first to find out what lies beyond the wild waters. All you need is a crew as mad as you, and a ship that can withstand the abuse. That shouldn't be too hard to find, should it?

THE CITIES OF ELEUSARIA - TRADEPORT



A BRIEF HISTORY

Located on the western coast of the country, Tradeport's primary purpose is to receive goods from across the Merchant's Sea.

It's actually the newest city in the kingdom and was designed and built by humans and halflings, which explains its slightly ungainly nature. Slate roofs adorn dark rough hewn stone buildings for the wealthy that live in the Upper City. The Lower City is home to the cheap wooden houses of the workers.

The city is a bustling hive of traders, and is home to The Emporium, where all the prices in the kingdom get decided. It is run by The Merchant's Guild, a loose affiliation of traders who have prospered along with the city through the years. Family means everything here, as does reputation.

LOWER CITY

This is where the real work in the city takes place. The ships arrive at the docks, and the goods are stored in the many warehouses before being loaded onto the carts to be transported around the kingdom. The folk here are ordinary, and for the most part hospitable to travellers as they have to deal with people from across the country. They are generally quite blunt and down to earth, a rustic folk.

DOCKSIDE

Dockside is more than just the docks that keep the city rich. It's also the warehouses, shipyards and the inns that grease the wheels of labour. Notable locations here include:

- **The Happy Halfling** - This inn run by Bron Irongrip is renown for its welcoming nature, and is the usual choice of travelers to the city.
- **Feldergast's Works** - A Blacksmith belonging to Master Feldegast, a gnomish smith trusted by The Merchant's Guild.
- **Fisher's Nook** - A collection of apartments where the dockworkers reside. Accomodation is cheap here, but not good.
- **Shipyard** - Construction sites where new ships are built by master wrights.
- **Warehouses** - Where all the goods brought across The Merchant's Sea are stored, catalogued and inventoried before heading off for sale.
- **The Docks** - The most important part of the district. This is where the ships arrive across the sea. A collection of large stone docks are owned by The Merchant's Guild, but smaller wooden jettys are owned and run by local fishermen.

THE TWITTERNS

A Winding maze of alleys and hovels where those too poor to afford even dockside live. The Twitterns run from the Trade Road right up to the wall of the Upper City. The houses lean close together and honest folk try not to go here after dark unless they can help it. There are rumours of all kinds of brigands lurking in shadows, but who would ever seek them out?

ABANDONED LIBRARY

Once this mighty building was heralded as the start of a new era, a way of bringing literacy to the masses to uplift them. A fire put pay to that, and now the abandoned husk of the building stands forgotten in the middle of The Twitterns. The Merchant's Guild sealed it off, and who would want to go there anyway? Books won't keep you warm at night, or put food on the table. Besides... some say it is haunted.

THE MARKET

The great outdoor market of Tradeport is perhaps more disappointing than one might expect of a trading city. This is a place for the common folk to come and hawk their wares, a place for mercenaries to find new blades and for out of town traders to indulge in local delicacies.

CATHEDRAL

A mighty edifice to Oedien, this cathedral stands by the entrance gates to the city. It is packed out every Naenari as the commonfolk see attendance as a must. Oedien venerates goodness, but despises absentees it seems.

UPPER CITY

The respectable Upper City is where the true trading takes place. Away from the rabble the rich fix prices and shape the economic future of the continent over fine ales, or throw tasteful receptions in their large town houses. If you can afford to live here, you have truly arrived.

FOUNTAIN WEST

Have you recently come into some money? This is where you want to live! A nice community of the neavau rich, complete with good inns for the wealth traveller and restaurants with named meat on the menu. Make sure you keep your lawn freshly mowed though, because it will be noticed if you don't.

FOUNTAIN EAST

This is where the actually rich live. Long time traders and the aspiring members of The Guild have their residences amongst the large stone houses. There are no inns here, only fine clothes stores, theatres and all the other accoutrements of the upper middle class.

TREEVALE

Despite the name there are no trees here. This is the gated community where the newest families within The Merchant's Guild reside. The guards make sure that only those who are.... *ahem* 'respectable'... are allowed to enter.

THE SUMMIT

The large gardens are the setting for the Guild Building, where all the trade and business of the kingdom is discussed.

It's also the residence of the oldest and richest members of The Guild.

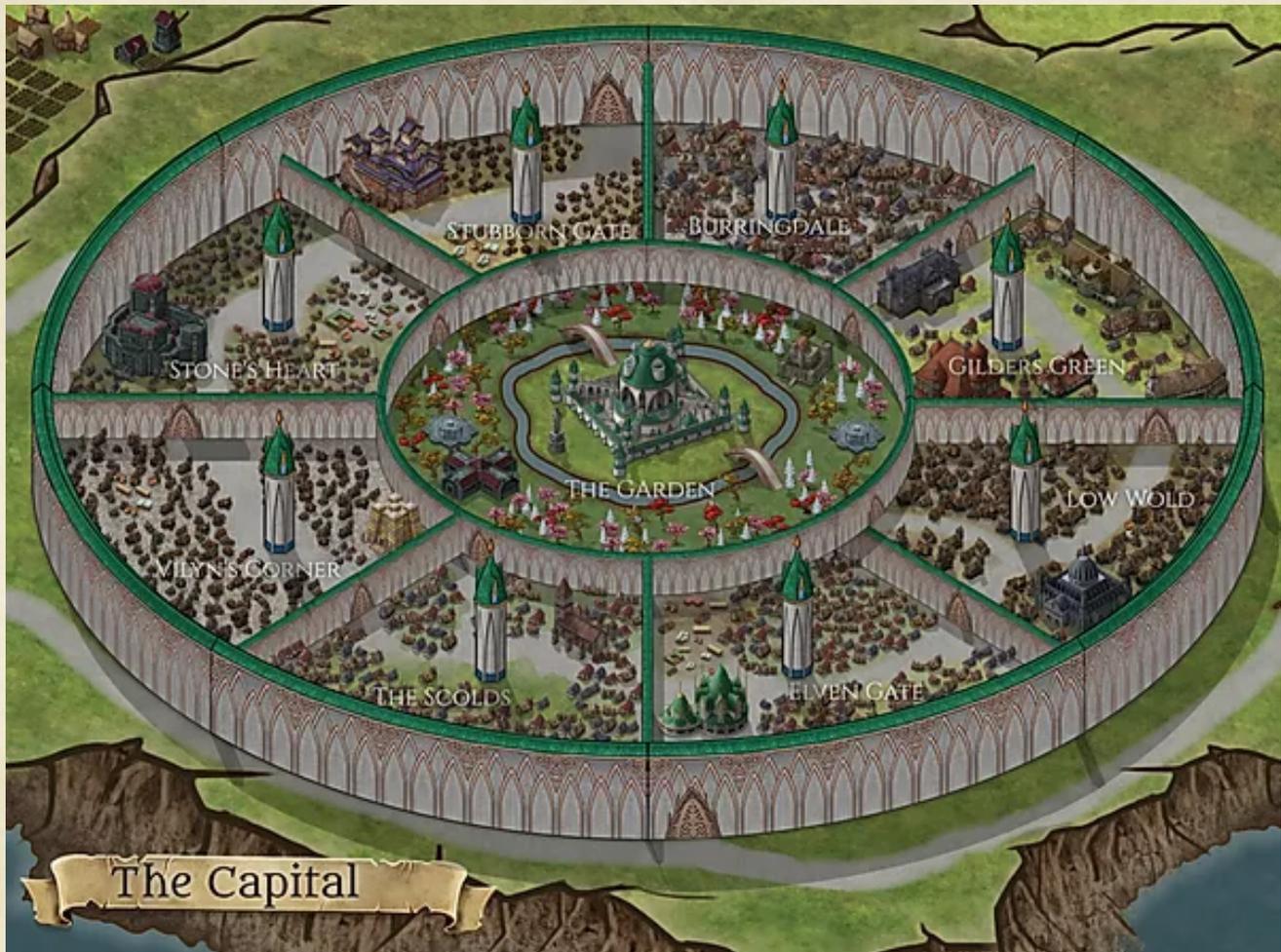
"I stepped off the boat onto the dock and all I could see were people scurrying around loading crates onto carts. The smell of oil and tar was everywhere. The people weren't much better: grubby and reeking of mackerel. The Guild sent an escort to take me to their hall, and honestly the stink of corruption was worse than the fish."
- *The Unknown Scholar*

TRADEPORT BACKGROUND

D4 Origin Story

- 1 **Dockhand.** Born into poverty you spent your days shifting crates off of the ships that sailed into harbour each day. Your evenings in the taverns with the other workers hardened you to drink, and after a few ales you are likely to burst into song and attempt to climb tall objects.
- 2 **Guild Member.** Your family are rich, new members of the Merchant's Council living in Treevale. In order to make a name for yourself you decide to head out and find your own way in the world, but you'll always be beholden to The Guild.
- 3 **Sailor.** One of the few people to cross the sea itself, you've worked on the ships since you were young. The sea itself seems home to you, but a recent altercation with The Guild has left you landlocked.
- 4 **Outlander.** Wow, you are a long way from home. You were born across the sea itself in the mysterious city known only as 'The Enclave'. You've grown up listening to the stories of your grandfather, and now you've returned to your ancestral homeland to search for something.

THE CITIES OF ELEUSARIA - THE CAPITAL



A BRIEF HISTORY

The city is actually called Eleusa, after the King that formed it, but it has been referred to as 'The Capital' for so long now that it has stuck. During The Raging Dark the land was a staging ground for the armies of The Elves. Its central location allowed the troops to respond to whichever city called for help. As the old cities were destroyed one by one, the refugees fled to the encampment for safety.

Temporary accommodations became more permanent as the war went on, and the great mages of the time built the walls to protect the refugees, and to allow the armies staging areas. Eventually the orcs came to besiege the city, and for a year they spent themselves on the mighty walls. It was here that Eleusa initiated the first of the great offensives, defeating the orcs with the help of the dwarven and human refugees, forging the bond that helped them unite the rest of the kingdom.

After the war it became a beacon of art, beauty and safety: a symbol of the new kingdom. The districts that had been designed for defense became repurposed, and the population boomed. The King himself was not often at home, as he visited all corners of the realm to supervise the rebirth of the country, or to face outlying threats left behind by the invaders.

After his fall the Kingdom held to its vision and purpose, but over time it has become less and less relevant, to the point that now the other cities more or less ignore the edicts flowing from The Council's chambers. It has become like large cities all over the multiverse: bloated, cramped, dirty and filled with people who are utterly convinced that nowhere else exists in the world.

ELVEN GATE

The oldest part of the city, this is where the Elven Army originally set up camp during the Raging Dark.

Now the majority of the markets and trade happens here.

- **Watchers Tower:** Home of The City Watch.
 - **Palace Of Remembrance:** A museum commemorating all that happened in The Raging Dark.

"The only truly civilised place in the world. Stinking peasants, stupid nobles, drunk students and cheating merchants everywhere I look. It might not be perfect, but at least the thieves here can speak properly. Oh yes, it's good to be home." - *The Unknown Scholar*

THE SCOLDS

This is the slums of the city. Older wooden frame buildings and narrow alleys converge. This is where most of the common labour is found, and visitors to the city would do well to avoid The Scolds if they wish to survive their trip.

- **Cathedral of The Light** The presence of a cathedral to The Lady could be taken to be a divine joke, especially considering the inherent poverty in the district. Its grandiose halls are a refuge for those who genuinely believe.
- **Ruined Tower** The shell of this tower stands intact, but inside is a burnt out husk after an unfortunate incident some few hundred years ago.

VILYN'S CORNER

Is a city even a city if it does not house galleries, theatres and brothels? This is where they can all be found, and it's possible to lose all sense of reality in a district where the fun never stops.

Kallenthorpes: The grand pleasure house is modelled after the great temple in Journey's End, and is a place where any manner of vice can be found.

Tower of Hope: This tower has been sealed since the last elven representative left The Council. Many have tried to gain entry, but none have succeeded. Who knows what is hidden inside?

STONE'S HEART

The largest dwarven population outside of the far north reside here. Weapons smiths and armour smiths have stores here, as do runesmiths and metalwork factories.

- **The Black Keep:** This is the ancestral palace of the dwarves who joined the alliance. Now it has become a cross between a guild hall and a place of learning for all who wish to learn the secrets of working with metal.
- **The Clockwork Tower:** This tower had its innards replaced with clockwork and mechanisms in a joint venture between the Gnomes and the Dwarves. During the war it produced siege weapons, but now it is a place of invention. It's best to wear protective clothing if you ever visit, as explosions are very common.

STUBBORN GATE

The northernmost gate is where the human and dwarven army held for a week without reinforcements during The Raging Dark.

Now the district is home to artisans and skilled traders such as weaponsmiths and fine clothiers.

- **The Withered Palace:** Ancient human built citadel.
- **The Iron Tower:** Many great artificers can be found here.

BURRINGDALE

No great city is complete without a trendy district full of drunken students, and Burringdale serves that purpose. There is nothing more cool than bunking off class to try and find a pop up bar that serves mint juice imported from Journey's End, or share street meats and discuss what might lay across the unreachable waters of Lakton.

- **Tower of Learning:** This tower serves as the great university of the city, and students come from all over Eleusaria to study here. Some even manage to graduate.

GILDERS GREEN

The very rich reside in this district. Mighty old houses and grand modern townhouses reside in broad and well kept paved streets. There are parks and greens for all residents to use.

- **Gilded Tower:** A school of history and nobility. Etiquette, the obligations of the nobles and heraldry are studied here.

LOW WOLD

This district is home to many of the Ministries that run the city, and is largely an administrative centre.

- **Hall of Ministries:** This grand old building is the central hub for the ministry, and only top level officials have access to this.
- **Tower of Order:** Many essential records and archives are kept here, as well as copies of each law passed in the city. If this ever went up in flames, there would be chaos.

THE GARDEN

The central hub of the city is one giant elven designed forest, with grand and elaborate gardens inside the central river. It is a place of peace and quiet where each member of The Council has an official residence, and is very closely guarded. Once upon a time the many central gates leading to the other districts stood open for all to visit, but in the last few hundred years only the gates to Low Wold and Gilders Green are passable. Even then one must have the correct paperwork.

- **Official Residences:** Each member of The Council has their official residence here. These have been built in the last five hundred years and are exquisite manor houses.
- **Dwarven Embassy:** The official embassy of The Dwarves, dating back to The Raging Dark. Now it stands as a museum for all things Dwarvish.
- **Embassy of The Alliance:** The official embassy of Humans, Halflings and Gnomes. It too stands as a relic of days gone by.
- **The King's Palace:** The vast palace was once home to The King, though now it is used by The Council as their central gathering place.

THE COUNCIL

The council are the ruling body of the kingdom in its current age. They are comprised from one member of the ruling class in each City State. There are six representatives: one each for Journey's End, Lakton, Irithyn, Stormhaven, Tradeport and The Capital itself.

The Council are nominally in charge of the entire kingdom, but find increasingly less of their decrees listened to as they focus on gathering wealth and power for themselves.

There is no set term for how long one may serve on the council, and often members are at risk of assassination of both the overt and covert kinds.

The current serving council members are:

- **Lord High Commander Whitestaff of Journey's End.** He does not attend the council much as he focuses on training the elite forces of his city. He is considered too honourable to be worth much attention as far as politics goes.
- **The Duke Renfry of Stormhaven.** He is a petty and self absorbed man whose vanity is matched only by his ugliness. He cares little for affairs of state, choosing to spend more time at parties and restaurants. Do not mistake him for stupid though, as many of his enemies have done.

- **Lady Amelia Strega, "The Serpent", represents Lakton.** A close relative of The Magistrate, Lakton's ruler, her main imperative is to ensure that the city retains its status as a haven for the nobles. That's not to say that she isn't open to bribery though, should the price be right. Her nickname comes not just from her graceful movement, but from her tendency to strike at opponents when they least expect it.
- **Joseph Barrelship, the halfling, represents Tradeport.** A member of Tradeport's Merchant Council, which is less of a council and more of a closed guild, he vies with Lady Amelia at every opportunity to gather more prestige and power for the merchants. He is less selfish than the majority of the others, but that's only because he is representing those that will gladly replace him the moment he ceases to be of use to them.
- **Margrave Suzannah Phaeltre is The Capital's representative.** She is almost competent by modern standards, and has a genuine desire to help others. Alas, there is nobody that she can trust.
- **The last seat currently remains empty.** No representative from Irithyn has been seen in 500 years. In fact the existence of Irithyn is one known only to the most trusted of lore masters, and The Council, who are sworn to silence by a magical pact. Why have they not arrived? None in the Kingdom yet know.

THE CAPITAL BACKGROUND

D4 Origin Story

- 1 **Student** You were sent to the city to study, the first member of your family to achieve the honour. Will you spend your days drunk and bunking class? Are you studious and serious, seeking the hidden knowledge of the world? Or have you been kicked out for seeking forbidden knowledge?
- 2 **Civil Servant** For most of your life you have worked for the government. You've pushed papers and followed the laws of the land. Maybe now you're bored and want a new adventure, to throw off the chains of monotony. Or maybe you've discovered some foul secret, becoming jaded by the constant failures of the political system to help the people.
- 3 **Naturalised Citizen.** Your family have lived in The Scolds for many generations. They never stop talking about 'back home'. Roll a d6 to determine where your family was originally from: 1) Tradeport 2) Journey's End 3) Lakton 4) Stormhaven 5) Irithyn 6) The enclave across The Merchant Sea. You've never really felt that the city is your home, and long to reconnect with your roots. Let's hope the stories you were told were accurate.
- 4 **City Watch.** You are an officer of the law, sworn to uphold it. Maybe you are on a case and hunting down a villain. Or maybe you're on the run, accused of a crime you never committed, and you have to use your skills and contacts to hide from the authorities.

RELIGIONS IN THE KINGDOM



trangely, religions here are more personal than in most realms. There are origin myths of course, but these have not spawned religions which are particularly bothered with dominating the world. Not outwardly at least.

DEITIES AND RACE

If there was any way at all to divide the races still, it would be easiest to do it by religion, for each still holds onto some ancient myths of their more tribal forbears.

ANKOR-ZÜN

The dwarven god of earth and fire. His creation myth is that he created the world by smelting down the stars and hammering them. One spark flew off into the quenching bowl, and cooled into the hot core of the world. He picked it up and dropped it onto some soil, causing the land to form. He breathed onto it to cool it, creating the clouds and the rains that formed the oceans. The story doesn't seem to mention how life appeared.

His worshippers wear a pendant of a hammer smashing a disc, though sometimes a tattoo of a hammer suffices.

THE LADY OF LIGHT

Humans worship The Lady of Light as a celestial being who helped them escape through the darkness beyond the stars to this world. Her image is often a candle or a stylised portal.

OEDIEN

The Great Eye. Worshipped by those that don't believe in a anthropomorphic god or goddess, but instead in an omnipotent and omniscient being that watches all, venerating those that do great good when they pass on to the next life. Their symbol is (obviously) a large violet eye.

ELEUSA

I suppose it's inevitable that if you go and do things like defeat conquering armies, uniting kingdoms and killing dragons you'll end up being worshipped as a god. The symbol of The Crown & Sword is perhaps the most commonly seen in the kingdom, aside from the symbols of The Lady. It's easier to believe in someone that you know existed.

His worshippers hope that he will return, and bring back prosperity to the land.

THE GODS OF THE ELVES

High Elves don't seem to have any gods. This may be because they are too busy studying the universe, and see how absolutely ridiculous the idea of anyone planning all this seems to be. Others think it may be because they've killed gods in the past. Either way, a religious elf has probably suffered a knock to the head.



Credit: Taliesin Di Girolamo

"I've never found much proof that the world was created by a god. If it was, they were probably drunk" - *The Unknown Scholar*

FORBIDDEN WORSHIP

Some religions are frowned upon, others are banned upon pain of death. One might even call these cults. Either way, they have been wiped out to the point that nobody is even sure whether they even still exist or not.

THE BROKEN DAWN

This cult hunts down old orcish artefacts, believing that the world needs to be purged by another orcish invasion to rediscover its true purpose.

THE SODDEN HEART

Our hearts are too full of emotions. This cult believes in cutting out the hearts of the sinful and drinking their blood as wine to purify the congregation.

THE WHISPERS

If we open our minds in the quiet, dark places in the world then we might hear voices whispering back to us of forbidden knowledge and dark magics. This cult strives to learn all it can about what is hidden in the dark.

THE LAST NIGHT

Beyond our world are other worlds. Some believe that we came here chased by an ancient evil that devours worlds. This cult tries to summon it.

