

# Mistworld

Welcome to Unitas, planet of humanity.

## Personal

Welcome to the Mistworld, visitor. This is a lore document page intended for a potential Dungeons & Dragons campaign that will take place in this setting. Thanks for visiting!

I started the Mistworld a year ago, but only recently have I decided to seriously delve into the culture of the world. After half a year of writer's block and some deep thinking, I realized one of the things that my novels are missing is a deep world building- a unique culture. Not just a combination of existing cultures or themes thrown together! Thus, I decided to go all-out and craft a truly unique world, heavily inspired by my love for the Homeworld universe, and my desire to create a world ripe with discovery. I have a special place in my heart for grand expeditions that carry the will of an entire people with them.

This version of the Mistworld, loose from the canon Mistworld I wish to write, has magic in it, to more easily integrate into D&D 5th edition rules and style. This document has everything you need to explore the world, and find out about D&D character options and a potential campaign. Remember that this page is just a first iteration, and many aspects are still capable of change.

## Premise

A century ago, the Order of Humanity, a mighty faction ruled by various religious leaders across a late 18th century world known as Feya (later renamed Unitas), are on the verge of creating a full world government to fight off the things that threaten humanity, which has recovered after two centuries of strife.

The Order fights for the continued existence of humanity- they see progress as their tool forward, and have invented many sustainable food- and energy options. The last problem they wish to solve is climate change- using a technology referred to as the Atmospheric Absorption Gas, they turn on the first Generator during a public area test.

However, this goes horribly wrong. The gas, in reality a magically engineered micro-organism, consumes all carbon instead of only CO<sub>2</sub>, killing all at the test, and soon seeping into the world. Society is thrown into collapse and starts evacuating towards the high mountains. In only a week, all ground under five hundred meters is rendered unliveable, and a week later, the so-dubbed purple Mist rises up towards nearly two and a half kilometers. The Order become known as the destroyers of humanity, and many flee them, becoming nomads.

But one faction manages to come out on top- the Logipedes Republic, led by visionary Lunius Aerius, who leads a group of eccentric scientists on a mountainous society. Possessing advanced zeppelin and flight technology along with power systems, astronomy, and a self-sufficient colony on Mount Primus, he was the one who allegedly rescued over half of all fleeing refugees in the known region of the world during this time.

The eccentric man, sensing opportunity, forged a new society in his vision- one focused around sustainability, eternity, bureaucracy, and culture. Seeing culture as humanity's greatest endeavour, not progress and technology, he united the world and built many great cities over the course of a year. The Order, only a shadowy shell of its former self, becomes but a small country on the map, forgiven only for their atrocities for their knightly resolve to right their wrong, and their technological prowess essential to continued survival on the Mountains above the Mist.

With over 97% of the world's population dead, and the rest in cultural shock attempting to recover from completely different living conditions, many more die of mountain sickness, food shortages, or harsh mining work. Eventually, the Republic restores orders in many sectors of the world. With no law in very wide regions and metal and resources for technologies more readily available, many societies become nomads and pirates. The more organized among them that desire to stay closer to the old ways and not to the culture of the Logipedes form the Nomaden Coalition, large enough to outnumber the Order of the Storm, which has renamed itself.

A century of living later, humanity changes. Although regular military activity is still a painful reality, life has become stable and clear, and living conditions are fantastic in the capitals of the world. The Order has regained much of its former strength, though the honor of its royal family was never restored.

But this life cannot permanently go on.

The mist still lingers, and something in the deep is stirring.

## World

Soundtracks to listen to while traveling the Mist. Put up a soundtrack while reading!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9rFwaf2GaHE> (Homeworld game OST: Dune-inspired religious space desert sci-fi)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e6LRTwMc01k> (More Homeworld)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uTmBeR32GRA> (Dune (2021) by Hans Zimmer)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zfZR3sz1vuE> (Ambience mix)

Soundtracks to listen to in the grand Executiis:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EtADp4pZU2s&t=1912s> (Ambience mix)

Pure combat:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=967DBySw80A> (Universal epic emotional combat)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LqVXs4envG4> (Pirate combat! Yarrrr!)

Steampunk music mixes often carry a sense of joyful adventure- something that the landscapes of Mist are missing, sadly.

## Unitas



Unitas, so named by the Logipedes Republic after it ceremoniously declared itself as the flag carriers of mankind's future, is the planet once known as Feya, by us known as Earth. It is a cold world- a deficit in carbon dioxide having heavily decreased the planet's ability to absorb sunlight.

With 97% of its human population and biosphere gone, what remains of Unitas is a large blanket of the Mist, which stretches to everything up to one-and-a-half kilometers high. The dark purple cloud defines life for those above.

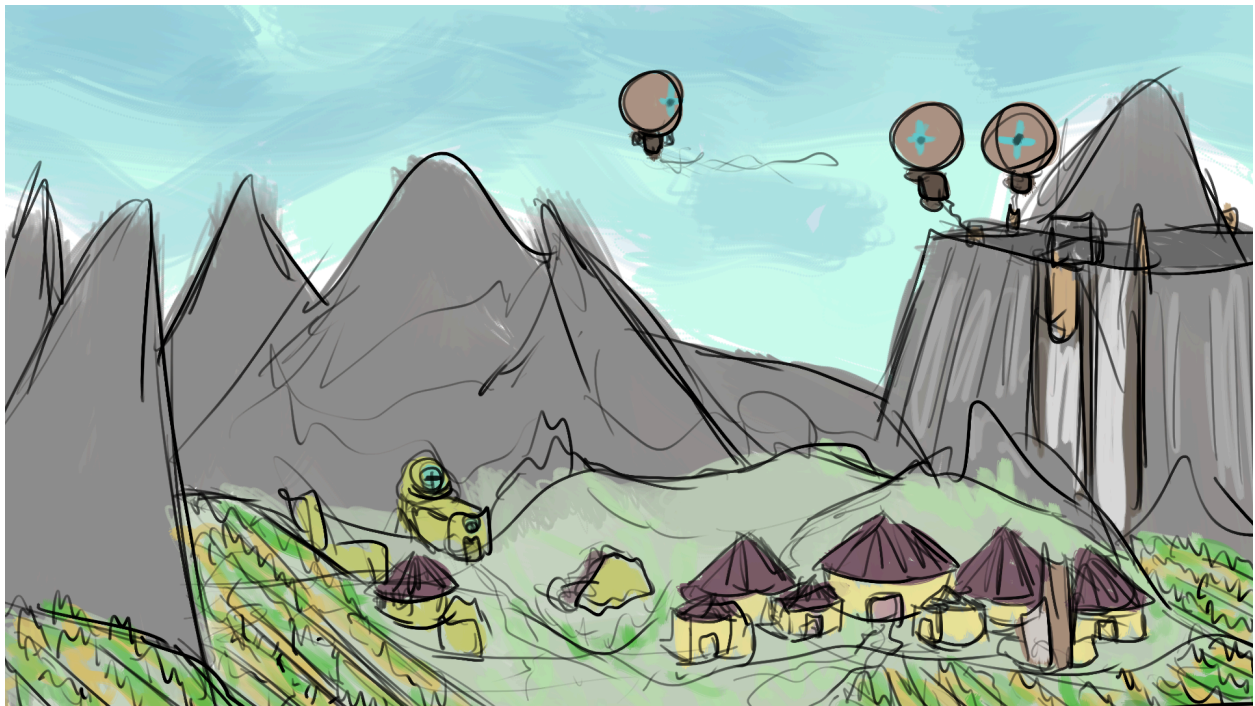
Though much of the world is dark and bleak, much of it is also undiscovered beauty. In the cold winter nights, the stars shine brightly at the heights at which people live.

The Logipedes built the Executiis, massive mountain-cities, with full technology and a great quality of life. With the Order's technology, such as the ultimate Allcrop and the energy-generating Turbulentor, society has reached great heights. Drifters, as much a Logipedes-created technological marvel as they are holy and religious messengers of society, are the prime method of transport, used by the peoples to go from place to place, to travel the world, to discover what was lost... And by pirates, to attack others.

New life has emerged from the mist and formed an entire ecosystem. Some, such as the Ephemeral Ones, worship the Mist as the harbinger of new beginnings, while the Order of the Storm, the ancestors of the Order that once created the mist, seeks to do anything it can to end the mist and restore the old world, traveling with their drifting fortress-rigids and enforced by their world-renowned religious Knights.

In all of this, the Nomaden Coalition rejects all the new cultures, societies and religions that have formed, and wish simply to survive in this hostile new world. Their dream, however, is hampered by the constant anarchy and in-fighting within their own faction, lacking any religious or ideological unity.

## Story Themes



**Exploration, Expeditions, and Survival.**

The primary allure of Unitas is the chance for exploration and survival. What humanity once was lies buried under an impenetrable fog. Expeditions that represent entire peoples- and the politics and ideas that surround them- travel on quests for a better world. Survival is harsh, since water is not readily available.

### **Culture is everything.**

Culture is not simply a collection of rituals and ideas- it is an actual power in this world. The Logipedes are capable of influencing their world through supreme law. Catali Knights are capable of supernatural strength in the wake of broken honor, and the Ephemeral Ones blend with the mist. Religion is a very prominent aspect of life on Unitas. Though the upper Logipedes and Nomaden reject it, many find themselves in ancient prophecies, religions, and theories connected to the Mist.

Culture carries the ideals of a people, and will change the fate of the world.

### **Progress versus Stagnation.**

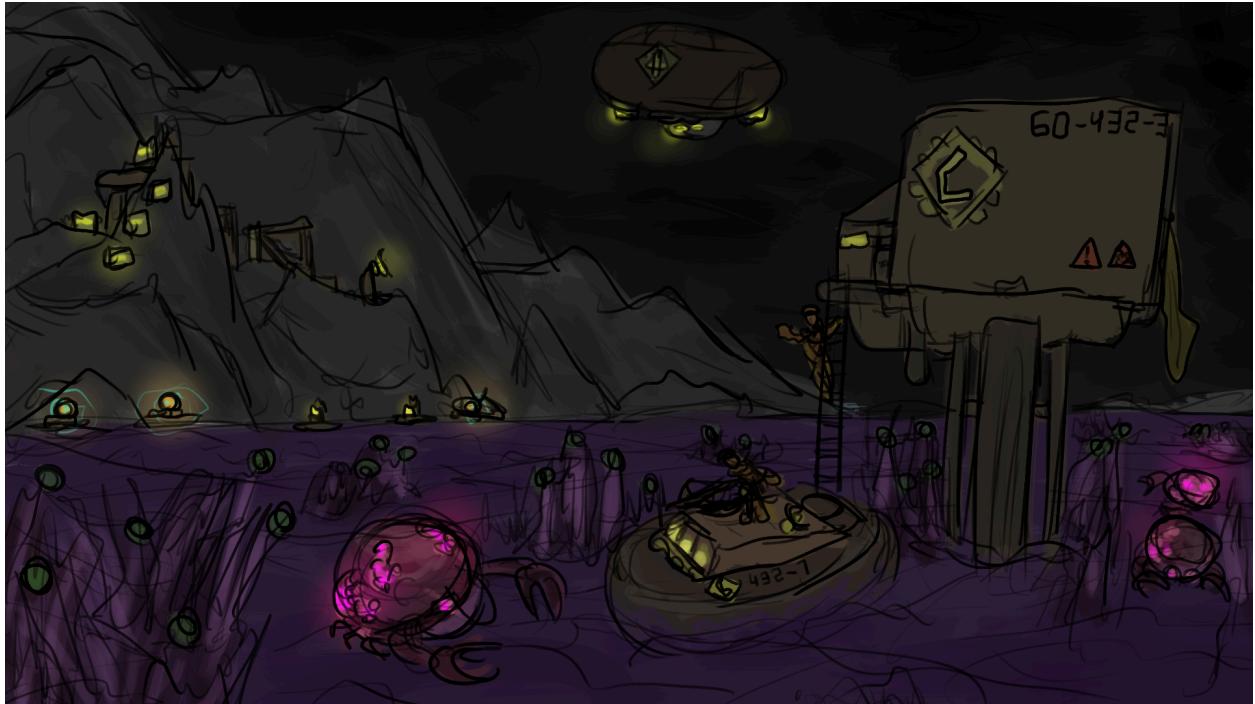
The Order is the symbol of innovation: They seek to better mankind through technology. When their experiment goes wrong and creates the mist, their mighty faction wishes to reclaim their honor using more technology. Their advanced Anointment techniques forge the greatest weapons and the most powerful drifters, and their intention is wholly to find a way to destroy the Mist worldwide.

At the same time, the Logipedes have settled. Their concern is no longer with new technology, but culture. After all, doesn't progress only risk changing things for the worse? Is stagnation not a stability that leads to a much more prosperous future for humanity?

### **Repeating History.**

Humankind is fated to make the same mistakes over and over again. Their culture drives them to different courses of action that do not change, even while technology constantly shifts. Can humans overcome their own humanity, in an effort to continue existing? Or is humanity fated to fulfill its own prophecies time and time again?

## The Mist



Known as the Nebula by the Logipedes, the Mist is the purplish-black gaseous micro-organism that has taken a hold of the world. Lying as a blanket from sea level all the way up to two-and-a-half kilometers high, it is a relatively simple creature that absorbs carbon from most atoms and consumes it to replicate. In this way, it converts carbon dioxide in oxygen, for example. Though it cannot consume everything with carbon atoms, it is dangerous to almost all known life, and only water, metallic objects and the creatures that have adapted to the Mist are impervious to it. Though the Mist cannot touch the sea that lies under it, leaving the water cycle of clouds undisturbed, it has presumably ended almost all life in the ocean, because nearly all seaborne creatures are dependent on the sun.

The Mist has a diverse ecosystem with large amphibious creatures and floating flora. The **Looncrab**, for example, is a bulbous creature coated with thick Mist-immune slime and a balloon in its armored shell that allows it to move. **Mistreed** is one of the few remaining plants originating from sub-Nebula (under the mist in Logipedan) that still photosynthesize, existing as sea urchin-like balls of purple grass that drift on the surface to photosynthesize. They are edible to humans, and food for commoners out of reach of Allcrop.

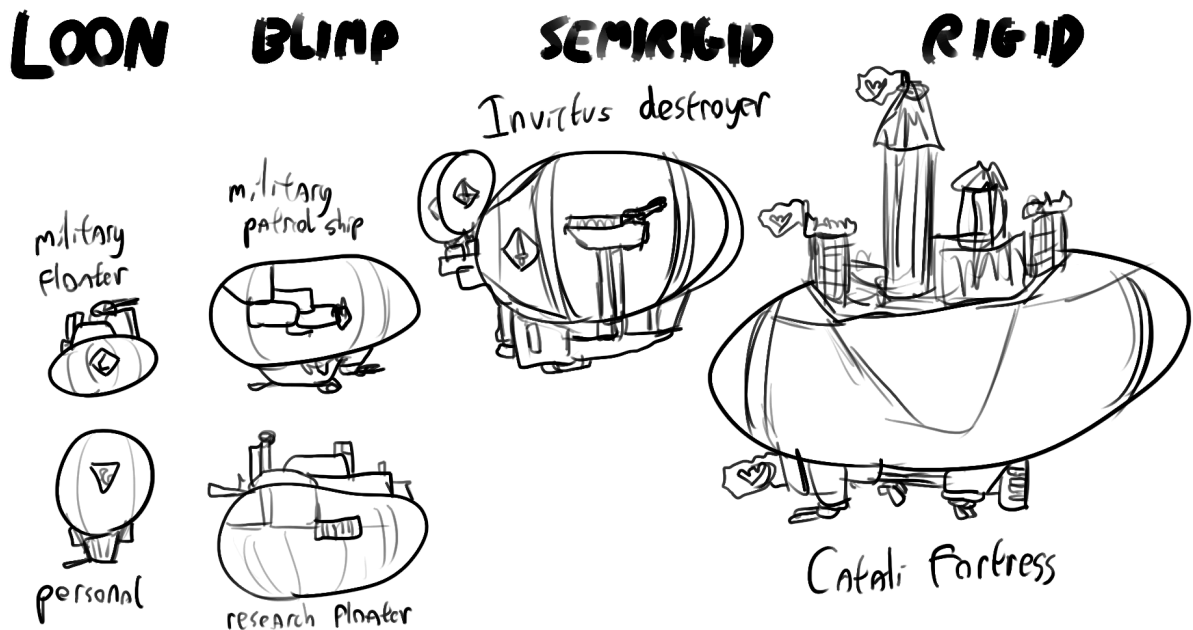
Though the mist is deadly for humans, many of the flora and fauna in it are important to them for continued life. The mist continues spreading and is withheld by Order-made **Mist Repulsors**, which are deployed at nearly every inhabited mountain. Huge **Nebula Excavators** use pneumatic siphoners to salvage the metal of old cities and

reclaim water from the ocean below. **Nodes**, which are expensive transmitters, are dropped into the world below by excavators and archeologists to scan terrain.

A new technology, that of the float drifter, allows humans to travel on top of and into the mist with silver-coated vessels, the additional buoyancy granted by the mist allowing for drifters to be heavier.

## Drifters

Drifters are what we in the modern world would call zeppelins or airships. Because of a huge shortage of carbon-based fuel and gas, and an overabundance of gases released from the Mist, drifters have become the primary mode of transport throughout the world. Not only are they practical- they have great religious significance as messengers. The Logipedes call their legendary navigators **Gubernators**.



Drifters exist in four different size classes:

A **Loon** is a small vessel for one to eight individuals and a single, round balloon. It is used for personal travel- many children learn to fly these in their early teens. They are also used as strike craft in warfare, being quick to maneuver.

A **Blimp** is a larger vessel with a single swelling balloon. They are versatile and effective vessels with a full crew complement. They are seldom used for transport. Many larger civilian ships are blimps. In warfare, they are equal to corvettes- used for escort and patrol duties.

A **Semirigid** is a larger vessel equal to a destroyer in military terms. Used as a small transport craft and the largest available civilian-class ship.

A **Rigid** is a zeppelin of full ship size. Used for extensive transporting, great voyages and expeditions, and as battleships in combat fleets armed with huge arrays of harpoon cannons, Loon fighter complements, and other weaponry. The Rigid is heavily armored and requires heavy punishment to destroy.

The gondola of a drifter, in which the people reside, can also be placed on top of a drifter, and the sides can be coated with silver or solid ice, which allows a drifter to become a **float**er, or a float drifter, which travels on top of or under the mist like a ship or submarine would.

## Magic

In the D&D-adapted Mistworld, magic is a force that represents, above all, the **will of peoples and cultures**. Where cultures believe, there is power. A wizard casting a fireball by shouting spell names will produce nothing. A wizard dancing according to ancient rituals described in the ancient texts of that wizard's peoples with supportive ritual chanting can produce fireballs. Ephemeral Warlocks use their trust in the Mist to turn candle smoke into fragments of mist, acidic to their foes, and Catali Paladins use an electricity conversion power pack on their backs to convert the energy Anointed by their people into healing power.

Magic is rare in the Mistworld- but when utilized properly, it is extremely mighty, an extension of technology, of culture, of everything people believe in. To wield magic is not just to play with supernatural forces- it is to carry the responsibility of everyone who believes in you with you.

The Mistworld knows three distinctions of magic for spellcasting purposes:

Arcane magic (Artificers, Wizards, Bards, Sorcerers, Warlocks, Fighters)

Divine magic (Clerics, Paladins, Druids, Warlocks, Rangers)

Psychic magic (Mystics, Sorcerers, Bards)

Each spellcaster uses only a single type of magic, based on where their beliefs come from.

The most well-known type of magic user in this world is the **Communopath**, who is capable of commanding the Flux Network by acting as a living **Fluctuator**, which is a device capable of detecting objects through the vibrations of the Mist. Both Communopaths and Fluctuators double as the recipients of many telegram-like radio messages sent through the Mist by other Fluctuators or Communopaths, and they are vital to the success of society and communication.



## Technology

TBA

## Biosphere

TBA

## Logipedes Republic



The great Logipedes Republic was once created by an eccentric visionary known as Praetor Lunius Aerijs, a closeted man who wrote entire books and stories about science, culture, and society, believing in bureaucracy and order as the fairest means to find the Truth- the best way for people to live, a thing he prophesied man would never truly find. His group of scientists created a world-renowned scientists' utopia on the high mountains, inventing the vessels that would become known as **rigids**.

When the Mist blanketed the world, it was the Logipedes that benefitted the most, since their civilization was already optimized for the high altitudes. The relatively small group soon took in many refugees, assimilating them into the culture created by Lunius Aerijs and becoming the dominant force on the planet. The Logipedes Republic is a group of literal bureaucrats who live by the **Stipulations**, and although they are the only truly non-religious faction in this world, they adhere to the Stipulations more zealously than any other religious text could ever have been. They

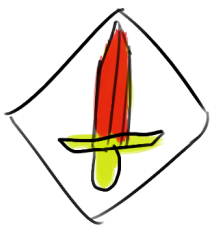
declared themselves the new step forward in human society and renamed the planet of Feya to Unitas, as a symbol for mankind's Unity. While the Order believes in human technology, the Logipedes believe in human culture, ideas, and potential, and they promote cultural activity of any kind.

They built many great cities around the world for the people to live in, which they call the **Executiis**, connected through the **Flux Network** that allows people to communicate over great distances. Their steam technology powers mighty **Nebula Excavators** that mine water and metal from the world below the Mist, which they refer to as the Nebula Magna. The spheres of land around the Logipedes have the cleanest and warmest sky, as their factories use **Deoxidizer Plants** to pump much-needed carbon dioxide into the air. They create the coin of the world, known as **Alloys**, which are indeed alloys made of different metals.

Each **Executis** is aligned with one of many **Legislatis**, the Houses and factions of the Logipedes, each with their own goals and identity, each with their place in the capital of **Executis Capitolis** built on **Montibus Primus**. (The first of the mountains)

Logipedes society is kept in check by the **Primum Iudicium**, the guardians of the Stipulations. Logipedes society is prosperous, and the people have room to spend time on art and communication. Rhetoric, debate, and interpretation of law is extremely important to the Logipedes, to the point that their **Argumentors**, which oversee great debates, are some of the most respected people in the land. In Logipedes society, anything allowed by law is reality, and things outside of the law do generally not exist- often to a real extent.

## Logipedes: Legislatis Invictus



INVICTUS

Soldati



Praetor

The most powerful of the Legislates, led by Praetor Lunius Cor, descendant of the very first Lunius Aeriis, who is also the most influential leader of the Legislates. The Invictus are, above all, a military faction renowned for their great fighting prowess and battle efficiency. They believe in order and power above all else, and are set to expand their ideals of order over the world as best they can.

They believe that it is the purpose of humans to find the truth- and warfare, debate, and conflict are all but steps taken towards the truth. Any person who is against the Invictus can request a formal debate with them, which they are required to accept according to Stipulation 1-415-2 “the right to represent hypothetical truth is that of every individual human being.”

## Logipedes: Legislatis Pragmaticus

[Theme color: Yellow gray]

The Pragmaticus are the most politically involved of the Logipedes. It is their goal to steer the Republic towards the best outcome for humanity, as defined by the greater Republic. Their most powerful figures are expert Argumentors and lawyers capable of finding even the most minuscule holes in the Stipulations, using what they can to their advantage. Every move made by the Pragmaticus serves to further the goals of the greater Republic, making them true enforcers and great allies to whichever Legislatis is currently supporting the major opinion of the Republic. The Pragmatici do not believe that they hold the right to their own opinion: How could they know the Truth, after all? Yet, the Pragmaticus are also the most ruthless, even without their own opinions- it is their belief that the Republic as a whole is the Truth, and that they must spread their word as far as possible. They are actively waging a campaign on the borders of their territories, “liberating” neutral villages and passing the laws and culture of the Logipedes.

## Logipedes: Legislatis Stellae

[Theme color: Yellow magenta]

The Stellae are the innovators and scientists of the Logipedes, as they call themselves, but they concern themselves more with religion and humanities. They believe that the stars hold more answers. They don't own much territory, but Executis Stellae is the only fully functional flying Executis, traveling over the land with its sizable population carried above and under the great balloons.

## Logipedes: Primum Iudicium

[Theme color: Yellow silver]

The Logipedes follow the Trias Politica, a list of their most venerable Stipulations. It states that the Legislates, the controlling factions, execute their power through the cities under their control, the Executiis, and that their law must be weighed by the Primum Iudicium. This faction is relatively mysterious- its members grow up in complete seclusion, every Legislate holding the right and requirement to donate children to the Iudicium to grow up as Iudicii. A title of great renown, the Iudicii are trained as truly neutral, independent, factual observers that can feel and sense the law as if it were their own body. They settle disputes between factions and people under Logipedes law.

## Logipedes: Short Story

The short story (first draft) of a high-ranking government Logipes going to work.

It's a cold afternoon under bright sunlight when one young man exits his home. His face is hidden in the tall collar of his brown interwoven coat, a rather fancy one made of thick layers of mistreed cloth. He folds the collar inward, a measure against a day cold enough to reveal the condense of breath, and enters the steam-powered elevator that takes him down to the main level of Executis 12-49, a frontier location that counts six thousand as its population. He straightens his shoulders and grips his gloves over the suitcase he carries tightly. The loud hustle and bustle of a busy town square, the forum, become apparent, as many of the Logipedes citizens spend their time in candid rhetoric amongst each other. After the man confirms that the elevator has come to a standstill at his destination, avoiding any potential damages caused by malpractice during operation, he firmly reverses the elevator's door control lever and exits the trusty machine. Fresh air flows down his nostrils, and a mighty explorer semirigid passes by, to which he extends a solemn salute. The explorer produces a powerful humming as its balloon-powered drive raises it into the air. The emblem of Legislatis Pragmaticus, the legislate responsible for the control and management of this executis and the Legislatis this man proudly calls himself a part of, shines yellow to contrast the otherwise rather dull colors of brass armor plates and opaque glass.

"Be it known: Class four capital news! Available for ten Alloys!"

His face is torn from the skies and onto a young boy in front of him, selling the newspapers of the \*Timewatch\*, a journalistic effort that the man had sponsored often lately. He walks over to the boy and catches his attention. A curt wave, as described in Stipulation 25-48-90 "Social greetings in casual settings", is followed by his sharply erudite manner of speech.

"Class four news?" He asks.

"Ah, mister Faridus!" The boy, a young lad no more than sixteen years old, implies. "Do you want a paper?"

Faridus Nessus raises a finger, which was previously hidden in a warm coat pocket.

"According to Stipulation 52-19-46, as a level three upper management worker, I have the right to be informed of class four news imminently."

"Is that so?"

"It would be abominable of me to lie to you in such a case. It is a rare Stipulation, since there aren't a lot of level threes around."

"Makes sense. Excuse me for the unnecessary question, mister Faridus."

The boy makes a short bow and hands a paper over to the man, who smirks. He knew the boy, Saenus, quite well. He was an expert gubernator, a promising ace at the executis' drifting academy, but one quite averse to his studying of any literary material.

"I worry for your literary capabilities," Faridus expressed. "Stipulation 34-58-98 expresses that you are already past the average age on which boys and girls are expected to know Stipulations related to their jobs."

"Your definition of job refers to main jobs- I consider my true calling that of a gubernator!" The boy protested, but Faridus was preemptively shaking his head.

"A main job is defined as the primary source of income, which this is, currently. I say this only out of worry- you are in no trouble. Thank you for your newspaper."

Though he is in no way required to, Faridus offers Saenus two coins of five Alloy each, as a courtesy to both the boy and the journalistic endeavour he is fond of. He has more than enough funds to cover the monthly Auxilium, in which all registered citizens donate a sum of their Alloys to endeavours of their choice as their means to support society. Those registered in the Auxilium are regularly not required to pay for the services of the city's many endeavours- but Faridus had forgotten to subscribe to the Standard Packet For Journalistic Media Sources. He counted himself lucky for the extra rights granted to him.

He walked past the busiest streets, his eyes scanning the newspaper. The class four headline read that a new trade agreement with a prominent new Nomaden fleet had been made in the uncharted west regions- they would do security- and exploration work for the Pragmaticus in exchange for legal protection against the Legislati Stellae. He smirked. Invoking Stipulation 68-61-44, Foreign Policies And Criminality, was a smart move. It allowed the Pragmaticus to pardon the Nomaden for certain criminal infractions below or on level two made against another Legislati. It wasn't used often, but lately, the Pragmaticus had been using it as a means to ally with the Nomaden without needing to promise them living supplies, fuel, and ammunition, which was the usual payment preferred by mercenaries. These supplies were short-handed in the far frontiers of the Logipedes Republic's territory. Faridus was proud to be part of a Legislati making smart and sensible decisions such as these- he was convinced his own faction was closer to the Truth than any other.

Yet, he knew that there was some trouble brewing. He heard that politics with the Stellae had become complicated recently, and thus, it was imperative for him to reach his destination quickly to deliver his suitcase's contents.

He finished his musings and took another deep breath of afternoon air. He had walked past the unlit street lamps, which were usually powered by Allcrop vegetable oil, and ventured into the building that was his place of work. Great pillars of quality marble and limestone taken from Montibus Primus were decorated with the emblems of the Logipedes- this was a government structure.

"Faridus, you're here," a colleague greeted, a young woman Faridus knew quite well. He hung his coat, and now revealed the same uniform as his contemporary- a silken suit and a neat yellow tie tucked in with the precision expected of a level three upper management. While he preferred robes under his grey sash, the woman wore a long black skirt delicately curated with golden linings dyed by the extracts of a flower, the common mountain dandelion. He was always reminded of this flower, because he taught that she smelled like one.

"Your hurried tone implies I am imminently required?" He asks.

"Correct. An argument has broken out."

She eyed the newspaper in his hand to confirm his knowledge over recent events.

"This Nomaden fleet had apparently restocked their gunpowder supplies here half a year ago, which makes us partly liable for the raid they once committed against the Stellae. It's all been damned."

He had never heard her utter a class two swear word before.

"Now," she continued, "the Magistratus wishes to conceal this information under Stipulation 11-58-25, which could define the gunpowder purchase as one too trivial to be a part of liability. However, we believe it to be too risky- because the original purchase receipts have gone missing. If they ever turn up and if their quantity is ever confirmed to be above accepted levels after we determine that we invoke 11-58-25, we'll have destroyed the Legislatis' diplomatic move. We would have been liable for the Nomaden attack against the Stellae, and our pardoning of this attack would be a confirmation of our allying with... Criminals!"

"A hole in our strategy," Faridus summarized, and he took a seat down at one of the many round tables that stood in the midst of the structure- discussion tables. Two more bureaucrats arrived, exiting neighboring offices and rooms, carrying stacks of mistreed paper and wearing similarly troubled expressions. The woman, Valla, scratched her thin neck and adjusted her spectacles.

"What is your stance in this, Faridus? The Magistratus' arguments hold more merit. I wish to refute his tactic since it would be problematic in the long-term, but we will need a plausible alternative. I don't like needing to go against the Stellae for this- they've helped us so much in the past."

"Don't worry. Let me go about the facts."

He put the newspaper before him, and Valla and the others rotated to follow his reading.

"According to what I know about this group, they don't seem to have ill intentions. They're simply outsiders- not too familiar with the Codex Iuris. Four months ago, they raided a stockpile of weapons which were previously in the hands of renegade pirates. The Stellae had only recently claimed this stockpile, which was why the raid was classified as a class two infraction, not a class three."

"Is that so?"

"I did my research, though I knew not that it would be tied to a group of Nomaden," he proudly stated. "Here. This is from my trip to Stellae Executiis 05-10."

Books upon books rolled out of his suitcase, books that he had memorized during the week-long passenger semirigid back home. It had been a successful business venture- exchanging documents with their allies of the Stellae, though in this case, the Truth that they would find out of this predicament would likely be to the detriment of the Stellae. They would not mind, as long as the Stipulations intended for it to be so.

"This here proves that the Nomaden had no bad intentions- even better. In the month of their infraction, there was an active bounty on the raiding of pirate stockpiles in the area. They intended good, by many definitions. The Stellae Executiis that owns the territory must've felt threatened, and invoked theft to force the Nomaden to leave."

His juniors seemed impressed at his reasoning, but he caught himself on an error earlier.

"Wait... No, that might not even be it." He smiled. "Millionth Stipulation, of course!"

"What is it, Faridus?"

"The Stellae \*knew\* that we would eventually use our right to pardon the Nomaden for their crime against the Stellae, to our mutual benefit. It makes a lot of sense. Why would they not?"

He smiled as the logic completed its mental puzzle.

"Tell the Magistratus that he is correct. Even if we were partly liable for the Nomaden theft, the Stellae would pardon us for that infraction, because accusing us of having supported theft would turn the Nomaden group against them. By giving us the chance to pardon them, they know the Nomaden group will contribute to the security in their own territory as well."

The bureaucrats processed the information, the complicated correlation of details.

"I'm not sure if I get this. I might have to get an Argumentor for this," one complained.

"No need. I will reiterate it for you as much as you like," Faridus promised, and he did, and the news was delivered to their leader, the Magistratus, the highest-level executive of this city.

His mission being completed, Faridus took a short mental break. Valla sat next to him.

"A most opportune reasoning," she mused. "Would you like to go over more documents together?"

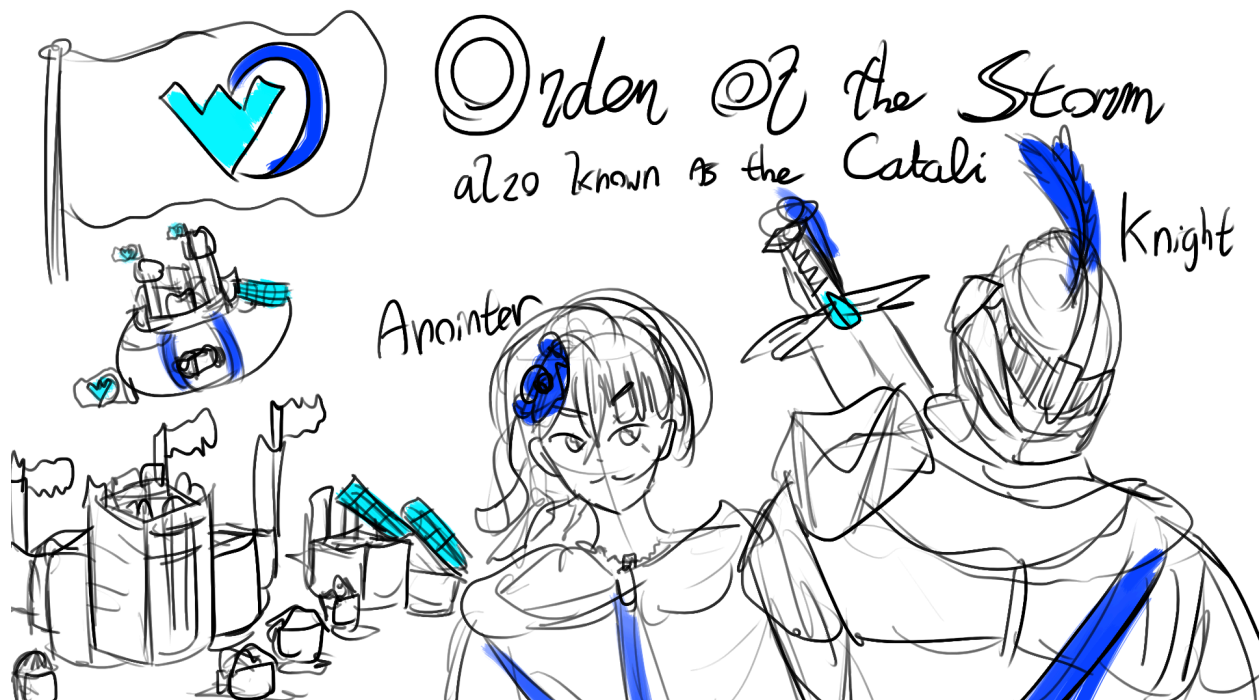
"Of course," he said. "Our law is so intricately constructed- a complicated system that when mastered, brings you closer to the Truth. It's a simple social science, really- measuring the actions of humans in quantities, levels, classes, scores, merits and punishments."

He leaned into his hands, casually arced behind his neck. Falling into a class two casual posture in the private presence of Valla was a sign of their friendship and mutual trust.

"Well said. It makes me proud that our society has come to this," she smiles. "My only shame is that I did not contribute much to our predicament today."

"There'll be a lot more to solve," Faridus promised, and he put his right-hand index finger and thumb around an invisible grain in front of his squinted eyes. "Every problem humans encounter is but another little puzzle to solve, that we have the answer to if we look hard enough."

## Order of the Storm (Catali)



Once known as the **Order of Humanity**, the Order was almost a world government ruled by a fierce but goodly king until the Mist disaster ended its glory. The world turned against members of the Order, as they were quickly blamed for the dangerous disaster. Yet, their royal family managed to restore honor- partly due to their unmatched prowess in battle and in technology. They now name themselves the Catali- the followers of Catalus, the first of the Kings, and they are now ruled by **King Horace Catalus Niwe** and the **Princess Aeche Catalus Niwe**.

Though they are few in numbers, cities and villages under Order protection can count on the honorable Catali to come to their defense when needed. Though they were almost wiped out by hateful Nomades, they are now allied with the great Logipedes, becoming the main supplier of **Allcrop**, the most efficient food crop known to man.

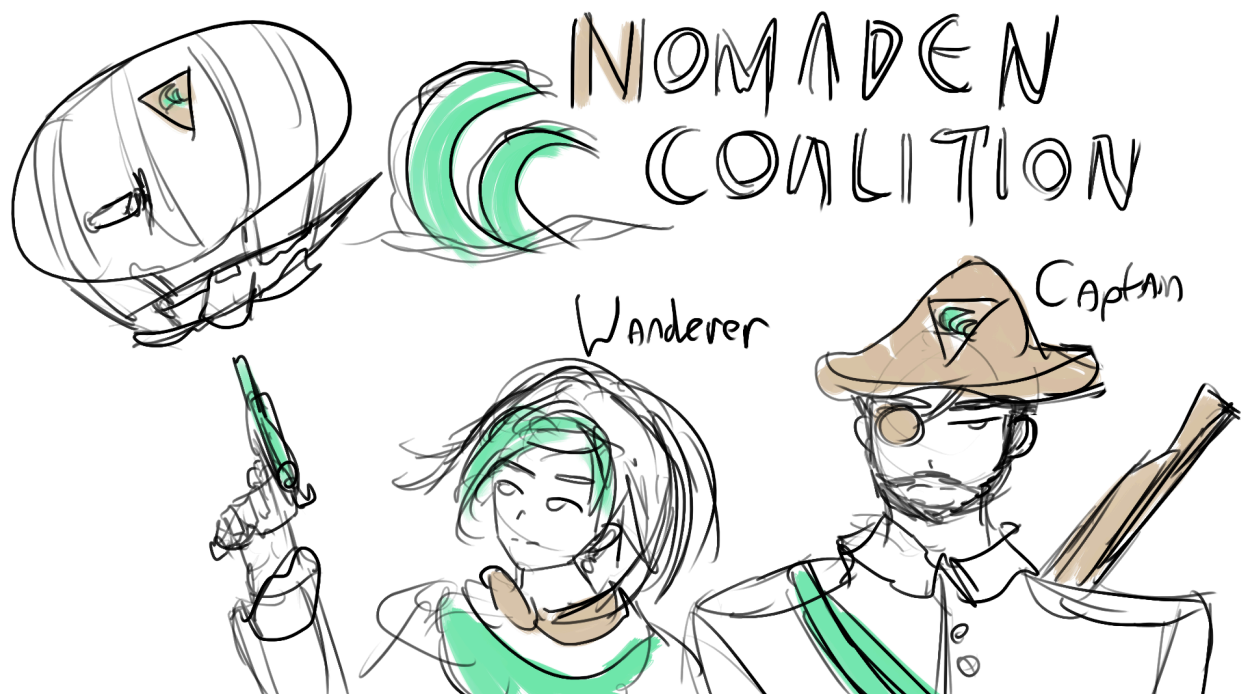
The Catali are humanitarian idealists that stand for progress, honor, and environment. They have strong religious beliefs surrounding the Drifters, especially their **Fortress Rigids** which carry entire castles upon them, and their



very powerful fleet of ships, but no floaters. Their world-class Anointers, mystic mages that use the minds and dreams of peoples in ritual efficiency to forge new weapons, technologies, and ships, produce the greatest new technologies in the world. Even though the Logipedes invented drifters, the Catali invented essential **Turbulentors** which generate kinetic energy from mist movements, **Mist Repulsors** that protect low-altitude cities, and **Nodes** used to scan the lands below the mist.

The Catali continue to rely on electricity and their faithful environmentally-friendly solar panels, even though steam technology from the Logipedes has proven more effective in the new world where electrical components are extremely scarce.

## Nomaden Coalition



The Nomaden have but one goal- to survive. They are the truest survivors of the apocalypse, wishing not to drown in ideological or religious ideals like the Logipedes and the Order do. Their governmentless anarchic nature, however, is their downfall, as they are too disorganized to achieve meaningful actions on greater behalf. Still, they managed to form the Coalition- a gathering of their greatest Captains, which are the lords of their many semirigids and rigids they refer to as “zeppelins.”

They are explorers and survivors, living wherever the wind will take them, exploring continents a thousand miles further than any of the Legislati have ever gone. Their mastery over old-era gunpowder technology is very apparent,

and the mercenaries among them are renowned for their prowess in hand-to-hand combat, marine drifter-to-drifter combat, and archeology.

The Nomaden have a language called Nomad-speak, which is essentially a compact version of Common intended to allow for easier and faster communication in battle. The Nomaden build their airships in beautiful secluded valleys intact after all their work, and they obtain their metals and ore from mines where brave miners work arduously to obtain the resources needed for Nomaden technology.

## The Ephemeral Ones



It would be easy to write off the Ephemeral Ones as a mad cult- but it cannot simply be described as such. A powerful religious sect formed by an ex-Order ecologist whose name was forgotten in history, the Ephemeral Ones believe that their bodies and states are only temporary, and that soon, they will become new beings when the mist rises and consumes humanity once and for all.

Their members are initiated through the Gift, which has them scar parts of their bodies with liquid Mist extract they call the **Mist of Creation**. They worship the Mist and its great presence, and perform many rituals in order to appease it, understand it, and research it.

Though they are radical in nature, they are not dangerous to most humans. Since they believe that all humans will soon become one, they are kind, and they sponsor many humanitarian endeavors. They are some of the best researchers there are, rivaling even the Catali in their knowledge over the flora and fauna of the Mist's landscape. They have tamed and domesticated many creatures living in the Mist.

They live freely in Logipedes Executiis, having been sponsored by them for their good work and usual adherence to Logipedes law. Their main conflict with the Logipedes surrounds the Ephemeral's mastery over mist weaponry, which is outlawed in all instances by the Stipulations.

Ephemeral drifters are renowned throughout the world, as they were the inventors of the **floaters** that float over the mist, and their own vessels are equipped with two balloons that grant them above-mist and under-mist flight capabilities. Though their fleet is but a margin compared to the greater factions, their sinister presence is ever-felt on the political and cultural landscape of Unitas.

## Fog Raiders

Those known only loosely through their names are the Fog Raiders. The world is a grand and big place, and the light of order does not reach nearly everyone in the world. With many scattered civilizations and cities around everywhere, many that acquire drifters resort to piracy to make their livings. Effective especially far from the powerful Republic, pirates are a threat to any traveler out on the open Mist. Using boarding tactics that favor hooks, harpoons, crossbows, and alchemical fires, they are experts at stealing and looting drifters intact.

Many of them, like most factionless peoples, are heavily influenced by religious warrior ideas, and they will often offer their captured to the Mist in order to appease it.

## The Seekers [Secretive]

The Seekers... Hic, infra caligo.

# D&D Gameplay

## Campaign prompt

The players are travelers and mercenaries with different missions and purposes. They have come to a single large executis- Executis 55-15, belonging to the Legislati Pragmatis, by a call posted along the Flux Network. Mercenaries

are needed- Looncrabs have been assaulting a mine located near the edge of the Mist, creating substantial trouble. The governor of the city probably wishes not to alert the Legislatis of his inability to handle the problems, and he has issued for third party support to assist him.

You barely have time to come to know each other in combat before disaster strikes. An ancient religious group comes into contact with you, and your story begins- possibly with the fate of the Mistworld at stake.

## Campaign style

The Mistworld campaign would focus on these aspects:

- World building and exploration. There will be vivid descriptions and interactions with foreign and familiar cultures, creatures, and systems.
  - A story focused on you. Each character's great arc must come to fruition before you can save the world.
  - A grand expedition. You will represent your ideals and cultures as you go into the unknown, together
  - Great politics. Many factions tug and pull at each other and are intelligent enough to do so. Prepare to navigate many complicated political landscapes and mysteries.
  - Drifter missions and combat. Much of Unitas is explored on ships, and crewsmen speak in modern, professional military language to each other.
  - Narrative themes as described in World - Story Themes.
  - Religion and prophecy- you are the chosen ones, and fate lies in your hands.
  - A campaign intended to last us about (~2) years.
- 
- Higher power level
  - More challenge: Consequences for failure

## Rules

[To be expanded]

- No critical fumbles/successes with extreme effect
- Critical hit means double everything!
- Players may always choose to delay their own turns and use their turns as "reactions" instead of the reaction action.
- Flanking generally means (+2) bonus to attacks. Finding weak points for rogues is a quality that can fluctuate from situation to situation.

## Character options

Characters in this campaign have:

- PBE stats of 27-31. You may roll as often as you like, rerolling or values not in 27 to 31, or use point buy! (4d6 drop lowest) (<http://www.brockjones.com/dieroller/dice.htm>)
- No starting stat of (18) or higher is allowed.
- Starting level (3).
- A race. Any race not of this world is a very rare oddity that requires explanation.
- Any class or subclass. (Read: World- Magic before choosing any spellcasters)
- Any proficiencies or feats, including extra ones
- A custom starting background with custom starting items
- A custom character arc, which will play an important role in the campaign

Remember, this setting has only just been created! If you have any great ideas for characters if we choose to run this campaign, please inform me. I'll create new classes, subclasses, backgrounds, and items as much as you'd like!

## D&D Links

### [CHARACTER ASPECTS \(RACE, CLASS, PROFICIENCY\)](#)

### [ITEMS AND SPELLS](#)