World of Rodinia



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Chapter 1: The Story So Far...

It was magic that created the world and magic that nearly destroyed it.d

Before there was time, Atman, the first god, was born in the mysterious Void, a vast abode of nothingness and stillness. Atman was a manifestation of The Source, the physical embodiment of Magic. Magic is Atman, and Atman is magic.

To say that Atman was born is not correct. It would be better to say that it had become aware of its existence. In this process of awakening from this place of pure stillness and silence, this new perception sent a ripple of energy through the Void, vibrating this place of never-ending nothingness.

This vibration, called Source energy, is the origin of all things in the cosmos. Magic is the language that instructs this energy, creating discrete and finite objects out of the vast infinite potential of the Void. All things in the universe are composed of this immaterial dark matter.

When not directed, the raw power of Source can create unimaginable horrors. Thus, at the moment of Atman's awakening, this release of Source energy into the Void gave birth to The Great Ancient Ones: horrid and misshapen beings of pure chaos. Since beings cannot exist without somewhere to live within, the very fabric of the Void became twisted as well, shaping itself into a maddening dimension that planar travelers call the Far Realm. Few beings have truly witnessed the Far Realm and lived to tell of it. Those who have returned with

descriptions of twisted, tentacled creatures covered with eyes and living through thousands of parallel nightmare realities, visions of lives that could have been are enough to mentally scar any visitor to the Far Realm for the rest of their life.

The Great Ancient Ones, dripping with the madness that permeates the Far Realm and furious at Atman for their creation, endeavored to destroy their creator. While having the power to create anything it could imagine, the Great Ancient Ones were born of Source. In a way, they were a piece of Atman's life essence. As such, Atman couldn't destroy them. In battle after battle, the two forces could only stalemate. As time did not yet exist, it is impossible to fathom how long this might have lasted.

Born of stillness, Atman sought peace. To end the fighting, Atman created space. With its three dimensions, Atman could separate itself from the Great Ancient Ones by vast distances. This space, known as the Astral Sea, would be the bedrock of all future dimensions.

Atman needed to take form to travel in this new plane of existence. So, it created a body for itself. However, it was to little avail as the Void gave birth to a new being. The Void is the canvas upon which Atman paints its creation. By creating space, Source energy once again rippled through its dark matter. For wherever light shines, it must cast a shadow. Underneath this shadow, the Far Realm transformed into a dark mimicry of the Astral Sea, adopting its 3-dimensional, spatial qualities. From this grim plane came Atman's shadow: Tharizdun.

The embodiment of madness, Tharizdun traveled to the Astral Sea and attacked. Trapped in a deadlock, Atman created a new plane of existence. By adding another dimension, time, Atman intended to make Tharizdun's search impossible.

Escaping his shadow was a complicated matter. It required additional planes, the Inner Planes, to exist as a stable reality. The elemental realms provided the materials needed to craft the Material Plane. This Plane would make traveling through the fourth dimension possible. The Void would spit out the Plane of Shadow: a near-perfect, dimly-lit copy of the Material Plane.

After transforming its body to a more suitable form, Atman began to jump forward through time. Tharizdun was as cunning as it was mad, countering Atman's plan with inelegant brutality. Tharizdun would destroy the Material Plane as soon as Atman left, leaving Atman nowhere to jump.

After returning to before the jump, Atman decided upon a different tactic. Since Tharizdun existed because Atman created a body for itself, could destroying this form also destroy Tharizdun?

Being unborn and eternal, Atman did not fear its destruction. It welcomed this return to stillness. Destroying its body, Atman returned to being pure Source energy. However, its essence was no longer uniform. Space and time separated Atman's being through the creation of the Planes. Over several millennia, these separated portions of raw Source began to crystallize. These manifestations of Atman were thus unaware of their connection to it or each other. Each being represented an aspect of Atman and had a portion of its power.

While Atman's prediction was correct, and the body of Tharizdun was destroyed, it had never known stillness and remained as a fragmented consciousness, its madness growing more profound as time passed. Separated from its birthplace and lost within the realms of Atman's creation, Tharizdun forgot all about Atman and how it had come to exist in the cosmos. Falsely believing itself to be the first of

the gods and thus the ruler of them all, Tharizdun created the Abyss: a wretched place with infinite layers, each growing more and more terrifying the deeper you go. It was here that Tharizdun made a new body.

Traveling to the material plane, Tharizdun came before the new gods and demanded that they bend the knee. It explained that it was responsible for this world and all of the gods that inhabited it. The mere presence of this dark being shook something deep within the new gods. They lashed out against it but were unable to destroy Tharizdun. Angered, it retreated to the Abyss.

Seeking loyal subjects, Tharizdun created demons and other abominations to serve it. Emboldened by the worship of its new children, Tharizdun returned to the Material Plane once more to battle these “pretenders.” In the ensuing conflict, several of the gods were killed. So was Tharizdun—at least, it appeared that way. By creating worshippers, Tharizdun had essentially hidden away pieces of itself among its followers. So long as they remained faithful, Tharizdun could never be destroyed.

The gods could not destroy all the rapidly spawning demons. Instead, they decided to bind Tharizdun to the Abyss itself. After learning how Tharizdun had survived through its worshippers, many of the new gods decided it best to create their own.

With the death of their fellow gods fresh in their minds, several new gods began to create numerous beasts and monsters. In their vanity, some even made sentient beings in their image. Corellon Larethian created the elves, Gruumsh created the orcs, Io created the dragons, and Moradin created the dwarves. There were quite a few gods who were against this act. Some thought bringing life into this world cruel, while others feared what these new beings might do if their

power was unchecked. So, it was decided that these beings would have limited lifespans. A couple of gods then took over the domain of death, promising the other gods to preserve balance by reaping the souls of these mortal beings.

In short order, each of the gods took on a different task to ensure the Material Plane and its inhabitants were tended to. Once all was secured, the gods assaulted the Abyss en masse, confident they were immortal. Using chains crafted by Moradin, Tharizdun was bound deep within the Abyss. A deal was struck with the demons so that, as long as Tharizdun remained chained, the gods would leave the Abyss and its demons to their own devices. Though they made clear they would defend themselves should the demons meddle in the affairs of the Material Plane.

Back on the Material Plane, new problems would present themselves. Through worship, the new gods could expand and share their power. They could steal Source from other gods by converting their followers. Many gods began plotting to grow their divinity.

However, there was a much more pressing issue, as the gods had not anticipated how powerful their creations could become. The elves, the first of the humanoids, had spent several millennia on the Material Plane. Though younger than the dragons, their inquisitive nature would lead them to discover spellcasting. At the time, the gods lived among the mortals and often performed many “miracles.” But through observation, some witty elves figured out how to use magic.

Fearing what more the humanoids might learn, the gods would create the Outer Planes, hiding away and protecting their secrets.

Without the gods to guide them, humanoids began building massive kingdoms, expanding their territories worldwide. Numerous wars and conflicts ensued.

The biggest of all was the Dragon Wars. Though the elves and dwarves outnumbered them, the dragons were powerful and intelligent creatures. The Elven and Dwarven kingdoms began systematically hunting and eliminating the dragons. Given the dragon's solitary nature, this went on mostly unchallenged.

Eventually, a group of elder dragons would form a summit to discuss the issue. War was the only option.

The dragons struck first. On a cold morning before sunrise, the sleepy Dwarven capital of Dol Ladur awoke to a mighty roar. Great wings eclipsed the rising sun as a hoard of dragons descended on the unsuspecting kingdom. In the aftermath of the battle, what was left of the capital was little more than rubble and scorched earth. The neighboring city of Moldarahl was also destroyed to prevent their escape. The Dwarven King, King Baldrid Marioth, was a casualty of the battle, leaving the Kingdom in disarray. His son was not yet of age to rule, so the King's closest advisor, Lord Hephaestus Godelfray, took the throne.

A coalition was formed between the Elves and Dwarves, creating a massive army. The Elves gifted the Dwarves unique materials called "Source Stones" to increase their efficiency in battle. Though limited in power and scope, these items gave the dwarves access to magic.

Due to the dwarves' industrious nature and incredible craftsmanship, they created uses for magic that the elves couldn't even imagine.

The most devastating of these was the Source Bomb. Looking to wipe out most of the dragons and pay them back for the death of their king, the dwarves built a massive machine designed to kill anything and everything within the radius of a large city. In an homage to the destruction of their beloved capital, the exact radius of the explosion was intended to match the radius of the destroyed dwarven capital.

Unfortunately, Source Magic's wild and complicated nature proved too challenging to control. The resulting explosion was much larger than they had anticipated. A whole quarter of the continent was razed to the ground. So powerful was the Source Bomb that what was once a sprawling forest was left as a barren desert. So upset was the goddess Beory, the goddess of nature, that she wept for 100 years, her tears scattering across the desert and forming beautiful oases throughout. It became known as the Emerald Desert, as the oasis shone green like emeralds in contrast to the surrounding wasteland. Yondalla, her daughter born out of a brief affair with Garl Glittergold, would create the Halflings to watch over the lands, making them rugged and nomadic so they could freely travel between the many oases.

The Source Bomb would even claim the life of a God. Io, the father of dragons, had flown from the Outer Planes with great haste to warn his children of their imminent destruction. His warning cry came too late, and he arrived just in time to catch the blast. Tearing through his body, the wounded Io shielded ten dragons beneath his massive wings. He managed to fly to the sea beyond the explosion, finally reaching his end. The blood spilled from his body would form an enormous island chain known today as Io’s Blood Isles. The surviving dragons would come to live here. The city of Sanctuary would be founded upon one of the Islands by Druids looking to leave a destructive society behind and live as one with nature. They would become caretakers of the remaining dragons.

The rulers of the Elves, a group called the Tribunal, were disgusted by the Dwarves' use of magic. The destruction they caused with just a controlled sample of magic made them wonder what they might do if they discovered how to use Source itself.

Powerful mages, the Tribunal were ancient elves who were the first to discover magic, paving the way for their rise to power. Their experiments with Source led them to uncover the dead god Atman's existence, knowledge hidden even from their creators.

The Tribunal hypothesized that just as Tharizdun had remnants of itself scattered throughout the planes, pieces of Atman's former body may exist in some form in the Material Plane. In time, they gathered these pieces, binding them to a crowned helmet, a cloak, a pair of gauntlets, armor, boots, a weapon, and a shield. Using these items, the Tribunal became like gods in their own right. Now, they had the power to ensure that another catastrophe like the Source bomb would never come to pass.

Among their ranks were thirteen. Twelve voted to use Source magic to separate themselves from the other races, hiding the Elven peoples and their magic away from the rest of the humanoids. Their 13th member would be killed for refusing to align with The Tribunal's ideals.

On the Day out of Time, the most magical day of the year, The Tribunal used Source magic to split the continent of Rodinia, separating it into three distinct chunks. Lareth, the land where the Elves resided, floated far away to where no ship could reach it. A massive whirlpool was placed between Lareth and Anatolia - the new mainland of the World of Rodinia. This whirlpool would swallow up any curious explorers trying to find the lost Elven continent. This whirlpool granted the seas its name: The Great Well.

After that, it was decided that the seven relics of Atman would be scattered throughout space and time, with only the crowned helmet remaining in the tribunal's possession. Magical gates were erected to allow passage to the plane and time where the other relics resided.

Heavily protected, these gates would only allow passage to those powerful and knowledgeable enough to navigate the maze it lay hidden within.

As time passed and the Elves faded into myth, the world continued. Devoid of magic except for leftover Source stones, the Dwarves forged ahead. Taking pity on the dwarves, the god Garl Glittergold would create the Gnomes to work alongside the Dwarves and keep them company after losing their friends, the Elves. Unfortunately, the Dwarves believed that the Gnomes were subservient to them, and the Gnomish people became second-class citizens.

Several decades after the Great Split, the son of the deceased Dwarven King came of age, leading to civil conflict. Many people had a great love for Lord Godelfray and believed that he should remain King. Still watching over the world through magical means, the Tribunal would sow seeds of rebellion by financing both parties and spreading propaganda. They hoped that splitting the kingdom in half and keeping the Dwarves′ power in check would prevent them from learning anything about magic.

The heir apparent, Baldrid Marioth the Second, would sail with those loyal to him south to Anatolia, setting up a capital there. This migration would begin the civil war between the Northern and Southern Dwarven Kingdoms, named after their chosen Kings, respectively.

Having less resources, the Southern Dwarves struggled to keep up. They began sending expeditions to the southern tip of the continent and East to the Emerald Desert, hoping to secure some resources to forge weapons and armor. The northern Kingdom of Godelfray had the advantage of retaining access to the massive mining area south of the Dol Ladur Ruins.

These expeditions would bring the Southern Dwarves in contact with the nomadic Halflings of the Emerald Desert. They learned of a rare ore found only in the desert through trade and began to shower the halflings in gold and precious jewels. When the Barbarian hordes living in the Steppes of Shargaas, just north of The Emerald Desert, learned of this new wealth, they began conducting regular raids. Five fortified cities were built around them to protect the source of the ores and, thus, the basis of their income. Each ruled over by a Sultan, these five city-states became known as Yond Pentos (literally translated to 5 cities).

With the unique properties of the rare ore named Adamantine, Gnomish inventors figured out how to use the Source Stones to build living automatons out of the metal. These massive, living weapons of war gave the Southern Dwarves the edge they needed to fight.

Expeditions south brought contact with a strange new, sentient being: humans. These Humans were somewhat primitive and, by comparison, lived short lives. Yet they were cunning and ambitious. What was most curious about them was that they seemed to appear out of nowhere, having not been created or claimed by any god.

Remembering how the Elves had once guided and nurtured them, the Southern Dwarves entered trade with the tribal humans, sharing some technology and culture. The humans would take to the technology and culture quickly, adopting feudalism and building their kingdom, The Illuskan Empire.

This campaign began 48 years after a group of human explorers shipwrecked and landed on the coast of Lareth. The local chief rescued and took in the humans, who nursed them back to health. The tribal guard kept them under strict supervision.

The Elves were taken aback by these new humanoids, who seemed to have been created from nothing. Many elders became fearful of the Humans, believing them to be a manifestation of the dead god of Creation and Magic, Atman. Out of superstition, many Elves began to refer to the Humans as the At`maní (Literally “of Atman).

Equally surprised were the Humans, who had come into the world long after the Elves disappeared. They had grown up on stories from other races about the Elves, but many believed they had never even existed, simply being part of Dwarven creation myths. It was common among Human parents to tell their children that “the Elves would come and take them away” if they were found to be awake at night and not sleeping.

The Elves were curious about the world they had abandoned and were eager to press the Humans for information about it. Eager, too, were the Humans, who were perhaps even more curious about the Elves′ use of magic, which they had taken with them when they broke away during the Great Split.

Within a week, word got back to the Elven capital about their arrival, and the elite winged guard, the Onvyr, was dispatched to bring them back to The Tribunal. This decree created some internal conflicts among the Elves, as many tribal elders were suspicious of the capital’s motives, fearing for the safety of the Humans. Many elders believed that bringing harm to Humans would incur Atman’s wrath.

A skirmish broke out between the capital’s elite guard and the local militia, and in the ensuing chaos, all but one of the Human survivors, a man named Kal Kristof, was killed. The chief would give a special teleportation rod to the lone survivor, urging Kal to think of his homeland and recite a magical incantation. The Tribunal considered this an act of treason. He would make it back safely, but it would come

at a significant cost. The chief and all the elders and warriors who aided him would be put to death.

Wild as his story was, the rod of teleportation was enough to cause the human Emperor, Alexander Freyfall, to send out massive expeditions to chart a course to the lost continent. In two decades, the Humans would not only find Lareth again but assemble a gigantic navy to launch an assault on the Elven lands. The promise of magic and riches would bring a powerful coalition of The Southern Dwarven Kingdom of Marioth, The Human Illuskan Empire, and Halfling mercenaries from Yond Pentos. By the time our hero's journey begins, much of Lareth has been conquered and is now under Human occupation.

The Rodinian Pantheon

Most Rodinians worship one or more of “The Celestial Thirteen,” whose constellations rule over their respective months. In Rodinia, there are thirteen months, each with 28 days. At the end of the year, there is “The Day Out of Time,” a single day that falls outside the calendar. While many more gods exist, few can claim the influence of The Thirteen.

Bahamut - “*The Platinum Dragon*”

Domains: Order, Life, War

Born alongside his evil sister, Tiamat, when the Source Bomb split Io’s being, Bahamut is the patron deity of Ōyashima and the creator of the metallic dragons.

The pillar of justice, protection, nobility, and honor, Bahamut is a beacon to paladins of order and good and is revered by most metallic dragons as the first of their kind. The crest of the Platinum Dragon adorns many halls of high leadership and justice, invoking his will in all matters of justice. To follow him is to look after those who cannot look after themselves.

When not wandering the Outer Planes, Bahamut resides within his magnificent, glittering palace of gold, platinum,

and mithril hidden among the winds of the Seven Heavens of Celestia.

Depiction: The Platinum Dragon is often seen emblazoned on shields and armor, both functional and decorative, in the form of a brilliant dragon head in profile. Temples and works of art depict a massive, glittering dragon with vibrant platinum scales and a seemingly endless wingspan.

Holy Day: Bahamut's holy day is Embertide, celebrated on the fifth day of Hamut. It is a day of remembrance, solemnity, and respect for those who have fallen in defense of others.

Commandments of Bahamut

- Stand as a paragon of honor and justice.
- Smite evil wherever it is found, yet show compassion to those who have strayed from the path of righteousness.
- Defend the weak, bring freedom to the persecuted, and protect the ideals of justice and order.

Beory - "Mother Rodinia"

Domains: Nature, Life

Beory is usually regarded as a manifestation of Rodina itself. She is a distant goddess, even from her clergy, and little concerns her except the fate and prosperity of the entire world. She is also distant from other deities, even

those with similar interests, and her connection to Rodinia may consume her attention.

The destruction wrought by the Source Bomb caused the goddess to weep for a hundred years, creating the many oases that give the Emerald Desert its name. She has two daughters, the goddesses Yondalla and Eldath. Yondalla was born from a romance between Mother Rodinia and the Dawnfather, Pelor. It seems that the soil's desire for the sun's rays stoked something inside her. Her other daughter, Eldath, was born out of many tears, which contained enough of her essence to birth an entirely new being.

The vast majority of Beory worshipers are peasants. They pray to her, especially to ask her for good harvests and abundant rain. In the most civilized regions, Beory worship is more reminiscent of folklore than a true religion. On the other hand, in places of strong druidic influence, Beory is a significant goddess respected by everyone, from city dwellers to mountain dwellers, the rich and the poor.

Beory's followers teach that the world comprises many different aspects, each important to the *whole*. Nature can be beautiful and compassionate or ugly and destructive. Newborn deer and rabbits can live peacefully in quiet forests, be burned by forest fires, or be drowned in floods. They use metaphors such as these to show how matters of good and evil are frequently less important than ensuring that the natural balance itself remains intact. The actions of

individual persons and nations are of less concern than the long-term health of the world as a whole.

Mother Rodinia despises aberrations and monsters of all types and revels in their destruction. Monster hunters often pray to her when taking on a particularly nasty foe.

***Depiction*:** Beory never takes a humanoid form and rarely intervenes in mortal affairs. When she does, she usually takes the form of a silent animal that leads people out of danger.

***Holy Day*:** On the first rainfall of the new year, many Yondians celebrate Goodmourning. This somber occasion honors the tears that revived Rodinia after the devastation of the Source Bomb. It is a day of remembrance and thanksgiving that ends with a bountiful feast.

Commandments

- Show respect for nature.
- Take only from nature what you need to survive.
- Destroy all aberrations and abominations that taint this world.

Corellon Larethian - *"The Arch Heart"*

Domains: Arcana, Light

Corellon is the patron of arcane magic and the fey and the guardian of spring, beauty, and the arts. He is also the patron deity of Lareth, which bears his name. Those who seek art in all their work, whether magical or mundane, often worship at the altar of Corellon. Corellon watches the business of mortals and gods from within the palace of Crescent Grove in the beautiful realm of Arborea, surrounded by towering white trees and marble pillars.

Since the Great Cataclysm, Corellon's shame over his creation's appalling actions has led him to take a more active role in policing his children's misuse of arcane magic. Although he is known to be mercurial and opposed to rigid structures, his demeanor has shifted, becoming stern and vigilant. Garl Glittergold has habitually pranked the Arch Heart to restore his humor.

He has had a millennia-long feud with Gruumsh, who dueled with him after he denied his petition to allow the Orcs to inherit the Emerald Desert, territory intended for them before the Source Bomb destroyed it. Gruumsh lost the duel and an eye and has never forgotten who took it from him.

***Depiction*:** Most modern tapestries and tomes depict the Arch Heart as an elven being of impossible grace and beauty, androgynous and alluring, framed by long, wavy, golden hair. They were the inspiration for many early elven art pieces, and elements of their visage or symbol are included in most elven architecture.

***Holy Day*:** Corellon's holy day is called Elvendawn, or Midsummer. It is celebrated on the twentieth day of the sixth month, which bears his name, commemorating the elves' creation.

Commandments of Corellon

- Create, inspire, and find beauty in all you do.
- Follow the echoes of lost magics, forgotten sites, and ancient art, for the Arch Heart's first works lie within these.
- Combat the followers of Lolth wherever they might be.

Eldath – *"Lady of the Lake/The Green Goddess"*

Domains: Peace, Nature

The daughter of Beory and younger sister of Yondalla, Eldath sprang out of the hundred years of tears her mother cried after the devastation of the Source Bomb. Her followers become the first druids of Rodinia, guided by their fair lady to form the legendary grove of Sanctuary.

Eldath is a pacifist who avoids hostile action, even if threatened. Although shy, quiet, and enigmatic, the Green Goddess possesses unknown depths of character and

unexpressed resolve that could not be broken. Eldath protected rivers, streams, and druids' groves.

Pacifists, druids, monks, and naturalists worship the Lady of the Lake. She encourages her followers to adopt a non-violent stance. Eldath's divine realm is called True Grove.

***Depiction*:** Eldath typically appears in a 10 ft (3 m) tall female form, but the details vary. Depictions in religious art and known appearances made her a human, wood elf, dryad, and nereid. She was tall, thin, graceful, and beautiful, and her form was always translucent enough to be seen through. Sometimes, she was said to have dark hair; at others, her hair was colorless like water and seemed more like spun glass or flowing ice; as a dryad or wild elf, her hair was blue and green. Her eyes were a deep shade of green. Eldath's feet were bare, and her green, silken, shimmering garments clung to her form as they flowed, yet her appearance soothed rather than aroused lustful feelings.

***Holy Day*:** On the first day of spring, when the snow and ice melt and the lakes reveal themselves, Eldath's worshipers celebrate Firstflow, a festival that welcomes their Lady back into the world. It is a time when many make renewed commitments to creating harmony and balance in their communities.

Commandments of Eldath

- Violence is only to be used in defense and never for personal gain.
- Preserve the natural beauty of the world.
- Promote peace and harmony.

Garl Glittergold - *"The Joker/Sparkling Wit/Watchful Protector"*

Domains: Trickery, Forge

The creator of the Gnomish people hates nothing more than a frowning face and a gloomy disposition. He believes a sense of humor is vital for anyone to cultivate, regardless of hardships. The inhabitants of a community ought to cooperate for the greater good. Pranks are a sacrament. Authority figures shouldn't take themselves too seriously. The tales and jokes of the gnomish people should be preserved, but change should not be feared.

After the elves disappeared, Garl took pity on the Dwarves and made the Gnomes so they wouldn't be alone. Sadly, the Gnomes have become second-class citizens and are seen as subservient by dwarven society. This treatment has led Garl to prank many Dwarven leaders.

Gnomes, rogues, and artisans worship Garl. While Moradin is prayed to for help with smithing and metalworking, Garl is sought for finer work like jewelry making.

***Depiction*:** Garl is depicted as a handsome, golden-skinned gnome with sparkling gemstones for eyes. He wears a flowing silk cloak and usually a substantial amount of gold decoration. His symbol is a gold nugget.

***Holy Day*:** On the 13th day of each month, the Gnomes hold the Communion of Laughter in his honor. It consists of joke-telling contests, communal meals, dancing, prayers, storytelling, and donations of gold, which Garl's church uses to benefit the entire community.

Commandments

- Cultivate a sense of humor, regardless of your hardships, and preserve the tales and jokes of the gnomish people.
- Pranks are a necessary way of life, especially against those in power.
- Authority figures shouldn't take themselves too seriously.
- Embrace change

Jergal - "*The Pitiless One/ Final Scribe*"
Domains: Death, Grave

When Atman was incarnated, the possibility of death and the existence of Jergal came to be. Older than the other gods, the Pitiless One is more concerned with chronicling the lives of mortals than intervening in their affairs.

Jergal's faithful serve as morticians, scribes, and funerary workers. They keep meticulous records of births, deaths, and taxes.

***Depiction*:** Jergal is frequently depicted as a member of an ancient alien race that resembled a cross between a humanoid and a praying mantis. He is a wizened and insubstantial creature, mummy-like in appearance with gray, tightly taut skin. His elongated skull hosted bulbous, yellow eyes devoid of life, insectoid mandibles, and a nose and ears barely distinguishable from the rest of his head.

White gloves covered Jergal's lengthy, claw-like hands and forearms. Most of his form was also covered, hidden behind a gray, shadow-filled cloak that seemed to absorb the atmosphere around it and move as if blown in the wind, even if none was present. Its outer surface was a gate to the Negative Energy plane. In his clutches is a quill with fresh ink and a thick scroll covered in an intricate and incomprehensible script.

When Jergal speaks, his voice is chilling and seemingly disembodied, echoing with the dry whisper of a tomb that had long been forgotten.

Jergal was also known to take on the form of an old mortal man with a great white beard and sunken eyes that still held a spark of energy and betrayed his sharp intellect. He could take the form of any undead creature, amplifying

the form's abilities with his gear and enervating touch unless the beast had such a power of equal or greater potency.

His holy symbol is a skull holding a scroll closed.

***Holy Day*:** Held at the end of the Day out of Time, Jergal's clerics celebrate the Night of Another Year by reading aloud the names of every death recorded during the previous year.

Commandments

- Respect the remains of the dead.
- Record all deeds, good and bad.
- Carry out the duties of your office without compromise.

Kord - *"The Storm Lord"*

Domains: Tempest, War

Where thunder booms and conflict rises, prayers to the Storm Lord are shouted into the maelstrom. Reveling in all tests of strength, Kord blesses those who prove themselves on the battlefield. Worshiped by athletes and warriors all across Rodinia, he exalts those whose force of spirit and desire for victory call his attention. He brings tumultuous storms over land and sea, and those who wish for clearer skies offer their praises and prayers to appease him.

Kord dwells among the roving settlements and battlefields within the rugged and glorious realm of Ysgard,

where struggle, victory, and celebration shape the landscape and the inhabitants.

***Depiction*:** Within his temples, Kord is shown as a quintessential warrior, often nude with a beard and short, curled hair. As the epitome of muscle and strength, most art depicts the Storm Lord in a stance of dominance and perhaps wrestling a terrible beast.

***Holy Day*:** Kord's holy day is the Day of Challenging, which is celebrated on the seventh day of the second month. The Day of Challenging is one of the most raucous holidays in The Frostlands, and thousands of spectators attend the annual Godsbrawl held in the Temple of Kord to root for their favored deity's champion, particularly the chosen champions of the Storm Lord and the All-Hammer.

Commandments of Kord

- Bravery, above all. There is no glory in cowardice.
- Strength is the path to greatness, but greatness is the responsible use of strength.
- The glory of the Storm Lord lives through your glory on the battlefield.

Moradin - *"The All-Hammer/ The All-Father"*

***Domains*:** Forge, Order

Moradin is worshiped by smiths, artisans, and miners alike, granting inspiration in exchange for respect and prayer. He shaped the mountains and is the patron of home and family. The devotion to the All-Hammer is strongest in dwarven communities, and many temples to Moradin mark the center of a mighty dwarven stronghold.

Moradin lords over the soul forge within the massive tunneled mansion of Erackinor, deep beneath Solania's slopes on the Celestia plane.

***Depiction*:** Many guild halls and workshops contain images of Moradin, a faceless, stout dwarven being of immense strength, hunched over a flaming heart clasped within his massive hands.

***Holy Day*:** Moradin's holy day is Deep Solace, celebrated on the eighteenth day of the fifth month. Especially devout followers of the All-Hammer spend the day in isolation, meditating on the meaning of family and how they may be better mothers, fathers, siblings, and children. The dwarven community in Dorn Lodahr celebrates with a full day of feasting and drinking.

Commandments of Moradin

- Remain stoic and tenacious in the face of catastrophe.
- Uphold and promote loyalty to your family, loyalty to your clan, and loyalty to your people.

- Legacy is paramount. To create something that lasts is to change the world for the better.

Pelor - *"The Dawnfather"*

***Domains*:** Light, Life

Pelor rules over sun and summer, his vigil encircling the ages as the keeper of time. As lord of agriculture and harbinger of the harvest, he is worshiped by farmers and most common folk, and his priests are welcomed in many lands. Supporter of those in need and destroyer of evil, the Dawn Father is often the patron of paladins and rangers who follow a similar creed. He is also a keeper of time.

He is also known for weakening Tharizdun enough for him to be bound by Moradin's chains and is revered by those who hunt aberrations. This battle wounded the Dawnfather, causing him to become weakened in the late hours of the day. From these wounds came Sehanine, who created the moon to light up the night sky in the Sun's absence.

Pelor is often found within the Fortress of the Sun, a shining, golden citadel that brings vibrant life to the limitless orchards of the Blessed Fields of Elysium.

***Depictions*:** Tapestries of old match early texts describing Pelor as a paternal figure in silver and gold armor, his head a beacon of light and fire so bright that his face can barely be

seen. Many statues in holy places use the head as a brazier, lit with each dawn and extinguished at dusk.

Holy Day. Pelor's holy day is called Highsummer and occurs on the fifteenth day of the seventh month. Poor folk often visit a temple of Pelor on this day, hoping the Dawnfather will take pity on them.

Commandments of Pelor

- Be ever vigilant for evil. People are quick to forget the lessons of the past.
- Help relieve the suffering of the innocent.
- Deliver the light of Pelor, where darkness dwells, with kindness, compassion, and mercy.

Rao - *"The Mediator"*

Domains: Knowledge, Peace

Rao teaches that the greatest gift is reason, which leads to discourse, which leads to peace, which leads to serenity. For those who refuse to see reason and resort to violence first, action—governed by reason and wisdom—is required to restore peace. Regrettably, sometimes, this action is violent.

Rao's priesthood urges its followers to reject strong emotions for the calm and serenity of inner peace. They should take to the battlements only when the foundations of law and good are threatened. However, when Raoans are stirred to battle, their foes find them a difficult challenge: calm, implacable, and utterly convinced through the power of reason of the righteousness of their cause. Though slow to act, Rao's followers act surely, carefully, and forcefully.

Rao's faith has never significantly appealed to common folk; most of his faithful are rulers, diplomats, sages, scholars, and philosophers. Monks and spellcasters who seek uninterrupted meditation also revere Rao. Many gurus urge their flagging pupils to be like Rao.

***Depiction*:** Rao is often depicted as an old man with bushy white hair, dark skin, slender hands, and a peaceful smile. Any time an offering of peace is made, Rao grows a day younger. He can cause any being to fall into agreeable calmness with a mere glance.

***Holy Day*:** During the winter solstice, Raon clerics celebrate Breadgiving Day by distributing food to the poor.

Commandments

- Free yourself from unnecessary attachments.
- Emotions are the storms of the body and will pass. Don't let them cloud your judgment.

- Give lovingly and without expectation.

Sehanine – *“The Moon Weaver”*

Domains: Knowledge, Tempest, Trickery

Sehanine is the goddess of moonlight, the autumn season, and the patron of illusions and misdirection. Widely worshiped in halfling and elven cultures, she is considered the deity of love, protecting lovers′ affairs with shadows of her own. Those who work in darkness and trickery may ask for her blessing.

Born from the wounds of Pelor in his battle against Tharizdun, Sehanine created the moon to light the skies when her father grew weak in the evenings. She has had a fleeting love affair with Corellon.

Sehanine can be found among the verdant tangles of Arborea, watching over the elven courts or wandering among the colorful fields of the Feywild.

***Depiction*:** The Moon Weaver’s depictions are as numerous as the myths and stories of her meddling with the unions of mortals. She is most often painted as a young girl with light-blue skin and white hair, her body and limbs merely

wavy silk strands of silver moonlight that caress and create the edges of the shadows around her.

***Holy Day*:** Sehanine has no holy day but is celebrated by the elves on the night of the decade's most prominent full moon. Elven astronomers track the moon's phases and how it grows closer and farther to Rodinia to accurately predict these days. Many haughty elves use this festival as an excuse to be sly and mischievous, while younger elves use costumes and illusions to prank their peers.

Commandments

- Seize your destiny by pursuing your passions.
- Let the shadows protect you from the burning light of fanatical good and the absolute darkness of evil.
- Walk unbridled and untethered, forging new memories and experiences.

Tyr - *"The Evenhanded"*
Domains: War, Order

Tyr is somewhat enigmatic to those outside his faith. He represents such stern justice that it is difficult to see the more subtle qualities of the god. He is a courageous father figure to his faithful. He struggles continually to achieve for his followers a paradisaical state of affairs in Rodinia that he knows will never come in an imperfect world.

Tyr is the patron of the Illuskan Empire and shows favor to them. Many people whisper that Alexander is a demigod and Tyr's child, which is why he has remained undefeated in battle. This rumor is nothing but propaganda spread by Alexander's supporters. Nevertheless, Alexander is a Chosen of Tyr and has promised to bring order to the world through the Empire.

In the battle against Tharizdun, Tyr aided Pelor in weakening the mad god but lost his eyes and a hand. The Evenhanded proudly bears these scars, demonstrating the cost and importance of blind justice.

***Depiction*:** Tyr is portrayed as blind or with a bloody bandage over his eyes and missing his right hand. He does not try to hide or bandage his stump. He is usually shown as a burly, noble warrior with a robust build and a bearded face.

***Holy Day*:** The priesthood of Tyr follows a monthly cycle of high rituals, beginning with *Seeing Justice* on the first day of each month, *the Maiming* on the thirteenth day of the month, and *the Blinding* on the twenty-second day of each month. These rituals involve chanted prayers, thunderously sung hymns to the god, and conjured illusions: a gigantic war hammer that glows blinding white hanging over the heads of the congregation at *Seeing Justice*; at *the Maiming*, a massive right hand that bursts into view above the congregation surrounded by a nimbus of burning blood, then tumbles away into darkness and fades from view; and

two eyes that burst into fountains of flaming tears until they have entirely spilled away and are gone at *the Blinding*. Early in the ceremony of *the Blinding*, symbolic blindfolds of diaphanous damask are bound over the eyes of the celebrants by clergy to remind the worshipers of Tyr's blindness.

Commandments

- Reveal the truth, punish the guilty, right the wrong, and always be true and just.
- Uphold the law wherever you go and punish those who do wrong under the law.
- Keep a record of your rulings, deeds, and decisions, for this will correct your errors, strengthen your grasp of the laws of all lands, and expand your ability to identify lawbreakers.
- Be vigilant in your observations and anticipations so you may detect those who plan injustices before their actions threaten law and order.
- Deliver vengeance to the guilty for those who cannot do it themselves.

Yondalla/Dallah Thaun - "The Protector and Provider/Emerald Mother"

Domains: Life, Twilight, Trickery (In her Dallah Thaun form)

Born from the union of Pelor and Beory, the goddess of the harvest and fertility is the creator of the halfling race. Yondalla serves as an example to all her people, espousing harmony among halflings, good relations with other races, and a strong defense when faced with the affronts of enemies. Yondalla wishes all her children are safe and prosperous, treat each other well, and live interesting, full lives. Yondalla is forgiving, slow to anger, and kind. Still, when her charges become threatened, she acts with bravery and ferocity that has gained the respect of even her most warlike, godly contemporaries. Yondalla knows that her race represents a truly good creation and does anything within the boundaries of honor to nurture and protect it.

Dallah Thaun, the Lady of Mysteries, is Yondalla's dark, hidden aspect. She is the great secret of the halfling race, who do not share knowledge of Dallah Thaun with outsiders. She was physically split from Yondalla when she created (or discovered) the halfling race, but she and Yondalla are still one being. What one knows, the other knows, and those who worship Dallah Thaun also worship Yondalla (and vice versa).

She is depicted with dark hair and eyes and dresses all in black. Where Yondalla nurtures the survivors of a tragedy, Dallah Thaun seeks vengeance. Where Yondalla, the Provider, creates fertility and plenty, Dallah Thaun urges the halflings to seek wealth. Dallah Thaun, in short, does the dirty work, while Yondalla keeps her hands clean. Dallah Thaun is the goddess of secrets, lies, half-truths, flattery,

manipulation, and stealth. The two halves of the goddess do not and cannot quarrel over their respective methods, different as they may be. They are the same person, with each fulfilling her respective role.

***Depiction*:** Yondalla is represented as a strong female halfling with red-golden hair who looks determined and proud. She dresses in green, yellow, and brown and carries a shield. Yondalla has two aspects that the halflings speak of in front of others: the Provider and the Protector.

As the Provider, she is a goddess of fertility and growing things, of birth and youth. She can make barren things fertile and increase the growing rate of plants and animals to any speed she chooses. She can equally easily make fertile things barren if she chooses. She can age, wither, and slay as quickly as she can create, though it takes much to drive her to do this.

As Protector, Yondalla wards off evil influences and intrusions and gives halflings the strength and determination to defend themselves. In this aspect, Yondalla often uses her illusionist abilities to protect her worshippers.

***Holy Day*:** Halflings set aside the fifth day of each tenday to worship Yondalla. *Safeday*, as it is known, is a day that is primarily spent in rest and play. In the morning, families gather together in the home, collectively offer up the fruits of the goddess's bounty in homage to the Provider, and then

spend several hours preparing a tenday's feast from those offerings. During these activities, local members of the clergy of Yondalla go from house to house to lead each family in brief devotions, offer the goddess's blessings, and share any concerns a family may have.

Commandments

- Seek peace and comfort, for a life lived with both is true wealth.
- Lead by example, and know the activities of those you lead so that you can help shoulder their burdens when necessary.
- Treasure your family, for your parents gave you life; your children are your future. Care for the aged and the weak; you never know when you may be one of the strong laid low.

Calendar: https://www.d20srd.org/fantasy/calendar/

Paste:
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Chapter 2: Major Players

Nations

Illuskan Empire - *"Destiny is our domain."*

Patron Deity: Tyr

In just a few generations, the Illuskan people went from hunter-gatherers who had barely mastered agriculture to arguably the most powerful nation in the world. Unlike the other races of Rodinia, the Illuskans and their Frostlander cousins do not appear to be created by a god. At least, no one has stepped forward to claim credit for their creation.

The first Illuskan tribe was discovered by a Rothian military expedition scouting for new territory that could expand their burgeoning kingdom. While charting a map of the area, the Rothians came across the freshly slain bodies of an unusually tall humanoid. At first, they thought they might be Elves, but they were too large, and their ears were not pointed. Their weapons, tools, and clothing were also relatively primitive. They had the appearance of a hunting party, and the fresh claw marks on their body suggested that the hunt had gone rather poorly.

While investigating the area, one of the rangers spotted some tracks leading away from the scene. As they meandered down the trail, they made out the sounds of a howling man just

minutes from their location. Hearing the urgency in his cries, the party sprinted towards the danger.

When the scouts arrived at the scene, they saw that two members of the hunting party had managed to survive their encounter, but one was mortally wounded. In front of them was a mighty feline that the Dwarves had never seen before. It was massive, with a huge mane of hair and a roar that seemed to echo for miles.

The other human, sporting some nasty gouges, stood firmly before his wounded comrade. The Dwarves could see that he intended to die before he let the beast devour his last friend. The scouts didn't intend to let that happen.

With a mighty war cry, the Dwarves rushed out in military formation at the big cat, their finely crafted armor gleaming in the sunlight and their weapons sharper than anything the primitive man had ever seen. At first, he thought he might be hallucinating, as he had never seen a man so short and squat, let alone an entire group of them. He began to pinch his skin when he noticed that his wounded friend was also staring in wonder at the warriors before them.

His tribesman rarely survived an encounter with a lion, yet these vertically challenged fighters easily took it apart. Within minutes, the beast that had stalked and preyed upon his comrades lay dead at his feet. While the beast was slain, he wasn't sure the threat was over.

The man eyed them cautiously, keeping his makeshift spear at the ready. The Dwarves lowered their weapons in response and displayed empty hands, trying to ease his fears.

One approached him with a canteen of water, drinking from it to show it was safe, and then handed it to the man.

After graciously accepting it, the reality of his wounded brother snapped into focus. The wounds appeared too deep, and he was sure he'd be saying goodbye to him shortly. He clutched his hand and spoke softly to him with wet eyes.

Suddenly, one of the Dwarves stepped forward and placed his hand on the shoulder, gesturing to let him look closer. Unsure but with few options, the man obliged.

Speaking in an unfamiliar tongue, the short, shiny man touched the dying hunter. Light began to erupt from the wounds as he did so, giving off a pleasant heat. In fear, the unmaimed hunter fell backward and scrambled away. He had never seen a display of magic before and was completely caught off guard by this display. This fear turned to awe when he watched as his friends' bloodied gashes closed up and healed before them.

After the healing, both men bowed and prostrated before the Dwarves. They kissed their feet and gave thanks to them. The cleric who healed them knew that thanks belonged to Moradin and quickly ushered the men to their feet. After another series of gestures and alien words, the holy man touched the tribesmen. In yet another miracle, the stout man could speak their language. Thus began a long history of goodwill between the two peoples.

Most Illuskans love the Dwarven people. They look at them as something like a wise uncle. While commoners rarely held opinions regarding the politics of the Northern and Southern Dwarven kingdoms, they were incredibly touched by the generosity of the Southern Dwarves. This kindness left the

leaders of the Illuskan Empire to feel something of a debt to Marioth, which is why they shared the secret of Lareth's discovery with them. However, their motives were not entirely altruistic. The Illuskan had grown up hearing stories of the fabled Elves and their powerful magic. Unsure of their might, those who sat on the war council to plan the invasion of Lareth feared their forces alone would lack the strength to conquer such a potentially dangerous enemy.

After a long series of negotiations, the Illuskan Empire agreed to join the Kingdom of Marioth in their civil war against the northern Kingdom of Godelfray in exchange for their help conquering Lareth. The agreement dictated that all land from the conquest of Godelfray would go to Marioth, and all land conquered from Lareth would go to the Illuskan Empire. Of course, riches plundered during these wars would be divided equally between Marioth and the Empire.

The son of its founder rules over the Empire: Alexander Freyfall. Alexander, the son of Philip Freyfall, was raised to lead. From a young age, he had a diverse education and trained in several disciplines. At 12 years old, Alexander was even sent to friendly, neighboring nations to attend their finest schools and learn their cultures and languages.

While he has a brilliant mind, he also lusts for war. To date, the warrior king has not lost a single battle. However, it should be noted that it was through the effort and ingenuity of his father, Philip, that he came to possess an advanced fighting force and the powerful navy that discovered Lareth in the first place.

There is some speculation that Alexander had his father killed. When Kal Kristof returned from his voyage, Emperor Philip Freyfall had aged out of a young man's lust for battle. He had grown to enjoy the peace and opulence he had built through sweat and bloodshed and was not keen on war. Many Lords were furious over the blood spilled by the Elves, feeling that ignoring this sleight showed weakness and was a grave insult to the Empire.

When talks about the Empire's response first began, the young Prince Alexander mysteriously took a trip to Tel Habil, one of the Sultanates of Yond Pentos. Not long after, Philip fell ill and died of a fever at only 46 years old. After assuming leadership of the Empire, Alexander would whip the nation up in a frenzy over the death of their kinsmen, organizing the war council that would ultimately choose to invade Larteth.

Now 67 years old, Emperor Alexander Freyfall has nearly conquered Lareth, laying waste to the complacent armies of the Elves and vastly expanding the Empire's territories. Alexander has grown somewhat impatient in his twilight years, fearing that his life may end before his conquest is completed. (Player Note: think Roman Empire with Alexander the Great as ruler)

Kingdom of Godelfray - *"Progress before pride."*

Patron Deity: Moradin

After King Baldrid Marioth the First died, the other surviving Lords unanimously chose Lord Hephaestus Godelfray,

the Hand of the King, to rule over the nation until Baldrid's infant son came of age. He was beloved by many and seen as a champion of the people.

Godelfray started life as a lowborn, a miner's son who spent much of his childhood bringing water to the miners and carrying buckets of rock, ore, and gemstone. Fate would intercede during what seemed like a routine excavation.

On the day in question, King Baldrid, then only a young prince, was touring the various holdings of the Kingdom to familiarize himself with the comings and goings of the people he would one day rule. While strolling through the quarry, Prince Baldrid wandered into an area scheduled for demolition. Having ditched his advisor, the young prince had no idea what danger awaited him.

Hephaestus had never met royalty, let alone the crown prince, and was curious to know what made them so different from everyday folk. Throughout the tour, he would wander away from his duties to observe his noble counterpart earnestly, taking note of his speech and regal regard.

When the prince slipped away from his royal babysitter, Hephaestus spied an opportunity to get close to the young royal. Having grown up in the mines, Hephaestus had an easy time shadowing Baldrid without making his presence known.

As Hephaestus gathered the courage to approach the prince, he noticed they were heading towards an area marked for demolition! Cold sweat formed on his brow, and his senses came into sharp focus. In the distance, he made out the sound of the miners daisy-chaining their warning call down the mining shaft.

Without thinking, the lowly miner′s son ran as fast as his legs could carry him, tackling him to the ground mere inches from the blast radius. Surprised by this brutish stranger, the prince′s protests were soon silenced as the walls and ceiling broke away and crumbled before them.

Hephaestus would be knighted for saving the prince′s life, becoming his bodyguard. The two became lifelong friends, and Hephaestus was placed at the head of the Small Council following Baldrid’s coronation.

To the commoners, Hephaestus was an example of someone whose deeds raised him above the rigid caste system of feudal society. After the Dragon Wars, Hephaestus’ reconstruction efforts went beyond renewing and repairing buildings and lands torn asunder by their draconic foes. He aimed to create a Meritocracy, a nation whose people were judged by their deeds, not their blood.

When Prince Baldrid Marioth the Second was finally ready for his coronation, discontent grew among the commoners. They feared a return to the old ways. A few unscrupulous nobles could not overlook this opportunity to upset the balance of power.

While silently supporting the rebellion and providing them with financial backing, the nobles faked a plot to kill the acting King Hephaestus to turn the two against each other. Previously, the former Hand of the King was happy to see his old friend’s son take his place on the throne. This attitude changed after the rebellion staged its attack.

Unable to touch the hearts of his people, Baldrid Marioth the Second would disavow Hephaestus and declare war upon

him. After losing several key battles, Baldrid was forced to retreat across the Forger's Channel and establish a new Kingdom in Anatolia.

Following his departure, Hephaestus declared an end to the traditional monarchy and organized a constitutional monarchy to empower people and create a fairer society. This move alienated many of the older noble houses, many of which would depart and join the new Kingdom of Marioth. (Player Note: Based loosely on Norman culture/styles)

Kingdom of Marioth - *"A nation forged by family will never sunder."*

Patron Deity: Moradin

As an infant, King Baldrid Marioth II lost his father. As a man, he lost his land. While the Godelians paint the King as a tyrannical despot, the Rothians see him as a preserver of their traditions. In the Kingdom of Marioth, the clan comes before one's selfish ambitions.

The early years were rough. Alone in a strange land and without allies, the southern Dwarves fought daily just to scrape by. Drawing on their close family bonds, they built their new nation in the shadow of Bahamut's Spine, the largest mountain range in Rodinia. Separated from their homeland by the Forger's Channel, the Rothians could fortify themselves before the Godelians could sail their army across it.

As they expanded their territory, their rich history and sophisticated mining and building techniques shaped the cultures around them. Nurturing the Illuskans inspired the hunter-gatherers to adopt feudalism and build extraordinary cities. Through trade with the Yondians, the nomadic Halflings of the Emerald Desert were transformed into mighty Sultans in command of wealthy City-States.

Trade with the Yondians also gave the Rothians the edge they needed to compete with the larger Kingdom of Marioth. The badlands of the Emerald Desert were packed with a rare Adamantine ore, which yielded a nearly indestructible metal when properly forged. As green as the oases that dotted the great desert, this Adamantine armor would earn the Rothians the nickname “Emerald Dwarves.”

The Kingdom of Marioth has close ties to the Illuskan Empire, joining their campaign in Lareth in exchange for aid in their civil war. Through this alliance, King Baldrid II hopes to reclaim his lost Kingdom. (Player Note: think Anglo-Saxons)

Larethian Dominion - *“A world shaped by magic is ruled by those who wield it.”*

Patron Deity: Corellon Larethian

The “first nation” has existed since the gods walked alongside their creations. The Tribunal, those immortal Elves who rule over Lareth, should know: they were there when it was founded!

Lareth's magocracy has a rigid and oppressive hierarchy. Noble families gain their station based on their talent for the arcane. Often,

gifted sons and daughters from separate houses are joined together in arranged marriages with the hope that they will produce powerful offspring. In Lareth, one cannot occupy a station of power without some form of magical ability.

All children who display arcane talents must attend the Institute for Arcane Discipline (IAD) to reduce the chances of future magical calamities. At 12 years old, when Elves develop an arcane aura, census enumerators are dispatched to test them and record the number of new magic users in the nation. Those lucky children will be transferred to the IAD, where they will learn their magical specialties, ultimately moving on to a university where they will perfect the craft.

For the rest of society, there is little to no upward mobility. Most non-magical Elves find themselves in the service of their arcane brothers and sisters. These common folk are often looked down on and pitied. Some noble houses even suggest that nonmagical Elves are a less evolved sub-race they call Drow. In recent years, these disenfranchised Elves have been banding together and retreating from society, forming coalitions within the Drider Mountain Range (DMR).

Lareth is by far the most technologically advanced nation in Rodinia. Through magical experimentation, Larethians have built vast, sprawling cities managed by living automatons called Arcanoids (Warforged). Although most are mindless machines, there have been several rare occurrences of Arcanoids gaining sentience.

The Tribunal view themselves as living gods and often shape world events behind the scenes using their powerful Source magic. While the capital of Lareth is “officially” Londlaur, the actual capital is the floating city of Thlnor, a steampunk paradise for the most elite families in Lareth.

Thlnor is closely guarded by the Onvyr, the winged magical warriors that carry out the will of The Tribunal. Only the most elite magical knights will be chosen to join the Onvyr and must relinquish all titles and take no spouses. They will carry out their orders with cold efficiency no matter how depraved or vile the task may be. An Onvyrian's armor suppresses emotions and prevents the influence of magical charms. This property helps them to keep their resolve when fear or empathy might otherwise hinder their mission.

The years of isolation have left Lareth's armies unprepared to fight in a real war. At present, nearly three-quarters of the continent is under the control of the Illusko-Rothian Alliance. As a result, the remaining cities are packed to the brim with war refugees. Overcrowding, disease, and famine have started to make their way into these previously pristine establishments. These conditions have created panic among commoners, who speculate that their god is punishing them for enacting the Great Cataclysm. (Player Note: think late medieval France (Marie Antoinette and the French Revolution)

Ōyashima Shogunate - *"Only a warrior chooses pacifism. Others are condemned to it."*

Patron Deity: Bahamut

Known to outsiders as the "Blood Isles" or "Io's Blood Isles," the Dragonborn natives who live on the land formed by the blood of their fallen god prefer to call it Ōyashima, meaning "Great Myriad Islands."

In the wake of the Dragon Wars, the surviving wyrms battled for supremacy over their new land. The Dragonborn, feeble compared to their titanic kin, were forced into servitude and conscripted into the armies of the newly minted Daimyo (Lords). Taking a page from their enemies, the Daimyo built mighty cities and formed political alliances to enforce their dominion over the land.

Sadly, a dragon's greed knows no bounds. No matter how vast or advanced their society became, more was needed to satisfy their appetites. After endless wars, one Daimyo, an ancient gold wyrm, rose above the rest and declared himself Shogun. Thus began the hundred-year reign of the Honorable Shogun Tamarand.

The reign of Tamarand, called the "Gilded Shogun" by his naysayers, has brought about an age of peace and prosperity. Shortly after his reign began, the Shogun turned Ōyashima into an isolationist state, taking the high road and avoiding potential conflicts with humanoids. This policy came with one major exception.

Ōyashima would continue to work hand in hand with their new neighbors, the Druids of Sanctuary, who devoted their lives to protecting and hatching the few precious eggs the dragons were banking their future on. The grove was declared sacred and put under Ōyashima's protection.

Culture flourished during this time, leading to novelties like Kabuki theater, seasonal festivals, and numerous technological innovations. However, the years of war were not forgotten, leading to innumerable dojos dedicated to raising samurai in the art of the sword and practicing the bushido code.

The discovery of the Elves and the possible return of magic to the world have created a panic in Ōyashima. Many Daimyo see the

Shogun as soft and petition for war. There are stirrings of a rebellion fomenting among the chromatic dragons and rumors of dealings with Redwing, the Pirate King, a viscous red dragon who rules over an island of thieves. In response, tentative plans have been made to dispatch spies and diplomats to Lareth to investigate the Illusko-Rothian Invasion. (Player Note: think early Edo Period Japan)

Sanctuary - *"To change the world, we must change ourselves."*

Patron Deity: Eldath

The druids of Sanctuary have created a peaceful paradise in perfect harmony with Mother Nature. The destruction caused by the Source Bomb and the Great Cataclysm led many to question their role in the world. Since the gods had abandoned them, they saw themselves as the caretakers of this beautiful planet, which provided for them regardless of race or disposition.

To atone for their transgressions, these early settlers devoted time to helping the dragons of Ōyashima care for their eggs. Having never raised children, the dragons were grateful that the druids shared their insight into other beings who gave birth by laying eggs. With the dragon's help, the druids create magical hot springs to heat and nourish the dragon eggs. The founders of Sanctuary pledged to guard and care for the eggs until they were ready to hatch. At which time, they would be transferred back to Ōyashima.

The druids live communally in isolation. Their homes are shaped from vines and trees, and their tools and clothing contain no

metal or manufactured components. Everything is made by hand. The people subsist on a vegetarian diet and abhor violence. However, they are not afraid to use it to defend nature or the greater good.

Save for those select few who leave society and manage to be accepted into the grove, a grueling trial that only a pure heart can pass, the druids of Sanctuary have never left the grove. They've never seen a city before and are oblivious to the ways of outsiders, save for the stories they've been told. This practice has led many to become naive idealists.

While Sanctuary stays out of the world's affairs, it has ambassadors who leave on rare occasions to help with natural disasters. They have even acted as neutral diplomats to settle disputes that might lead to destructive conflicts.

Shargaas - *"A single eye finds its true enemy."*

Patron Deity: Gruumsh

The Khans who rule the Steppes of Shargaas are more than simple barbarians. They are soldiers on a mission to reclaim their promised land.

In the Celestial Age, when gods walked beside their creations, Gruumsh had promised them a land rich with resources and a mild climate. Unfortunately, this promised land was turned into a barren desert by the Source Bomb. After being robbed of precious resources, the Orcs of Shargass were forced to become nomads, retreating to the steppes north of the Emerald Desert.

According to Shargaasian folklore, Gruumsh went to parlay with Moradin and Corellon over the land and was rebuked. This dismissal led to a duel in which their beloved God lost an eye. This slight has marked the Elves and Dwarves as lifelong enemies.

When word reached the ruling Khan that the barren desert of their promised land had sprouted rich oases, they eagerly traveled south to claim what was rightfully theirs. Surprisingly, they encountered a humanoid species they had not seen before.

These Halflings, as they were called, were short with proportional bodies that lacked the stout build of a Dwarf. These peaceful shepherds stood no match against the Shargaasians, who began engaging in regular raids.

Having discovered a powerful ore in the badlands surrounding the desert, the Halflings, who had already started to trade with the Rothians, became exceedingly wealthy. Wanting to protect their new investment, the Halflings worked with Gnomish architects to construct massive walled cities to keep out the invading orcs. This act deeply angers Temujin Flamerider, the ruling Khan, who rides into battle on his trusty hell horse (Nightmare). After becoming an Eye of Gruumsh, Temujin has sworn to conquer the halflings and spread the seed of the orc race far and wide. (Player Note: think Mongolian or Hunnic Raiders)

Sylvan Coalition - *"Don't toil the fields that bear fruit."*

Patron Deity: Pelor

The Great Cataclysm pushed many Larethians to reject Arcane magic and the “progress” of society. These Elves retreated to the sacred forests of Lareth to live a simpler life among the Fey. Evolving a shamanic tradition, the Sylvan Coalition rejects traditional hierarchies and lives life voluntarily.

While the High Elves who remained Larethians have golden skin, the heat of the sun and outdoor living has left the wood Elves of the Sylvan Coalition with a permanent reddish tan. They believe that Atman, the Source of all things, created a perfect world that has become blemished by the actions of mortals. In response, their society has chosen to live off the land, trying never to disturb it whenever possible.

Sympathizers of the Sylvan Coalition created a rift in Lareth's political structure. Many politicians took pro-Sylvan stances that advocated the creation of conservations where the wood Elves could live in peace. This conflict eventually led to several armed conflicts that convinced The Tribunal that granting the wood Elves some land was better than risking a civil war.

Unfortunately for the Wood Elves, the Tribunal would break this covenant whenever inconvenient for them, taking back parcels of land and shuffling the Sylvan Coalition around. The Coalition has learned to be weary of Larethian promises. (Players note: think Native Americans)

Vacun Collective - *“The strong survive, but the strongest thrive.”*

Patron Deity: Kord

The humans of The Frostlands have managed to tame its icy tundra and carve out a burgeoning society ready to step out into the world and take their rightful place as a formidable player in Rodinia.

The icy wastes of The Frostlands have made agriculture a largely fruitless affair. Early Issazkan society relied primarily on hunting and fishing, taking full advantage of the fat and furry animals surrounding them to supplement their needs. Every part of the animal was put to good use. By learning to navigate the treacherous Vacun Sea, whose floating ice shelves have sunk countless ships to the bottom of its icy depths, the Issazkan were able to become accomplished whale hunters. Early Issazkan tribes built dwellings out of the skulls and rib bones of the whales, stretching animal pelts over the bones to provide warmth and privacy. These structures are called Qarmat (singular Qarmaq).

Of course, it wasn't long before resource limitations created obstacles to progress. Thus, the raids began. Left weakened and preoccupied with their civil war, the northern Dwarven Kingdom of Godelfray was an easy target for the raiders. Towns along the coast were sacked and pillaged. Many were taken as slaves or hostages to be ransomed off for more goods.

Godelfray offered to share some of their advanced technology with the Issazkan to quell the violence in exchange for focusing their aggression elsewhere. Gnomish artisans were sent to build better ships, provide maps of unexplored areas by the Issazkan, and craft techniques to forge better weapons and armor. Having felt like second-class citizens in Godelfray, many Gnomes permanently moved their families west to be amongst the Illuskan after being

welcomed with open arms by the lumbering but soft-spoken Frostlanders.

This change in their relationship with Godelfray opened trade between former enemies. Their predominantly tribal society struggled to negotiate amongst themselves, often spilling over into conflicts with the Dwarves. The costly disputes led to a war between the many scattered tribes. When the dust settled, the tribes were organized into three Jarldoms (Dynskogar, Skrattafell, and Osfjoll), each ruled by a respective Jarl. The Vitra Hird, a wisdom council, was formed by elders and figureheads of the three Jarldoms to negotiate trade deals and maintain peace among the new Jarls. How long this peace will last is anyone's guess.

After word of Lareth's discovery spread to the rest of Rodinia, Issazkan from Dynskogar began a series of dangerous expeditions southward through the deepest parts of the Vacun Sea to find an alternate route to Lareth. After years and many failures, the great pirate and son of Dynskogar's Jarl, Eldr Dynson, plotted a course to the northern tip of Lareth. This knowledge bought Dynskogar exclusive rights to ferry the forces of Godelfray to the lost continent, earning the Jarldom untold wealth and influence. These riches have led to a great deal of envy from the other Jarls, especially since rumors have begun to spread that Dyn Skipsbrottr, the Jarl of Dynskogar, is planning on making himself king of the Frostlands. (Player Note: think mix between Inuit and Viking cultures)

Yond Pentos - *"Gold soothes savage hearts."*

Patron Deity: Yondalla

A veritable melting pot, anybody with a keen business mind can make it the Five Cities. Yond Pentos comprises five city-states, each ruled over by a Sultan. These powerful individuals, whom many commoners believe were chosen by Yondalla, are the ultimate authority.

Yond Pentos has remained neutral in most conflicts, solving most disputes through trade. However, it would be a mistake to view Yondians as easy targets. Years of fighting with Shargaasian raiders have made fierce warriors out of the previously pastoral pacifists.

The accepting nature of the Halfing people has allowed many races to flourish in Yond Pentos. Leonins, Aarakocra, Tabaxi, and Tieflings, walk freely here. Many of these races originate from the site of the Source Bomb, which distorted reality at the place of impact and occasionally lets in beings from other planes.

Unfortunately, Yondian's "coin first" mindset has created significant corruption. There is a vast criminal underworld in Yond Pentos, one whose influence rivals the Sultans. While the people often tell of the wealth and beauty within the Sultanates, few advertise the brutal slums that haunt the cities' poorer districts. (Player Note: think of Arabian Knights, i.e., Aladdin)

Virax - *"What can be taken was never yours."*

Patron Deity: Tiamat

Dragons are meant to be free. That's the philosophy of Redwing the Pirate King, an ancient red wyrm who rejected the Shogun and left Ōyashima behind. Settling in a massive volcano atop a tropical island, Redwing vowed to take what was rightfully his.

With his island at the center of Trader's Bay, Redwing had a steady supply of merchant ships to plunder. However, doing all that work was beneath him. After some "recruiting," the dreaded wyrm built a small army of pirates ready to do his bidding.

By the present day, Virax has amassed a small fleet of ships. Less of a nation and more of an unruly gathering of mercenary crews, the pirate "Kingdom" is a lawless place. While the captains keep the peace sometimes, they are always ready to stab each other in the back when convenient. (Player Note: think Pirates of the Caribbean or One Piece)

Organizations

Anatolian Merchants Commission - *"Fair trade multiplies riches."*

The Anatolian Merchants Commission (AMC) is a merchant guild that operates throughout the Illuskan Empire, Kingdom of Marioth, and Yond Pentos. The commission negotiated fair pricing on goods and labor throughout Anatolia to counteract the unfair practices that isolated wealth in the hands of wealthy nobles. As a result, many Anatolian nations have seen the emergence of a merchant middle class. While this has improved the living conditions for commoners, traditionalists have formed lobbying organizations in some cities to block legislation and ensure their purses stay fat.

While the fees and specifics vary by city and nation, no one can start a business in greater Anatolia (the "civilized area") without applying for a license through the AMC. While this can be lengthy and costly for budding entrepreneurs, the guild offers access to potential business partners, small business loans, and other perks that typically pay off in the long run. Most major cities feature an AMC guild house in their town square or financial district.

Some corruption is inevitable in any organization. In port cities, where the pirates of Virax and the Crooked Paw Crime Syndicate trade stolen goods, Syndicate members have run for various offices within the guild to influence policy and line their pockets. Aristocratic lobbyists in those areas have used this corruption to whip up discontent for the guild.

Blood Hunters - *"It takes a monster to kill a monster."*

Far from society's judging eyes, blood hunters have mastered the secretive techniques of hemocraft, finding blood magic's esoteric nature effective against evils that resist divine rebuke or arcane bindings. Through careful study and practice, blood hunters hone the rites of hemocraft into unique combat techniques, forfeiting a portion of their health to call blood curses down upon their enemies or summon the elements to aid their strikes. Willing to suffer whatever it takes to achieve victory, these adept warriors have forged themselves into a potent force dedicated to protecting the innocent.

Whether driven by the wish to make a difference, the need to take vengeance, or the hope of finding a place to belong in an uncaring world, every blood hunter has their reasons for undertaking the ritual of the Hunter's Bane that starts them on this path. In joining an order of blood hunters, one also joins a family bound by service to each other and a common cause. For many, this might be the only family they have left—or have ever known—making the kinship felt between blood hunters an all-but-unbreakable bond.

Outside the camaraderie of their orders, however, the life of a blood hunter is not easy. The ritual of the Hunter's Bane can leave a character visibly changed and prone to unsettling the people around them. Likewise, witnessing hemocraft can invoke superstitious fears from even the most learned scholars. While some cultures have come to accept the good deeds of many blood hunter orders, many blood hunters hide their calling unless absolutely necessary. They feel more comfortable in the wilds and wastes of the world or drift through the outskirts of

society, protecting the poor and defenseless from dark intentions and the corrupting touch of fiends.

In choosing this path, every blood hunter irrevocably gives a part of themself to their cause—physically, emotionally, and sometimes morally. Each order of blood hunters practices its own ideals and methods, often employing techniques with dark origins that test the strength and will of those who use them. Many wrestle with the fear of losing this struggle. And so a life of discipline and vigilance drives a blood hunter's travels as they wander the countryside in search of like-minded adventurers and whispers of dark deeds afoot.

There are three orders of Blood Hunters: the Order of the Ghostslayer, the Order of the Lycan, and the Order of the Mutant. (See Critical Role content on DnD Beyond) Each specializes in hunting different types of monsters. The Children of Tharizdun, a despicable cult that actively brings monsters into the world, are their sworn enemies.

Children of Tharizdun - *"The masses are like zombies, for sleep is the cousin of death."*

Reviled throughout Rodina, the Children of Tharizdun worship the mad god and seek to destroy the "pretenders," the false gods worshipped by the world and those who serve them. They utilize dark source crystals, warped mockeries of Source Stones, that can cast wild, unpredictable magic.

The cult's ranks are filled with deranged criminals who are incapable or unwilling to live within civilized societies. Many of them were contacted by Tharizdun while dreaming, their minds

becoming warped and twisted. Their mad god then gives them a location of a nearby enclave where they will be initiated into the order.

Initiates are permanently branded with an eye that allows Tharizdun to see through it. The eye enables them to utilize the dark source crystals and grants them resistance to standard magic. As they rise through the ranks, they will receive more eyes. Eventually, they will be covered in brands from head to toe.

The most sinister aspect of the cult is their involvement in creating monsters. Members kidnap virgin women and impregnate them in twisted rituals that see them give birth to all kinds of twisted aberrations. The rituals take place in giant birthing pools hidden within their various enclaves. The Blood Hunters have made finding and destroying these birthing pools a priority.

Crooked Paw - *"A crooked hand can't shake straight."*

Operating across Yond Pentos, the Crooked Paw Crime Syndicate is run by ruthless Rakshasas that made their way to the material plane through dimensional rifts created by the Source Bomb. Their claws have been in the Sultans' pockets since day one and have spread like cancer across the Emerald Desert.

The syndicate is split into five major families, each controlling operations in one of the five city-states in Yond Pentos. Dandushay in Kayasova, Jakradet in Ahashahr, Bedragor in Tel Habil, Udras in Ghabi, and Athunar in El Arikh. While

many smaller families are vying for control, these five have remained dominant for decades.

When the Crooked Paws go to war, they mangle the hands of their enemies to resemble the reversed hands of their Rakshasa bosses. While their territory disputes can be downright brutal, the Syndicate has maintained a strict "no civilians" policy. So long as they pay for protection and stay out of the way, the crime families won't harm, and may even protect, the people in the cities they inhabit. They work closely with the pirates of Virax and actively fence their stolen goods.

Golden Compass - *"Now We Are Free."*

Before the Great Cataclysm, a colony of elves declared their independence from the Tribunal's tyranny and settled far from their homeland. The first and only true Republic in Rodinia's history, the city-state of Thyssos was a veritable utopia.

The Tribunal understood that splitting the continent and separating themselves from the world would not be enough to prevent the spread of arcane magic to the other races. To ensure their victory, they would need to destroy Thyssos. On the Day Out of Time, The Tribunal used their mighty source magic to sunder the world, destroy Thyssos, and sink it to the bottom of the ocean.

Centuries later, merchants traveling through the Sea of Thieves noticed a peculiar spire sticking out of the ocean. When some divers went out to look closer, they saw a strange language engraved on its surfaces. Removing a chunk of it, the merchants

sailed back to the Yondian port of Kayasova to find a historian to identify the writing.

It wasn't until years later that a Dwarven archaeologist happened upon the stones at a bazaar selling various curiosities and recognized the writing as Elvish. After purchasing the stone for quite a bargain, the aging Dwarf assembled a team of adventurers, mercenaries, and cutthroats to embark on an expedition to explore the sunken Elven spire.

This voyage would mark the very first mission of the Golden Compass, now world-renowned treasure hunters famous for diving into some of the most dangerous dungeons in Rodinia. Whenever a trap-ridden crypt, cursed jungle pyramid, or an ancient city needs exploring, they are the first to be called.

The military campaign in Lareth has uncovered countless magical labyrinths and hidden dangers. The Emperor called them upon so many times that he granted honorary titles to its leaders and lavished them with coins. There has been so much work that the Golden Compass has been recruiting nonstop, forced to let in less qualified individuals to meet their quotas. These treasure hunters are called Cardinals.

The symbol of the Golden Compass is a gold compass with a dagger in place of the arrow. On the compass is inscribed the Elven phrase that led to the discovery of the sunken city of Thyssos. Translated into common, it reads: "Now We Are Free." The treasure hunters live by their "True North," a code that outlines their philosophy.

It states:

- We're treasure hunters, not thieves. We do not plunder but recover what's lost.
- The life of a Cardinal is worth more than their weight in gold.
- Words are as good as ink.
- A lone Cardinal is a dead Cardinal. Just as there are four directions, a hunt should never have less than four Cardinals.

Institute of Arcane Discipline - *"Freedom Through Discipline."*

All but the most radical magical practitioners had reservations after the Great Cataclysm. Even their free-spirited patron, Corellon Larethian, sang a different tune. Intervening for the first time since the gods left the material plane, Corellon visited the Tribunal and demanded they reign it in.

Located in the heart of Londlaur, the towering spires of the Institute are an imposing sight. Within its walls, the minds of Lareth's magical youth are molded. All future leaders of the Dominion are graduates of its rigid curriculum. Those rare individuals who demonstrate martial prowess and magical aptitude will be chosen to become members of the Onvyr.

The school's staff comprises elderly casters and sages from elite families. Like the rest of Lareth, this has created a caste system within the school. Noble families with powerful magic backgrounds are often given preferential treatment. The students are given rankings from E to S based on their magical aptitude. Sometimes, exceptionally gifted individuals from

ordinary families can rise to a higher status. These ranks follow the students throughout their lives, determining the types of jobs and colleges they can attend. Ranks are magically tattooed on students to ensure they can't cheat into higher positions.

The Auditors are a department within the IAD that travels across the country to test young elves who come of age. Agents of bureaucracy, these individuals are sticklers for procedure. Although they are part of the larger government, their office rests on the grounds of the Institute.

Rodinian National Bank – *"In Rodinia We Trust."*

By the current year, 1540 a.c. (after the Cataclysm), the Rodinian National Bank had reached every civilized nation. The constant wars and expansion have been costly, and the RNB has happily lent money to whoever needed it. These loans come with significant interest and lead to debt crises in several nations. The Illuskan Empire, in particular, has had serious trouble paying back its loans.

The bankers have leveraged this to become centralized institutions, controlling the money supply in exchange for lower interest and a more stable economy. In the short term, this has created immense growth and improved living conditions for even the common folk.

The RNB views itself as a separate nation. On paper, it holds allegiance to state power and often has specialized laws to govern its activities. The bank plans to unify the world under a single economic system, which has led many to question their motives.

The Crimson Collectors are the RNB's private military arm. Dressed in blood red with a golden pin featuring the bank's seal (an owl clutching a coin), they are cold servants who leave with the gold they're owed or the head of the poor soul who couldn't afford to pay.

Shinobi Ichizoku - *"One cannot defend from the hand it cannot perceive."*

In the forests of Ōyashima lurks an ancient green dragon named K'rshinthintl. The "hidden shogun" is a mighty lord who commands an elite ninja army. Despite the best efforts of Tamarand, the central base of the Shinobi Ichizoku has remained hidden.

While most of Ōyashima operates under the Shogun's policy of isolation, the ninja lord has carried out numerous international assassinations, including the high-profile killing of the sultan of Kayasova. Many speculate this was ordered by a Rakshasa crime boss named Tousant Dandushay. Several green Dragonborn have been spotted in the city since then.

While they are some of the world's foremost assassins, they are also elite spies. Masters of disguise, the Shinobi utilize ancient jutsu that are suspiciously arcane to the untrained eye. Recently, several ninjas were caught in disguise at the royal court. The Shogun believes they are part of a larger coup.

Chapter 3: Races of Rodinia

Arcanoids (Warforged):

Lareth -

By pushing the limits of technology and magic, the Larethians were able to create an autonomous metal being. Built to be servants and war machines, these “Arcanoids” became a regular sight within High Elf settlements. Over time, several units began to display unusual behaviors.

While exceedingly rare, 1% of Arcanoids will gain sentience. The question of whether these humanoids deserve rights remains an active political debate. The Arcanoid Freedom Group (AFG) has advocated that all Arcanoids, regardless of perceived consciousness, deserve rights under the law. To date, only a handful of Arcanoids have been granted their freedom.

Creating an Arcanoid is an extremely expensive and arduous process. It requires the shaping of mithral, a powerful

source stone which serves as a heart and energy source, and complex runes that must be place along “meridians” of the body. The metal involved leaves most Arcanoids some shade of blue-gray. While they have no need for clothes, most a dressed in simple garments for modesties sake. While Arcanoids do not have a gender, and are not capable of reproducing, they will often take on characteristics from their creator.

Dragonborn:

The Blood Isles: Ōyashima -

When Io was killed in the Great Cataclysm, its essence was cleaved in two. Its compassionate and virtuous aspect took on the masculine form of Bahamut, while its fiery and wrathful aspects took on the female form of Tiamat.

Their very natures being in opposition, the two fledgling gods immediately battled each other. As the fight raged, the surviving dragons feared losing their new patrons, petitioning them to cease their crazed duel.

After pausing their encounter, the two gods gathered up the remaining dragons and declared they could only serve one master. Since each dragon’s personality was reflected in Io′s mood when creating it, the primordial dragons′ allegiance was split down the middle. Upon swearing themselves to their respected master, Tiamat and Bahamut reshaped the dragons′ features and colors to reflect their bond.

The chromatic dragons took on a color to match the color of each of Tiamat’s five heads: red, white, green, blue, and black.

The five metallic dragons were given a brilliant sheen as an homage to Bahamut's brilliant platinum scales: gold, silver, bronze, brass, and copper.

Unable to create dragons from Source like Io, Tiamat, and Bahamut mirrored other races on the material plane and separated the androgynous dragons into male and female, allowing them to procreate and expand the population. This gift came at the cost of their previously immortal lifespans, although they still lived far longer than most.

Upon settling in the Blood Isles, the dragons discovered new draconic lifeforms that had sprung up from the blood of their fallen god. Among them were two groups of draconic humanoids now known as Dragonborn and Kobolds.

The Dragonborn, while still the dragons′ servants, occupy the highest rung of their society. They take on the roles of samurai, advisors, priests, and entertainers. However, there are plenty of Dragonborn farmers and peasants to be found.

Kobolds are at the bottom of the social hierarchy. These "little dragons" are serfs primarily used for grunt work and cannon fodder. They have proven themselves capable Shinobi, with one incredibly skilled Kobold, Kurtulmak, given a high-ranking position in the order.

The Dragonborn are reserved and disciplined people steeped in their customs and traditions. Honor is more important than one's own life. Seppuku, a ritual suicide, is often performed when a Dragonborn feels they have brought unfixable shame and dishonor to their family or master.

The life of a Ōyashiman is not all stern looks and service. There are cultural festivals, kabuki theater, calligraphy, and various art forms to practice and enjoy. Hot springs, a central part of the culture, offer a communal way to relax and catch up with neighbors. Rice is a major staple of a Dragonborn's diet and is eaten with almost every meal.

As a result of the Shogun's policy of isolation, it's extremely rare to see a Dragonborn outside of the Isles. Some red Dragonborn pirates serve Redwing the Pirate King, but most others found in greater Rodinia are wandering Ronin just looking for a hot meal and their next job.

Dwarves:

Kingdom of Godelfray (Mountain Dwarf) -

Godelians deeply value their independence. As the first constitutional monarchy, Godelian society has much more upward mobility than nearly every other. Living in the cold north, these Dwarves tend to have paler skin, darker eyes, and darker hair than Rothians.

Without the influence from other cultures that the Rothians have had, the architecture found in their cities is somewhat dated. While they have been built solidly with the incredible craftsmanship that Dwarves are known for, their buildings are pragmatic and lack flair.

Nearly half of all Godelian settlements are mining towns, while the others are coastal cities. As a result, most common folks are either miners or fishermen. While they have plenty of

ships, the civil war has kept them from trading with Anatolia. Trade has been limited to the Frostlanders, which has been more beneficial to the ice-dwelling Humans than the Dwarves.

Kingdom of Marioth (Hill Dwarf) -

Rothians are traditionalists who prioritize family and kingdom over themselves. Living in warmer climates than the Godelians, they tend to have lighter eyes and auburn-colored hair. Their skin is olive-colored, like that of their Illuskan neighbors.

These Dwarves often identify each other by their family/clan name. Most wear a crest somewhere on their person to signify this relationship. Steeped in the old ways, many clans will only do business with specific families, with blood feuds from centuries prior coming with them across the Forger's Channel.

Upward mobility is borderline nonexistent in Rothian society. If your father were a blacksmith, you would be a blacksmith, and your son would be a blacksmith, and so on. However, Rothians don't see these traditions as restrictions and view themselves as essential pieces of a larger whole. The All-Father forged every Dwarf to serve a specific purpose and they should graciously carry out their life's work.

Elves:

High Elves -

The Larethian aristocracy has become exceedingly decadent. In complete isolation and control of arcane magic and all the continent's natural resources, this Elven society has far outpaced the rest of Rodinia regarding technology and culture.

The High Elves strut about in frilly shirts and tailcoats when not in flowing wizard robes. Many people squabble over the latest fashion trends and eccentric bougie dining experiences. The women wear elegant gowns with exotic perfumes, their necks draped with fine necklaces of diamonds and pearls.

Not everyone is as lucky. Life is a slog through squalor and disrespect for those without a talent for magic. The excesses of the ruling class have led to widespread poverty. The rich throw lavish parties while the rest of society struggles to eat.

High Elves are slightly shorter than humans, with golden skin, light-colored hair, sharp features, and colorful eyes. Larethians are often haughty and pompous. They view themselves as the pinnacle of life in Rodinia, and their long life spans do little to hinder this mentality.

The High Elves are a political people. Most are highly interested in the activities of their neighbors and those who hold office. While they can come off as arrogant to the other humanoids, the High Elves are impeccably polite and well-mannered. They strive to be elegant in all aspects of their life.

At the age of 12, when the magical abilities of elves usually start to manifest, they are visited by Auditors from the Institute of Arcane Discipline (IAD). These government agents use specialized detectors to measure latent magical abilities. All

Elves are branded with a magical tattoo, ranked from E to S, to denote their aptitude. Those without magical ability are simply not marked. These tattoos often decide the future of a young elf's life. Many families will attempt to form alliances by marrying children likely to produce powerful offspring.

Wood Elves -

Their time spent under Pelor's light has transformed their once golden skin into resilient brown. With blackened hair and darkened eyes, these native elves don't resemble the ones Humans have heard about in stories. Wood elves have forgone the practice of arcane magic and have retreated to the bounty of nature to live in simple harmony as their creator intended.

Wood Elves live in a voluntary society. While there are chiefs and tribal elders, it's up to individuals to volunteer their time to accomplish tasks. Children are raised communally by older women in the tribe. While the genders may naturally prefer one task over another, the Wood Elves can pursue any vocation or hobby without judgment or discrimination.

The native elves have a strong shamanic tradition, utilizing hallucinogenic plant medicine to go on vision quests to the astral plane. As part of a coming-of-age ceremony, a Wood Elf will go on a dangerous hunt in the Feywild to kill a mythical white stag. These hunts can be attempted at any age, and tribe members consider those who complete them adults. Typically, these hunts don't occur before the age of 16.

Wood Elves paint their faces and wear simple bone and animal skin clothes. They may also wear colorful bracelets,

necklaces, and earrings. Most adults wear a headdress, often with feathers attached to the back of a headband.

Gnomes:

Kingdom of Godelfray (Rock Gnomes) -

With the constitutional monarchy in place, the repressed Godelian Gnomes have gained their own voice. Forming workers' unions, these Gnomes have leveraged their engineering prowess to escape their status as second-class citizens. While they still face prejudice, these Gnomes have much more mobility and freedom than their Rothian cousins.

As part of their new relationship with the Frostlanders, King Godelfray has sent many Gnomish engineers to the icy north to help improve their technology and infrastructure. The humans there have welcomed their tiny helpers with open arms, showing many Gnomish families a warmth they've never seen. Many have even decided to take up permanent residence in the Frostlands.

Godelian Gnomes tend to be more stout, have paler skin, and darker eyes than their Rothian cousins. They love to tinker and invent and have a wonderful sense of humor.

Kingdom of Marioth (Forest Gnome) -

Many Gnomes were serfs that served the noble houses of old. When Baldrid II and his supporters fled their homeland, they took these Gnomes with them. Unlike their free Godelian

cousins, the Rothian Gnomes have retained their second-class status in the Kingdom of Marioth.

Few Rothian Gnomes are free citizens. Most work in the service of a Lord or Lady. Even adventuring Gnomes do so at the behest of their master. As serfs, these Gnomes can earn their freedom in their twilight years if they sufficiently work off their debts.

With tan skin and golden hair, these Gnomes have smaller frames than their Godelian. They dress in their Lord or Lady's house colors and often carry a pendant or seal to identify their allegiance. Killing or harming someone's Gnomish servant is considered an extreme offense. Punishments typically include jail time and exorbitant fines.

Halflings (Lightfoot):

Yond Pentos -

Yondians have a rich and colorful culture. Like the Dragonborn, honor plays a crucial role in Halfling society. Family ties are deep, with marriages often arranged and businesses run by extended family networks. Their style of dress is colorful and flowing yet conservative. Open sexuality is frowned upon, and proper women are expected to cover their hair. The men often cover their hair with turbans and wraps, depending on the Sultanate.

The Sultans are both kings and spiritual leaders to their people. In Yondian society, the worship of Yondalla is tied to political ceremonies and drives policy. While some Halflings

retain a nomadic lifestyle, most have taken refuge within the walls of the Sultanate.

The harsh conditions of the Emerald Desert have created a need for importing food and other resources. Thankfully, the rare ores found in the badlands have proven to be a profitable export. Mercantilism is a central part of Yondian life, and it is common for people to haggle over everything.

Halflings, the smallest humanoid race, have light to dark brown skin, deep brown or black hair, and dark-colored eyes. Most mature men sport long beards.

Half-Orcs:

Shaargaas -

The Orcs of Shaargass are fearsome warriors of the Steppes. These raiders are some of the best equestrians in Rodinia and revel in bloodshed. They seek to reclaim Yond Pentos for themselves since the once-fertile land had been promised to them long before the arrival of the Halflings.

Orcs are expected to spread their seed as much as they swing their sword. Luthic, one of their gods, demands that they don't stop until the world is filled with Orc children. Half-Orcs are the result of these unions, which are often forced, and are trained and raised like any other Orc child.

While the rage of Gruumsh, their chief god, flows in their veins, not all Half-Orcs succumb to savagery. Some tap into the better nature of their other halves and leave Shaargass to connect with Yondians or Rothians who share their blood. These

individuals sometimes rise to become legendary warriors, channeling their immense Orc strength in the name of a noble cause.

Depending on what part of Shaargass they hail from, Half-Orcs will have grey or green skin. They retain the height and muscularity of their Orcish half, towering over the other races.

Humans:

The Illuskan Empire -

Perhaps due to their short lifespans relative to the other races, all Illuskans suffer from wanderlust. They live to travel and often integrate the best parts of foreign cultures into their own. Their innate curiosity sometimes comes at the cost of manners, however, as they can't help but probe the minds of the different people they encounter, appearing impolite to those cultures who are more personally guarded.

While they are anything but xenophobic, they do feel they can perfect and adapt the practices of different cultures. Their industriousness sometimes leads them to view other races as lazy or impractical. Just because you live for hundreds of years doesn't mean you should wait centuries to improve things!

Issazkan (Frostlanders) -

Issazkan are simple people. With not much to do in a frozen wasteland, they enjoy life's simple pleasures. Being a warrior culture, the Issazkan often spend time participating in friendly competitions of strength. These competitions operate similarly to a fair, with craftsmen and artisans setting up booths to sell their wares and women cooking great stews and other dishes. Overseen by an elder or chief, these competitions, called Kordalls, honor the God Kord and are often done to gain his favor. Informally, the Issazkan will challenge each other to a Kordall. This challenge may be out of pride or friendly competition, but a Kordall is often used to settle opportunities to court a woman, decide who will lead a hunt, or even just over who gets the last beer.

An agreed-upon third party must always officiate a Kordall. A Kordall must always test one's strength or endurance. It could be a boxing match, holding a stone hammer with arms extended longer than your competition, or a test to see who can drink the most ale. It is important to note that a Kordall is an ancient tradition that treats the participants with great respect. Mistreating those participating in a Kordall with you is considered taboo. It is believed that doing so will anger Kord and bring misfortune upon you. No matter your distaste for your opponents or the reason for the Kordall, you must respect any warrior who dares to test their strength and put themselves out there for others to judge.

Alongside worship of their god Kord, the Issazkan have a robust shamanic tradition. As such, there are many Issazkan druids. These druids often perform wedding ceremonies, provide curatives and herbs, and bless hunts. Unlike other druids, Issazkan druids believe hunting is part of the circle of

life. However, the hunting culture among the Frostlanders is very different. Every aspect of the animal is used somehow, and animals are never killed for sport. Frostlanders, in general, consider the animals they eat to have sacrificed their lives so that the Issazkan people may continue to live. This belief created shamanic traditions amongst the tribes in the first place.

Issazkan are fair-skinned Humans known for their piercing blue eyes, hulking frames, and resistance to the icy chill of the Frostlands. Although they have a variety of hair colors, Issazkan are known for their unique shades of blonde and red. Men and women alike are known to braid their hair, with the men even braiding their beards. While their society is diverse, Issazkan feel most at home in the Barbarian and Druid classes.

Leonin:

Illuskan Empire -

The distortions from the Arcane Crater (see Tieflings) altered many animal species in Rodinia. In a few rare cases, these animals took on humanoid forms. The most prominent of these races is the Leonin.

Evolving from the mighty lions that stalked the savannahs that predated the Illuskan Empire, the Leonin formed a civilization within the Sariani Forest called Quendi. The city-state of Quendi was shining marble, one of the first real civilizations in a primitive land. Unfortunately, the arrival of humans would soon change this.

As the humans grew and traded with the Rothians and the Yondians, they began to build mighty settlements of their own. The Illuskans spread all over the Anatolian Peninsula in less than a century. This expansion would bring them into conflicts with the Leonin.

Unfortunately for the Leonin, the military genius of Philip Freyfall, father of the current Emperor, proved too much for them. In just a decade, Philips's campaign destroyed Quendi and enslaved the Leonin. While they are now members of the Illuskan Empire, many Leonin are working to free themselves from generations of "slave debt" that the Empire has forced the once mighty Leonins to work off. Many have been found in the gladiator pits or pimped out as mercenaries and bodyguards.

While they are ferocious warriors, Leonin are incredibly regal and poised. They have extreme pride and hate to be looked down upon by others. Their dense fur is often golden-colored, and males have an intense mane around their heads and necks. They dress in the traditional togas worn by other Illuskan citizens.

Tieflings:

Yond Pentos -

The Source Bomb caused immense destruction at the point of impact. This point, known as the Arcane Crater, created space and time distortions, allowing many alien beings to cross into Rodinia.

However, the distortions were not bound to the Crater, and its effects would soon alter biological life all over Yond Pentos. Seedlings sprouted into plant life that had never been seen before, and babies were born with bizarre characteristics. Parents were shocked to bear children with horns, cloven hooves, fangs, and other odd “accessories.”

These source-altered humanoids, known as Tieflings, were often shunned by society. Abandoned and outcast, many Tieflings gathered in communal living spaces within the slums of Yond Pentos. Unfortunately, this has made it easy for them to be recruited by Rakshasa crime lords. Due to their proximity to the Arcane Crater, the Sultanates of Ghabi and El Arikh have the highest concentration of Tieflings.

Tieflings have large horns that take various shapes: some have curling horns like a ram, others have straight and tall horns like a gazelle’s, and some spiral upward like an antelope’s horns. They have thick tails, four to five feet long thick tails, which lash or coil around their legs when they get upset or nervous. Their canine teeth are sharply pointed, and their eyes are solid colors—black, red, white, silver, or gold—with no visible sclera or pupil. Their skin tones cover the full range of human coloration but also include various shades of red. Their hair, cascading down from behind their horns, is usually dark, from black or brown to dark red, blue, or purple.

Chapter 4:
Settlements and Points of Interest

Anatolia

Antaboga Rainforest

Mazacui - A city of Yuan-ti, Mazacui is terrifying to behold. Known for cannabalsim and human sacrifice, it is best avoided. It is ruled by Tlatoani Tezuma. Tlatoani is the Yuan-ti word that approximates “king.” It is often at war with Tepeu.

Tepeu - The more “civilized” Yuan-ti settlement, Tepeu rests on the sea on the eastern edge of the Antaboga Rainforest. The civility may in part be due to the larger population of purebloods. It is ruled by Tlatoani Mok-ti.

Deadwood

A grim city for the undead, Deadwood is a cursed land that steals the souls of those who dare set foot there. Ruled over by a mysterious coven of Vampires, the Deadwood is thought to be another plane of reality that warped into Rodinia following the Source Bomb. While brave or foolish adventurers have attempted to visit Deadwood, no one has ever returned.

Illuskan Empire

Agathon - It harbors the Illuskan Royal Navy (IRN), Rodinia’s largest and most powerful naval force. To honor Agathon, the IRN’s uniform matches the blue and gold on the city's banner. They even adorn their ships and uniforms with the leaping lion, the sigil of Agathon’s Governor, Calvinus Argon. Only Agathon knows how to sail to Lareth; thus, all trips west must go through there. Agathon is the oldest city in the Empire and hence is the most Illuskan-looking (Greco-Roman Architecture)

Freyfall - The Capital of the Empire. It has an eclectic mix of architecture and culture, resulting from Alexander's many pilgrimages to Yond Pentos. The city is significantly elevated, getting higher and higher as you move towards the nobler districts. Freyfall rests at the literal center of the Empire and is covered to the north by the sprawling Sarianti Forest.

Olbara - Built at the foot of Bahamut's Spine, a massive mountain range, and just outside of Longspear Forest, Olbara is the center of mining activity in the Empire. Most metals used to forge the Centurion weapons and armor come from the mines that dot the nearby rocky mountains. Olbara has the largest Leonid population and has a fair assortment of Fey folk who became refugees after Philip Freyfall slaughtered their people a century ago. To this day, Olbara suffers from raids and attacks from small groups of fey that hide in the neighboring forest.

Palonnos - Resting on Trader's Bay, this Port City is a major source of imports and exports for the Empire. While not as bad as Xuthos, criminals from the Crooked Paw have made their way into the city's seedy underbelly. Like Xuthos, it also sports one of the more diverse populations in Rodinia.

Pylone - The first city of the Empire, Pylone first met the Godelian Dwarves. They have a close relationship with the Dwarves, and diplomatic meetings between the Empire and the

Kingdom of Godelfray are held here. The gothic architecture and stonework of the dwarves can be seen reflected in many of the buildings in Pylone. Many Dwarves also set up a residence in Pylone and became citizens of the Empire. Pylone has become known for its innovation thanks to its strong relationship with the Goedlian Gnomes and Dwarves. This alliance has created many technologies through experimentation with Source Stones.

Quendi Ruins - The once proud home of the Leonins, the city-state of Quendi was torched by the armies of King Philip Freyfall as a show of power to other Fey humanoids that dare oppose Illuskan might. While Quendi has been abandoned, various groups of monsters, bandits, and others have setup shop within the former walls of the city.

Xuthos - Resting at the border of the Southern Anatolian Gateway, the “Sultan’s Doorstep” guards the pass between the Illuskan Empire and the Emerald Desert. As such, most goods imported from the East come through Xuthos. Unfortunately, this has brought its fair share of criminal ruffians and has a burgeoning criminal underworld that has infiltrated from the Halfing Sultanate of Kayasova. The intermingling of Halfling and Illuskan culture has brought a lot of color to the city, buildings, and the many people born of intermarriages between the two races. You’ll likely find more obscure races, like the Tielflings, in Xuthos than in any other part of the Empire. Xuthos is on the border of the mesa/badlands, so there’s an enormous range of plateaus resting outside the eastern gate.

Landmarks

Arcane Crater - Left by the impact of the Source Bomb, the Arcane Crater is a massive, 25-mile hole in the ground where time and space has become distorted. All manner of horrifying aberrations can be found here, and strange planar effects can be experienced ever couple of miles. This might include changes in gravity, temperature, time, or any number of conditions.

Axewood - Below Reaver's Ridge and to the east of Velum and Visduhn is the forest of Axewood. The wood that built the Kingdom of Marioth was largely farmed here. Due to it's proximity to Shaargas, it's common to find bands of orcs, ogres, and goblinoids patrolling here.

Bahamut's Spine - The largest mountain range in Rodinia, Bahamut's Spine nearly cuts Anatolia in half. Packed with ore, these mountains have helped to sustain the Kingdom of Marioth.

Bahmut's Tail - A mountain range at the tip of the Anatolian Peninsula, the Tail shelters Agathon and Olbara. It

also contains mines that are the Illuskan's major source of gold, iron, and coal.

Emerald Desert - The only desert in Anatolia, this massive no man's land was given life by the tears of Beory, who wept for the destruction that created it. The outer edges of the desert are capped with large mesa badlands, complete with mighty plateaus that contain rare Adamantine ore. It is this ore that made the Sultans of Yond Pentos wealthy.

King's Pass - An opening in Bahamut's Tail, the Kings pass is the major highway that connects Agathon and Olbara to the rest of the Empire.

Longspear Forest - Sandwiched between Agathon and Olbara, this forest has become a gathering place for Fey that were displaced by King Philip's military campaigns. Ambassadors from Sanctuary have worked to make Longspear into conservation land. After negotiations, Caesar Alexander complied. Outside of a major road that cuts through the forest, it is forbidden for anyone to travel into Longspear to hunt, forage, or gather wood.

Luthic's Bounty - Named for their ruthless goddess, this cold forest borders Shaargass to the west. Due to its proximity to Deadwood, undead hordes have been know to shamble through the Bounty in search of a meal. This has proven to be a problem

both for the horde settlement of Ozorraz as well as the Dwarven settlement of Velum.

Mouth of Moradin - This gap in Bahamut's Spine is controlled by the Kingdom of Marioth and is the safest way to travel between the northern and southern halves of Anatolia.

Northern Anatolian Gateway - Controlled by Tel Habil, this highway connects the Yondians to the Kingdom of Marioth.

Reaver's Ridge - This mountain range separates Shaargaas from The Kingdom of Marioth and provides the Dwarves a natural barrier against their hostile neighbors. It is also a major source of iron and coal for the kingdom.

Sariani Forest - A beautiful savannah where the Leonins once roamed, the absence of this proud people has left the land reclaimed by the many beasts that call it home. Quendi lies at its center.

Sea of Serpents - The name of these treacherous waters between Luthics Bounty and Sickle Island is no coincidence. Folk tales tell of mighty serpents who call this Loch home.

Sea of Thieves - Containing the Blood Isles, this large body of water is the center of trade, and piracy, in Anatolia.

Southern Anatolian Gateway - A co-owned roadway between the Illuskan Empire and Yond Pentos with one signed controlled by the Xuthos and the other by Kayasova. A major trade route, this path is crawling with bandits.

Trader's Bay - Housing the port cities of Kayasova and Olbara, this is the center of trade for Anatolia. It opens up to the Sea of Thieves.

Sunken City of Thysshos

Once a proud Elven republic, Thysshos fell into the Sea of Thieves during the Great Cataclysm. Since the discovery of its ruins, it has become a hot spot for historians, archaeologists, and treasure hunters.

Kingdom of Marioth

Dorn Lodahr - The city of brotherhood is the site of negotiations and diplomatic missions between the Rothians and

Iluuskans. With a mix of Dwarven and Illuskan architecture, this city is rich in history and commerce.

Kaldirth - The capital of the Kingdom of Marioth rests on the waters of the Forger's Channel, a strait that separates Morad from Anatolia. It is also guarded by Bahamut's Spine. This heavily fortified city is off limits to outsiders.

Velum - The first Rothian city, Velum has gone through many reconstructions over the years. What started as a hasty settlement to protect the fledgling kingdom has grown into its second-largest city. It has several small mining colonies within Reaver's Ridge that support it.

Visdhun - The Iron City, also called the Soot Town by its inhabitants, is a principal mining settlement for the Rothian Kingdom. Most of the nations iron and coal is mined here.

Wulghan - Resting at the edge of the badlands and the mediterranean found in the Anatolian Peninsula, Wulghan is a mining city just south of the Mouth of Moradin. While not a large city, it has tremendous strategic value and has a massive Dwarven Fort outside it's city walls. It is one of the few sources of copper in Rodinia.

Steppes of Shaargas

Ozorraz - While the Steppes are littered with warbands of Orcs and Goblinoids, Ozorraz is one of two settlements rules over by a mighty Khan.

Vroldran - While the Steppes are littered with warbands of Orcs and Goblinoids, Vroldran is one of two settlements rules over by a mighty Khan.

Uneri Marshlands

Hesjing -

Vutha -

Yond Pentos

Ahashahr -

El Arikh -

Ghabi -

Kayasova -

Tel Habil -

Lareth

Aendrithas Ruins

Ankadi

Estellad

Landmarks

Arcane Bay - Opening up to the Sylvan Sea, most of Lareth's seafood is farmed here. Many years ago, the mighty city of Zaygaerth had a port here. It was destroyed, along with the Usurper, by the Tribunal.

Corellon's Boot -A small mountain range south of Ankadi. There is a clerical monastery in service to Corellon on one of its peaks.

Drider Mountains - Named for the horrid creatures who inhabit them, the Drider Mountains are a primary source of iron, gold, and mithral. Recently, poor and outcast Elves have formed colonies within these mountains. Rumors speculate that they have made a pact with the Driders, though little is known about their activities.

Forest of Fallen - Haunted by strange spirits of an unknown race, these woods flank Estallad and Meliserin. The forest is filled with ruins, all of which follow a broken road to the Aendrithas Ruins.

Great Well - The largest body of water in Rodinia, this vast ocean sits between the continents. For a long time, a supernatural whirlpool prevented anybody from traveling across it to Lareth. Currently, only the Illuskans know of a safe route, thanks to the explorer Kal Kristof. Much of the Great Well

remains a mystery, and many unfortunate explorers have been swallowed by its inky depths.

Kadi Corridor - A break in the Drider Mountains that connects Ankadi and Nimkadi. Currently, Elven forces are stationed on the Nimkadi side of the corridor to prevent the Illusko-Rothian forces from marching on the capital.

Londlaur's Crown - A large mountain range that wraps around the top of Londlaur. It provides protection to the capital from invading forces.

Nimswood - A cold pine forest that opens up to a frozen pennonsula in southeast Lareth, Nimswood houses the Wood Elf settlement of Nimkadi.

Onvyrian Gateway - An opening between the Drider Mountain Range and Londlaur's crown, this road is the most heavily guarded in Lareth. A large unit of Onvyr, the fearsome winged royal guard, are stationed here in addition to normal military forces.

Shamanic Corridor - Another gap in the Drider Mountain Range, this road once serviced the mighty city of Zaygaerth before it was destroyed by the Tribunal. As a strategic piece of terrain, Larethian military units are stationed here.

Shimmerglow Forest - The largest forest in Lareth, Shimmerglow houses the Wood Elf city of Rilcala. Half in Rodinia and half in the Feywilds, the forest gets its name from the twinkling fairy lights that dance on nearly every tree.

Spritewood Forest - South of Orduin, the Spritewood is home to exotic trees that cannot be found anywhere else in Rodinia. Many of these trees have unique properties that grant magical enchantments to weapons crafted from them. Be careful though, as some of these trees are alive and may retaliate!

Sylvan Sea - South of Lareth, the Sylvan Sea has seldom been used. With the magical obstructions within the Great Well, it is impossible to circle Lareth and ship merchandise by sea. So, this body of water has been used for little more than fishing.

Zaygaerth's Peak - The Usurper, a powerful Elven mage who rules Zaygaerth and rebelled against the Tribunal, made his last stand here, at the highest peak in the Drider Mountain Range. The remnants of his magic-trapped fortress are often raided by bandits. Few survive it's complex puzzles and traps.

Londlaur

Meliserin

Morjhi

Nimkadi

Ornduin

Rilcala

Rhunkard

Thlnor

Zaygaerth Ruins

Morad

Frostlands

Dynskogar -

Osfjoll -

Skrattafell -

Kingdom of Godelfray

Bhanbaldor -

Den Faldur -

Dol Ladur Ruins -

Durthiod -

Gon Doral -

Hegdor -

Holturm -

Moldarahl Ruins -

Vog Molduhr -

Landmarks

Astral Forest - The many grottos of this forest act as portals to other worlds. As a result, extra-planar creatures can be found wandering about.

Bearded Forest - The largest continuous forest in Rodinia, its named after the shape and texture of the evergreen trees that reside there. It cuts Morad into western and eastern halves.

Cornucopian Mountains - Named for the plentiful iron, copper, coal, and gold that flow within its veins, these mountains helped to build the early Dwarven civilization. The

largest mountain range in Rodinia, it has three different Dwarven settlements carved into it.

Driftwood - Providing cover to the Godelian capital, this forest was so named because its wood was used in the construction of most Godelian ships.

Kord's Corridor - Controlled by the Frostlander settlement of Osfjoll, this opening in the Cornucopian mountains provides passage to the Dwarven settlement of Den Faldur.

Hag's Hollow - The home of a nasty coven of Hags, the woods of the Hollow are cursed and filled with illusions that can drive a visitor mad.

Hexwood - Once an Elven settlement, it is believed that the practice of Arcane Magic was discovered in these woods.

Merchant's Pass - A trade route in an opening of the Cornucopian Mountains, most goods that are imported or exported between the Dwarves and Frostlanders go through here. It is controlled by the Godelians.

Misty Mountains - The old Dwarven families wept as they travelled through these fog-ridden mountains to escape the

destruction of the invading dragons that kicked off the Dragon Wars.

Northaven - This forest was where the Dwarves camped while they built new cities in the wake of the Dragon's attack.

Northern Timberlands - A frigid forest that surrounds Osfjoll, it is also the home of some unfriendly Frost Giants.

Patchwood - While technically apart of the Bearded Forest, this patch of summery trees connects to Baldrid's Bay and has a distinct ecology.

Trail of Sorrow - The path through the Misty Mountain the Dwarves took to escape the destruction of their early settlements and capital.

Vacun Sea - Mighty icebergs float through the strong currents of the Vacun Sea. Only the Frostlanders are able to navigate these treacherous waters, and used them to terrorize the Godelians prior to their truce.

Sickle Island

A sizable chunk of land resting within the Forger's Channel, Sickle Island is used for diplomatic meetings and negotiations between the Godelians and Rothians. It is also the sight of many of their battles.

The Blood Isles

Landmarks

Chimera Forest - The home of the Shinobi Ichizoku, this forest is ruled over by a mighty green dragon. Despite the Shogun's best efforts, he has been unable to locate their secret bases.

Clutchwood - Tended to by the Druids of Sanctuary, this sacred forest houses precious dragon eggs that are the hope for dragon kind. It, along with Sanctuary, are under the protection of the Shogun.

Drakenwood - North of Narogawa, these woods are filled with wild Draken who are bred and tamed as mounts.

Great Curtain - This mountain range separates Sanctuary from Kashima and provides protection to the Druids and Dragonborn alike.

Hatchling Forest - When eggs from Clutchwood are ready to be hatched, they are carefully transported to the Hatchling Forest where precise conditions and rituals allow for the birth of new wyrmlings.

Mt. Tiamat - The highest mountain in the Blood Isles, Mt. Tiamat is a forward operating base for evil chromatic dragons in service of the dreaded Dragon Queen.

Saint Sepuntain Mountains - Named for the sword saint Sepuntain, a Dragonborn samurai who gave his life to save the newborn son of the Shogun, this mountain range provides protection to the capital. It also has robust mines teaming with, gold, coal, and iron.

Shogun's Pass - A break in the Saint Sepuntain Mountains, this road is the only way to travel to the capital by land. As such, it is maintained and guarded by the army.

Whitewood - The two halves of this frozen forest surround the city of Damobestu. A family of primitive white dragons

stalks these lands and are actively being hunted by the local Daimyo.

Ōyashima

Damobetsu -

Kanokage -

Kashima -

Narogawa -

Yamiichi -

Sanctuary

After the Source Bomb and The Great Cataclysm, many people who were fed up with society turned to nature and became the first Druids. These druids would settle on one of the islands formed by Io's blood. There they would build the city of Sanctuary and vow to

prevent the extinction of the dragons and restore balance to the world.

Virax

The Kingdom of Thieves is ruled by Redwing the Pirate King. This volcanic island paradise is ruled by might and anarchy. Resting in the heart of Traders Bay, Virax has been a thorn in merchants sides.