

A Dungeoneer's Guide to Dominion



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Want to see some gameplay in Dominion? Check
out “Adventures in Alberon” on
www.twitch.tv/AlberonRPG!

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Dominion

In a sandstone pyramid sixty feet tall, a group of adventurers are the first to set foot in these strange halls in four thousand years. As they solve the riddles of a trapped sphinx and puzzle their way closer to the treasure that MUST lay at the pyramid's heart, something old watches and waits.

In the walled city of Nocturne the infamous Gazel, the Last Dragon Slayer, has gone missing. As a mysterious prophet who calls themselves The Shepherd gains power along the Somber Cape, who will step in to protect a city already in so much need of protection against itself?

A large ship cuts across the ocean, but a shadow falls across their crew as they near the Kraken's Pass. The near-constant waterspouts resembling tentacles that rise and thrash down to the ground are a product of the jagged, insidious rocks that line these shallows, but it's the fastest way out of the Kingdom of Serentyl...

Alberon is a relatively young world compared to its planar neighbors, but history has already witnessed the Age of Giants become fable, and the Age of Dragons became only a distant memory shared by few. It seems, in fact, to be at the edge of the end of its third great age, an age marked by relative peace: The Age of Civility.

Magic is the material manifestation of a practitioner's ability to manipulate The Weave, Melora's final gift to Alberon before she perished during the Age of Dragons. There are places such as the floating cloud giant city of Yorn, or the region around Mystra's final resting place, the Sol Tree, that find magic more common than others such as The Kingdom of Serentyl, which has actively sought to regulate and control magic. It is

used as a weapon by the pirates of the west coast, as a means for influence by the Church of the Six, and as an entire toolbox for the secretive dwarves of Kol Stoneflow.

Heroes in Dominion tend to hail from the "civilized" races that found their genesis on this continent: human, gnome, dwarf, firbolg, and the odd kolbod. More uncommonly, the goliath from the Timeless Valley, an aarakocra from the northern mountains, or a half-elf with wood-elf heritage might be seen. Hafflings are notably rare but widely welcomed as exceptional guests.

The last of the wood elves still keep to the hidden places, and a handful of dragonborn who fled Gath as it burned can still be seen. Tieflings are widely mistrusted due to their physical similarities to the demons who pushed the Kingdom of Serentyl to the brink of annihilation in its earliest days.

True fighters and adventurers are uniquely uncommon, as Dominion has had nearly two-hundred years of peace. Though word travels slowly, the actions of heroes are not often forgotten, amplified in the minds and hearts of those who hear and share their tales.

Dominion has had unparalleled safety for so long, that it will be woefully unprepared for large-scale threats. The Kingdom of Serentyl, which maintains The Knightly Order of the Shields and few other standing troops, might fare the best. Nocturne has a powerful navy, but no army to speak of. On the west coast, Dungannon is proud of its freedom, and mistrustful of allies; its ruling nobility relies on mercenaries and privateers to fight for their interests.

Using This Book

A Dungeoneer's Guide to Dominion is designed to provide all of the information a dungeon master will need to run a full campaign or one-shot adventure on the continent of Dominion in the world of Alberon. This section provides the broad strokes of the continent: its calendar, the themes that make it come alive, and the basic history of those who call this place home.

Chapter One explains the lore of each race as it is related to the continent of Dominion, in addition to a new subrace, the mountain elf. There is also lore pertaining to each class and the ways in which adventurers might have acquired their skills and abilities, as well as one new subclass: The Way of the Falcon Knight.

Chapter Two has an overview for each Region in Dominion, the major powers in each, and a slew of lore and details for fleshing out a backstory or setting your adventure! Additionally, complete city guides for three cities (Port Quinn, The Undercity, and Dungannon) are included in their appropriate regions.

Chapter Three details unique magical items for adventures set in the world of Alberon. It also details at how one might create a magical item.

Chapter Four contains 26 new monsters and NPCs to aid in bringing the fight to your party!

Chapter Five contains several one-shot adventures for various adventuring levels set in this world to start an adventure, or continue a current one.

Five Important Principles of Dominion

How can one sum up a whole continent in just a few points? Nevertheless, a crash course to

Dominion as a setting might present itself in five points:

1. **A Place of Peace.** Dominion's last known dragon was slain by a group led by The Gazel, a fabled dwarven hero, nearly 200 years ago. The mountain range that runs up the center of the continent serves as a natural barrier between the two largest united powers of Dominion: The Old City of Dungannon along with its surrounding territory, on the west coast, and The Kingdom of Serentyl and it's many cities along the Sunward (eastern) Coast, and into the centrally-located Valley of Tranquility. As such, no large-scale war has ever truly occurred on the continent.
2. **Ruins of the Past.** Dominion is in its Third Great Age, but there are remnants of older civilizations. All the way to the Somber Cape, the influence of the dragonborn Fazzarakian Skald of the first age can be seen, from the jagged architecture to the scarlet and gold inks the Skald was known for. In the north, the remains of the cloud giant city Yorn float on arcane clouds. Even the tiny island of Byss, easternmost island town of The Kingdom, houses the remains of its society before it collapsed into the Abyssal Mistveil in the early Third Age.
3. **The Center of the World.** Dominion sits in the center of the Alberon world map. As such, it bears bits of influence from various other continents it has dealings with. Most prominent are the tropical Sunrest Islands to the east, where conditions allow for the growth of highly sought-after spices and fruits. To the

south east are the desert-heavy twin Kimpet Islands. Far to the south are the misty lands of Mythalstean, the ancestral homeland to the tieflings. South across the Emerald Expanse is the fey-touched continent of Everest, where many elves trace their lineage to. Turning Northwest, the continent of Gath is a shadow of what it once was: a sudden plague ended the world-spanning Fazzarakian Skald in the same event that wiped out many dragonborn. The land bridge that once connected it to Everest now smolders with unstable pools of magma. To the north lies The Auld, once a continent the size of the others' combined but now mostly beneath the Valecrest Ocean, is the birthplace of halfings and aarakocra alike. In the northeast, the many kingdoms of Darby are often engaged in political intrigue and frequent small skirmishes to claim the Crown of Constellations. All influence Dominion and its denizens.

4. **The Gated Marsh.** The southern portion of Dominion is dominated by a massive, corrupt swamp. The west coast features the Moazri desert that serves as a natural barrier between the twisted creatures that wander out of the swamp; to the east, One-Thousand-Gates began as a military camp that has slowly built up into a military city. Within the marsh is the Twisted Knell, a hillside of knotted roots grown over the remains of the birthplace of humanity. Few willingly enter this place, and fewer still have returned.
5. **The Dwarven Kols.** To the north, there were once four great dwarven citadels

known as Kols. Of those, only two still remain: Kol Stoneflow, which is wildly secretive in its dealings and allows few insiders within; and Kol Taram, a city that has seemed cursed by tragedy after tragedy. Each is a mighty force within their own right, but most chose to expand within their mountains, content to create new riches rather than seek out old. Artifacts of dwarven make, however, are particularly prized, and often the reason a dwarf might take up the adventurer's mantle.

History of Alberon

In the beginning, there was Aurillion, the God of Life, who created two siblings for itself: Auchrona who was given the domain of time, and Aultoris who was given the domain of space. Between the three of them, the planets Alberon and Kalindre were created, and placed within the stream of time and space. Few know this history.

More commonly, creation begins with the arrival of the Prime Gods. *Melora, the Green Matron*, arrived in a world of rock and magma, and using the Blocks of Life that Aurillion had left, she set about attempting to create life. *Kord, The Storm King*, brought roiling oceans and tempests that matched the fury he felt at being uprooted to this place. *Mystra, The Weaver*, was more subtle than the other two: she set about weaving invisible strands of power in and amongst reality, allowing her to pluck each strand of her web to manipulate the world in different ways.

Alberon's new landscape originally consisted of the supercontinent Auldwynn (one day separated into The Auld, Dominion, and the Sunrest Islands), and the smaller satellite

continents of Veristoon (which one day would become Darby and the subcontinent of Ganon) Gath, Everest, and Mythalstream.

Melora created beasts of fang and talon from the Blocks of Life she had found. Aurillion would return throughout the years, each time depositing two new shards of crystal. The crystals would compel those it touched to find the Block of Life closest to them, in an attempt to usher in a new form of life. Over time these structures, known as Pillars, would reawaken at the return of Aurillion.

Mystra was the only one who could sense there was more beyond the localized space of Alberon, and eventually built the Halo of the Far Traveler with her followers, cloud giants, and connected Alberon to the multiverse.

In the Feywild, a great lottery was held that allowed five to lead efforts to settle in this newly opened world.

In the upper planes, celestials began to search for pathways with the promise of new followers and domains.

In the Plane of Ice, beneath the Mountain of Ultimate Winter, an alien mind began to consider how it might index the thoughts of this place.

The First Age was the Age of Giants and saw the expanse of the various giant types from the Canyon of Law to points across Alberon.

The Second Age was the Age of Dragons, and saw these new forms of life overwhelm the giants, and cause a slew of problems for the few fey who had Spirephased into Alberon already.

The Third Age is the Age of Civility, and the present. From the Pillar of Civility located in what is now known as The Gated Marsh, humans, new dwarves, gnomes, and more, emerged. After the Era of Heroes, which lasted

for the first thousand years of the age, and the Era of Expansion for the next two-hundred, we entered an unparalleled 271-year-span of peace.

Major Powers of Dominion

Dominion has only one expansive power, the human-centric *Kingdom of Serentyl*. It spans from Port Quinn to the north, to the island of Byss in the east, and as far down as One-Thousand Gates in the south. It is a religious place, dominated by the Church of Law and Light. The church has a vested interest in limiting other arcane practitioners, and does so subtly through politics rather than through force or outright subjugation.

The most obvious example of this are the vice-like regulations on magical items. Each is licensed with the Shields of Serentyl, and must be sold through them as an intermediary, if traded at all. The creation of magical items is highly illegal, as is the import of those from abroad. Worship of deities outside of the Six is tolerated, though any god that demands sacrifice of any kind is outlawed after the events of The Tear.

Across the continent on the western coast is the *Old City of Dungannon*. It is the oldest city on the continent, and features museums and art galleries. Glass is more common here than elsewhere, as are teleportation circles. Dungannon is home to the Sojourn Network, a series of teleportation circles that span much of Dominion (and more recently, beyond!). It features a standing, mounted militia known as the Riders of Gallaney, though it mostly hires mercenaries and local privateers for protection. It is a rough-and-tumble toss-up between the golden age of pirates, and the wild west.

Dungannon is ruled by a complex caste of noble families in a process that is highly

bureaucratic and largely not understood. They are a benevolent ruling class for the most part, and have worked hard to provide for the proud port city.

Kol Taram and *Kol Stoneflow* are the two remaining dwarven citadels on the continent. Kol Taram is built into the interior of the hollowed-out Mount Taram, and is currently ruled by the brutal Clan Goldglow. It is a truly massive city, though highly dwarf-focused, and it's mines produce the only mithril in the world. It seems to constantly experience one tragedy or another. Beneath it, lies the Undercity, an entirely separate city of the cast-outs and non-dwarf denizens that were unwelcome above. It is currently ruled by the Clan Coldwrought crime clan, who operate out of the sprawling casino-like fortress known as The Dark Hive.

Kol Stoneflow is wildly isolationist, with non-citizens being allowed into the small exterior port and no further. The dwarves here have harnessed interior thermal vents of their mountain to utilize steam as a fuel source; the technology in Kol Stoneflow is unlike any in Dominion, and it is currently the only producer of firearms. The sea around Kol Stoneflow is frozen with thick sea ice, and only the steam-powered dwarven ironsides can safely make the trek.

Deep in the north, the *Xinyi Monastery* sits nestled within the small community of Squall's End, high atop Mount Yishi. The Xinyi work toward achieving various forms of enlightenment and perfection in their chosen pursuit, finding equal worth in a perfectly crafted pot or a neatly placed kick.

The Xinyi are serious people who are focused on helping those in their community, and the small communities of the north that surround

it. The largely-aarakocra Watch patrol the frozen north to aid travelers when they find themselves in need. They do not utilize money internally. Rarely, they will trade with outsiders but take great care to not interfere with "foreign" affairs.

Life in Dominion

Dominion has a variety of cultures and traditions that are highly localized, but the following details pertain to everyday life in the majority of the continent.

Languages

In Alberon, *Common* is the most... well, common language in both written and spoken forms. From Squall's End in the north to One-Thousand Gates in the south, it would be incredibly rare to find someone who doesn't speak, write, or at least understand Common. It is the official language of both the Kingdom of Serentyl and the Old City of Dungannon, as well as most of the smaller city-states such as Gulver's Bay or Nanuc.

Dwarvish is the first language in Kol Taram, and is used primarily within the Ring of Gold and Ring of Silver sections of that citadel. Kol Stoneflow uses Dwarvish as another way to disguise their ideas, but on top of that they write in a complex cypher-version of the written dwarvish runes. Dwarvish is also quite common as a second language in the north around the two Kols, but also in the region surrounding Muddtown, as the Hill Dwarfs had settled around Lake Tannic nearby.

Elvish is a popular second language throughout Dominion, though the region would determine the specific dialect. Each of the courts (Spring, Autumn, Winter, and Summer) have their own dialect and accent. The summer dialect

tends to favor long, looping sentence structure that wanders like a lazy stream; the winter dialect is terse, yet beautiful in its efficiency; and autumn is softest of all, yet often heavy with double-meanings. The spring dialect is the most common, as it was used in the living wood elf city of Verdurich (Jungleroot) before its disappearance in 653 T.A.

Surprisingly, *Giant* is the third most popular language in Dominion. It is spoken by many of the hermits that inhabit the semi-wild places of Dominion, and by some in Darkmeadow who have found extremely tentative trade with Trukvar, a frost giant exiled from the Wrath Circuit for attempting to overthrow the Cold King. The Upper Bow firbolgs are also to be given credit for spreading the language as they pilgrimage across Dominion to find new plants to bring back to the Hollow Lodge.

Gnomish is fourth, but owing primarily to their willingness to adapt to other languages. Often gnomish will be lost from one generation to another, as a gnome who took on another language to master a craft, passes the language down to their offspring in pursuit of pushing the boundaries of said crafter further. Academically, gnomish script is most frequently used for mathematics due to the simplicity of their base-ten system.

Halfling has a handful of speakers, mostly concentrated around the northern regions having immigrated across the Shifting Ice when The Auld was drawn beneath the waves in 1002 T.A.

Standard Languages of Dominion

Language	Main Speakers	Script
Common	Most civilized	Common

	people	
Dwarvish	Kol Taram, Kol Stoneflow, Muddtown	Dwarvish runes
Elvish	Wood elves, mountain elves, drow	Elvish
Giant	Giants, giantkin	Giant runes
Gnomish	Gnomes	Gnomish Base
Halfling	Halflings, The Haunt	Halfling
Draconic	Kobolds, dragonborn	Draconic

Exotic Languages of Dominion

Language	Main Speakers	Script
Celestial	Celestials	Celestial Glyphs
Infernal	Devils	Infernal
Orc	Orcs, some goblins	Orc
Primordial	Elementals, some giants	-
Abyssal	Demons	Abyssal
Undercommon	Underworld traders	Common
Deep Speech	Aberrations	-

Names and Surnames

Names are important in Dominion, typically one's family name over the individual. The conventions vary by both race and region.

Almost everyone has a first name followed by a surname. Middle names are extremely rare, and usually in nobility within the Kingdom of Serentyl. Many family names originate in a family trade, though some reference a homeland or town.

Dwarven last names are always their clan name, and typically are evocative and concrete. Truesteel, Goldglow, and Coldwrought are all examples that originate, at one point or another, in Kol Taram. First names are abrupt and stout, like the dwarves they represent: Grunvar, Helia Doldrum, and Tadra are all examples.

Elvish first names are most often multisyllabic and vowel-heavy, though this depends on the dialect of elvish: Aieshelveise or Hylan might be a darker example associated with the autumn or winter dialects, while the flowing Ariadne might represent a spring or summer court variant.

Halfling first names generally have either two syllables, and the last names usually represent the place they live or a geographic feature they hail from. First names might include Gambol, Eldrot, or Avery. Last names would consist of things like Overbrook, Saloo (of the Saloo Divide canyon in The Auld to the north) or Viahill.

Dragonborn names are heavy on Z's and X's. They are harsh and abrupt, and last names are typically earned honorifics. Tokkavax, Ovark, and Xaxael are all appropriate first names, while honorifics might include The End of Days, The Scales of Iron, or Rider of the Black Death. In a sharp contrast, though often draconic in origin as well, the kobold names tend to be based more on

adjectives that are phonetically close to their favorite sounds. Krajek, Tik, or Caxaq are all known kobold names.

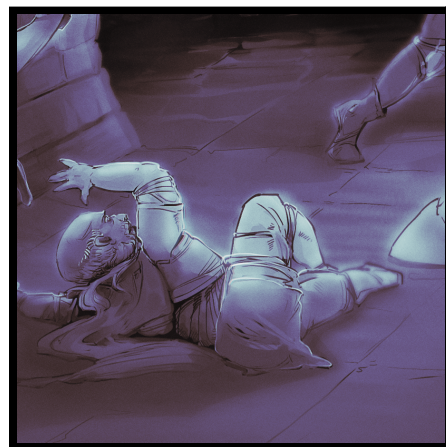
Humans possess every name under the sun. Though typically rather human-centric in their thinking (especially within the Kingdom of Serentyl) elvish-sounding names are especially in vogue. Not everyone has an adventurer's name, and so Jared and Sue are just as common as Gareth or Lillania.

Calendar

The calendar of Dominion is simple, and consists of twelve months of thirty days each. For simplicity, the seven days of the week are identical to those in the real world (Monday, Tuesday, etc.) This calendar is almost universally accepted across the world of Alberon.

Recorded time began with the creation of Alberon which is considered 1 F.A. (First Age) and spans across three great ages: The Age of Giants, the Age of Dragons, and the Age of Civility, in that order.

By default, a new campaign set in Dominion would begin on Wednesday, the 26th of The Rotting, 1470 T.A. (Third Age.)



Alberon Months

Month	Name
1	Summertide
2	Highsun
3	The Fading
4	Leaffall
5	The Rotting
6	The Drawing Down
7	Deepwinter
8	The Claws of Winter
9	The Claws of Sunset
10	The Claws of Storms
11	The Melting
12	The Time of Flowers

Currency

Currency is based on gold, and is handled across Dominion at a universal rate. The shape, mint, or design on a gold piece varies: The Kingdom of Serentyl features mostly universal currency, whereas three separate mints each have their own designs within Kol Taram alone. Regardless of its appearance, a gold piece in Kol Taram weighs the same as a gold piece in The Kingdom, and is thus worth the same.

Copper pieces in the Kingdom of Serentyl depict a stylized “S” on one side, and the Starcrosser Bridge on the other. The Kol Taram Second Mind prints the golden dome of Kol Taram on one side of every coin, and the ornate wording “Taram Stands Against Time” on every denomination of coin. This is the lowest denomination of coin, and might fetch a half loaf of bread.

The Silver Star of Serentyl is the most ubiquitous coin in Dominion. It is the average day’s pay for an unskilled laborer, and often the highest denomination of coin anyone handles day-to-day. In Dungannon, the silver piece features Castle Koch on the face, and “The Old City of Dungannon: Freedom Before Mercy” on the other side.

The Golden Double Dragon of Serentyl features a double-headed dragon on the face. These are the standard of currency because it was used and coveted by both dragons and giants before, and has maintained value through the ages.

Platinum coins are unusual; in Serentyl they are ornate profiles of the Cathedral of Light with a symbol of each of the six gods of the Pantheon of Law and Light on the opposite side. In Kol Taram a platinum coin is a narrow rectangle piece with a golden inlay of dwarven runes that acts as a serial number for each piece. In both places, when dealing with this much money, trade bars worth ten platinum each are more often used.

Electrum is both extraordinarily rare in Dominion and also viewed with suspicion in The Old City of Dungannon due to the metal’s prominent use in artificing techniques employed by the Fazzarakian Skald that invaded at the beginning of the first age. For both of these reasons, they are not used in trade. Old Fazzarakian Skald currency, called “Scales” are in the shape of scales and neatly stack. They are highly sought after by dwarven collectors and come in a variety of unique metals.

Twisting Adventures

Alberon is a breathing world, and the continent of Dominion features a richly developed set of cultures that inevitably lead to subtle conflict. “Good” and “evil” are never so cut and dry, and a boon to one ally could easily be a curse to another.

Points of Light in a Dark Place

The Kingdom of Serentyl has established a largely safe zone on the Sunward Coast of Dominion. Along the west coast, Dungannon, Muddtown, and Darkmeadow serve as the only points of light in an otherwise dangerous swath of land that has thwarted attempts to settle it dozens of times over the years, resulting in a plethora of ruins and dungeons scattered throughout the wilds.

Heroes are Uncommon

Many commoners make their living as guards, police, or even privateers during the centuries of peace that have just ended. Without a single war being fought between the civilized races in the 1470 years of the Third Age, even the career soldiers would see but a handful of monsters in their entire career.

While many face threats for the first time in their lives, these dangers offer many a unique path to redemption. Many members of The Portent, given power in a moment of desperate need at a price they did not fully understand, might seek to leverage great deeds to break their pacts, and find power from a more benevolent source. A pirate, her ship destroyed by the Dungannon navy after a crewmate sold them out, might find herself swept up with a new motley assortment of individuals as they work their way back to a position from which they could seek

revenge. With new attacks in the north, the normally aloof monks of the Xinyi spread out across the continent in search of three powerful artifacts. As prophecies begin to come to fruition, churches, cults, and those in-between find their powers grow alongside their congregations and followers. Though they are rare, now might just be the start of the second Era of Heroes... if the world doesn't end first.

DM TIP: Create rival heroes that begin at roughly the same level as the party. Then, through word of mouth, town criers, or traveling bards, keep the party updated on their successes and failures. This can serve as a way to help the players from feeling overwhelmed; the entire weight of the globe-spanning crisis to come will not fall on their shoulders... just most of it.

The reverse is also true: if your party is finding too much quick success, throw a rival group in their way to cause complications. This works especially well if the rivals are better funded, especially likable, or both! Not only will this increase the difficulty in encounters, but it will also cause your players emotional distress, and what dungeon master doesn't enjoy a little bit of that?

Villains are Plentiful

A scarcity in monsters, aberrations, and the like left a vacuum to be filled by members of the “civilized” races. The villains on Dominion often work in subtle ways, relying on subterfuge, bullying, or simply staying behind the scenes to make money, gain power, or obtain lost secrets.

More compelling still are villains with understandable motivations. A necromancer is a well-explored concept, but a scarier one might

blur the lines between healer and monster. For instance, Dr. Twee Lightfoot is a cleric to Helm who has found a way to fuse his divine magic with his gift for tinkering. The result are miraculous prosthetic limbs that people from as far away as the Kimpet Islands would come to Port Quinn for a chance at restored function. Twee began to wonder... if he could fix an arm, why not a stomach? A heart? A soul? Slowly, his goal of helping people begins to blur the lines, and as he finds materials harder and harder to find, he begins to form a network of providers who share his vision. The Midnight Assembly helps him create the Assembled Souls, “divine” amalgamations of clockwork machinery, clerical power, and human remains. Killing him will stop Twee’s descent into madness... but during the day he still helps so many. Finding ways of encouraging players to solve problems through means other than sheer violence is difficult, negative consequences for what can be perceived as the “right” choice can sometimes help encourage out of the box thinking.

Everyone Has a Secret

One does not become an adventurer because they had a perfect childhood. Many player characters are gritty, and feature early tragedy or dark themes. Even a goody-two-shoes character has, at some point, made a mistake or had an influence in their life to cause them to be that way. Are they so instant on working alone because they lost their true love to an old party member long ago? Did they obtain their power through a pact they did not fully understand? The Secrets table provides a few examples of things a character in Dominion might go to great lengths to conceal.

Secrets

d10	Secret
1	I obtained some money by picking the wrong pocket, and now The Silent Circle has my description. Should they learn my identity, it is only a matter of time until I wear the Silent Smile.
2	I was once a member of a religious order, academic institution, or adventuring guild. I stole something from them, and if they should ever find me, I will be judged harshly.
3	To obtain my abilities, magic, or skills, I entered into a partnership I didn’t fully understand. Slowly, the tasks I was being asked to complete became harder to bear, until I found myself forced to commit a despicable act. I live in constant shame, and fear of discovery.
4	I was born under conditions that fit an obscure prophecy. True or not, events around me continue to match the predictions. I do not wish to fulfil this prophecy, and what’s more, there are others that will kill me to either ensure it comes to pass, or to thwart it outright... or both!
5	I had worked at a boring job in a town-sponsored stew kitchen for poorer folks. I was paid to leave food unattended, or to add an additional ingredient, which caused a huge swath of the town’s poor to die or become cursed or ill.
6	I washed up on the beach with only one memory: a forest of crystalline trees. I was naked, but for a strange burn in a language I do not understand.
7	Earlier in life, I found true love. My ambition toward a different goal resulted in me losing her to a rival, who stole my estate and business. I live with shame, resentment, and fury.
8	I hear a voice that nobody else seems to hear. It is not necessarily evil, but I constantly worry that my secret might be found out, and that I may be sent to the Halls of Atonement, or worse, burned for consorting with demons.
9	I have changed my name, accent, and appearance to escape my old life. I left behind a family I still care for or a successful enterprise in order to protect those I care about, and it will all be for naught should my secret be discovered!
10	I have learned of the existence of a powerful artifact, and wish to obtain it for myself. I must find help to do so, while still keeping my goals a secret for fear that my discovery will be stolen!

Everyone Has a Cause

Why did you become an adventurer? What reason compelled your character to risk their life, day in and day out, when all the land has known peace for so long?

Often, it is easier to break this down into two types of goals: Short term and long term. Short term goals might consist of: regaining my family's heirloom weapon; obtaining a powerful spell; purchasing a horse; or finding a romantic interest. These are good for in-the-moment character motivation. Long term goals are the sweeping points that characters wish to explore in their own character growth. These are often more vague, or could even consist of an "endgame build" idea the player wishes to pursue.

Causes

d10	Long Term Goal
1	I wish to regain the titles, lands, and fortunes my family lost.
2	I want to find my way back to the plane/world/time I came from.
3	I wish to revive a dead loved one.
4	I aim to take control of an organization, city, or kingdom, or start an empire of my own.
5	My only goal is to achieve godhood.
6	I wish to be the greatest of my class, and to have my deeds sung about for centuries so my legacy lives forever.
7	I wish to see the strangest landscapes and most alien creatures while making friends along the way.
8	Gold makes Alberon turn, and all I wish for is to make the planet spin.
9	Ancient secrets and forgotten lore have alluded so many so that I might be the one to discover them. To amass this knowledge is my life's work.
10	Straight up I just don't want to die.

What Brings You Joy?

Most play characters have a somewhat dark backstory. It's easy to focus in on the negative, and forget that moments of joy provide excellent contrast, and reasons to keep fighting when things look bleak. They can also serve as ways of making the characters feel more human to each-other, and allow for excellent roleplay opportunities that otherwise won't arise. DMs might try asking their players before a campaign "What single thing would make your character happier than anything in the world?"

Places of Fear

Another great question for DMs to ask before a campaign begins is, "What is one place your character would do anything to avoid returning to?" This allows your player to connect themselves to at least one location outside of their starting area. It will give them some context for the layout of the world, and when the adventure inevitably shows signs of leading there, another thing to consider (and some built-in lore for them to be able to drop at the table!) What works even better is if the Secret the player character chose earlier would be exposed should they reveal why they want to avoid this place, forcing them to go despite knowing how dangerous it might be!

This will also give you some insight into things that might be easy cues to make a player experience emotions. "The pillars here are eerily reminiscent of the location you dread most" will instantly put a player on edge, and foreshadow an eventual journey to confront their fear.

Magic in Dominion

The Weave connects everything, and magic practitioners have learned to manipulate it in various ways. The uncommon nature of magic in Dominion means that it's users rarely lead common lives.

Magic users training along similar schools of thought, beholden to similar gods, or in the service of nature might all gather together to further their studies.

The Lorebinder Academy

Located just north of the furthest boundaries of the Kingdom of Serentyl in a politically neutral place where it can still receive aid from both Port Quinn and Gulver's Bay if needed. While not even a majority of its members (called Lorebinders) are magically inclined, but the more secret sections of the library (The Restricted Stacks, the Archive of Stars, and the Vault of Protection) all house numerous arcane texts, scrolls, and scripts of incredible interest and importance to those who seek to further their magical knowledge.

Public access is granted to all, but to gain access to the more restricted (and valuable) sections of the library, visitors must bring new knowledge to the Academy. Membership is merit-based. They wear blue robes, and their campus features willow trees with purple bark and iridescent, crystalline leaves.

The Bearded Consortium

A group of politically neutral mages who also happen to indirectly heavily influence Kol Taram's policy. They are all dwarven, and until this year, entirely male. Zelga the Stonestaff has recently taken a seat, and might be the most

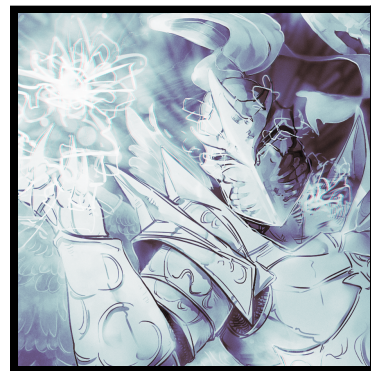
powerful evoker ever born within a mountain. By and large, the Consortium are warmages, and serve as the magical counterpart to the Stoneguard who serve as both military and police.

Communication

The physical makeup of Dominion means that communication from coast to coast is exceptionally slow and expensive. Magical communication is more reliable but only available in larger cities, and even then, within the Kingdom of Serentyl only accessible by a few government officials.

Birds are unaffected by the mountains, and are often used to transmit physical messages: the Xinyi keep ravens trained to return to select locations, and Kol Taram featured several services that ranged from public criers to discreet word-of-mouth messengers.

Hand-in-hand with communications is security. What good is a quick order to your forces abroad if they are intercepted on the way? The Blackhardt Exploratory Company employs wizards to apply Arcane Locks to its relics when they are being transported, and is one such example. Below, the Communication and Security table provides some typical prices, though they will fluctuate based on availability.



Communications and Security

Service	Cost
Arcane Lock	35gp
Courier service	3sp in the same town, 5sp in the same city, 2gp per mile outside of the city.
Bonded Sending (Spell)*	15gp per cast. Each bears a spell tattooed on their neck that will explode should they break confidence with a client.
Locksmith	5sp (create, fix, or reinforce 3 locks)
Sending Stone (Pair)*	1000gp
Mail-by-Bird	8sp, 10% chance message won't arrive.
Red Shield Caravansary Services	Varying rates, provide guides, carts, guards, and mounts at various rates.
Sojourn Network Teleportation Circles	300gp (to teleport up to six creatures from one Sojourn location to another.)

*Illegal in The Kingdom of Serentyl

Convenience

Depending on where you go, magic is used to help ease aspects of everyday life. The wealthy import stylish arcane lanterns from across the Emerald Expanse. Entire repair shops in large cities hinge upon careful implementation of elbow grease and the *Mending* spell. A massive driftglobe is suspended in a tower central to the Lorebinder Academy, which dispels invisibility and reveals glamored objects or illusory text. Due to magic's rare nature (and it's restricted status in Serentyl outside of Pendelton) most magic is used to enhance the life of it's user and those who count themselves fortunate to be considered friends.

Entertainment and Fashion

One of the rare exceptions to Serentyl's ban on magic is that of the Society for the Arts. Cantrips are used to enhance major plays, while conjuration spells aid in magic routines unlike any possible through mundane means.

Glamorweave is incredibly rare, but not banned within Serentyl once King Oren II's wife Jaquell Oren took a keen interest in the material's potential. Expensive to the point of being an indulgent even for the rich, glamorweave is capable of creating shifting patterns, blooming flowers, the illusion of shimmering gold, or even a swarm of clicking beetles. A simple tunic of glamorweave might begin at a price of about 1,000gp for a simple effect. The only producers of glamorweave fabric in Dominion, though it is more often imported from across the Emerald Expanse.

Medicine and Healing

Every city or town has a healer of one kind or another. Most employ cutting-edge medicine (which is dubious at best, and more often than not includes rusty implements and liberal amounts of alcohol) and traditional cures to heal.

The Healing Services table shows typically prices in the continent of Dominion for services rendered.



Healing Services

Service	Cost
Minor non-magical care	5sp
Major non-magical care	1gp per day
Non-magical disease cure	10gp, 25% chance of failure
Cure Wounds	40gp per spell level
Lesser Restoration*	150gp
Greater Restoration*	500gp
Regeneration*	1,500gp
Raise Dead*	5,000gp and a dangerous secret

*Illegal in Serentyl

Transportation

Roads vary widely in their design and quality: The Kingdom of Serentyl maintains standard roads of packed dirt with a graveled surface. They often curve and loop around geographical features rather than creating steep inclines or drastic curves.

The Kol Taram roads feature slowly looping, broad avenues of gray Taram stone blocks. Residential streets were maintained by the neighborhood, and vary widely but generally use smaller bricks, with alternate color bricks set to label to street names in the road material itself.

In Squall's end, roads are dirt, but of a mixture that compresses well and naturally resists icing. They bear a dull orange-red hue over the brown earth.

Horse-drawn carts, and horses themselves are the featured terrestrial transport in Dominion. Some regions have mounts bred for local conditions, such as the dreadlocked

donkey-like creatures called Aughaug in the northern mountains.

Several companies offer guards, guides, or carts and horses for travels, merchants, and others. Most prominent amongst them in Dominion are the Red Shield Caravansary. They offer several local guides at each of their outposts located in Port Quinn, and menu-like set of options for those who need help getting from point A to point B. They operate compounds in Port Quinn, Nocturne, One-Thousand Gates, Bluefield, Dunn, Serentyl, Gulver's Bay, and Darkmeadow.

Due to the central dangerous mountain region known as the Sunbreaker Chain separating the west and east coasts, most transit is conducted by sea. Hibsidium's Haste dominates naval travel along the Sunward Coast, across the Idlewild, and down around the Sombre Cape, but their ships cannot pass north of Gulver's Bay. Only the dwarven ironsides out of Stoneflow are capable of passing the Frozen Straight.

On the west coast, an abundance of private vessels, privateers, smugglers, trading vessels, and naval vessels provide many options for negotiating your price for passage. A citizen of Dungannon or Darkmeadow can book passage aboard Dungannon Navy vessels.

In the mountains of the north, Euriel's Watch has repaired and repurposed ancient winch-operated lifts that cross the peaks of mountains on wooden platforms to help patrol the land they are newly pledged to protect.

Stoneflow's city (and surrounding mines) have a steam-powered train system called the Sargoshaw (Steam Shuffle). It has comfortable passenger trains as well as larger industrial lines that wind slowly through the mines at regular intervals.

Finally, to those with incredibly deep pockets, the Sojourn Network maintains a network of teleportation circles that connect several private, protected sights underground throughout Dominion and The Auld to the North. While not a secret, the prohibitive price and well-protected nature of the sites themselves leads them to remain relatively undisturbed. A Sojourn Hub is one of the safest places in Dominion.

Rarer, less-conventional means of transport exists as well. Your imagination can run wild, but one such example is the Iron Hawk, a one-shot “Controlled Falling Device” prototype sitting unused at the edge of Mount Yishi.



Another option might be the Abletoe Dogsleds, operated by the halflings Sally Abletoe and Pine. They operate a mixed team of huskies, samoyeds, and chinook dogs as well as a single, athletic miniature horse named Denchers.

Stoneflow and Dungannon offer perfect locations to place unconventional travel methods: Stoneflow is the most technologically advanced power in Dominion so cutting edge technology like trains, airships, and other such marvels of gadgetry would be right at home; Dungannon is the oldest city on the continent, and was built on top of the original location inhabited by the Frost

Giants prior to them settling north in the Wrath Circuit.

Travel Services

Service	Cost	Speed
Horse	75gp	60'
Aughaug	25gp	25', climb 15' Immune to cold damage
Red Shield Horse and Cart (rental)	8sp /day	30'
Red Shield Guide	1gp /day	Advantage on survival check
Red Shield Guard	2sp /day	1 guard (BR, pg.163)
Hibsidium's Haste Naval Passage	1gp /day	30 miles /day
Dungannon Navy Passage	5sp /day	20 miles /day
Sojourn Network Teleportation	300gp /6 creatures	Instant
Abletoe Dog Sleds	Barter	1.5x walking distance in snow, advantage on perception checks

Times of Trouble

Even in relative peace, several events since just before the death of the last known dragon, the young blue Kulthix, have defined the attitude and traditions of it's people.

Founding of the Xinyi - 6th of Summertide, 806 T.A.

The original founder's names are closely guarded secrets, but there were four. They erected simple structures just outside of the tiny settlement of Squall's End, to attempt to reach an understanding with the harsh environment of The North. For the aarakocra, it was their last chance at a new home, and they helped mightily. For many years it was a struggle, but by 1,000 T.A. life for the Xinyi had improved dramatically. They were isolated, but provided a perfect shelter for those seeking an existence simpler and more meaningful.

The Tear - 26th of The Rotting, 937 T.A.

In the Shaded Woods south of modern-day Port Quinn, Abernathy the Bender had constructed a laboratory tower called Garvedoir. He attempted to enslave a powerful entity to secure him safe passage to alternate planes, but ended up damaging the membrane of reality in such a way that swarms of horned abyssal creatures at once found their way into the Shaded Wood, and began a ten-year rampage that would rock the Kingdom of Serentyl and push the 700-year-old nation and it's small communities to the edge.

The Goldglow Coup - 1st of The Time of Flowers, 1002 T.A.

In a sudden coordinated strike, Clan Goldglow assassinated or exiled over 100 key individuals throughout Kol Taram, and imprisoned the

previous three ruling clans: Clans Coldwrought, Forgefire, and Redstone within the Black Cells in the Halls of Atonement. Only Doldrum Coldwrought would escape, and quickly rise to power within The Undercity. He would break out or retrieve the few members of his clan he could, and with his wife Helia the First, he began to rebuild, his blue eyes ever upward toward the Ring of Gold above.

The Silent Circle Rises - 1088 T.A.

Operating since the founding of Serentyl, the Silent Circle had already earned a reputation as the most sinister of criminal organizations. Famous members include the sociopathic crime boss known as The Wolf who disguised his half-orc heritage and Weaver's Circle training by filing down his tusks; Chopper Darkmind, the violent bounty hunter that operates out of the slaver city of Darkmoore; and many more. In 1088, Othea the Smiling Whisperer took on the role of Nightwarden in Nocturne, cementing their position of dominance throughout the criminal world.

The Abyssal Mistveil is Broken - 1107 T.A.

Omen, the tiefling warlock; Marmaw Trueshell, a turtle wizard, a Divine Court monk and other heroes lost to time banded together to end the threat of the hideous Mistwalkers (croteggos in dwarven) who had enslaved the hill dwarves who had settled on the nearby island of Byss. The Kingdom of Serentyl soon moved in to revitalize the fertile settlement.

Dinman's Disaster - 18th of the Time of Flowers, 1208 T.A.

Jerrold Dinmen was perhaps the most brilliant elf to have ever been born after the Spirephase itself.

He had fled from Everest after an experiment began to destabilize the Onyx Spire. The vampires within managed to infect him before he left. Desperate to escape his cursed body, Jerrod took on the persona of The Architect, and used a successful workshop in Kol Taram as a cover to secretly construct Azers in an attempt to build himself a new body. His final prototype was trapped, and a vestment of Orvenesker infected the Perfect Azer. This caused the others to rampage, slaying many of Dinman's Workshop's workers. The Bearded Consortium sealed the entire ward off for the safety of the rest of the Kol.

The Sinking - 1010-1017 T.A.

Far to the north, the continent called The Auld begins to sink. Tales tell of dark tentacles of slimy purple skin, with grasping mouths in place of suction cups that swallowed the land and all who couldn't escape. The mountain elves of the Ruby Spire moved south, many taking up residence in Squall's End. The Halfling settlement of Bitterbottom was swallowed early beneath the waves, the survivors also making it to Dominion's northern shores.

The Midnight Curse - 1209 T.A.

The hill dwarves who had settled around Lake Tannic fell victim to a mysterious illness. As the dwarves fell ill, they would go to sleep, and come daylight be missing (thus earning it's name.) Something seemed to have happened to the water, though it burned through the population so fast, it remains a mystery to this day.

The Fall of Kulthix - 13th of the Claws of Storms, 1215 T.A.

Kulthix was a young blue dragon that had survived the Shatterscale Plague in Ganon and fled to take shelter upon the shores of the Gem Coast. A group of heroes hunted the beast across the lands to the edge of the continent, and defeated it. Of those heroes, only The Gazel remains. The masked dwarf was last seen in Nocturne, but has been missing for over five years.

The Grayfang Incursion - 1301-1308 T.A.

The rich suburb of Pendelton was rocked during it's centennial celebration at midnight when werewolves burst out amongst the populace of the town. Many fled, but as the Church of Law and Light attempted to purge them from the countryside, a human named Auldus who took on the name Grayfang rallied the rest in a guerilla war for their survival.

The Chaos Crystal Experiment 18th of the Claws of Winter, 1468 T.A.

Abernathy the Bender attempted to harness a shard of chaos crystal to peel back the layers of reality. This briefly (and violently) connected Alberon to various planes. For the next several years, creatures from the feywild, shadowfell, and plane of water were pulled at random into Alberon.

The Quaking King - 1468 T.A.

After the sudden death of King Oren I, Prince Oren II departed suddenly on a "secretive diplomatic mission to the west. They never returned, having been sighted last heading north of One-Thousand Gates before disappearing into the Sunbreaker Chain. Rumors of Oren II being terrified of the weight of the crown have resulted in him being referred to as The Quaking King.

Three years must pass before he is succeeded by his advisor, Taelstin Winter. She currently leads in his stead with fierce resistance from nobles, generals, and merchants alike who all see the king's absence as a chance to seize more power.

A Blue Star Not From Our Skies - 20th of the Rotting, 1470 T.A.

Suddenly, any with eyes to the night sky would have seen a new celestial body wink into life, Aurillion returning to Alberon. Those attuned to the living things in this world would feel the planet gasp, and creatures that had slumbered for millenia stir once more. As Seven Shards of Aurillion fell to Dominion, each would corrupt those around it to try and bring the shard to the nearest Pillar of Life to activate it.



Prophecies

There was a time in Alberon where prophecies were real. Prophets, either through divine will of a patron or natural connections not yet closed, could read the future as a puzzle to decode rather than a true mystery. These are closely guarded secrets to those who know them, and entire orders exist to keep their message alive. As a DM, you are free to create your own to help guide your campaign, either as a starting point, or to help guide the party when they feel especially lost. A well-written prophecy can feel like a reward! I've included the two that have come up so far in our campaign as examples.

*"A Blue Star, not from our skies/
now appears before my eyes/
It's master is maker, and father, and son
When it's teeth gain purchase, this Age is done/*

*The first tooth was found by a man, his hair is orange,
his mind expands/
He is not too far away, but tarry too long, and to the
valley he'll stray/*

*The second resides in a purple maw,, where I smell
brimstone, and gore that's raw/
As her brood claws for the light, the dwarves of Kol
Taram take flight/*

*The third I see but do not hear, for the cacophony of the
Squall is near/
But at its center, it rests in the ring, upon the hand of a
cold cruel king/*

*The fourth is lost, out at sea, none have found it but
many seek/
Grey creatures spilling from across the void would use
the tooth to end all joy/*

*The fifth exists within a mind, that whispers lies and
leads the blind/*

*The sixth I see in a massive tomb, giants' boots walk
past this room/*

*The final piece gives me unrest, for she who seeks it reeks
of death/"*

*-The Prophecy of Seven Pillars, told by the
spirit of the high elf prophet, Vera Waithe.*

The second prophecy is from her sister, Masildar Waithe, a drow separated at birth, and still very much alive, within the Azure Spire in the Underdark. *The Prophecy of Gran Machan* is her first, spoken originally in 1266 T.A:

*When twilight begins to run red/
and the banner turns to ash/
When azure light rises 'bove your head/
and the dead find their speaker at last/*

*When the earth returns to the skies/
and when many minds become one/
When the tears of our people return to their eyes/
Gan-Machan has begun/*

*Silence the dead in the cradle of man/
And dig beneath the rot/
Break the Weavelock, end the curse/
And remember what we forgot/*

This prophecy supposedly speaks of the conditions that herald a restoration of Alberon's connection to The Feywild, restoring the elves' link to their gods, and their home.

Chapter One -

Character Creation

You sail the Emerald Expanse, with your eyes on becoming the richest pirate ever to have traversed the western coast of Dominion! You have escaped wrongful imprisonment in Nocturne's dungeon, The Cellar, and must now bring those responsible to justice, and clear your name! You were the squire to a young Shield of Serentyl, but the knight you were sworn to was slain! You must take up his shield and Oath, and protect the Kingdom as they swore to do! There are many stories your character might pursue, and this chapter delves into the history of each race in Dominion, as well as the unique histories of classes like Artificer and Wizard that might effect the way the world interacts with you.

Races

Dominion is the birthplace of humans, several dwarven variants, and gnomes besides. Other races have come to find a home here, welcome or otherwise.

Each race listed in the Player's Handbook exists within the boundaries of Dominion. Many monstrous races, too, are found in quieter parts of the continent, but may come with heavy social penalties should a player choose to play them.

Tabaxi are not native to Alberon, yet three exist on Dominion. One is the lone keeper of the Glass Lighthouse in the norther Short Sea. The second is Sune, who bears an appearance similar to a white tiger, and operates in several parts of the world, but within Kol Taram and Nocturne in Dominion. The last is Morwen, a chaotic black tabaxi swashbuckler serving aboard

the Raging Harmony with the Robin Hood-esque Mudd Brotherhood.

Warforged are unheard of in Dominion but several exist within Ganon, thousands of miles to the north west. It is not inconceivable that some might find there way here.

Aarakocra

"The people of the north have a curious fondness for birds. I chalk this up to the aarakocra the drift overhead, tiny specks against the clouds and snow. I must admit, I do feel safer knowing they're up there. For their aloofness, the Xinyi keep balance in this part of Dominion..."

-Veetus Adder, *Adder's Almanac*

Quietly, the aarakocra are one of the oldest creatures to have traveled to Alberon from a different plane. They traveled originally from the Plane of Air during the Elemental Deluge of the first age, and have never been able to establish a permanent home. Most are keen to spend as much time in the air as possible, and claustrophobia is common amongst their kind.

Take to Wing

Aarakocra are natural travellers, and many live a nomadic life. Beyond their love of flying, this is also owing to the destruction of their oldest grounds when The Auld sank in 1001 T.A.

Their unique physiology makes clothing and armor a nightmare to acquire, and many have joined the xinyi monastery as it's elevated position atop Mount Yishi combined with it's preference for lighter equipment seemed a natural fit. Indeed, most aarakocra in Dominion make their home in or around Squall's End.

Feathers and Auran

Aarakokra tend toward lighter clothing with tighter fit, as it will cause less drag while flying. Touching an aarakokra's wings is a very familiar action, and to be allowed to do so is a gesture reserved for close friends and family. For an aarakokra to give a feather to another is for them to grant a conditionless endorsement.

Aarakocra Names

The language of the aarakocra is auran, a dialect of primordial. It is the speech of birds, and as such features clicks, squaks, and other hard-to-replicate sounds. Non-aarakocran speakers are painfully obvious in their speech, but can be understood. Names are often based on sounds of the birds they resemble: **Krawtic**, **Krick**, **Howler**, and **Cotoot** are all viable names. Just as often, they will adopt names easier for humans and other races to speak, that are based in the community they are part of.

Dragonborn

"Though the Skald of Fazzarak devastated southern Dominion for the first two centuries, the relics of their techniques (called artificing) have the power to help hundreds, now!"

-A noble, arguing for the public release of one such device in Dungannon.

At the end of the second age, two great dragons remained: On Everest, the ancient blue dragon Fazzarak. On Dominion and the Sunrest Islands, the black dragon Xulcast, known as The Black Death. Both believed Alberon to be theirs, and confrontation was inevitable.

The Skald of Fazzarak, the fanatic warhost of Dragonborn who had grown up in Ganon and worshipped Fazzarak as a god, were

better equipped and trained than any of the young races on Dominion. They invaded, spreading as far north as the Winter Waste and as far south as Muddtown, searching for Xulcast's layer. Just as they began to mount a successful crusade through the Gated Marsh, the Shatterscale Plague erupted in Ganon, and overnight the only globe-spanning empire to have ever existed crumbled to dust as the continent itself burned. Xulcast was slain soon after. Dragonborn remaining in Dominion are viewed with suspicion. Several have turned to worshipping Tiamat in the hopes of brining dragons back to Dominion, and that the Skald might once more span the globe.

The Shatterscale Plague

In the second century of The Age of Civility, in illness began to infect the dragonborn on their home continent of Ganon. It was incredibly infectious, and resistant to even magical healing. It caused scales to become brittle, so that damage would cause them to shatter like glass. The scales would take on a waxy appearance, like unhealthy toenails. In-game terms, a character infected with Shatterscale would be vulnerable to bludgeoning and force damage. In addition, any health lost due to damage dealt by these types will not heal through any means until after a long rest.

Finding a cure for this plague is a cause taken up by every dragonborn. Though active cases are rare, it is seen as a death sentence and a tremendous obstacle in restoring their status as Rulers of the Second Age.



Dwarf

*"She looked across the quarry, whispered 'Say a prayer for me'/
She broke her chains and took off, shouting*

*'Dwarves we must be free'/
We could hear the guards come running, their*

*giant footfalls loud/
They cut her down as she ran, her vengeance*

disavowed/"

-Ballad of The Heavy Hand, by Nillie Winsloe

At the dawn of the Third Age, three Great Kols housed the dwarves of Dominion. Kol Taram in northern Dominion still stands, under the rule of Clan Goldglow. Their complexions are pale, and their hair dark. They would be considered Mountain Dwarves in the *Player's Handbook*.

Kol Stoneflow in the northeastern reaches of Dominion features dwarves of auburn, brown, and red-headed dwarves. It still stands, mostly due to its fiercely isolationist policies. Outsiders are not allowed in past a trade port, and access to that can only be achieved by using one of Kol Stoneflow's steam-powered dwarven ironside

ships. These dwarves, too would be considered mountain dwarves, but they write in a different dialect using personalized ciphers to guard research.

Kol Erasta was the third, and the newest of the three. It was built over a wound remaining from the Elemental Deluge, and harness this rift to create a magical forge of elementally cold fire called The Coldforge. It was powered through a massively powerful blade known as The Forgekey, and the arcane forge at its base could produce items of miraculous power. It was the here that Zeistriess the Mindflayer first made his appearance in Dominion, summoned unintentionally. He enslaved the population though Erasta's daughter, Kirten the Stonefisted Maiden. Kol Erasta, and the Coldforge within, are an Atlantis-like destination for treasure seekers across Alberon.

In the early 6th century of the Third Age, an ideological schism caused two factions of dwarves to leave Kol Taram. One settled in a hilly village around present-day Lake Tannic. The other sect settled far south, on the island of Byss. Many say they brought the curse of Kol Taram with them, as first the Byss sect was wiped out when T'ssarra rose to power in Byss; then, in the twelfth century, the group around Lake Tannic found themselves annihilated rapidly through The Midnight Curse.

The few who survive find themselves aging quicker than the mountain dwarves who remain in their Kols, but would use the Hill Dwarf stat block in the *Player's Handbook*.

What's in a Name?

No race takes names more seriously than the dwarves. Their last name is always the name of their clan, though a dwarf who achieves enough

in their life to earn an honorific can safely be considered a legend. When you hear the name “Erasta the Heavy Hand,” and not “Erasta Bluerock you can safely assume she should be afforded some respect.

Dwarves who commit crimes are exiled from their society, and their clan name taken away. In its place, they are given a name that speaks to the crime they commit. **Hillsbane**, **Kinslayer**, and **Breaththief** are all examples that exist within Dominion.

Elf

“With their connection to Lolth severed, the drow have often turned to less savory deities to fill the void: The Lord of Bones, The Raven Queen... as a result, my people have turned cruel, and angry. It was not always this way.”

-Aieshelveise, explaining how the drow came to Alberon.

The elves of Alberon come from Spires, massive structures of living crystal that were phased slowly from the Feywild to Alberon. They are somewhat rare in Dominion, though most are either of the wood or mountain variety. They are mostly disconnected from the Feywild now, and many would love nothing more than to reconnect Alberon to it’s wondrous echo.

The Five Crystal Spires

When Mystra opened the Halo of the Far Traveler to connect Alberon to the multiverse, Queen Titania in the Feywild felt the change, and drew together the first Court of Stars in millenia.

She bade every fey in attendance to write their name or the name of one they swore fealty to upon a stone, and to then cast the stone into a great stone basin. Five lots would be drawn, and

to each, they would be granted access to a Spire, a shard of crystal that could be phased into this young world of Alberon. Each sliver was a magical ark that could slowly phase an entire colony of fey from the Feywild to Alberon, albeit over time.

When the lots were drawn, Titania of course received countless enteries; a dozen or so stones had to be drawn to find the next person. All saw her bountiful harvests and beautiful creatures and sought to see her portion of the Feywild expanded. She sent the **Emerald Spire** through the largest conduit, in the Jeweled Oasis that separates Alberon from other worlds, seeded with the *high elves* and *star elves*, to where it rests now, in Everest.

Sarula Iliene, with support of the nixies, was drawn next; she set the **Sapphire Spire** down into the ocean south of the Sunrest Islands. *Sea elves*, *triton*, and *nixies* all arrived in this way, phasing into a spot where no natural life could grow. As a result, it grew slowly. When the nearby Kol Saltut began to crumble beneath the waves, the fledgling Spire took the dwarves in, forming the Anacrean Alliance, a small partnership of the fey and dwarves. They are currently pressing into the Sunrest Islands in an attempt to expand their influence and gain access to the magic font of the Soltree.

Kannoth, The Exsanguinator and the Undying Court of Winter drew a single lot, and were reluctantly granted a spire: Onyx, where multiple attempts to purge the vampiric influence have fallen short. Kannoth brought just nine others with him, and each of a single race: *vampire*. The **Onyx Spire** was destroyed, but the Kingdom of Unending Night continues to slowly draw in victims and extend its borders.

Zandaroth the Wanderer was the largest surprise; they held fealty to no court, and yet their

single ballot, cast in the hope that they could wander ever farther, allowed them to form The **Ruby Spire** as they wished. They brought with them other kin who had hearts that longed for adventure: the *mountain elves*, and a small handful of *summer eladrin*.

Lolth arrived late from the dark places underneath the enchanted dusk of the Feywild, but she called her countless daughters and sons and their stones overwhelmed the basin, spilling over into piles on the ground around it. Even the votes for Titania seemed small in number compared to the votes for the Queen of Spiders. Lolth formed the **Amethyst Spire**, which still stands in the underground nation of Olotho'valduun. This is the home of the *drow*, who were inadvertently cut off from Lolth when Mystra created the Weavelock to help protect Alberon from entities beyond its borders.

Distinct Cultures

Though the different types of elves are mostly in line with a specific spire, this is not always the case. The following paragraphs detail typical attitudes and customs and the appearances of the elves that most frequently expressed them; wood elves largely came on the Emerald Spire, but some traveled on the Ruby and (unwittingly) the Onyx Spire as well (as an example.)

Each of these cultures, with the exception of the distant *drow*, have intermingled on some level with humans, and so half-elves are much more common than their full-elf kin. **Half-elf** characters in Dominion use the traits found in the *Player's Handbook* (PHB, 38.)

Star Elf. The Star Elves primarily came to Alberon aboard the Emerald Spire, which sits on the continent of Everest across the Emerald

Expanse to the west of Dominion. The terms star elf, high elf, and moon elf are all interchangeable, and all bear the same physical characteristics: pale skin, ranging across a spectrum of whites, the palest of peaches, and a range of barely-blues. Their hair tends to be a white with a beautiful silvery sheen and texture, but can also range all the way to black, and across a spectrum of darker blues. Brown and blonde hair are rare, but not unheard-of. They are haughty, and believe the Emerald Spire to be the seat of civility. In terms of statistics, they would use the High Elf traits (PHB. 23)

Wood Elf. Extremely rare in Alberon but the most populous of elves in the Feywild are those of the wood variety. Their skin ranges from patinated copper hues to dark mahogany streaked with green. A wood elf's hair ranges across the human spectrum but can feature highlights of green or brown. A wood elf's eyes are indicative of their parent's court affiliation when they were born, and will be of a color associated with that season (blues and whites for winter, greens and lilacs for spring, etc.) They are more connected to nature and detached from society than the rest of their kind, and often live in small networks, each link spread out over several miles.

Verdurich - The lost Wood Elf city of Verudich (elvish for Jungleroot) is an important part of wood elf culture. When it existed, a great chamber of spirits was accessible to their people. They could gain the knowledge of the birds and the beasts; the trees and the flowers. The loss of this place weakened their connection to the natural world, and every wood elf is born with it's loss heavy in their

heart. Any piece of information about it would be enough to pull this elf away from all but the most dire of tasks.

Drow. The Amethyst Spire is one of the only two remaining from the original spires of the Spirephase. It rests at the center of the Underdark nation of Olotho'valduun, located roughly two miles beneath the central corridor of the Valley of Tranquility. The drow came to Alberon to serve Lolth, but were cut off from their patron by The Weavelock, which was designed to keep certain entities away.

Drow are cruel as a product of being isolated, and alone. Back in the Feywild, they shared a psychic connection; in Alberon without it, they feel psychologically raw, and are easily drawn to the banner of darker forces. They are a bitter people, angry at being left behind by Lolth.

They were not always this way, and your player character probably isn't either. To fit a drow character into a party, you'll need to find a compelling reason to do so. While not outright evil, the infighting within the various factions in Olotho'valdun is a result of the drow's current predisposition to anger, violence, and a nearly animalistic need to seek revenge.

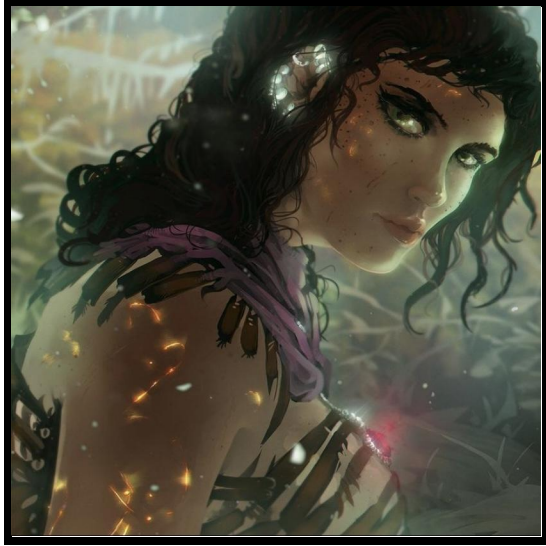
The following table contains some reasons a drow might leave Olotho'valdun or the underdark completely to pursue a more heroic goal.

Drow Adventurer Reason Table

d6.	Reason
1	A friend or relative of mine was killed, collateral damage of one of the many conflicts in our hamlet. I had a sudden

	realization as to the cyclical nature of violence in our nation, and seek a way to change it.
2	I killed another member of my community over a disagreement, but now I must flee. There is safety in numbers, and this group seems to have some talented individuals.
3	My hamlet was destroyed/overrun/enabled by stone giants/gray dwarves/mindflayers and I barely escaped. I must have my revenge, and perhaps this group can help.
4	One or more members of this group seems to be powerful. I may not have use for friends, but I always have use for tools.
5	In overhearing this party talk, one or more of the quests they are embarking on will further my goals. I must follow them to learn the whereabouts of an item/location/person.
6	The love of my life, the only bastion of happiness I have found in The Underdark, has been kidnapped. I need this group's help to locate her.

Work with your DM to figure out the best way to work a drow into the group. Also, bear in mind that drow have the *Sunlight Sensitivity* trait, and will be rolling many things at disadvantage unless you are in the underdark. The drow in Alberon use the official traits for *drow* (PHB, 24)



Mountain Elf. The mountain elves of Dominion are all refugees or the children of refugees who fled The Auld when it sank. Their skin is orange, and ranges across the warm spectrum of natural clay colors; adobe red, soft tans, and rich chestnut browns are all flecked with elements of copper in their skin. Their eyes are like burnished gold, or the fiery reds of the sunset, and their hair ranges across the brown and red hues.

The mountain elves are fierce survivors, and descend from the followers of Zandaroth the Wanderer, a powerful fey being that takes great pleasure in seeking out the unknown. He preaches toughness, and a resilience that has translated to a fierce warrior mentality since they were cut off from his distant guidance by the Weavelock. They frequently use a stick-and-poke tattoo method with arcane ink to create flowing tattoos across a large portion of the body that shifts subtly with magical effects.

Ability Score Increase. Your Constitution score increases by 1.

Elf Survivalist. You gain proficiency with daggers, handaxes, quarterstaves, short bows, and spears; and you are proficient in the Survival skill.

Zandaroth's Etchings. The magical technique of your people has imparted you with arcane tattoos that allow you access to one of the following spells: *Absorb Elements*, *Cause Fear*, *Feather Fall*, *Find Familiar*, or *Searing Smite*. Once used, you may not use this feature again until the end of a long rest.

At level 5, your etching fully heals, unleashing it's full potential. You gain access to one of the following spells: *Alter Self*, *Animal Messenger*, *Detect Thoughts*, *Locate Animals or Plants*, *Pass Without a Trace*, or *Spider Climb*. Once used, you may not use this feature again until the end of a long rest.

For any elf, the names fall into two categories: traditional, flowing elvish names like **Sylvandre**, **Ariadne**, and **Ranor'a'ven** are all elf names. The other school of names is more german inspired, and more common amongst the drow and elves of the Emerald Spire: **Aieshelveise** or **Eulhelm** are examples of these.

Firbolg

"The Upperbow firbolgs and the Lowerbow firbolgs are night and day apart. We are guardians of nature, and fierce protectors of our community. The Lowerbow firbolgs live in the dark places, obsessing over mold and creepy things."

-Thistle, explaining the different firbolg tribes.

Not technically native to Dominion, there are nevertheless a good number of firbolgs living in the wild places of the continent. Generally good-natured and shy, firbolgs tend to attach themselves to other communities, and are

welcome even in the xenophobic towns of Serentyl.

A firbolg typically stands between 7-8 feet tall, and will have skin that runs the gamut of natural colors along with softer neutral and pastel colors. Firbolg hair is similar to human hair, but thicker, and can be green or a more vibrant red than human hair.

There are firbolgs who come here from the Emerald Spire, and a large population on the southern continent of Mythalstean, but most firbolgs in Dominion are from The Upper Bow and The Lower Bow, islands belonging to the conglomeration of islands collectively forming The Sunrest Islands just a week across the Short Sea to Dominion's east.

Upper Bow Firbolg. Upper Bow firbolg live in a huge, fallen, hollowed-out tree that is an extension to the Soltree. The Hollow Lodge and the lands in the valley around it are some of the most verdant and biodiverse in all of Alberon. Every 100 years, firbolgs from this community leave for Dominion on a pilgrimage. They leave to find a special offering worthy of whatever beast lay within The Heart of Sunrest to appease it. It is the greatest honor to be selected, but none return.

These firbolg tend to have less hair than their Lower Bow cousins, and typically have skin that runs more toward a green or purple cast, though still primarily ranging from deep brown to a muted tan. They are, on the whole, taller than the Lower Bow firbolgs. These firbolg are good-natured, and are welcomed across Dominion as a sign of good luck.

Lower Bow Firbolgs. In stark contrast to the green valleys and lush jungles of the Upper Bow, The Lower Bow has heavy volcanic activity that

has forced the firbolgs to live alongside kobolds beneath the ground. These Firbolgs are lean and lanky, and tend to be toward the taller range. They have thicker, more plentiful hair, with elements of body hair manifesting as an almost fur-like consistency, and due to the narrow caverns they must often call home, they tend to be on the shorter end. Their hair ranges through muted red tones, and rich deep blacks and gray.

The dangerous nature of Lower Bow has caused these firbolgs to be far more cautious, edging on paranoid due to the doppelganger infestation that has occurred in the Upperdark. They are a guarded lot, and thought not evil, their stooped posture and frequently twitchy movements tend to cause suspicion from others, even when it isn't warranted... though it often is.

Both types of firbolgs use the traits for firbolgs (VGM. 106)

Gnome

"If they say it can't be done, you just haven't asked the right gnome."

-Dominion proverb

As a huge portion of earth fell from the skies, a huge crater pulled water from the River of colors. This slowly flooded the warrens of the sprawling gnome metropolis called Sunderwist, giving the gnomes just enough time to convert buildings to submersible craft that could move in the new network of underwater rivers, some of which were near oceanic in their own right.

Gnomes have had to be adaptable and inventive to survive. They tend to have flexible minds and optimism that can edge on annoying.

Gnomes tend to be about three feet tall. They can have a variety of natural skin colors that can transition into shades of brown-gray, and eyes that reflect the colors of the environment they're from (typically shades of rock and earth.) Their hair tends to be darker, but blond and red hair rarely occur as well. Gnomes in Alberon use either the Rock Gnome (*PHB*, 37) or Deep Gnome (*EEPC*, 5) traits.

Goblin

"For all the talk of bloodthirsty goblins, that Dindin put together a heck of a fine circus, he did. Too bad about your cousin though."

-Old Gran, upon hearing her neighbor's cousin had perished in a Black Snake goblin raid to the north.

Goblins have a bad reputation in Dominion that has not been unjustly earned. With an average lifespan of three years, there is a certain impulsiveness to "live life to the fullest" that possesses these tiny creatures, and often attributes to the gap between their average age, and the oldest goblins who tend to make it to their early thirties in some extreme cases.

Goblins are quite small, and have large heads in proportion to their body size with elongated ears. While they don't naturally grow hair, many wear hats or wigs to cover this fact and to do what they can to blend into society. Clothing is not easy to find, so often they wear highly customized garb.

Goblins tend to operate in tribes, though they can often be quite advanced. Though they are not imaginative in their own right, goblins have an incredible ability to repurpose tools and weapons to serve alternate functions. A

sharpened shovel works just as well as a normal axe, after all. Tribe names tend to be evocative of customs or visual themes that a tribe utilizes or engages in. The Red Cap goblins in the Undercity of Kol Taram wear various plundered red hats; the Black Snake tribe bear rudimentary tattoos of black dragons, which result in infection enough that amputation is common.

Lack of imagination does not equate to a lack in intellect; goblins can be every bit as clever as their human counterparts, which can cause serious issues when coupled with their impulsive nature. Goblins in Alberon use the traits for goblins (*VGM*, 119)

Goliath

"Of course I know what a goliath is. They're like... rock people. I'm sure of it."

-Guntir Truesteel, incorrectly explaining goliath to his friends.

Towering humanoids with no body hair, goliath are imposing figures that tower at eight to nine feet tall. They are often bald, but those that grow hair leave it as long, shaggy manes of black or brown. Their eyes tend to be a pupiless white, although those from the Timeless Valley tribes have more human-looking irises and pupils.

A goliath has skin in a hue of gray. One of the reasons people often believe that goliath are made of stone are the rock-like bony protrusions called lithoderms. These can appear like scales, plates, or rocky outcrops on the goliath's skin, but are actually bone. If broken, though painful, they will reform.

Goliath in Dominion hail from either the Timeless Valley, hidden in the shadow of Cinderbreath Mountain in the Sunbreaker

Chain. These goliath are expert hunters and survivalists, as the frost valley in eternal shadows has dinosaurs that dominate the region. Their tribes are a conjugation of their two greatest conquests; examples would be something like “Giant-and-Mammoth” which would translate to “Orduhgrut” in giant, the native language of the goliath. If any race in Dominion would not know common, it would be these isolated goliath.

The other goliath in Dominion would hail from the Mammoth’s Fjord, a chain of glaciers deep in the north of Dominion, right on the edge of the ocean that separates the continent from The Auld to the North. These goliath are all part of the Winter Hunt, a massive tribe that has united to face off the bleak conditions of their home. They survive hunting orca, seal, mammoth, and troll. For both versions, use the traits for goliath (*VGM*, 108.)

Halfling

“Have I ever told you of the time we stole a statue from in front of Pogrut’s Arena? Well, we needed this ore...”

-Gambol Overbrook, exaggerating his adventures with the Shadowscavs

Natural merchants, but avid storytellers, every halfling must have at least one heroic tale to tell to be considered an adult in halfling society. Some find a taste for danger and stick with it; most return to their community and take on a safer occupation.

The halflings in Dominion originate primarily from the distant city of Bitterbottom. It was a thriving city with beautiful pink quartz chandeliers that hung from public light posts. Bioluminescent moths would be attracted to the

stone at night, created living, moving streetlights of immense beauty.

Bitterbottom was destroyed during The Sinking in 1010 T.A. and many of it’s residence fled to Northern Dominion. Nanuc, Smuggler’s Dug, The Shell, Nanuc, and Squall’s End all have a larger-than-normal distribution of halflings. Halflings in Dominion are as described in the *Player’s Handbook* and use the traits of either the *Lightfoot* or *Stout* subraces (*PHB*, 28).

Half-Orcs

Often underestimated, at the head of most orc outfits in Dominion, a half-orc seems to sit.

Half-orcs are not native or common to Dominion, but the continent’s proximity to The Sunrest Islands just across the Short Sea see’s a number of them immigrate to the Sunward Coast. The majority can be found in Nocturne.

Half-orcs have gray skin, slightly sloped foreheads, and small vestigial tusks that are prominently featured on a pronounced underbite. Their hair is brittle and coarse. It ranges from black with subtle purple hues to dark greens and pitch black. Their eyes feature pupils surrounded by blues, greens, reds, and oranges. Yellow and gold were rare, but occasionally occurred.

Sunrest orcs feature carefree attitude and cultural sarcasm. They respect those that earn it, and are direct communicators, which can come off as rude. Those who spend time in their company will come to learn there is an efficiency with which half-orcs tend to view things with that doesn’t lead to excessive pleasantries.

Names are often and feature pronounced syllables: **Iluktai**, **Shade**, and **Caskar** are examples

that might be used. Half-orcs in Dominion use the half-orc traits found in the Player's Handbook (*PHB*, 41.)

Human

"The fastest way to solve a problem is by telling a human that it can't be done."

-Everest saying.

For their relatively short lifespan and small-picture thinking, humans have been disproportionately successful across Alberon. Of every continent, none features the human race so heavily as Dominion. The Kingdom of Serentyl is staunchly pro-human, and many of its citizens believe one of the primary directives of the Kingdom should be human-centric expansion.

Humans are adaptable and quick to learn. What they lack in time on Alberon (the average human lives about 65 years) they make up for with sheer willpower. Humans tend to range from 5-7 feet tall, with the vast majority clustered toward the average. Body types vary broadly, and both hair and eye colors span the normal color range.

Dominion is predominantly human, sitting at close to 60% of the town and city populations. The Valley of Tranquility, safely surrounded on all sides by the Sunbreaker Chain, is almost entirely human; the capital of the Kingdom of Serentyl, the city of Serentyl itself, only allows humans to own land, a policy unofficially extended through Dunn nearby.

Human names can vary from **Jane** and **John** to **Peetis** and **Rhodesia**, humans enjoy unique names. At present, it is in vogue to name your children "elvish" names, though through a combination of lack of research and subconscious

avoiding any actual elvish, most names just "sound" elvish.

Wanderlust is a trait found in many humans. Not all will brave the wilds of Dominion but enough will so that humans have spread further and faster than any other race. Human-centric cities have spread as far as the Kismet Islands, though the majority are clustered around Dominion, The Auld, and Darby.

From a statistical standpoint, human characters in Dominion use the *variant human* or *human* traits found in the *Player's Handbook* (*PHB*, 31.) The primary reason that variant humans are encouraged (assuming your campaign is utilizing fears) is that it better represents the breadth of experiences that humans have. Only goblins are more impulsive, but with their significant lifespan advantage, a feat represents a human's talent gained from exploring several interests and developing at least one.

Kobold

"...but for their appearances and their knack for petty theft, the kobolds do have one admirable quality: there is no creature better suited for digging sewers."

-Adder's Almanac of Alberon, 1465 Edition

The smallest of the dragonkin, kobolds live in strongly social communities where each kobold serves a specialist role. They do not form strong attachments to each-other, choosing mates for convenience over attraction or even specialization. A kobold's life is busy, and often brief. Though they can live into their second century, most kobolds don't see their 20th year due to their frequently preyed-upon nature.

Reptilian in appearance, kobolds prefer to believe they are distantly related to dragons. Kobolds typically feature scales that range across reds, browns, and grays. They are able to slowly change gender over the course of about a year, should the needs of the clutch demand it.

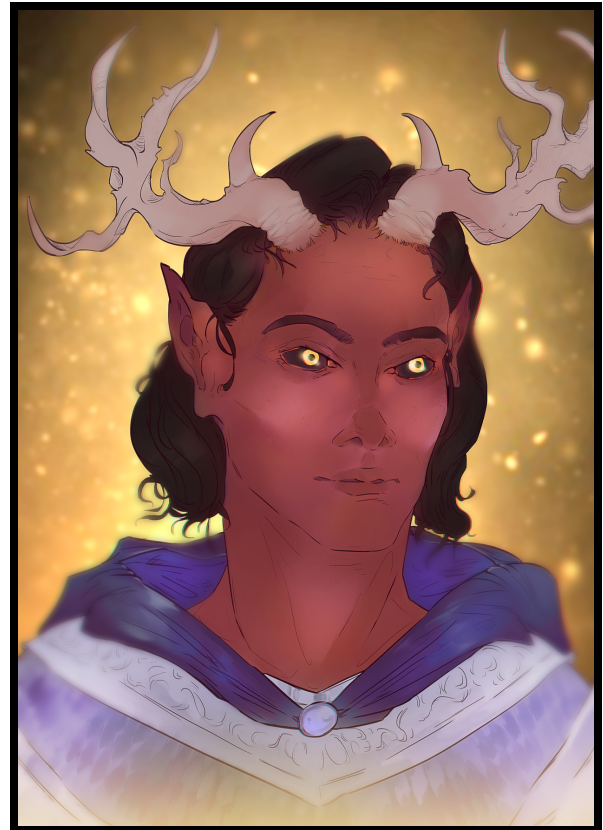
Kobolds often live in small clutches underneath cities. Places like Port Quinn tolerate and even encourage the kobolds, who maintain a complex sewer system in return. It branches off in places and lead to dryer, more comfortable warrens for the kobolds. At night, they scour the docks to collect useful discarded items, not-quite-rotten food from the garbage, and engage in the occasionally petty theft.

Clutches are many, and often splinter or join together. Much like kobolds, who often change their names when they reach adulthood or even to commemorate important events, the identity of a clutch is in constant flux. To add to the confusion, kobolds can actually change gender over the course of about a year. This is calorically intensive but is done when the needs of a clutch demand it.

What's in a Name?

Names are typically indicative of physical features or general descriptors. A kobold rarely becomes overly attached to its name, but Brownclaw, Winker, and Little-scale are all common translations of kobold names (**Bux**, **Javaks**, and **Za'skor** respectively.)

From a statistical standpoint, a kobold character will use the traits for *kobolds* (VOLO, 119)



Tiefling

“This is a tiefling bar, honey. You don’t like us anywhere, so we don’t like you here. If you don’t like the eyes on you, the door is where you came in, smoothtop.”

-Owner of Nafiresa’s Kiss to a human patron.

No group bears stigma in Dominion more than tieflings. The prevalent belief amongst the humans within the dominant power (The Kingdom of Serentyl) on the continent is that tieflings were once humans who set sailed to Mythalstean and returned, changed, having made deals with devilish creatures. Coupled with the events of The Tear, which saw hordes of horned devils infest the Sunward Coast, tieflings are viewed with suspicion at best.

Tieflings are little different from humans, and can trace their lineage back to a quartet of

ships carrying humans kidnapped from Everest to the slavery port of Darkmoore. A terrible creature forced the ships to divert further south, and it chased them away from Dominion's shores. Two of the ships made it across the dangerous Boiling Ocean, and settled on Mythalstrea. This new, misty continent was incredibly dangerous, so when a devil appeared, and offered aid, the humans were willing to pay a steep price.

The pact stripped them of their souls, though they were not aware of this until after their death. Their children's children, however, were the first to show signs: much like the being who helped them, these newborns would exhibit horns, tails, and occasionally even red skin.

In this way, the tieflings came to be, and Even without the added societal distrust in their species, a sense of shame and resentment toward their ancestors is a part of every tiefling's psyche. They bear horns and a tail, though the shape of each (and the horns in particular) vary widely, and without a detectable pattern. From the water buffalo style of horns associated with most tieflings to deer-like antlers, they grow slowly throughout a tiefling's life.

Tiefling's skin colors range across the normal human spectrum, though in rare cases can be observed across the red, purple, and even orange spectrum. Their eyes typically have some elements of red through the iris, but can also manifest in all-red, black, gold, silver, pure white, and brown variants. Some take virtue names, such as **Valor**, **Omen**, or **Bristle**. These names denote the characteristics that person holds most important, and usually one who's cause that tiefling champions. Tieflings also take on names of the community they are a part of, and name their children in a similar manner in an attempt to fit in as best they can. Heinrich, Zaris, and

Maeve are all examples of such names. In terms of statistics, tieflings in Dominion use the *tiefling* traits (*PHB*, 43.)

Alberon is Large...

...and not all races that live on the world are listed within this guide. The races here represent the most common examples within Dominion, as well as those whose lore ties in with the continent in an important way. There are three "known" tabaxi in Dominion (the keeper of The Glass Lighthouse, in the north portion of the Short Sea; Sune appears as a white tabaxi in Nocturne, but is actually a demonic creature called a Rakshasa; and Morwen, a tabaxi swashbuckler who served aboard the Raging Harmony before it was destroyed by the Dungannon Navy. Kenku dot the landscape here and there, such as Kevin the junk salesman in the Undercity. There are those who believe in changelings. You are not limited to these races, but will find using them easiest in this setting.

Classes

A huge part of what sets a hero aside from a common person is the skills and abilities they possess. A ‘Can-Do’ attitude will get you places, but doesn’t quite pack the punch of an Action Surge or a Fireball! There are no classes or subclasses here that are new to Dungeons and Dragons; what you’ll find for the rest of this chapter are the various places a character might have acquired the skills, abilities, or training needed to take their first steps on their adventure!

In Dungeons and Dragons, being able to know where you came from and what that might mean for a character that grew up there can make the roleplaying aspect a lot easier. If you are a wizard, were you a member of the Lorebinder Academy, or did you learn from one of the great Mages of Dungannon? As a fighter in a relatively peaceful land, did you protect caravans from bandits for the Red Shield Caravanasary, or perhaps you honed your skills in the training fields outside of the Bloodroot Sanctuary.

Dominion has not seen war or terror in a long, long time. As such, adventurer’s guilds, armies, knightly orders, and holy crusades are relatively uncommon! You may need to add in your own organization.

Barbarian

On the battlefield, there are few classes that can stand toe-to-toe with a gargantuan monster like a barbarian can. Engines of damage powered by rage, a barbarian inspires their allies and terrifies their foes.

Dominion has been a safe place for a long time, so to find those with the skills and motivation required to engage in the type of combat barbarian’s thirst for is difficult. Deep

within the Sunbreaker Chain in the Valley of Time, goliath tribes vie for resources and survival against the prehistoric creatures that thunder across this landscape. The cold landscape and harsh terrain can push many to a breaking point. Their warriors, who engage in skirmishes with other tribes, are unparalleled in their natural ability to generate fury.

In One-Thousand Gates, a retired captain of Serentyl’s army perfected a series of meditations and chants that can induce a rage state. “Battle Meditation” is not endorsed by Serentyl’s army, but many soldiers find it helpful for coping with the flashbacks of creatures they’d fought in the Marsh. These practitioners of Battle Meditation would be considered barbarians as well.

One famed barbarian in Dominion’s history is *Aldus Grayfang* was the insurrectionist leader of the Grayfang Incursion. At about 5’9” with a gangly build, there was little to fear from the man. As he watched his people murdered wholesale for the lycanthropic fate they had not chosen for themselves, his rage grew. Eventually, he learned to channel that fury, and use it (alongside the lupine curse flowing through his veins) to become an engine of primal destruction that powered a war that lasted nearly a decade.

Kord holds a special place in his heart for berserkers, and as one of the primal gods, tends to look upon them with favor. For this reason, Path of the Storm Herald is one often walked by the goliath of the world, specifically those who utilize the “sea” aura.

When creating your barbarian, remember that rage can look very different from one character to the next. A raging goliath howling a battlecry as they heave themselves into combat is a

classic example, but anger can be quiet, too. A talkative, friendly character might become notably quieter when they rage. There might even be some who find a joy in battle, making their rage a gleeful, euphoric rush rather than an angry fury. The Path of the Storm Herald can be found in *Xanathar's (XGE, 10)* and the rules for barbarians are located in the *Player's Handbook (PHB, 46)*

Bard

A literal jack-of-all-trades, a bard might pick a lock, use a spell to disarm an arcane trap, and then seduce the guard on the way out. Highly charismatic and infinitely flexible, bards fill almost any role a party might have.

Unlike barbarians, who are rare due to the quiet nature of Dominion, bards are plentiful. In a time without trouble, circuses, theaters, sideshows, and more make good money providing entertainment to a populace safe enough to relax and enjoy such things.

Nillie Wenslow, the gnomish bard with an iconic baby-blue coat and fire-engine-red lute, is singer-songwriter known for his copious love of Stargrass (a plant-based compound used recreationally, known as pipeleaf in The Kingdom of Serentyl) and writes songs such as "Stargrass Valley" or "Greenleaf Brings me Back Again." He wanders across Alberon and gathers friends here and there, but never sticks to one group long. The benefit (or drawback, depending on how Nillie sees you) might come a few months later when you hear your deeds, adventures, or even name on someone's lips as they pass you on the street while singing Nillie Wenslow's newest hit!

Bards rarely come from a concrete "college" that exists as a physical space; most bards are adventurers, or at least attach themselves to one. A notable exception to this would be the Serentylian Conservatory, located in the capital city of Serentyl. It owns numerous theaters, performance halls, outdoor stages, and less-traditional spaces that it uses to train musicians to supplement its orchestras. The Royal Serentyl Quartet is one of its finest products, and tours the Valley of Tranquility extensively. Its members weave magical illusions into the story they tell with their instruments in a truly unique and moving series of performances.

In Dungannon, in the Elven Quarter, even the street performers are expected to be of the highest quality. To the poor in Dungannon, elevating your craft as an entertainer is seen as a way to escape poverty. Less glamorous, to be sure, but many great performers have risen to relative stardom this way.

Quietly, the Kingdom of Serentyl makes use of bards in a more sinister way. A small group of spies, called the Office of Information, are trained in the College of Eloquence. This mastery of word and speech is then subtly applied throughout Dominion to manipulate matters in favorable ways. While almost all know - and fear - the Silent Circle, The Office of Information might be the only organization that matches their influence on continent-spanning events... and they remain nearly unknown.

The College of Eloquence subclass can be found in *Tasha's Cauldron of Everything (TCE,)* and the rules for bards can be found in the *Player's Handbook (PHB, 51)*

Cleric

Both full-on spell casters and decent hand-to-hand combatants, the cleric can find a home amongst any group that sees combat, or even frequent damage.

In Dominion, the vast majority of clerics serve the Church of the Six, a government-backed religious order based in the worship of the Pantheon of Law and Light. Though it is based out of the massive Cathedral of Light in Serentyl proper, it has at least a representative in every city and town across the Kingdom. They are, on the surface, an organization based around tending to the kingdom's faithful; beneath the surface, they also serve as the first line of defense against the influences of the Pantheon of Shadow and Strife.

The most elite agents of the Church of Law and Light are known as the Harbingers. *Euthileus Sturlich-Asta* is one such individual, a grim star elf that had survived the burning of Ganon, and crossed the Tongue of Flames in order to find his purpose: purging the evils of Dominion that ally themselves with the Church of Shadow and Strife. His unblinking stare alone is enough to turn minor evil presences away, but he is also one of the most powerful magic users across the continent. He is partially of the Order Domain, found in *Tasha's Guide to Everything*.

Dwarves most frequently worship Moradin, the Dawnfather, and his place of worship is the largest spectacle of faith anywhere Dominion's Kols. Located between the Ring of Gold and the Ring of Silver, The Dawnfather's Ziggurat is a multi-tiered, 500-foot tall structure of pathways, forges, and altars in which to bend metal and burn ore in Moradin's name.

Reliquaries are hidden within many of the rooms designed to hone one's skills.

The Priesthood of Thunder has expanded to Dominion over the last fifty years from their native continent of Darby. They seek to empower themselves, and others, to revere the Thunderking and to crush evil in a demonstration of ferocity that might match a storm. They employ more paladins than clerics, but a handful of clerics form the leadership... at least in Dominion. These clerics fall into two categories: those who can help the paladins of the order in the field of battle directly in a support role find their spiritual journey leads them to the Solidarity Domain. Much more rarely, if a cleric is able to complete the Four Trials of Kord, set in temples dedicated to the worship of each of the original titans that Kord created to command each of the winds (North, South, East, and West.) These exceptional clerics are the rare few who enter into the Tempest Domain.

_____ Clerics in Alberon use the rules for clerics found in the *Player's Handbook* (PHB, .) The Solidarity Domain is found in *Plane Shift - Amonkhet* (PS:A, .) The Tempest Domain traits can be found in the *Player's Handbook* (PHB, .)

Druid

Dominion has been a peaceful place for a long time, but that doesn't mean it doesn't have it's fair share of wild places. Part of the reason beasts trouble Dominion less frequently than other parts of Alberon is it's unusually high number of druids.

Outside of Melora's Creche in the crystal-speckled landscape of Everest, the second largest concentration of druids in Dominion was once the wood-elf city known as Jungleroot. After its disappearance, the druids of each Circle spread out across Dominion to avoid a similar fate. Though they were hunted relentlessly by agents of The Portent, The Green Matron's followers utilized their ability to assume the shape of Alberon's diverse wildlife to fade into nature itself.

After Jungleroot disappeared, three days passed before wild birds of an astonishing assortment descended from the heavens and began to whisper a message to those who knew how to understand the language of beasts: A new Greenseeker shall restore our home, and our people. Jungleroot can be returned, if the Blue Star does not eclipse Alberon first." Once every 500 years, Melora takes on the form of a stag, and appears to one that Melora deems worthy of the title "Greenseeker." The Greenseeker strives to maintain balance within Melora's domain. They will protect the wild places of the world, but will cull entire landscapes should they become overgrown. In this way, they are neither good nor bad.

The current Greenseeker is a copper-skinned young (by wood elf standards) woman named *Ariadne*. After a tragedy took her family from

her, Melora appeared in her stag form and named Ariande her champion. The Matron spoke: "Know this, child; in the coming months, the world, OUR world, is in grave peril. Perhaps the worst of this age. Do not fear; look inwards, and Seek." Ariadne has struggled with this duty hoisted upon her, and has resisted by settling down with Janis, another wood elf who owns the Spice Market in Port Quinn.

Druids are typically loners. While druids enjoy more leniency than most within the Kingdom of Serentyl, they are still sought out by Azrah and her agents. This makes friends and even acquaintances a risky prospect for druids, and drives them to be more secretive still.

A druidic circle is considered to be all druids within Alberon who have fully embraced a particular aspect of nature. The landscapes of Dominion are varied, and the solitary nature of most druids means that they seldom come into contact with each-other by accident. Melora will guide them through gentle breezes and harsh squalls, to one-another when the need arises. When a druid is doing so, they are considered to be *following the roots*. If Melora calls upon a druid to *follow the roots*, nothing but the most dire of circumstances will prevent them from taking up the call.

Most druids in Dominion that ally themselves with The Green Matron (and that is the vast majority) claim membership to a lesser circle, that of the environment they are from. The druids that practice along the ocean near Darkmeadow are coast druids. Some of the only folk that settle within the Gated Marsh are those of the druidic bend, and they would be called swamp druids. Both of these examples fall under

the Circle of the Land, which can be found in the *Player's Handbook (PHB, .)* In Dominion, druids utilize all rules and features for druids in the *Player's Handbook (PHB, .)*

Fighter

No class of hero is better represented through Dominion's history than the fighter. Magic is common enough that most people in a city will see magic a few times a year. Magic is often a gift, and when it is not bestowed, those with a brave heart and nerves of steel take up the blade or bow.

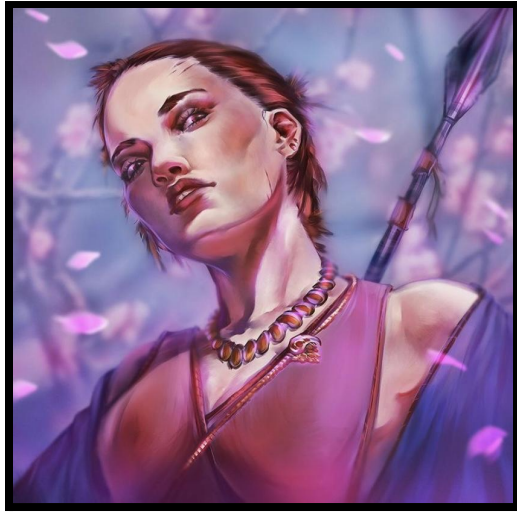
The Shields of Serentyl are the iconic fighters of Dominion. They serve the Kingdom faithfully, and have proven themselves worthy of the trust and power represented by their iconic shield, each unique and carved with glowing runes that speak of their deeds. These shields are created in the Peacekeeper's Keep in the capital of Serentyl, and serve as both a potent magical barrier as well as a symbol of authority; such a shield strikes equal measures of awe and trepidation when displayed.

In the beginning of the Third Age, a group of dwarves found themselves enslaved by a band of Fire Giants, who forced the dwarves to mine the dangerous underdark reaches for them. The giants used magic and violence to cow the dwarves... all except one: ***Erasta Everbight***, The Heavyhand. She broke her chains, and with the muscles built over decades of labor, flung herself into battle with a giant's hammer. She was slain in the uprising, but became the face of a movement that would eventually result in the dwarves finding their freedom, and founding Kol Erasta. The Kol (and the magical forge it housed) went dark 800 years ago, but songs are still sung about The Heavyhand.

The Muddtown Alchemist's Association, a school of alchemists who keep Muddtown from being consumed by the mire around it, employs a large number of the bandits that infest the regions between the Spirtwalker Waste and the slaver town of Darkmoore. They utilize potions, balms, and traps, to give these common bandits a dangerous edge on whomever they are set upon.

The giants played an important role in Alberon's history, but as they fade into the mists of time, memory, and The Squall, their mark on the world remains. A subset of fighters look back to the First Age for inspiration, and draw the arcane runes of giants upon their armor and weapons. Giant magic pre-dates The Weave, and operates through runes that run along arcane laylines in the multiverse rather than relying on The Weave in Alberon. These Rune Knights venture through the forgotten places built for giant beings, in a search for new runes to augment their power. Some view this as a sort of spiritual journey, whereas others merely seek the power that comes with the runes.

Either way, Fighters in Dominion use the fighter rules in the *Player's Handbook (PHB, 70.)* and the Rune Knight subclass uses the traits found in *Tasha's (TCE, .)*



Monk

This class applies across a broad school of practitioners of a variety of martial arts that harness the power of the body (and the energy within) to become tools, or sometimes weapons, of startling utility. This inner energy, known as ki, can strengthen a monk's constitution, empower their strikes, or even bind their essence to that of The Weave itself.

Throughout the Old City of Dungannon, the dominant form of monk practice a combat style similar to the french savate, and train in "Schools." Traditionally, these schools are in obscure locations, and hard to find: The Pigeon School is located in a large, abandoned warehouse on Faulson's Pier that is so infested with Pigeons that the constant din of cooing nicely covers up the grunts of sparring; Ninth Street School is located, oddly, on Upperhill Avenue, under a barn used for distilling alcohol. The reason for their covert nature is the tradition of attacking other schools, to show dominance. Dominant schools attract more students; more students means more money.

Far to the north, atop snowy Mount Yishi, the Xinyi Monastic Order live a life in pursuit of enlightenment. It is a place that seems to attract lost souls committed to change: mountains elves fleeing The Auld as it was drawn beneath the ocean; halflings who could not find acceptance in Kol Taram; and humans with nowhere to turn to.

When The Auld sank, and The Ruby Spire was lost, Thousands fled south across a dangerous ocean of unstable ice in a desperate attempt to reach safety. Few made the journey safely, but the largest group was led by the mountain elf with peculiar silver hair, *Aera*. She joined the xinyi as a martial focus, but quickly found a home amongst the mystics who practice bending ki and magic together. Incredibly spiritual (if a bit short-tempered) Aera is one of the leaders amongst the Xinyi, and one of the most powerful healers in Dominion.

The Xinyi have several pursuits, which each monk specializes in. Those who wish to obtain enlightenment through studying the soul of the universe and how they might take their own fragment of this same soul and apply it to magic: The Way of the Mysic. Some monks follow The Way of the Ki Master, and learn to manipulate both their ki, and that of those around them. Finally, the Way of the Falcon Knight is for monks who find religion in combat and martial prowess.

Way of the Falcon Knight

Monks who hone their bodies to the edge of perfection find that a mortal's body is capable of so much more than the average person might realize. A follower of the Way of the Falcon

Knight uses their incredible speed to accumulate rapid strikes with consistent damage, while dodging their opponent's blows. They can use their ki training to push their bodies beyond the limit of ability for brief periods of time, but at the cost of exhaustion and weakness afterwards.

Swift Soul

Starting when you learn this tradition at 3rd level, you begin learn to use your increased agility to unleash further attacks. When you take the dash action, you may use Flurry of Blows as if you had just attacked, and difficult terrain doesn't cost extra movement for that turn. Additionally, if you make a melee attack on a creature, you don't provoke opportunity attacks from that creature for that turn, whether your attack hits or not.

Celerity

At 6th level, your body becomes suffused with the aspect of speed. Your natural jump distance is now doubled. You can spend two ki points to cast Haste without any verbal, somatic, or material components associated with casting it. When rolling to maintain concentration on Haste, you can use either Constitution or Wisdom to make your saving throw. This effect cannot be extended. You may use this feature a number of times equal to one-third your monk level (rounded down.) You regain all expended uses of this feature when you finish a long rest.

Galeforce

At 11th level, your affinity with the wind has made you more sure-footed, and enhanced your stance. When a creature within your reach makes an attack against a target other than you, you can use your reaction to make a melee weapon attack against the attacking creature. Additionally,

creatures within your reach provoke opportunity attacks even if they took the Disengage action. If a spell or effect would cause you to move, you may choose the direction (but not the distance) in which you are moved.

Mastery Over Momentum

At 17th level, you learn to channel the energy generated by your unnatural speed into your strikes. When you use the dash action, you may up to six ki points. Your next attack that hits deals an additional 1d6 of lightning damage for each ki point spent in this way. Upon a miss, the target makes a dexterity saving throw (DC is 10+ your dexterity modifier) and takes 1d6 of lightning damage for each ki point spent on a failure, half of that damage on a success. In addition, when using the Celerity feature, Haste no longer requires concentration.

Generally speaking, monks in Alberon use the traits for *Monks* found in the *Player's Handbook* (PHB,).

Paladin

A rare class on Dominion, the paladin is one who has sworn an oath tied to a deity. With the gods so far removed, very few promote or empower paladins on this continent. The notable exception to this would be the Church of the Six. The only sanctioned religion in the Kingdom of Serentyl, The Church of the Six employs paladins for many of its deities but primarily Tempus, the god of war; and Helm, who's domain is vigilance.

The Helmsguard operate in the Kingdom of Serentyl's capital, and guard the Cathedral of Light. They ride thunderous chargers, and aided by the Harbingers, serve as The Kingdom's elite

shock troops. They are the eyes that watch for danger across the kingdom, and the fist that crushes it soon after. They most often swear the Oath of the Watchers.

One of The First Heroes, **Stoddard Everbright**, was a powerful dwarven Paladin who had sworn an oath to Moradin, The Forger of Souls. He served as a leader at times, smiting the young deep dragon Olgarox in the mines of Kol Taram single-handedly with the help of Horizon's Edge, a radiant warhammer of legend.

The Bellator Tempus is a paladin order of warriors sworn to Tempus, the god of war. Many take the Oath of Glory, and strive to carve Tempus' tenets across the realm in the theaters of war. Bellator Tempus paladins travel far afield of Dominion, to wherever darkness threatens the light. The winged sword sigil strikes fear into any that might be considered enemies of the church.

In either form, paladins serve the massive church in its many endeavors, with a faith that borders on fervor, and are unbreakable individuals. Rarely serving together, paladins often attach themselves to other groups. More rarely, paladins can arise out of individuals in a more private setting, however.

In the shadows of the Underdark, in the Alabaster Cloister, drow from hundreds of miles of subterranean caverns around make the journey at the age of 30 to the Alabaster Cloister, and drink from Webbed Chalice. One in ten thousand will breath new power after this drink, suffused with the spirits of their ancestors. They have the unrivaled honor of taking the Oath of the Ancients, and representing the Amethyst Spire and all of Drowkind, as avatars of what they once

were, before their connection to the Feywild was severed by the Weavelock.

The Oath of the Ancients can be found in the *Player's Handbook (PHB,)*; the Oath of the Watchers can be found in *Tasha's (TCE,)*

Ranger

Along the coast of Dungannon, rangers stride across the decks of ships, their keen eyes on the horizon for approaching ships of note; they wander as far as any other ranger, but across fields of blue sea instead of green grass.

Euriel the Worldwatcher, a plantar angel in service of Helm, has employed a network of Rangers across The Auld, north of Dominion. After The Sinking, Euriel's Watch traveled south, vowing to defend the reaches of the north from a similar fate. They channel his energy into abilities that let them slip between planes.

After watching The Auld sink beneath an icy sea at the hands of Joruxa, **Nazzara** the mountain elf traveled south with hundreds of refugees, and a dozen surviving members of Euriel's Watch. Of the many who began the journey, fewer than 100 made it. This heavy trauma left a lasting mark on her, and the other members of The Watch, and they vowed to not let the same fate fall upon their new home.

Many rangers spread out across the Idelwild, hunting the rare monsters of it's otherwise beautiful fields. They meet around campsites build in familiar locations within the wildflowers, eating and boasting of the day's events. They master various weapons to give themselves the edge, and are often employed across the continent as trackers.

Euriel's Watch rangers are often multiclassed with Celestial Warlock, but always follow the ways of the Horizon Walker Conclave, found in *Xanathar's (XGE,)*. The various hunters that call The Idelwild home generally fall into the Monster Hunter Conclave, also found in *Xanathar's (XGE,)*. The rules for the ranger class can be found in the *Player's Handbook (PHB,)*

Rogue

Tales abound of rogues across Dominion; the peaceful times have led to a fairly rich middle class in most parts of The Kingdom, and where there are valuables, naturally thieves follow. From the shadowy streets of Nocturne to the peaceful cattle town of Darkmeadow, rogues are a staple of Dominion.

A rogue is not necessarily a criminal, however. More than even a class, it is a lifestyle. Most rogues prefer creative solutions than direct confrontation, and have a skillset to match. While assassins and smugglers are the typical (and all too often, true) examples of the class, there are many others.

The Swashbuckler is an excellent example, and a class that is featured heavily across the Emerald Expanse, one of the most well-trafficked stretches of ocean on the planet. Privateer groups constantly plague and pester the trade, and has led to Dungannon, the coast's central power, to develop a navy second to none on the continent. You may have belonged to the crew of the *Alosko Varett* (Freezing Weapon, in halfling, curiously) who's captain has a reputation for dragging those who dare defy him behind the ship through the Owl Sea until frozen. Just as easily, you could have come from the Mudd Brotherhood just off the coast of Dungannon;

headed by brothers Finn and Boone Mudd, the group prides themselves on only stealing from the rich and the corrupt, and redistributing it to the poor.

Rolling back into more traditional territory, the Assassin can often trace their roots (on Dominion, anyways) to the Circle of Silence. The organization operates from the shadows, with many doubting their existence at all, but when an ivory pendant with a smiling face, the mouth stitched shut, appears under your door, your fate is all but sealed. Nobody leaves the Circle of Silence... which gives your Dungeon Master ample ammunition against you throughout the plot!

One of the most sinister, unpredictable, and downright violent rogues in the history of Dominion was **The Wolf**, a human born on the Sunrest Islands. He initially trained to be the first non-orc Stitch Sorcerer when he showed signs of talent, but an attempt on his life from the Orc Nationalism movement known as Roc Taroc forced him to flee across the Short Sea. He was picked up by the Circle of Silence in Nocturne due to his unique abilities, and eventually rose to prominence as the most feared crime lord in Dominion until his sudden and violent death at sea in 1363 T.A.

Rogues use all the normal rules for rogues, found in the *Player's Handbook (PHB,)*. The Assassin subclass is also found in the *Player's Handbook (PHB,)* and the Swashbuckler subclass can be found in the *Sword Coast Adventurer's Guide (SCAG,)*

Sorcerer

Magic in Dominion is not common, and those who practice it often earn it over years of careful study, or devotion to a deity. One of the major exceptions to this is the sorcerer. Extremely rare within Dominion, they tend to fall into two categories.

The first would be those who bare the remnants in their ancestry of the great dragons of the First Age. These folks live their lives, blissfully unaware of their abilities until sometime after they are ten, or the equivalent in other creatures. A moment of extreme emotion will stir the blood of dragons that still runs through their veins, and in a violent burst, their abilities are unleashed into the world. Dragonborn, though rare, are somewhat different; to be a sorcerer amongst the dragonborn is the highest honor, as it indicates a direct bloodline to one of the Five Great Dragons of the First Age. A dragonborn is ten times as likely to be born with sorcerer abilities than any other race.

Desh, the Cindersoul was a fierce vigilante that fought crime (or participated in it, depending on who you ask) through the capital of Serentyll for five years. Red draconic scales pushed through portions of his skin down the backs of his arms, and his teeth slowly grew to points; his breath was said to be white-hot fire, and his voice was the flame that caused volcanoes to erupt. Desh operated in and around Dungannon as far north as The Squall, and as far south as Muddtown.

The second group are known as Seers: they are generally either the offspring of one who has traversed time itself, or a person who has been through an event that seemed to shatter reality.

Either way, Seers are able to see the unending, invisible, and intangible threads that together form The Weave, the force through which most magic operates. These threads seem to click into a Seer's mind, and they cast magic as if playing a harp, when in reality their fingers pluck strings and cause vibrations in the fabric of reality that affect their magic. This is not mentally easy, and all too often a Seer will Break. A Broken Sorcerer is a fearsome thing, able to command reality around them while being entirely unhinged from it. The space around these individuals warps and twists, and can create fearsome terrain that is both real and not real at once. Some can even shred the layers between reality, causing the space around them to shatter, an aura where dimensions merge.

Sorcerers in Dominion use the rules for Sorcerers in the Player's Handbook. The Draconic Bloodline origin can be found in the *Player's Handbook* (PHB,) and the Seers use the Clockwork Soul origin, found in *Tasha's* (TCE,)

Warlock

The various superstitions and stereotypes that have sprung up around magic and it's practitioners almost all stem from warlocks. A warlock has entreated a powerful entity to grant them power, but at a price: the warlock forms a pact that often binds them to service for this patron.

This patron often utilizes their warlock to push their own agenda, which can cause friction with friends. For this reason, warlocks are more individualistic. Rarely, some will form larger networks, such as The Portent.

The Portent is a shadowy network of small cells of agents. Most are not warlocks, and run the gamut from nobles to beggars. They are told where to go, and upon reaching their destination, who to speak to. Upon approaching and engaging in a conversation, through the energies that bind the Portent together, they will utter a five-word message in Infernal. They will have no memory of this sentence, which serves to protect the Portent from turning on itself.

The Portent features warlocks that use the Hexblade patron, who is often Azrah, the Goddess of Rot in Alberon. The Gods will be detailed more heavily in Chapter 2, but the following list offers some brief examples of who patrons that make deals with mortals, and bestow them with similar powers.

Pact Type	Patrons
<i>Archfey</i>	The Summer Queen, The Green Lord, Auntie Fickle
<i>Celestial</i>	Canassia the Joybringer, Kar'at'ial the Kirin

<i>Fathomless</i>	Arasaleon the Eyeless, Ulrich the Blue
<i>Fiend</i>	Tychule the Weeper, Reason
<i>The Genie</i>	Aevess, The Great Oracchio
<i>Great Old One</i>	Ziestriess, The Storyteller Man
<i>Hexblade</i>	<u>Azrah, Goddess of Rot</u> ; <u>The Raven Queen</u> ; Zandarath, the Wanderer
<i>Undying</i>	<u>Myrkul</u> , Corticynth Rast

The Summer Queen - Titania, the Queen of the Summer Court in the Feywild, is one of the most powerful figures in the entire plane, and much beloved by those in her court. She might charge the warlocks she endows with her gifts with the protection of all things Fey in Alberon. She appears as an eladrin with a visage so beautiful that her attention could drive mortals mad with love and joy. Her sense of humor is typically dry, but of all the Archfey, she is said to have the most fondness for mortal beings.

The Green Lord - Oberon, Lord of the Beasts is another Archfey known to make warlock pacts with mortals. All animals instinctively know and celebrate Oberon's presence. He is a mighty warrior, and more confrontational than the other Archfey, who prefer more subtle means of manipulation. He might task his warlocks with the righting of some great wrong to nature, or to restore the balance of the wilds. Oberon is notoriously mercurial, however, and it would make sense for his tasks to change suddenly.

Auntie Fickle - One of the most powerful hags in Alberon has built her residence into the Chazitheen volcano in Mythalthrean. She is always within her obsidian hut, suspended by bridges of bone to the edges of the mouth of the volcano, yet somehow seems to appear to mortals exactly when and where she might best make a bargain with them: a time of great peril or need. She is a hideous creature, with teeth unconnected to mouths across portions of her skin, and giant moles that seemed to blink. Her warlocks would be compelled to bring about their own destruction in a slow and insidious way. Auntie Fickle delights in nothing more than causing a warlock to take the very life they made a pact to protect, or to ruin the family they sought to make proud.

Canassia, The Joybringer - A solar angel in the service of Sune, the Goddess of Beauty and Love. Canassia's influence and goals are more obtuse than others. Canassia is the active force that inspires works of great beauty; her warlocks are active participants in a world of great beauty, and they strive to be a hero worthy of great works of art and songs that stir the soul for centuries to come.

Kar'at'ial the Kirin - Kar'at'ial is the lord of the beasts in the Upper Realms. He is a mighty, gold-scaled Kirin, with an eternal mission to oppose the great demon Ghurtishma the Butcher and his hordes who roam the astral sea in search of slaughter. He might charge anyone to guard against any kind of barbary, but typically entrusts those with some sort of connection to animals with the powers of a warlock.

Araselon the Eyeless - A great octopus whose tentacles could each lift three ships at a time,

Araselon's eight limbs were hewn from their body and eaten by the great dragons who united, briefly, to defeat it. Now, its body sits buried at the bottom of the ocean, where it slowly manipulates the forces around it to restore its once terrifying form. Its agenda is to use dragon blood to reform its body: "What they took, only they can return."

Ulrich the Blue - Shackled with metal now rusted to the point of near decay, a humanoid body lies somewhere deep in the Emerald Expanse. Ulrich was once a feared water genasi pirate who used the ocean itself as a weapon to launch raid after raid against a young Dungannon navy and the coastal communities they protected. Ulrich's ship was sunk by the crew, who grew resentful as the greedy Ulrich kept more and more of the vast wealth they plundered to himself. In the dead of night, they chained Ulrich to his bed and scuttled the ship, escaping on rowboats. The ruins are said to still hold unimaginable wealth. Ulrich makes deals with those passing near the site of his death, and would direct his warlocks to direct still more wealth to his grave.

Tychule the Weeper - Once a powerful solar angel in the employ of Helm, Tychule allowed the powerful necromancer Corticynth Rast to escape in order to save the people she had imperiled. "We are not saviors" Helm reprimanded Tychule, tearing the wings from Tychule's back, and casting him from the Upper Realms and into the darkness below. Tychule wandered through the dark for a hundred years, weeping in pain, fear, and rage. Eventually, he found his way to the Nine Hells, and was turned by Zariel, who saw potential in the flaws that Tychule was cast aside for. Tychule is a broken and twisted version of the solar he once was, the broken stubs of wings still raw, his eyes cursed to forever weep tears of his own blood. Tychule would use his warlocks to gain revenge against Helm, or to drag Helm down to the Hells.

Aevess - A relatively young, yet powerful, air djinn, Aevess found her way to Alberon, ironically, through a wish. Upon finding herself in the Kimpet Islands, an oasis within a seemingly endless ocean, she found it to her liking, and crafted it to be exactly to her liking. While not a Noble genie, she has grown in power as those in her domain have come to worship her. The Kimpet Islands are a place of intoxicating luxury, and it is easy to be lulled into the service of the djinn with skin the color of the sky at the end of a storm. The warlocks she employs are those who wish for power; they receive it, and unwittingly bind themselves to her, expanding her power further.

The Great Orrachio - The teal-skinned water djinn with a gloriously manicured, three-pronged mustache is amongst the most ostentatious, even amongst the other Noble Genies. His ears, eyebrows, nose, mouth, and other... less conventional places are pierced with rings of pure platinum, and studded with beautiful gems and magic. He rarely enters the material plane, preferring the glimmering jewels of the astral sea reflected off the gleaming tower of platinum he resides in, but from time to time he will grace a particularly extravagant event. In Dominion, a statue of Orrachio is a common sight at galas and events, a superstition born over generations of petitioners attempting to gain the djinn's attention through lavish feasts. Orrachio seeks beautiful things, and is especially covetous of anything pertaining to Sune, the goddess of beauty.

Ziestriess - Once a part of the mindflyer colony that existed beneath The Somber Cape, Ziestriess was torn from the collective by Corticynth Rast and turned into an alhoon, an undead mindflyer that can harness sorcery and magic in addition to their own innate psionic abilities. When Rast was slain by The First Heroes in the early Third Age, Ziestriess was freed from her sway; he began to gather his own power, and sought knowledge to

save his slowly failing form. When he ran out of time, he sealed himself away in a pyramid beneath the sands of the Kua-Tar badlands. From within, his mind stretched far to find minds that would accept his gifts in return for helping him find the knowledge he seeks.

The Storyteller Man - Revered across the Short Sea in the Sunrest Islands as a saint, The Storyteller man has a more sinister reputation in Dominion. He is portrayed as an older human male, dark of skin, whose voice is like caramel, and whose mind knows every story ever told by mortal ears. He is a living history of Alberon, and he seems to predate human-kind on the continent which is odd, given his appearance. He uses his endless catalogue of tales to lure seekers of lore and knowledge into pacts they do not fully understand. He grants his followers dark powers that allow them to gain access to the similarly dark reaches of Alberon. As they learn secrets, through the pact, so too does the Storyteller, and in this way his power can only grow.

Zandarath the Wanderer - Zandarath was the only one of the original Fey who won in the lottery to send expeditions to Alberon from the Feywild who did so with no intent to expand a territory; they came to Alberon simply to explore a new realm. With them, they allowed others who would enjoy new soil: the mountain elves of the Fall Court, and various other fey who settled north of Dominion on a continent called The Auld. Zandarath has since traversed across Dominion, and often appears as an androgeous mountain elf in traveler's robes. They are said to be good company, and those they find to be a kindred spirit are offered a drink from a flask fashioned from the horn of a ram made of steel; should one drink from this flask, they gain the use of a blade drawn of Zandarath's own power: a physical manifestation of their pact, and of the powers they have bestowed upon their new champion to aid them in exploring dangerous places.

Corticynth Rast - The most feared Necromancer in the early days of the Kingdom of Serentyl, Corticynth Rast assembled a host of undead that nearly destroyed the Kingdom twice; her soul has been scattered across several artifacts across Dominion, and gathering them together can rebind her soul to the plane; while she remains scattered, she is powerful enough to reach out and influence the plane in more subtle ways. To a creature that stopped aging over a millenia ago, Rast is patient, and her moves hard to decipher, but her ultimate goal is to reassemble her soul, and to continue her dream of creating a nation of undead for her to rule over as the god she deserves to be.

Warlock rules can be found in the Player's Handbook (PHB,).

Wizard

The Wizard was not born with an inclination toward the arcane, but instead was gifted with a keen intellect and strong sense of discipline. They applied their strengths to research and study; they learned the science behind the magic, and thus, how to control it through more concrete means.

There is no standard wizard. From the dirty street magician who plies his skills to earn a quick copper to the austere and serious mages of the Bearded Consortium in Kol Taram, a wizard can come in any shape, size, or flavor you can imagine.

Wizards, in their pursuit of arcane knowledge and understanding, are naturally drawn toward repositories of lore. No place in Alberon has a library to rival that of The Lorebinder Academy. An initiate might be called a scribe, and they perform tasks and transcribe new knowledge to be stored within the archives. For those who put in the time, many doors open. A full member of the Academy is known as a Lorebinder, one who has demonstrated their

commitment to the Academy by adding substantial quantities (and quality) of information to the Academy's endless index. These wizards are generally from the Order of Scribes school of magic.

Abernathy The Bender was one of the most talented magical practitioners to ever walk the halls of the Bright Academy, the foremost sect of scholars of the arcane in Alberon. He was expelled from the group when his experiments grew too dramatic, and caused far too much collateral damage. Abernathy, a human in his 80's, continues his studies, traveling across planes, worlds, and time itself in a quest to peer behind the curtains of reality, "...to see what really makes things tick!"

Outside of the Lorebinder Academy, and within the Kingdom of Serentyl itself, the Gibbon Society trains wizards to protect the magical items they possess and mean to auction. Additionally, they employed a large number of Enchanters to produce magical items, a practice that is highly illegal in the Kingdom. As such, these enchanters are scattered through The Kingdom and given some level of autonomy in the interest of plausible deniability on the Society's part.

Both utilize the rules found for Wizards in the Player's Handbook (PHB,) with the rules for Order of Scribes wizards in Tasha's (TCE,) and the rules for Enchantment wizards can be located in the Player's Handbook (PHB,).

Chapter Two -

Locations of Dominion

The sand beneath you crumbles and cracks with each step. Not sand... salt. The Salt Flats north of Port Quinn are infamously harsh, the air itself driving those who traverse it carelessly to dehydration in hours, not days.

In The North, in a permanent bank of clouds above the Valley of Y'gor, the remains of the ancient cloud giant city of Yorn floats ominously, the massive stone steps suspended in air by the ancient runic magic that predates The Weave itself.

In the Sunbreaker Chain, the central mountain range of the continent, the Valley of Time trembles with each step of the massive creatures from a bygone era thunder across the otherwise serene landscape. The goliath communities that call this place home are fierce warriors that have established themselves above the tyrannosaurus that also inhabit this place on the food chain.

Dominion is a continent of varied environments and full habitats and ecosystems that thrive or struggle amongst them. The vibrant blue Northern songbird is vastly distinct in visual appearance and sound from the Twyleye songbirds that are prized amongst the aristocracy of Dungannon to the south. It is vast, but can be broken up into eight regions. The following sections are designed to help you create characters and NPCs from throughout the continent, and to flesh out your campaign as a whole!

The Sombre Cape

All territories south of the Silas River and east of The Gillies encompass the region known as The Sombre Cape. Grassland makes up much of the area surrounding the large mounds of earth formed by the Ankheg lair known as the Aggerag Spires, but past a series of rolling foothills to the south, lay the magic-torn battlegrounds of the Hushed Prairie where the Sombre Crusade saw many of the goliath communities put to the blade in 1022 T.A. by Serentyllian forces that feared the shamanistic magic the goliath could call upon. The coasts here are stony, not sandy, and nowhere more so than the eastern-most tip of the continent, where the tiny dwarvish community of Slate A'glow. A chilly and raw sea wind blows steadily across the Cape, and few trees grow taller than six or seven feet in height.

A character from the Cape might be a sandy-haired dwarf from Slate A'Glow who learned to fight to protect the dwarven community that is built to survive submerged beneath the tides; or, perhaps you are one of the few remaining goliath that roam plains of their ancestors, slaying the magical echos of the Sombre Crusade in the hopes of once again returning the Cape to what it had once been: home. Either way, The Sombre Cape breeds sombre people, and adventurers from the region are no exception.

The Gillies

In the deltas that run south from the Silas River and into Hazard Bay, a community of grung have formed a community within the vernal pools due to the perfect conditions for hatching eggs. Their houses are fairly simple, and consist primarily of the hardened skin of the Skovi Salamanders, which grow to 7 feet in length and are highly

venomous to non-grung, stretched over wooden framework.

The grung here follow a strict caste system. While a grung can be born into a color, any gold grung can change a grung's color through an elaborate process using a distillation of both grung's toxins. Gold grung are the highest, with orange, red, purple, blue, and green following. Each caste had a distinct role; green grung formed the laborers and hunters, while the scholarly red grung were the communities powerful magic users.

While opportunistic, the grung do not venture far from the delta, and rarely cause problems with the few communities within their range. While a lone traveler might find themselves harassed, a savvy person who can communicate with the grung (red grung are the most likely to know some common) can find valuable guides and traders in a region where both are scarce.

The Aggerag Spires

The Spires look almost like pointed ant-hills of stone, stretched to be up to 20 feet in height. The tunnels and network of caves beneath form the labyrinthian home of the largest colony of Ankheg on Alberon.

The Spire's colony contained anywhere from 3-9 queens at any given time, which produce various hormones that would ripple from one ankheg to the next, allowing any who could smell to respond nearly instantly to any others within 30 feet, and at a much slower rate for up to one mile. Ankheg would often lay in wait along a path or valley, and when one set chased prey by, the rest would jump out to attack. The result is few large mammals across the Sombre Cape region.

The colony is deep, and runs into the Underdark, where they do the majority of their

hunting. While they don't take captives, ankhegs eat EVERYTHING, so within their lair there are a few choice treasures that the creatures were unable to digest.

The Hushed Prairie

Once a roaming landscape of picturesque hillsides and tall grass, the prairie used to be a diverse land of plants and animals. Lions and leopards were the primary predators here, and the game was plentiful.

The goliath groups, nomadic in nature, would roam as far west as Stilthome, all the way to the small, stoney mountains that border Slate A'Glow on the east. They were fierce hunters, but had created sustainable methods by which to do so, and domestication of animals was extremely common to aid in this process. Between 800 T.A. and 1,000 T.A. nearly the entire population of hyena had converted or been bred into domestication.

Prior to the Sombre Crusade, four great families of goliath existed, and they were: Wildsoul, Rebelheart, Battletithe, and Souldrinker. They practiced shamanism, not bowing to any god, but instead living by the law of might. Perhaps for this reason, one in a thousand goliath is born with the soul of their ancestral animal spirits bound to it. These goliath are almost always thrust to a position of guidance and leadership, which is both a burden and a boon. These individuals either crack under the pressure, and are driven from their group in shame, or they rise to the occasion, and become mighty heroes and leaders.

<p>The Sombre Crusade - In 1022 T.A, Queen Anola Occhai (Awk-Shy) tasked Shield Kelissa</p>
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Lanett with subduing the goliath magic users and the systems that empowered them. Over the next decade, the goliath population was decimated, with the Serentyllian army employing The Church of Law and Light as well as the few arcane practitioners authorized under the strictly anti-magic laws of The Kingdom to bring their shamans down. The Goliath were a mighty foe, with many heroes amongst their people rising to cultural glory. Unfortunately, the might clashes of arcane energies and shamnistic magic tore the prairie apart, leaving portions of the air and ground itself magically damaged in ways that causes strange changes in magic and creatures alike. It is a quiet place, and use of magic in this warped field attracts all manner of aberrations and monstrosities.

Slate A'Glow

The small town known as Slate A'glow began as a colony of dwarves who left the Anacrean Alliance, unhappy with the introduction of the sea elves to the Citadel of Salt. These dwarves build the mighty ship Urag Prohargra (Our Noble Cause) and sailed across the Short Sea. They settled on the tip of the Somber Cape, erecting the Slate Lighthouse and forming a fishing community that worked to mine the mountains behind them.

The short range of mountains and hills does a lot to break up the attacks from the denizens of the Hushed Prairie, and the harshest aspect of life is the lack of farmable land. Slate A'glow trades with Nocturne, Port Quinn, Byss, Farshore, and even 1,000 Gates to receive these items, and more. Slate A'Glow exports fresh bluefish and striped bass, along with a smaller amount of salty oysters that grow along the cape's stony tidal areas.

The ship itself was re-purposed to form the dual-purpose townhall/beer hall that is

traditionally the first structure in a dwarven settlement or expansion. In its current form, elements of it are recognizable, but largely attached to the stoney shore or beached.

The Gray Sea

East of the Somber Cape is the Gray Sea. It separates Dominion from the distant Kimpet Islands, though the distance is so great that few have made the journey, and fewer still made it back. The Gray Sea is full of the souls of those who have tried; massive storms accompany ghost ships, where entire drown crews man the sails.

The Idelwild

North of the Somber Cape is a beautiful region of meadows and foothills known as the Idelwild. It's southern border is just north of the city of Nocturne, and it stretches to the town of Bluefield and the craggy mountains that seems to almost close around it like a fist on the opposite side. It is bordered by the Sunchoker mountains to the west, and the Short Sea to the east.

The region experiences spring and autumn, but rarely sees snow or intense heat. A gold-green grass that rises just past most creatures' knees waves like liquid across sweeping fields of wildflowers and gentle hills. From any point on the Wild, the huge, curved mountains of stone can be seen, casting afternoon shadows across the entire northern portion of the Idelwild.

The Idelwild Legend

The Idelwild owes its beauty to the goddess Sune, who was saved from brutal creatures that ambushed her as she combed her hair in a pool of mirror-like quality. A brave mortal managed

to fend them off in time for Sune to regather her wits, and banish the beasts from the plane.

The mortal was gravely wounded, however, and died from his injuries. Grateful, Sune set the mortal's body into the soil, the last bits of his life force joining that massive network of living things around it; the flowers that blossom are said to be his spirit, still thriving through the wild, keeping many of the monsters that once plagued Dominion at bay.

A few locations of interest dot the otherwise peaceful place, and often serve as the source of the distress that the region does experience.

The Wolf's Den II

Modeled after the home base of the legendary criminal of the same name, The Wolf's Den II has (unsurprisingly) attracted it's fair share of ner-do-wells. Unlike its predecessor, this Den does not fall under the influence of the Circle of Silence... yet.

The tavern is shaped like a table on it's side, and rises three stories of wood and stone. It is a dark structure, with multiple lanterns burning around it at night.

It brews its own beer out of necessity due to its location, and themes them after some of the more notorious criminals in Alberon: Howlin' White IPA named for The Wolf himself.

During The Drawing Down, when The Idelwild Hunt begins, the customer base shifts dramatically; The Den does not claim to be a part of The Kingdom of Serentyl, and so magic users arrive, and use their abilities freely; pirates from the Sunward Coast arrive en masse; and from across the rest of Dominion, adventurers, seekers

of glory, and seekers of coin arrive to compete for the greatest trophy. The Den is no less violent, but the violence does take on a new flavor.

The Idelwild Hunt

Most in Dominion don't know that during The Drawing Down, the malevolent forces from the abyss that once roamed here are able to surge forward as the flowers die, and the hero of the Idelwild is no longer able to protect it.

What they do know is that monsters appear in semi-predictable locations, and that by the 20th of the Drawing Down, this phenomenon will have ended. At that time, a messenger arrives, with a carriage of money and luxuries, which is awarded to the person or group with the most powerful trophy.

Dusk Tree

Dusk Tree is a long, narrow forest that makes up the southern tip of the Idelwild. It is predominantly large, twisted rosewood trees. During the day, the grass appears to be clumpy and dull brown, as if dead. The trees long, leathery leafs appear a simple green.

As the sun sets, the Dusk Tree begins to shimmer. The leafy green is replaced by a low, red glow, like a diffused firefly light; the roots shift, and the trees adjust their positions slowly, at a statuesque pace. The grass, also changes, as the strands of dried-up brush elongate and also glow; they move to catch the small insects flying low in the air, and feel like a gentle breeze to most adventurers.

Dusk Tree is rumored to be the last home of the descendants of werewolves that survived the Lonefang Incursion. Howls can be heard at night, low and strangely raspy, but their source

has not been discovered. Perhaps for this reason, the Dusk Wood is often avoided if possible.

Sweetgrass Dunes

Separating the Idelwild from the Short Sea to the east are a series of rolling hills known as the Sweetgrass Dunes. The dunes here serve as a barrier against the occasional ocean swells given off by the Kraken's Pass to the north, but also house many birds who make their nests here. The shores beyond are of coarse sand and full of pebbles and stones, and cool but clear and refreshing.

Deer also gather in great numbers in the fall, as the increase in fiendish activity pushes them out of the central Idelwild. During the changing of seasons, the Sweetgrass Dunes are a place of migrating life unlike any other. With the prey come predators, of course.

Chief amongst them are the savage tribe of Hill Giants that call themselves the Lords of Bones. Led by the violent oafish brothers Urk and Furk, the Lords of Bones number 11 giants and a retinue of lesser creatures bullied into service, such as goblins and kobolds.

Sune's Gift

In the center of the Idelwild lay a magical pool of mercury that sits within a ring of stone blocks roughly two feet tall, like a 15' wide, low-to-the-ground well. The sharpness of its reflection enhances the natural beauty or hideous nature of any who gaze upon it.

After she was ambushed at this site, Sune's visits have decreased; she has not been seen for over a millennium. To her priests, followers, and champions, Sune's gift is, nevertheless, a place of pilgrimage: to gaze upon the pool is the

ultimate test of whether a mortal might be worthy of Sune's own gaze upon them.

At all times of year, a 150' circle around the sphere remains in an eternal state of spring. Hundreds of species of colorful wildflowers bloom within this space, creating a thick, intoxicating aroma across the entirety of the Idelwild. White rose bushes dot the meadow, and are said to mark the places where heroes of The Idelwild Hunt fall while battling their query.

Bluefield

The north edge of the Idelwild is drawn by the town limits of Bluefield. Small, with a population just shy of 300, the town imports its stones over the Sunbreaker mountains by virtue of a long series of stone slides that utilize large, flat barge-carts that ferry stone downhill. The barge-carts are then sent through the old Dawnmetal Mines, where they are lifted on an elevating platform back to the top.

As a result, the cottages and small buildings that form this little hamlet are very sturdy and well-built. Most in Bluefield keep extensive root cellars beneath their houses, so that when the odd fiend wanders into town during the hunt, each villager is capable of surviving within their home for weeks, should they be required to do so.

Bluefield's primary export is flowers. Around the town, huge square fields of domestic and exotic flowers grow rampant in the fertile soil of the Wild. Many are simply beautiful to look upon, like the crimson-colored war dahlia, or the soft pink peony that grow close to the ground. Others have further utility, such as the cinderpetal flowers that are used in the production of alchemist's fire.

The Sunward Coast

Much of the continent and coast east of the Sunchoker Chain falls into the region known as the Sunward Coast. The southern half falls under the rule of the Kingdom of Serentyl, but much of it's northern reaches claim no allegiance to any great power.

The Sunward Coast has been unplagued by monsters, dragons, or other such entities for centuries, and so it's concentration of adventurers and military might is less than other parts of the continent. Considering two of the Kingdom's three largest cities sit along that coast (Nocturne and Port Quinn) the naval presence is almost non-existent: Only the *Salty Sister* and the *Darkwater Tide* represent the Serentyllian navy, though they are two of the mightiest ships on the planet.

Misty Thicket

The Misty Thicket is to the south of Port Quinn, and serve as both place of work and hideout for many bandit groups in the area. Caravans from the Valley of Tranquility to the south are frequent, and though they are often guarded well, the tough folk that camp here make their living robbing them, as they traverse the foggy terrain.

The trees grow thick, and form a natural series of winding paths that form a natural maze. While it's possible to cut through the dense branches, many of the trees have undergone inosculation, and their trunks have joined to each-other naturally, which would require the felling of multiple trees to make progress in one short burst. The thieves in these woods make use of these narrow passages to set up traps in bottlenecks and chokepoints. Everything from snare traps to arcane glyphs that explode when

stepped upon can be stumbled into (quite literally!) in this place, so adventurers beware.

Salt Flats

North of the fertile farmlands of Port Quinn are the Salt Flats, a stretch of shore that dries up through the winter, presenting a desert of cracked, salted earth. Through evaporating the dust of the Flats mixed with water, salt can be harvested, and it is from here that most of the salt in the Kingdom originates.

The salt trade is competitive, and three major corporations vie for territory, salt, and the gold it brings: Stain Enterprises, the makers of fine pants and other attire, mines salt and ships it, at cost, around the continent to Dungannon, as an act of public service; the Royal Serentyllian Requisitions Company takes the lion's share of product for the Kingdom itself, though little of it sees life outside of the Valley of Tranquility; and finally, Stoneflow controls the entire coastal section, where briney sand meets the ocean. All shipping must go through the Iron Blockage, three mighty Stoneflow ironsides.

Port Quinn

I turned, casting one last gaze across the squalor of the docks around me: an old dwarven woman fishing idly; three dirty children, one a halfling, tumbling in the dirt, laughing and screaming after a toy; other adults, transporting crates of goods coming in from the north out of Stoneflow and heading out south to Nocturne and points beyond. The docks were alive. My eyes drifted beyond, to the looming keep of red stone so covered in green ivy that the stone itself was more a belief than

fact. A town to be missed, but one our travels would carry us through again.

-Stoneflow Shipping captain

As the Kingdom of Serentyll's northernmost city, Port Quinn is more diverse than most towns in the predominantly human, halfling, and gnomish kingdom. A large town in it's own right, it has seen a sudden surge in population as dwarves flee from Kol Taram to the north, resulting in a ramshackle but slowly improving dwarven quarter springing up overnight. Within the Temple of Helm, a clever cleric has learned how to fashion arcanelly infused clockwork prosthetics but pushes the boundaries of this new science. The Sandy Assortments general store sells a variety of items, many of which are similar to those missing off certain ships, and it's rumored that smugglers operate out of a secret basement.

This release will detail the city for those who wish to use it for their campaign settings, one-shot adventures, or purely as inspiration!

Parts of the Port

Port Quinn is a large town, which sees significant naval traffic from the highly advanced dwarven stronghold of Stoneflow to the north, the Southern conglomeration of islands known as Sunrest, and the nefarious Nocturne, City of Nights to the south. Humans make up about sixty-five percent of the population, and gnomes another fifteen. Dwarves make up the plurality of the rest, with a few elves, half-elves, and fewer than ten tieflings in total. Aside from a few well-known entities, like the goblin ringmaster Dindin and his travelling circus or the rare aarakokra monks from the north, monstrous races are typically disliked.

Port Quinn sits centrally on the Sunward coast, north of the Shaded Woods where bandits use the complex growth to stay hidden, and south of the Salt Flats, an eight-mile swath of dried-out, saltmarsh inhabited by the odd ghoul.

Port Quinn is primarily made up the following quarters:

- The Docks
- The Market Quarter
- The Living Quarter
- Castle Quarter
- The Dwarven Quarter

Important Historical Events

Established in 1374 T.A., Port Quinn has not yet seen it's 100th birthday but has grown quickly, and several events have left their mark more so than others.

The Tear

In 1104 T.A., an arcane experiment gone awry within Corpsbrye, now a haunted ruin of the formerly looming tower, tore a hole in reality leading to a demonic infestation from The Abyss. This portal was shut, but ever since, the fabric of reality nearby has led to several smaller incursions. This had led to an especially powerful bias against tieflings.

Refugees from Kol Taram

Recently, dwarves have begun to stream by the dozens from the north, speaking of a dark wyrm rising from deep within the Kienscall mountain range that the dwarvish citadel of Kol Taram is built into. As such, even with the farmlands to the north of Port Quinn, food prices are rising sharply. Initially, Proust Pale Ale had a monopoly on beer sales, which has recently been overturned to allow the sale of dwarven stouts,

leading to further tension between the merchants of the two groups.

Prices and Places

Port Quinn's traffic sees daily changes in which goods and services come in and go out. This leads to wildly fluctuating prices, as well as ample chances to travel north to Stoneflow (although only the dwarven ironclads can currently penetrate the ever-iced ocean of the Suffocating Straight) or south-east to the high-magic, politically complex Sunrest Islands. They could even travel further south, to the crime-ridden and sprawling city of Nocturne.

Guide to Port Quinn

The heck you askin' about The Port for? You not from around here, huh? Listen... you want to stay amongst the good folks, those that'll rob you from the front, you stay in The Docks. That's where all the people live. Market ain't bad neither when the merchant-lords aren't around. Otherwise, best be careful... that's where you'll get picked clean and find yourself thankin' them for it.

-Thom, Barkeep at The Cold Harp

Passing Notes in Port Quinn

Unfortunately, Port Quinn has no official mail system. There are often idle children and dockhands, especially toward the beginning and end of the work day, who will be willing to deliver a message, though how reliable they are is unpredictable. This tends to run from 2cp to deliver a simple verbal message to 1sp to deliver a small parcel.

Spellcasting Services

Spellcasting in Port Quinn is not terribly common. The gnomish Cleric of Helm, Doctor Twee Lightfoot, can offer several healing services, including highly advanced prosthetics for missing limbs. Outside of him, there will occasionally be passengers aboard merchant vessels who can offer some services, though these will be expensive due to the rarity of such services in this region.

Lifestyle and Standards of Living

Port Quinn's economic ladder has three rungs: The poor, who live in The Docks and the southern reach of the Living Quarters. They work the docks and the farmlands to the north. There are the merchants and higher-class citizenry of Port Quinn, that make up a very small middle class. Finally, there is a small elite, all of whom are related to the five members of The Merchant Council that presides over Port Quinn. They all live within The Greenkeep.

Education and Research

Tamrid is a middle-aged woman who comes from the Living Quarter to teach the younger children of The Docks (those who can escape labor) basics in education. The few middle-class families typically send their children south, either to one of the private schools within the Garden of Knowledge, or Ieldorhall, a private academy in Greenfield.

Twee Lightfoot conducts his own research within the Temple of Helm toward blending the arcane and machines to help people with their various maladies.

Shopping Centers

The Market District houses the majority of large shops, established taverns, and places of commerce for Port Quinn. Within the Dwarven Quarter, illegal stores without permits have opened, offering a variety of unusual artistic talents and particularly fine steel. The Docks has

a variety of individuals offering wares that they have... stumbled across.

Healing

The Temple of Helm, run by Twee Lightfoot, offers healing services, as does Sister Cariel, a half-elf member of The Red Hand, a wandering healing organization that works across Dominion, though she is retired and does so mostly out of her home in The Quarter of Lords.

Holidays

The Merchant Council helps maintain peace by holding a Work's End Festival at the end of each month, which is a large community potluck, with alcohol provided by The Merchant Council within The Grand Hall of The Greenkeep. There are also several other holidays:

Zeidgar (*Elvish, The New Beginning*)

Celebrated on the 31st of Summertide and rolling over to the 1st of Highsun marks the beginning of the new year in Alberon, and is celebrated with open-air block parties, open-air cooking, bards traveling through the streets, and general revelry.

Tournament of Turnips

Celebrated on Leaffall 12th to celebrate the victory of the Serentyllian army against the demonic incursion caused by The Tear. There is a grand tournament and feast held in the turnip fields to the north, giving the tournament it's name, with the winner being given the honorific "The Turnip Knight".

Festival of Fear

The 30th of The Drawing Down celebrates The Festival of Fear, where children dress up as adventurers, and visit each house to slay the monster for treasure. Each adult wears a monster costume, and gives out small treats and toys.

Bunderbarg

The 1st of The Claws of Sunsets marks Bunderbarg, a day where everyone gets up at dawn, and travels around, helping to fix others' projects. Treats are left in the doorway for those who wander by and help.

Recreation

Just like any population center, there must be recreation beyond the inns and bars! During the fall months, there are often small, informal melees and tournaments held on the outskirts of town. There are two things specific to Port Quinn

Sport Fishing

Despite being a popular center of trade, Port Quinn also boasts a huge variety of sea life, both native to the Sunward coast and also those brought from warm currents from the south.

Rakkarasco

A black-jack like game, played with small tiles similar to dominos with only pips on them. The first player builds their wall of three tiles, and wagers. Once the walls are all built and wagers set, they then build a four-tile "castle" with two shown faces and two hidden faces. The object of the game is to be at the highest point, the lowest point, or have exactly 15 points. You play until every player but one is eliminated.

The Merchant Council

The merchant council is five chairs that are bid on each year by any interested merchants with a primary address and a business within the city limits. Below are the current council, along with a little about each!

1. **Lord Stodard Hightaker** (human) Is the longest standing member of the council, essentially inheriting the position from his father. He is fair, but has a vested

interest in keeping the top merchants within the city as they are.

2. **Doctor Twee Lightfoot** (gnome) is the most-absent member, and also the only one who has had his seat purchased for him by the other members. His wisdom, popularity, and ingenuity are always welcome, though he is often preoccupied with his work.
3. **Perceival Proust** (Human) owner of Proust Pale Ale, he has taken the seat back from his daughter while she is vacationing. It is rumored that she has been kidnapped.
4. **Caravan Master Barton Minatal** (Human) runs the local chapter of the Red Shield Caravansary, which paid for his membership. He is mostly interested in keeping competition away from his company, and is known for sending up-and-coming adventurers off on near-impossible tasks.
5. **Gilda Breakstone** (Dwarf) is the newest member of The Council, the dwarves within their own quarter combining wealth to buy her the seat. She has pushed hard for positive change that allows the dwarves and humans to benefit from each other.

Religion

Within Port Quinn, as in most of Dominion, the primary religion is that of the Pantheon of Law and Light. Other religions are tolerated, but as a whole, Port Quinn is not a terribly religious city, owed somewhat to the large variety and transient nature of those who visit.

Twee Lightfoot runs the Temple of Helm, though it serves primarily as a hospital under his careful guidance, specializing in blending clerical magic and clockwork machination to create wondrous limbs for those who have lost them.

In the District of Lords sits a small building, a single room with six altars to each of the gods of Law and Light: Helm, Melora, Tyr, Sune, Tempus, and Creot.

Beneath the city, lost within the maze-like sewers that the kobolds who live beneath have expanded over time into a massive, mostly empty warren, is a series of rooms that house The Midnight Assembly, a cult that creates monstrous undead abominations out of stolen corpses. They worship Myrkul, The Bone Lord, as they push to discover some new way to live forever in undeath.

Organizations

In a town that moves as much trade good as Port Quinn, there are several organizations on both sides of the law. Several are listed here, but there are several others that can be left to your discretion.

Circle of Silence

As in most of Dominion's towns and cities, The Circle of Silence has a presence here. The incredibly clandestine crime ring has operated in secrecy since before The Kingdom of Serentyll was established. Their symbol is a rotund face, with the eyes crossed out, and the smiling mouth stitched shut; to break the code of silence was met with swift and usually brutally violent death. While they have no official headquarters, they are sure to have agents here.

The Red Shield Caravansary

Led by Barton Minatal, this group has a monopoly on escorting the many merchants who land in Port Quinn to their various destinations across Dominion, offering a variety of services to the traveler, from a simple horse and carriage to fully armed escort. They have a compound on the western outskirts of Port Quinn, just outside of the Living Quarter.

The Gavenoir Club

A wine tasting club, run out of the private wine bar of the same name, located in The Castle District. Many of the wealthier citizens are members, and it is the best place to hear news, gossip, or make deals to those with access. It is invite-only from current members, who's identities are loosely guarded.

Districts of Port Quinn

Port Quinn is a town that sprawls fairly close to the ground; over time, from the original portion of the town (now called the Castle Quarter) quarters have been added over time. Each has its own character which shifts subtly as it spreads outward from the Castle Quarter.

Local Fashion

Within Port Quinn, clothing tends to run sleek, and features leather as a functional, protective measure more often than not. The middle classes and upper classes dress wearing fine cloth tunics and pants for both men and women; within Port Quinn, primarily due to the nature of the mud and brick streets, dresses are extremely rare.

The Docks

The poorest of the districts is The Docks, the district which is attached to the docking area for the many incoming and outgoing ships. Houses are small, ramshackle, and of poor quality, but the streets are alive with children, merchants, and others who continue to push forward.

The Cold Harp (*Inn, Poor*)

The Cold Harp is a small, circular bar which serves only bacon, and Proust Pale Ale. It sleeps about fourteen people in bunked beds taken from an old ship. Owned by Scorn, one of six

tieflings in the entirety of Port Quinn, and so many avoid the bar out of mistrust.

Sandy Assortments (*General Goods, Modest*)

Owned by the vibrant and friendly Rohdesia, the Sandy Assortments is a general store composed of all sorts of odds and ends that Rohdesia acquires from merchants off the docks. There are mostly mundane things, but every now and then, across from the small koi pond in the inner atrium of the small store, there is a rarer item on sale. Beneath, there are rumors that an orc-led smuggling operation works out of a hidden, subterranean dock... but that couldn't be true...

Thom's Oyster Cart (*Food, Poor*)

A simple wooden push-cart is operated by a similarly straight-minded individual who is easily fooled. He sells the freshest oysters in Port Quinn, however, and his oddly lovable demeanor has won him some support and help from the denizens of the docks.

The Market Quarter

The Southernmost quarter of Port Quinn, set back beyond the maze of shacks and hovels that make up many of the houses for those in The Docks, lies The Market Quarter, with larger stone buildings for more established vendors, and houses for the few middle class and a few merchants.

Port Quinn Treasury (*Bank, Fine*)

In a trade city, being able to move large sums of money, or store it for later is incredibly handy, and so the Port Quinn Treasury was funded by the Merchant Council. An imposing, four-story stone-block building with marble accents, it serves as the highest point outside the central spire of The Greenkeep, and an excellent vantage point. Loans can be obtained, and the Treasures often know of ways to make money around town.

The Spice Market (*Store, Fine*)

Owned by Janis, a wood-elf who hails from the far western continent of Everest, this small wooden store with canvas overhangs features large bins of a variety of spices, incense, pipeleaf, handcrafted wooden pipes, incense holders, and small chests, as well as a few salves (and rarely, a health potion.) Janis dislikes dwarves as a result of the influx of dwarves undercutting her business.

The Pause (*Fletcher, Good*)

The quiet, patient, and serene Derilia Stonegull, still a fine tracker in her own right, but slowing a bit in her middle age of 133, owns this L-shaped wood and plaster building with a stuffed bear just inside the door.

The Living Quarter

North of the Castle Quarter lays the dual-sections that make up The Living Quarter. Gates have been torn down, leaving the walls permanently open between the two districts when growing population and transit meant an increase in bottlenecking going in and out. The small, eastern neighborhood that calls itself The Quarter of Lords includes many of the older families of Port Quinn.

Proust Pale Brewery (*Brewery, Fine*)

Proust Pale Ale is a light, effervescent ale that sits at about 3.1% APV. Until recently, the Proust family had taken advantage of laws to be the only beer allowed for sale within Port Quinn, but recent changes and a push from Gilda Breakstone have led to that monopoly being broken.

The Castle Quarter

The heart of Port Quinn is The Castle Quarter, the northern third engulfed by large juniper trees and a keep covered in green ivy, which spreads out into several other points of interest,

along with residential neighborhoods of the lower-middle class, and several larger villas owned by those who have created their own wealth.

The Green Keep (*Seat of Government, Fine*)

The massive keep made of huge stone blocks carved from the mountains to the west has been so overgrown with ivy that it appears to be entirely green. Each of the members of the Noble Council live within it's halls, each in one of the four towers on the corners, and the High Merchant living in the upper floors of the primary keep that rises six stories up into the sky, easily the largest building in Port Quinn. It keeps criminals in dungeons beneath the castle, though the conditions are not bad. Audiences are granted with prescheduled appointments through the Steward of the castle, and a large banquet hall serves as a feast location at the end of each month to appease the lower class.

Port General (*Grocery Store, Modest*)

The main location where farmers bring their produce from the northern fields, and food is traded for. Many small wooden stalls hold local food, but many exotic things as well thanks to the bevy of traders that come from Sunrest.

The Silk Saucer (*Café, Fine*)

The first building seen when arriving in Port Quinn through the main gates is the Silk Saucer, a coffee, tea, and baked-goods store serving higher-end clientele in a beautiful, brightly-lit building the south western portion being nearly entirely glass. Lord Hightaker takes his tea here every morning.

The Temple of Helm (*Religious Structure, Modest*)

A small, square structure sits atop fifteen feet of steps that spill down from each face, and the smell of sage wafts outward, covering the smell of blood from the complex surgeries that Twee

performs inside. At all times during the day, lines of those wishing to see Twee about fixing their limbs, missing or mangled, wait along the benches.

The Royal Magpie (*Inn, Fine*)

An L-shaped, two-storied villa with vaulted ceilings. The bottom floor is a fine bar of oak with comfortable, cushioned, high seats. The bartenders wear vests, and serve quickly, and quietly. This is the first choice for nobles and wealthy merchants passing through Port Quinn.

The Dwarven Quarter

Hastily erected by dwarves fleeing events transpiring north, in Kol Taram, The Dwarven Quarter is composed of whatever material could be quickly had; though there is a ramshackle appearance to many of the buildings, the craftsmanship is still, unmistakably dwarven, and with the recent help of Merchant Councilwoman Breakstone, the quarter is quickly growing. There is some suspicion of non-dwarves within the quarter, and the Town Guard do not enter; law and order is kept by the Hammerguard, the dwarves' own militia.

The Fisthall (*Government Building/Tavern, Modest*)

In typical dwarf fashion, the first building erected typically serves as both a tavern and a town hall, and The Fisthall holds true to form. A large stone circle serves as a hand-to-hand fight to submission, and the winner can carve their name into the circle, adding on with each win. Gimgam Grindstone, a burly, baling, black-bearded dwarf is the current champion, and though he puts forth an attitude, he will instantly respect those who can best him. There is no bathroom here, a reminder that those drinking here are supposed to live close by. They serve the locally-made stout-style beer, Homebrew.

Implements (*Blacksmith, Modest*)

Meullic Ironluck is an ill-tempered, younger dwarf who's disposition improves significantly with the gift of alcohol. Can make simple weapons, but serves primarily as a civic smith.

Old Gran's Porch (*Store, Poor*)

Occasionally, if she hasn't gone wandering, the 244-year-old dwarf, Old Gran can be found whittling small wooden crafts on her porch, which are available for purchase. She is absentminded, and occasionally will follow people for hours at a time without realizing it.

Hammherguard Hall (*Government Building, Modest*)

Simple, gray brickwork make up the outside of a utilitarian building that is not much larger than a hut. It has several rooms for those on-duty, as well as a pair of jailcells, which are typically empty.

Under and Around

Though much of Port Quinn is described above, there are several places of note outside the city proper.

The Sewers

A maze of six-eight feet-tall sewers have been carefully dug and smoothed out by the Port Quinn Kobolds who scavenge for things on the streets at night. Over time, the sewers grew far more complex than necessary, and house all manner of strange creatures and odd places.

Red Shield Caravansary

A compound just outside the main gates of Port Quinn, this company provides mounts, carts, escort services, guides, and even recovery and rescue services. There is nearly always work for

adventurers here, and can lead to many points across Dominion.

Cemetery

Northwest, just outside of the gates of Port Quinn and beyond the Red Shield compound, is a large, gated-off series of hills, gracefully scattered with graves and mausoleums, the most famous of which houses the body of the famed elvish prophet Vera Waithe.

The Northern Farmlands

To the north, beyond the Living Quarters, are acres and acres of rolling farmland. Many from Port Quinn will commute there to work if dock work can't be found, and trek back late at night. It isn't uncommon for stranded laborers in the outer farms to sleep the night in barns.

Criminal Activities

With money and goods comes crime, and though criminal activity is relatively low in Port Quinn, it is no exception. Most of the crime centers around the smuggling of goods.

The Yellow Banner (*Smuggling*)

A mostly-orc crew runs a smuggling operation to a ship docked somewhere to the South of Port Quinn. They come in to a hidden pier beneath the Sandy Assortments, and use the shop as a place to fence their stolen wares.

Port Quinn Kobolds (*Petty Theft*)

The Kobolds who live beneath Port Quinn are relatively harmless, but will seize opportunity to seize items of interest left out overnight in the streets of Port Quinn.

Forces of Law

Port Quinn has a standing town guard, but the tight-knit nature of the quarters tends to keep crime to a minimum, and eyes are always watchful of outsiders, especially in The Docks.

Town Guard

There are roughly 50 members of the town guard, who wear leather armor with tabards depicting the white and blue stripes of Port Quinn. They operate out of the Greenkeep, but have a small, satellite office in The Docks to keep order there.

The Shields of Serentyll

While none are stationed here permanently, the wandering knights of the realm, The Shields of Serentyll, each bearing a magnificent magic shield emblazoned with runes that tell of their deeds for The Kingdom, often travel to and from. Their word is the law within the boundaries of The Kingdom, and trump the town guard.

Crime and Punishment

Within Port Quinn, crimes are dealt with on the spot by members of the guard, with small crimes like petty theft, public indecency, and minor altercations levying a fine.

Except for alcohol, pipeleaf, and tobacco, like most of The Kingdom, Port Quinn bans narcotics and other mind-altering substances. Being caught with such substances will result in time within the dungeon, and substantial fines or work served.

Assault, armed robbery, breaking and entering, will result in fines, and imprisonment for 1d6+2 months.

Execution is rare, but for large crimes will be considered, and carried out by the head of the Town Guard.

Nature's Pride

One of the stranger communities in Dominion is Nature's Pride: a naturalist community that lives in a thick forest of arabica coffee trees that grow from 20-39 feet tall. The town of log cabins smells faintly of a nearly jasmine-like scent of the coffee trees, a scent carried nearly a mile away by the warm winds that ripple off the thermal vents that provide warmth to the town.

These same vents are responsible for the town's hot springs, nestled into a tall, shallow cave. The springs have healing properties for diseases of the skin, resulting in the populace looking younger than their actual age on the whole. For those who know of it, The Hotsprings of Nature's Pride are a tremendous draw, and bring hundreds of tourists each year. Many of Nature's Pride citizens make a living selling handmade crafts, baked goods, and other such items to those who visit.

Bottling or selling the water of these springs is illegal under Nature's Pride law, as well as the Kingdom of Serentyl's Decree of Dangerous Magics Act (but, of course, is often sold by less scrupulous citizens throughout the town.

Farwater Loch

The largest, unfrozen body of fresh water in Dominion is the Farwater Loch. It spans the northwestern border between the Sunward Coast and the elements of the Sunchoker Chain mountain range that defines the northern stretches of the Valley of Tranquility.

The water from this loch trickles through the Sunchoker mountains in rivers, streams, and even into underground rivulets filtering out the dead plant life that accumulates along the banks.

Eventually, it ends up pooling within Lake Tanic, now much more acidic as a result.

The northern bank of the Farwater Loch serves as a scenic backdrop for the Lorebinder Academy, the campus of Dominion's foremost seekers of knowledge. Beneath the tranquil water lay a thousand-foot deep lake with a rich community of cichlid fish, many of which are highly aggressive. They display beautiful, vibrant colors but feature sharp teeth similar to those of alligators.

Less aggressive species don't fare well, but a colorless fish similar to a guppy breeds at a rate that allows enough to survive to keep a large population, despite being relatively easy prey.

Lorebinder Academy

A beautiful campus of sweeping green fields that extend down to the gentle bank of the Farwater Loch, the Lorebinder Academy houses roughly 22 million books, tomes, folios, scrolls, and other documents of lore.

The fields are dotted with Singing Trees, beautiful trees with bark that shimmers colors across a dark surface, like the rainbow sheen on a film of oil. These trees possess crystalline leaves that shimmer along veins of thin, green bioluminescence in the spring, and upon being touched, the ring with an ethereal note.

The primary building is a sweeping library in the shape of a massive, three-storied 'M' with a single spire that rises up the middle of its spine; this houses, within a belltower-like structure, a massive driftglobe that casts a dim yellow light across the campus; this aura dispels invisibility and seems to ward off pests during the hot summer months when the Gnoll Hills to the northeast swarm with botflies.

Tiers of Access. Within the Academy, there were three distinct sections within the main library.

Public Records. The main library that spans the entire first floor, along with the northwestern wing of the second floor. This area is freely available to the public, and includes many mundane but useful genres: plants/animals, local history, religious symbology would all be examples of knowledge that might be acquired in this section. A *restorer* or *researcher* could be paid 1gp/hour to find specific books to grant advantage on a history, medicine, religion, or nature check made to acquire specific knowledge.

Restricted Section. The second and most of the third stories are much quieter, as they require that a patron obtain a Seal of the Scholar by supplying the Academy with new or useful books, scrolls, or other such items. Patrons here must be accompanied by a researcher or Lorebinder at all times. In the center of the second floor is an alcove in which the Academy's lone *Teleportation Circle* is located. It is well warded with abjuration magic, and an invisible wall of force that is capable of breaking bones upon impact. Knowledge here is more specific and hard to obtain: specific information about monsters and their origins, darker elements of history and religion (such as cults) might be found here. Some more simple magical theory and application can be located here as well.

The Vault of Bound Tomes. Through a single steep and narrow ladder hidden beneath a heavy statue of the first Loremaster, (kind-looking woman in her late sixties named Jair Linnecium) is a 30x30 foot room that narrows, like a funnel, to a huge, 15' wide vault door. This door is protected by both mundane traps and arcane mechanisms, and for good

reason; within, lay books with knowledge that the Lorebinders have deemed unfit for public consumption. The catalogue fluctuates, with each new Loremaster choosing to release a selection of texts to their discretion. This section would include higher level spells and spell theory, along with a collection of spell books belonging to several famous Lorebinders, now deceased. Research and musings of madmen are also chained on iron racks within this space. Finding information on some of the maddening beings of the Far Realm or the Astral Sea would be here.

This section is not open to the public, nor to lower-ranking members of the Lorebinder Academy. Only those who have proven themselves exceptional in the eyes of the Loremaster himself are granted access.

Aside from the Library, the Lorebinder Academy features a dormitory building: 4 stories of stone bricks that forms a large, cylindrical building with narrow windows that can be shuttered in the colder months. The rooms are fairly spartan, but are a single copper a night to scholars who are utilizing the library's facilities.

Finally, there is a single, ugly, stone building on the southern section of the open field. Here, a fiedning entity of shadowy darkness with a single, bulging eye runs a shop that predates the Lorebinder Academy.

This entity calls itself the Cryptid, and its shop "The Creepy Cryptid's Coinary." It sells infernal gadgets of its own design, most of which function in odd or unconventional ways, or feature small drawbacks. The Cryptid owes a lot of money to a stronger demon, and is unable to return to the Hells until it is able to pay back its debt. The Cryptid is quite powerful, which begs the question: what is this ancient creature afraid of?

Sample Creepy Cryptid Inventory

1. *Rat Goblet* (Wondrous Item): This rat appears like any other rat, and it obeys your commands as best as it can. You use a bonus action to say “lets party”, causing it to transform into a silver goblet. You can say “Please” to transform it back into a rat.
2. *Flock Sock* (Wonderous Item): This faded yellow fabric resembles a christmas stocking the size of a pillowcase. As an action, a creature can hold the closed corners of the sack and wave it hard in the air. 3d12 pigeons will emerge from the Flock Sock. They are mundane, non-magical pigeons that do not disappear. Once used in this way, the Flock Sock loses this feature until it’s wielder has completed a long rest.
3. *Manuel of the Musician*. (Rare) If you spend 48 hours over a period of 6 or fewer days reading this elegantly crafted, black leather tome of advanced music theory, you may choose three instruments and become proficient in them. The tome then loses it’s magic for a century.
4. *Dragon Flagon*. (Wonderous Item) Any mundane liquid placed within this dragon-shaped flask of stone and pewter will warm to 100 degrees (fahrenheit) within 1 minute, and remain at that temperature until the Flagon is no longer held.
5. *Gambler’s Retreat*. (Very Rare) See *Magical Items*, on page (266ish)

Gnoll Hills

North of the Lorebinder Academy are the rolling tundra and foothills that serve as the hunting grounds of gnoll warbands. With little cover, those who traverse these grounds will almost certainly face raids from the foul creatures, but traveling in groups of twenty or more can often dissuade them.

In the summer, the ice that melts in the fields to the north flood the lowland areas, causing soggy pools of muddy water to form. Many creatures come here to drink, and with them, come bot flies that grow in prodigious numbers in the warm summer months, to the point that no game hunted in the hills can be consumed.

The Free Town of Gulver’s Bay

Once a colony belonging to the Kingdom of Serentyl, Gulver’s Bay revolted and cast out the Serentyl government when the kingdom continually failed to provide the then-frontier town with any aid.

It’s location has allowed it to grow substantially in the 320 years since. Proudly independent, Gulver’s Bay maintains a strict policy of neutrality. This has allowed it to trade with the broadest array of partners out of any city on the Sunward Coast: From the west coast city of Dungannon to the far northeastern citadel of Kol Stoneflow, any place with access to water trades through Gulver’s Bay.

Many of the locals live in the southern side of the town, which is dominated by a huge metal structure that houses the Brickmen Smokehouse, a large-scale fish curing operation that sells food designed to keep on long journeys.

Traders from abroad shop along the northern section of the city, which runs along a

single broad avenue known as The Pearlsun Path. Many fine stores line it's sidewalks, but none within the price range of most of the locals.

The North

Frightening cold that can crystalize blood, and woods touched by ancient fey creatures are just two of the features of The North. Spanning the entire northern tip of Dominion, it begins on the east coast with the fey-touched forest known as The Frostline and runs to the blue-green waters of the Emerald Expanse off the west coast of the continent.

While monstrous creatures slumbered for two centuries across much of the continent, in Northern Dominion, giant footsteps still fell. In the howling wind and snow that makes up The Squall, a blizzard that has raged since the First Age, rests the Halls of Ire: the last remaining frost giant stronghold on Alberon. Fey-touched creatures, as well as those from the Feywild itself find their way into deep woods of this place, and a surprising number of communities persist in spite of this.

The Frostline

*"The woods loom large and silent and still; through
bows bent with snow, I cannot see/
With each step forth, my heart is filled; though my eyes
know not, what's behind the trees/
Though I walk through the wood, the wood walks
through me; no straight lines betray this place/
Then suddenly silent bark begins to speak; the wind has
color, the snow erased/
I turn and look, and with wonder my eyes behold; A
line of frost drawn cross the ground/
Yet I turn, and gaze upon a land of old; this
Fey-touched place that I had found/"*

-*"The Frostline", an epic by Herlfinn the Younger.*

In the early second age, the dwarves of the North viewed the Frostline with suspicion: the woods are dark and deep, but even more strange, it seemed as if the pathways and trails through it would shift, and often rapidly. Though several points were reported by several different people (such as a large, lavishly decorated mansion occupied by a brightly-dressed firbolg) rarely if ever were they observed to be in the same part of the mysterious forest. The points of interest are:

1. **The Pools of Reflection.** Within the Frostline are a fabled series of quartz pillars, 10-50' in diameter rising up like steps to the largest pillar, where a thermal hot spring bubbles away. The sounds of water trickling down these chunks of quartz has a meditative property that allows one to enter a trance (or sleep) quite easily.
2. **Sunhoney.** An entire village of pixies has taken residence within a massive hive of giant honey bees within the Frostline. The pixies care for and feed the bees, and in return, the bees serve as workers, guards, and even mounts. Mushroom and other fungi are illegal within the confines of Sunhoney after a cluster of corrupt myconids ravaged through the town, nearly decimating the population.
3. **Reincarnation Pool.** Somewhere within The Frostline is an unremarkable pond with a single, pink toad that makes the waters it's home. A dead creature submerged within the strangely warm waters will emerge with it's soul (assuming that it's willing) restored in a new form.

4. **The Splendid Manor.** The roof sags in an unsightly way and the exterior paint peels badly, but The Splendid Manor is referred to as such not for it's outside, but rather, the lavish furnishings and decadent wardrobes housed within!

Kol Stoneflow

Across the Coast of Panes, where huge chunks of glacial ice have made the waters inaccessible to all conventional craft, is the secretive dwarven citadel of Kol Stoneflow. Accessible only by the massive dwarven Ironsides of their own design, Kol Stoneflow is one of the most defensible points on Alberon even before factoring in the bristling armaments hidden within mount Stoneflow itself.

Stoneflow was built around a wound in Alberon that connects it to the Planes of Fire and Water, which has led to a series of semi-natural steam channels that run beneath, around, and in some cases through, the citadel itself. Natural power sources have provided the dwarves of Stoneflow advantages that have led to the development of steam-powered engines, advanced distillation techniques, and even firearms!

The dwarves guard their secrets (including the elemental source of their coveted steam) with a fervor that verges on fanaticism.

Kol Taram

Stories speak of three great Kols when Dominion splintered off from The Auld: Kol Stoneflow, Kol Salt, and Kol Taram. Of the three, only Kol Taram is open to visitors, and even then the dwarf-centric attitude (and construction) of the city keep most away.

Kol Taram (Citadel Doom in dwarvish) was once an imposing fortress that separated the

Underdark from the surface. For two hundred years after the fall of the Darax Tyranna (Dream Tyrants) the dwarves of Kol Taram mined with armies at their back to repel the expanding Duergar of Darkholm. When the duergar eventually retreated to the East after an internal political coup, Kol Taram fell into a stagnant state. "Doom" went from an imposing moniker to foreshadowing. Year after year, tragedy fell upon the Kol, though the dwarves within the hollow Mount Taram will never leave. Some say the gloomy history of the place is what causes an abnormal number of nightmares within its residents.

The Undercity

The Undercity? Yeah, it's dangerous! You've got the redcap goblins, they aren't much a danger by themselves, but they'll give ya a hell of a time if a group gets you alone don't you know? The Coldwrought clan moved down there some decades ago of course, and then... well, I don't believe it myself of course, but they say stone giants still wander around down there. Gives me the shivers!

-Elsta Barrlow

The Undercity of Kol Taram is a city that was never meant to be: it exists in a massive drainage system built to protect Kol Taram above from spring melts from the nearby River of Colors. Across the Fallen Bridge on the other side of the cavernous drain channel, stone giants live a secluded life. The Coldwrought Crime Clan rules the Undercity with an iron fist, based out of their hotel/dungeon "The Dark Hive."

Woven between these dangers (and so many more) there are, of course, wondrous things, too: Yawmbo, the bugbear keeper of The Dark Hive, can acquire near anything you need; Cadence Clearwater, the skinny, high-strung tiefling can craft a specialized tattoo that allows anyone to summon a familiar; within the simple lean-to that Kev the Kenku has an assortment of interesting items plucked from the streets, amongst them the odd thing of interest.

The Undercity Always Flows

Many have tried to map The Undercity, but nobody has yet succeeded. Due to the violent, and untrusting nature of many of the denizens, The Undercity is constantly tearing areas down, and building anew. A night doesn't pass without at least two incidents of arson, and any especially loud squabbles that border on riots result in the stone giants across the Broken Bridge lobbing boulders amongst the city which also result in frequent "re-zonings."

The best way to orient yourself to The Undercity are to look for the towering, 10-story high pillars that serve as both buildings and anchors to a fluid city.

- The Glowing Pillar
- A Pillar of the People
- The Goblin Gables
- The Statuary
- The Dark Hive Pillar
- The Pillar of Stairs

While there are many other structures outside of these super-structures built to support the weight

of a mountain, most major buildings congregate around them.

The Ring of Rejects

The Undercity was not meant to be inhabited, but once The Squall began to rage, and a permanent winter has set in, there is no chance that the River of Colors will flood. Those not of dwarven descent often found that Kol Taram was a place they could never thrive, and many found their ways, by exile or by choice, to this so-called sixth ring, the Ring of Rejects.

The Broken Bridge

The only support structure to have ever fallen within the drainage system has left a massive, 100' wide bridge of uneven and broken stones across the 120' deep drainage ditch. Across it lives, hidden by piled boulders, a small hermitage of stone giants... or so the legend goes. The Broken Bridge is said to be their method of assault, should the violence in The Undercity ever spill over.

Refugees of Kol Taram

After Kienscale was awoken, and Kol Taram sacked, many of the citizens who knew of the Undercity and the methods to reach it, left the city through this dangerous route. Some lost their lives, most their possessions, and few chose to stay. Those few form around The Glowing Pillar, the mages of The Bearded Consortium dispelling whatever errant arcana had caused the faint light to radiate out from it, allowing the displaced dwarves to fashion out a makeshift fortress. There, elements of The Stoneguard gather, training the remaining citizens and gathering allies to eventually take back their city.

Controlled Anarchy

There are no set laws in The Undercity, save the unspoken, universal threat of the stone giants that might again assault the city should it grow too riotous. The Stoneguard keep order around the areas of The Glowing Pillar, and The Coldwrought Clan has enforcers keeping the money flowing and outside influences in check. The Goblin Gabbles is thoroughly ridden with goblins, who obey their own laws, a strange and violent pecking order that keeps their infighting at a steady level, and their threat to the city as a whole limited.

A Dark City

The Undercity features prominently races with darkvision, so aside from The Glowing Pillar and the Pillar of Stairs, there are not frequent sources of light. Those that do dot the inns, streets, and doorways of homes tend to be gas lamps turned to their lowest setting, or sweet, earthy Smolderwart, a pale white moss that burns for hours with a faint light and fragrant smoke.

Guide to the Undercity

I lived in the Ring of Copper once, you know? Me, a fat greenskinned goblin! No matter how good I became as a smith, it became obvious I'd never be more than skilled labor.

So I moved, moved to the Undercity. Every day, death lurks, maybe not nearby, but around every corner you smell him: a feral, red cap's knife or maybe one of the Lumare's creepy hands around your neck; but when nobody pretends to like you, it's a lot easier down here to know who to trust.

-Miggblin, owner of Miggblin's Custom Bladework.

The danger of The Undercity, especially to humans and the aarakocra, cannot be understated. That said, outside the Coldwrought Clan, deception is not often practiced: this is a place where the sword will often prevail over the pen.

The Natives

The Ring of Stone is already within the realm of The Underdark, and The Undercity serves as a place for its citizens and those from the service to mingle. These places were not always occupied by sentient races: before Kol Taram came to be, the cavernous dark was occupied by hideous creatures dreamed into existence by a beholder in the Second Age. Thriving amongst the dark and deadly hellscape of this underdark were the Lumare, grey-skinned humanoids, more spindly than graceful, with unnaturally flexible joints which cause them to have a strange, exaggerated gait, and the ability to easily scale the stony walls of the underdark. Nearly wiped out by dragons, and again when The Undercity boomed into existence after the defeat of the Parroa Rebellion, they hold a place of awe and respect, even amongst the rabble of The Undercity. They are said to be able to read minds, and know your actions before you do.

The rest of the creatures that belong to The Old Ones are less beloved, and wandering too far into the dark nooks of the city may find you face to face with them:

Wandering Old Ones

d4	Result
1	Dreamcrawler: Crawling along the walls, ceilings, and under bridges, these hands

	with bony, exposed, skeletal tips for scratching. (CR ½)
2	Fearwalker: Eyeless, bipedal humanoids with long, hooked ears, exaggerated mouths, and a taste for fear. They stalk the frightened, lost souls that wander into their domains. (CR 3)
3	Shadowstare: A flat creature of shadow that clings to a wall or under a shelf, though when it's one massive eye opens it can be as dangerous as any beholder's gaze. (CR: 5)
4	Zombie Beholder: (CR: 5)

Spellcasting Services

There are not many spellcasters in The Undercity, as the red cap goblins have a superstitious fear of magic, and they tend to target magic-users with more murderous intent than others. As such, there are no established spellcrafting services. The Bearded Consortium has powerful mages, but they are geared toward returning Kol Taram to its former standing; the Purple Terror who lurks in the city above keeps them wary.

Living and Lifestyles in The Undercity

'Poverty' is an easy term to toss around within the Undercity: many of the abodes are squalid, temporary structures of pitiful design. This can be deceiving, however, as The Undercities denizens are loath to show off anything of value. These items, beautiful or rare or expensive, are carried on one's person, or hidden carefully away. As such, it is hard to determine a person's real wealth.

Education and Learning

Due to the transient nature of The Undercities populace, traditional schools aren't common. The Undercity is no place for children. Within the Kol

Taram garrison, safe in the halls of the Glowing Pillar, dwarvish children resume lessons under the direction of Headmaster Heurd Rocknose. There are rumors of a Lumare training ground somewhere deeper within The Underdark called The Alabaster Terrace, where the Lumare hone their unique abilities, though none have seen it. Most who call themselves "lifers" who were born and raised in The Undercity take on apprenticeships.

Shopping

There are no markets or centers of commerce, though what stores do exist tend to cluster close to, or within, the massive pillars that support the cavernous roof of the space The Undercity occupies. The Washed Market outside of The Dark Hive may be the only exception: under careful watch of Coldwrought enforcers, an open-air black market, a warren of tables, takes place on every Wednesday. Nothing living is to be sold but narcotics, stolen jewelry, historical artifacts, unsavory meats, and dark secrets can be found. While outright violence is not tolerated, the Coldwrought Clan does not concern itself with petty theft, and will take no action against thievery.

Tax Day

There is not a tradition of open celebration of holidays within The Undercity. The only "special" day is Tax Day, which can happen at strange intervals but usually once or twice a month. On this day, Coldwrought enforcers spread across the Undercity in groups, beating up locals who cannot pay for their "taxes."

Sports and Games

The Undercity does attract it's fair share of gamblers and unsavory types that are happy to make a quick copper at another's expense. The Dark Hive features poker tables, Bluffer's Cup, and for those with the pieces, a private Gramam room.

Gramam

An ancient dwarvish game that requires pieces scattered across the northern parts of Dominion, lost with the falls of two of the original citadels. Those who can find pieces will bet on fighting them with others; the pieces are enchanted, and can do harm only to each other; the pieces rebuild themselves after one day.

Bluffer's Cup

Each player has three tiles: the shield, the sword, and the hand. It is a rocks, paper, scissors with betting and deception involved.

The Square of Might

Operated by The Coldwrought Clan, The Square of Might is a small fighting arena with two tiers of seatings. Fights may be arranged, with the loser being paid, the winner being paid more, and the house taking most. Fights are not typically to the death, but True Boughts are fought to the death.

People of Prominence

There is no recognized government, or set of laws outside of the unspoken ones that seem universal within the Undercity. Instead, there are people of prominence whose spheres of influence have shaped the behaviors of those around them.

d6	Person
1	<i>Yawmbo</i> - A bugbear with oiled and styled hair brushed back across the fine

	black vest he wears over a brown-furred torso, Yawmbo speaks little, but is surprisingly intelligent. He works as a broker, and can obtain most things for players, in return for them completing tasks for the Coldwrought Clan, though this is never explicitly stated.
2	<i>Chief Schneek</i> - At 24, Schneek is ancient by goblin standards. He is blind now, but could once read the fortune of the Undercity using rat bones. He despises magic users, such as The Hidden Hag, who he blames for taking his site. His eyes are made of stone.
3	<i>High Mage Wucrut Coalbeard</i> - 322, Wucrut is a chauvinist, old-guard High Mage who resents the introduction of women to the Bearded Consortium. He is a powerful evocation mage, and proved himself in the Battle of Skaar against the Fire Giant Legion.
4	<i>The Hidden Hag</i> - Deep within The Statuary Pillar, amongst its hallways of petrified humanoids, shifting living statues, resides a pale, veiled woman known as The Hidden Hag. None have seen her face, though rumors speak of looking upon her resulting in the many statues around her abode. She keeps to herself, but hers is the only pillar with a good radius of emptiness around it.
5	<i>The Stalker</i> - The lone Lumare who makes permanent residence behind The Stalker's Perch. He is quiet, speaks few words, but communicates mostly through his eyes. His insight is unparalleled, and he hunts down those who would cause particular trouble in the streets of The Undercity.
6	<i>Dorgram Coldwrought, Patriarch of the</i>

	<p><i>Coldwrought Clan</i> - The most dangerous man in The Undercity, Dorgram Coldwrought is 121, and has been groomed from birth to run the Coldwrought Clan. He is merciless, speaks slowly, but his words have great gravity. He always wears dull navy gloves with gold cappings around the knuckles, and around one eye is heavily tattooed to make it appear as if the flesh is peeling away to reveal bone.</p>
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Holy Places

The Undercity is a place that slows for freedom of worship, and nowhere is that more obvious than the *Madruuc Lambus*, undercommon for “Market of Gods.” Dug into the ground itself, a cave-like series of shafts and small caverns dedicated to the many gods that others worship. Less crime happens here, as those who defile a chamber of a deity are likely to find trouble with their followers.

Within the boundaries of The Glowing Pillar and Fort Taram that has risen up to house the dwarven refugees of Kol Taram, there is a simple stone church known as “Last Hearth,” a simple place to keep the flame of the Dawnfather’s Horizon Cathedral burning while the city is under siege.

Just outside of the city, in a cave that requires spider climb to access, there is a large altar designated for Lolth, and many drow slip away in secret to worship here.

A City of Factions

The huge, 100’ wide pillars that support the weight of Mount Taram above this system of gargantuan drains generally form the center points for factions, though not always. To call any

of these groups outside of The Coldwrought Clan and the Red Cap Goblins organized is a stretch, but each of these groups has the resources, manpower, or prestige to lay claim to at least a small slice of The Undercity.

The Shadow Scavs

The Undercity was born of need; those who could never find a place amongst the elitist dwarves above, moved to a place where they could rise up as high as any other. Many did not wish to move below, however, bought south the help of those in dark places to get materials restricted to them.

These people came to be known as The Shadow Scavengers, or Shadowscavs for short.

They are a motley group of thieves, smugglers, and fences with the occasional use of Autis, a warforged enforcer usually hidden beneath a large jacket and hat, to protect magical items. Their symbol is a pair of crossed, upside down pickaxes.

Ally Benefits:

- Material costs for smithing-related projects are reduced by 15%
- You may purchase the Rat Tunnels map from any Shadowscav leader for 10gp

Stoneguard

A small contingent of Stoneguard, the law keeping force and military of Kol Taram above, escorted refugees down to the Undercity. They currently man Fort Taram, the Gateway Garrison, and a small defensive position outside of The Pillar of Stairs to safeguard against any scouts from the invasion above.

They are hardy warriors, with stone-coated half-plate and either two-handed mauls or one-handed war-hammers and shields. Their leader is The Stoneward, Vaddarus, a younger male dwarf who always plays it safe.

Ally Benefits:

- You may be accompanied by a Stoneguard about the boundaries of the Undercity if you wish. They will provide you with some protection from the Red Cap goblins and various other entities.
- Access to the Stoneguard Armory, which sells basic armor and weapons at 10% off the base market price.

The Coldwrought Clan

Of all the factions in the Undercity, The Coldwrought Clan is the most powerful and the most dangerous. The actual family members of the Coldwrought Clan number maybe two dozen, but they employ countless other dwarves, goblins, kenku, drow, and anyone else willing to back their clan up for the price of a little gold. Led by Dorgram Coldwrought, the family patriarch, they grow wealth with hidden desires to take back the citadel above that cast them down.

Ally Benefits:

- You can hire a Coldwrought Enforcer at the price of 5gp a day.
- You may stay at The Dark Hive free of charge, with one fine meal per day included.

The Bearded Consortium

Once one of the two primary powers within Kol Taram, The Bearded Consortium has stood for 500 years as a men-only convocation of powerful magic users, primarily wizards. They are powerful evocation magic users, but have flaunted more political power than actual magic in recent centuries.

In a large upset of tradition, with the fall of Kol Taram, Zelga Stonestaf, a female dwarf, has been made a full member. In this time of desperation,

many welcome the powerful, blunt woman who wears a porcelain mask.

Ally Benefits:

- -10% to all components needed for a spell tagged as evocation.
- Access to the Consortium Militia armory, where scrolls of spell levels 1-3 can be purchased, at the DMs discretion.

The Six Great Pillars

As said before, the easiest way to break up the ever-shifting mass of humanoids that make up The Undercity is by the most proximate Great Pillar to their location.

The pillars themselves have been carved and built into over time, with the Goblin Gabbles being the most haphazardly worked and porous-looking, and the Pillar of Stairs being the most well-kept. It's difficult to break down the pillar neighborhoods in terms of economic lines, but those who live within The Dark Hive tend to be very wealthy; those who live around the People's Pillar count themselves as the most squalid in an already poor town.

Getting Around

While The Undercity is not massive in terms of it's horizontal footprint, many of the pillars have carved stairs, and ascend stories into the dark with warrens, housing, and even small shops for those who know where to look. While it takes no more than two hours to walk from end-to-end, climbing to the top of The People's Pillar may take nearly a day for those unfamiliar. As a general rule of thumb:

- It takes approximately 30 minutes to walk from one pillar's neighborhood to the next.

- Climbing a Pillar takes approximately 15 minutes a story once it's familiar to a traveler.

Statuary Pillar Locations

Place	Description
The Stoneyard	A church-like building of old casketwood, and fenced in areas of earth where the dead are interred. The Stoneyard is a gravesite that is backset by the Statuary, and even features statues scavenged from within the Statuary pillar itself. Part of the trio of reputedly haunted buildings that make up Quarry Row.
The Gentle Repose	At one time, The Repose was a beautiful structure, built to house the noble Clan Grandcrest who all succumbed to madness. The one beautiful, Victorian-style home has now been transformed into a hotel, of sorts, though ghosts can frequently be seen walking through walls to different rooms.

Goblin Gables Locations

Place	Description
Deek's Cart	Every Wednesday, Deek, a meek, skittish goblin, will bring a wheelbarrow-sized cart of belongings stolen by the Red Cap goblins to the Dark Market, but those in the know will tell you that Deek lives under the Goblin Gables. He even deals directly with the Shadowscavs.

Pillar of the People Locations

Place	Description
Bloodworm	One of the few edible things

Farm	deep underground that grow readily are blood worms, each about four inches long and the width of a middle finger. They are protein rich and taste very iron-heavy. They are grown in troughs, and eat both dead organic matter and rust.
Commoner's Infirmary	A large tent, similar to a circus tent, though its slowly become a more permanent fixture in The People's Pillar neighborhood. It is a field hospital, with a limited supply of medicine and an even more limited number of people trained in the healing arts.
Mudbath House	The earthy, deep pits of thermally heated mud. For an added fee, they can even properly wash after.

The Glowing Pillar Locations

Place	Description
Ireworks	The single forge now operates on behalf of the Taram Resistance. It expands slowly but surely, all the wire pumping out armor and weapons night and day.
Kevin	Kevin is a kenku who has set up a tent on the outskirts of The Glowing Pillar neighborhood. Most of what he has is junk, but now and then, he seems to come by a treasure or two.
Undercut	A general store that sells damaged and broken goods well below market price.
Rois Quarry	A large, three layer deep quarry for mining grey granite for bricks.
The Bleedin' Stout	Named for its signature drink, The Bleedin' Stout is a traditional

	dwarvish drinking hall, with a large chandelier, and features a sort of bloodworm pasta with a red pepper sauce that burns the iron flavor right out.
The Training Yard	Amidst the buildings of Fort Taram, there is a large stone courtyard dedicated to 24-hour combat exercises.

The Dark Hive Locations

Place	Description
The Dark Hive	The Dark Hive itself is one party casino, one part sprawling hotel/dungeon that houses The Coldwrought Clan's interests. On the fifth story of the tower is the Coldwrought Apartments, where the crime family lives, and deals with their top clients.
The Dark Market	Under careful watch from the Coldwrought enforcers, every Wednesday sees a large
Square of Might	To the west of the pillar proper, perhaps ten minutes walk, is a large, iron cube. There are vents on the top, which allow steam from the gathered crowd to escape. Within, there are seats for roughly 60 people, and a raised marble square where organized fights take place.
The Gourmand's Kitchen	This small, eight-seat establishment operates within Coldwrought territory, and provides one meal a week, every Friday Night. It is highly exclusive, and few know what occurs within these walls... there are rumors that many of the items on the menu are harvested from the streets of The Undercity and

	beyond...
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Further, due to the nature of The Undercity (violent and volatile) many shops rise and fall quickly, or change locations. The following merchants may be located anywhere within The Undercity, or not at all, at the DM's discretion.

d6	Merchant
1	<i>The Shoddy Scholar</i> - A small shop filled with second-hand books piled on every available surface. Run by the deep gnome Gildrobby Middleweasle who knows exactly where every title is, and exactly what's in stock. Specializes in fiction.
2	<i>Feathered Lands</i> - A tiny store, with a single drafting table, a desk, and a few shelves of rolled up, large, scrolls. Mi-Zhan, a middle-aged drow woman shaved bald, though constantly fussing with her head, can create and provide maps of Underdark locations.
3	<i>Hchvat Marganum</i> - Infernal for "Blown Glass", Hchvat Marganum is just that: a glass blower. Owned by the tiefling Partillin, proud and sarcastic, it can produce glass of master quality.
4	<i>Liquid Courage</i> - A medium-sized Inn of a poor quality. Ownership frequently changes (at least once a week), resulting in odd, mis-matched decor.
5	<i>The All Sleeper's Domain</i> - A medium-sized tent with comfortable pillows piled throughout. 10gp will get you a pleasant dose of Dreamer's Stick, a minty, chewy reed that can induce a hallucinatory dream state. Many can't quite remember where they've left all their things when they leave.
6	<i>Cadence's Tattoo Parlor</i> - Always moving, the rapid-speaking, stream-of-consciousness

	speaking tiefling, Cadence Clearwater runs a tattoo parlor wherever somebody can track her down. She specializes in a tattoo that can summon a semi-spectral familiar (1,000gp, plus the ashes of 10gp worth of incense, herbs, and charcoal.) once per day.
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Dungeons of The Undercity

The Undercity, by its very nature, might be considered a dungeon, depending on your disposition and willingness to overlook rampant violence. However, there are areas in both the developed pillar communities and the surrounding caverns that present particularly perilous settings.

The Statuary

Though the hag who is rumored to wander the halls of the pillar known as The Statuary has expressed nothing more than a desire to be left alone, the statues that dot the hallways, rooftop, and even surrounding The Statuary itself, were all adventurers, criminals, or sight-seekers who ignored her wishes and sought the various treasures said to remain from the Drow military outfit that used to inhabit the tower. The pillar itself was designed to be defended, with a pair of staircases twisting around each other through the center, visible to each level that passes. Not all statues remain still, either; gargoyles, mimics, and roppers all take residence here.

Stone Giant Settlement

Behind large piles of stones that obscure the settlement proper from the other side of the Broken Bridge, are massive steps that lead to a sunken-in portion of earth, hiding the true height of the giant's large community-structure: similar

to a pyramid, though each brick features fine linework to give the entire thing the appearance of being made my miniature stones. Within lives a small community of stone giants, who call themselves Draj-Larc, "The Dark Dwellers" in giantese. They live a quiet, secluded life, and seek to elevate their home to even finer heights, the leader chosen every 500 days by who has provided the most improvement to their lair.

The Dark Hive

An appropriate name for a complex, five-story-high maze of apartments, functional rooms, workshops, and storage areas. The Coldwrought Clan runs the entire structure, though as it expands ever-upward, even they don't know the true extent of the pillar's workings anymore. Many of those missing from the uneven streets of The Undercity still live (in the better scenarios) within The Dark Hive. Past the first level, which is largely a dark, smokey casino, intruders will be met with fierce resistance from the Coldwrought Clan and those in their employ. The complex nature of The Dark Hive does carry with it one advantage: There are no means to sound an effective alarm outside of a very localized area.

Bonemeadow

A series of old pieces of stone worn down by the volcanically acidic waters that flow through this place, the Bonemeadow earned its named as the pock-marked stone cairns look as if they are strange stacks of bones. The source of this water bubbles up from within a large cave system known as the Cobra's Throat. The bleached stone walls and tricky currents can rapidly flood or drain caverns here, before the water eventually connects to Darksalt Lake below. Somewhere

between, creatures from the Far Realm can appear, most commonly the amphibious shrenyu that are a rare but deadly predator in the River of Colors.

Valley of Y’Gor

Beneath a permanent bank of clouds is the Valley of Y’Gor, named for the mythical giant who fell from the floating city of Yorn to their death to begin the legendary war between frost and cloud giants. For brief periods in the summer, this whole area thaws and becomes a floodplain verdant with life. Most times of the year, it is cold, but the dense fir trees that line the valley provide suitable cover for wildlife.

Far from the mighty giants of legend, a handful of hill giants, ettins, and ogres populate this valley. They are fiercely territorial and often fight amongst themselves. The valley is bisected laterally by the mighty River of Colors, though the top is thickly frozen and can be easily crossed by medium creatures; it is often the site of territory disputes.

Frigid Fields

The far eastern reaches of The North are known as the Frigid Fields, and there is no place on Alberon that is colder or more desolate. The Frigid Fields are so cold, in fact, that emotions themselves can freeze in the cold air, resulting in malevolent constructs of biological remains acting as hosts for hatred, anger, and fear.

Somewhere near the center of this region is the Glacier of Secrets. This towering shelf of navy-blue ice seals away the door that Mystra had created to the Plane of Ice, inadvertently connecting Alberon to the rest of the multiverse for the first time.

The Squall

A blizzard that has raged for thousands of years, The Squall exerts a cold so extreme that many speculate it is the source of The North’s near-permanent winter. Roars of great beasts can be heard within the howling winds and razor-sharp sleet that swirls around the edges.

In the early third age, ice giants would attack Nanuc, and the now-destroyed towns of Altraika and Mamonen, but sometime around 1000 T.A. the giants abruptly stopped. Deep in the Squall’s center, away from the eyes of the rest of the world, the frost giants within the ice citadel known as the Wrath Circuit wage a never ending war against white dragons that seem to erupt from the Squall itself, without end.

Aunlaharu Fuamhaire

The largest five mountains in the Comayus Range, Aunlaharu Fuamhaire translates to “The Giant’s Fist” from the elvish dialect of the Summer Court. These five peaks tower above all others on the continent, with the tallest peak lending the rest of the mountain’s its name.

Mount Yishi is the middle peak, and home of the Xinyi Monastery. Near its summit, the members of the monastic order aid the citizens of Squall’s End in pursuing perfection in all of the ways it might be found. Slighdao, Benderfynol, and Prakasa Aotrom round out the rest of the mountain range.

The Meadowlands

The temperate region that begins at the Cemetery of the Nameless Sailor and extends south across all the territory of Dungannon is known as The Meadowlands. Its rich grasslands are fed by melt from the Sunchoker chain that borders it on the

east, and nourished further by the warm, nutrient-rich winds that roll in off the Emerald Expanse to the west, creating rich fields for livestock and farming alike.

For all of its resources, those who try to settle here find life hard. In the winter, evil creatures of cold travel south from the Venshaar Ice Wastes, while year-round beasts of time past erupt from the hidden places among the mountains of the Sunchoker Chain. The distance between civilized points is long by foot, and so many bandits and folks of ill will camp along the roads and highways, looking to make some quick coin.

Cemetery of the Nameless Sailor

The tale goes that a woman waited on this shore every day for her wife to return from a voyage across the Emerald Expanse, and died after years of waiting. She was buried by the sea, so that she might continue to wait.

Along the coast, bodies of those from ships wrecked along the perilous rocks that just out like fangs along the coast wash ashore, and are buried here. Those who travel south from Darkmeadow to Dungannon along the Spirit Roadway, often report seeing restless spirits walking in the fields that surround this place.

Darkmeadow

The largest town north of Dungannon, Darkmeadow supplies nearly half the cattle, beef, and leather that exists on Dominion. It is the frontier of civilization on the west coast, and is a place where many go to escape past misdeeds.

As such, Darkmeadow can be a tough town. Gambling is rampant on the outskirts of town, where outlaws and the citizenry hold more power than anyone with a badge. Unpaid debts

and shady dealings at night lead to duels more often than not during the day.

Vitt

Nestled into the foothills of the western Sunchoker Chain is the gnomish commune of Vitt. Blending a knack for engineering with a love of nature, Vittitian gnomes live within trees that have been painstakingly carved over decades to allow the tree to flourish and live even as a family (or three!) dwells within.

Vertical farms with shelves woven from living branches stretch up the maple trees, and provide an excess of food to the vegetarian gnomes. Projects in Vitt take time, and there are few offenses more serious than intentionally damaging the organic structures that have grown over generations.

Bloodroot Sanctuary

Southeast of the Murder Tree is the black castle with a curved and twisted stone tower that rises from the keep like two massive vines entwining known to a few as the Bloodroot Sanctuary. The fields that surround it are of dried grass and are heavily prone to fire. Charred black costal oak trees with perfectly intact branches dot the lonely landscape, whose denizens can often appear to be only the many crows that roost here.

The Sanctuary is home to a secretive order of warriors who have kept some of the darkest forces of Alberon at bay for centuries. The Children of the Bloodroot engage in the esoteric practice of hemomancy, sacrificing elements of their humanity to gain the tools they need to fight the undead, the infernal, and worse.

The Watchful Holdfast

A white limestone plaster coats the sandstone walls of the Watchfull Holdfast, the central base of operations for the Helmsguard. These walls gleam across the meadow that surrounds it, like a beacon of hope to any who might require protection.

The paladins of the Helmsguard keep vigil across the traditionally dangerous border between the Meadowlands to the north, and the Kua'Tar Badlands to the south, but are often viewed with mistrust by those in the region. Their association with the Church of the Six makes many in the fiercely independent Old City of Dungannon suspect that they may ultimately serve as operatives for the Kingdom of Serentyl.

This has led to tension throughout the region, but in times of trouble the vigilant Helmsguard are often the first to meet danger in the field of battle astride white horses.

The Abysmal Hollow

Atop a mesa to the south of Dungannon sits the dark, crumbling castle now known as the Abysmal Hollow. Many dark caverns and hollow ruins shelter three chimera that squabble over the various territories.

Should an adventurer manage to slip past these creatures, and find their way into the dungeons of the castle proper, they would also find themselves traversing level after level, the stone walls transitioning slowly to something far more infernal.

Dungannon: The Mesas and Neighborhoods

Dungannon is an old city that has had time to establish itself and it's many boroughs and warrens. The oldest, standing city on Dominion, Dungannon sprawls across a vast tract of mesas and the canyons between them. The easiest way to explain Dungannon is through three levels: Mesas, Levels, and Neighborhoods.

Three Mesas

Dungannon was crafted on the surfaces on three large mesas, each connected by two bridges to the other two, and the largest of them (and the furthest inland) houses the massive Stayne Suspension Bridge (known by the locals as the Ribcage).

The largest mesa wraps around from north to northwest, and is known as **Anchor**. It links to the mainland by a suspension bridge paid for by the prosperous Stayne family, local philanthropists and titans of the fashion industry. The bridge was widely regarded by the largely residential neighborhoods of Anchor as an ugly but necessary structure, as the stairways carved into the sides of the mesas had a tendency to crumble every few decades. South, connected by Orestrike Bridge and the Bridge of Scholars is the mesa called Suneosso.

Suneosso is the cultural hotspot of Dungannon. It is home to conservatories, museums, libraries, and sculpture gardens. Those who live in Suneosso tend to be upper-middle class, with many architectural elements imported in part or wholesale from Everest. It is connected to the smallest of the three mesas to the northwest by the Ruby Walkway and the Panther's Path.

This Mesa is called **Nassus** and overlooks the ocean. Dominating the surface is Castle Koch, the seat of power in Dungannon for 400 years before the king was deposed, and the

Congress of Nobles established. Even now, Nassus houses the Chamber of the Lead, where the Congress of Nobles do business.

Two Levels

Where there are towering structures so close together, there are naturally canyons. Toward the bottom, in the spaces amidst foundation stone and the sand itself, whole neighborhoods have sprung up to form **Lower Dungannon**. While it's people tend to be poorer, even this section of the city is well constructed, with sewers, running water, and even a dedicated postal service. To allow light, polished pieces of metal are often angled on higher walls of the mesas to reflect sunlight to sections that would otherwise stay in darkness.

Most of the buildings mentioned in the previous section exist on **Upper Dungannon**. Home to wealthier citizens, nobles, and many places of business, art, learning, and leisure, Upper Dungannon is the newer part of the city. Until the monarchy was ended, it's rulers lived in Castle Koch above their subjects alone.

All of the Neighborhoods

The term itself is relatively vague: a neighborhood might be a single street, or a city block. Each neighborhood proudly defines itself, and so there are often disagreements as to where one neighborhood ends and another begins. It would be impossible to go into all of the neighborhoods of note in Dungannon, but we will expand upon many important ones throughout the next few chapters.

Important Historical Events

Dungannon has existed for a millennium, and it's exact founding date has been lost to time (it's

founding is celebrated with New Years on the 1st of Highsun) but many important things have occurred within its boundaries.

Death of King Koch - 260 T.A.

The first monarch in Dungannon's history was a high elf named Ozz'akar Koch. He was a gifted diplomat that worked hard to gain the small town's trust. Like all good rulers, he was chosen by his people, and never expected nor wanted to rule. In 260 T.A., King Koch passed away after an extended illness, and was succeeded by his daughter, Ame'husa.

Walter's First Visit - 327 T.A.

The first of three visits from the then-juvenile dragon turtle, Walter destroyed the early vessels and shattered the harbor. 34 people were killed in the attack, and each are memorialized along the Glimmerbridge by 34 pieces of black tormaline on the central-most arch.

The Rise of Ignassus Somathorne - 688 T.A.

With the help of the other great vampire bloodlines who held the Mantles of the Thirst, Ignassus Somathorne seized power by slaying the now-quatracenturian Ame'husa, who had grown frail in her old age.

The Spirit Storm - 701 T.A.

In late spring, a massive squall blew in off the coast, but within the fog, gray creatures would spring and snatch people from the streets. It remained for three days, and then burned up into sunlight.

The Blightcarver Coupe - 820 T.A.

A bloodline of vampires known as the Blightcarvers leveraged an artifact of great power

to attempt to overthrow Ignassus Somathorne. They were betrayed and defeated easily, and as a lesson to all others, a pit of stakes was erected beneath the soil in Lower Dunagannon, and the Blightcarvers were thrown 400 feet to the pit below, before liquid silver was scattered over top.

The Cull - 821 T.A.

To further subjugate the unruly mortals that the vampires used as livestock, labor, and amusement, Ignassus ordered that every elder (those over 80, which spared many humans unintentionally) exsanguinated into sinister cisterns located beneath Castle Koch.

The Dawn Rebellion - 825 T.A.

With secret aid from the Divine Court, elements within and around Dungannon used tunnels and caverns within the mesas themselves to train militias, and launch guerilla-style tactics against the vampire in the city.

The Fall of Ignassus Somathorne - 829 T.A.

After a bloody campaign that saw vampires all but eradicated, the forces of light (led by Polonius Danby, a tailor-turned-general) finally breached the walls of Castle Koch at dawn on the 1st of Deepwinter. Ignassus Somathorne, and any vampire that the forces of light could not slay, were sealed away by powerful arcane spells crafted by the masters of the Divine Court.

First Congress of Nobles - 831 T.A.

For a time, the leaders of the Dawn Rebellion held on to power, but over time could not decide on a new king. Eventually, they established a congressional body with a complex system of rules, laws, and codices to never again allow one person to take too much power. They left Castle

Koch, a symbol of the old rule, and established the Chamber of the Lead to the south.

The Long Winter - 900 T.A.

Beginning with the bay Dungannon is built over, an unnatural cold spread across the region, all the way across the continent of Dominion. Crops died, and the new Congress of Nobles was put to the test. Many perished of hunger, or moved south, and established a coastal town connected to Everest to the west across the Emerald Expanse. This lasted for just shy of a decade before it broke as suddenly as it began, though the effects held across the Sunchoker Chain.

Allies in Everest - 910 T.A.

As spring returned, it brought new ships from the west, across the Emerald Expanse. They bore diplomats and goods from Everest, the continent of the elves, and quickly trade routes were established.

Emeraldbane's Rise - 914 T.A.

Attracted by the poorly protected trade routes, the successful pirate, a tiefling known as Emeraldbane, headed north from the Boiling Ocean and began a twenty-year campaign of piracy that cemented him as the greatest pirate to have ever lived amongst locals.

The Sleepers Awaken

Recently, creatures that have slumbered for ages now rise and roam the landscapes of Dominion. The Riders of Gallaney serve as the law through Dungannon's territory, but they find themselves increasingly stretched thin, and will offer established adventurers a tidy sum to assist in

various urgent matters. People have begun to go missing after inexplicably walking into Lower Dungannon, or in some cases the sewers themselves.

Guide to Dungannon

“I’d rather be poor in Dungannon than rich in One-Thousand Gates.”

-Badland Company saying.

Mail and Courier Services

Dungannon has two separate postal branches: one for Upper Dungannon, and one for Lower Dungannon and the outlying regions. 1cp will get your message delivered anywhere in Dungannon, so long as you can describe an individual and know the neighborhood they’ll be in. 5cp will get your message delivered to anywhere within Dungannon’s territory, from as far south as Port Ziess to as far north as the Bloodroot Sanctuary. A parcel can be delivered locally for 1sp, and anywhere in-territory for 1gp.

Arcane Services

In a city the size of Dungannon rich with cultural buildings and organizations, magic users are more common than anywhere else on Dominion.

Everyone can count at least one spell caster in their circle of acquaintances.

Spells within the wizard spell list can be cast for the players for the following prices:

Spell Level	Price
Cantrip	<i>Generally free</i>
1st	5gp

2nd	15gp
3rd	45gp
4th	135gp

Past fourth level, spells are more expensive, and would require some research to find an appropriate caster. A price is more likely to be a trade or barter of service than actual gold, but regardless, the cost of such spells gets steep quickly.

Necromancy is not strictly prohibited, but many of its effects are. This is largely due to the existence of the *Order of the Mirthful Reaper*, an order devoted to celebrating life at the end of death, and whose founding occurred shortly after the fall of Iganssus Somathorne.

Standards of Living

Dungannon is a relatively prosperous city, and though no single person can claim to understand the Congress of Nobles’ complex system of rules, it has done much to distribute wealth amongst its people in the form of social and civic services and a robustly maintained physical infrastructure.

The poorest of Dungannon live a *modest* lifestyle. They own their home and the tiny lot it’s on (if any), they can afford a family, and they don’t go hungry. They almost exclusively populate Lower Dungannon.

The middle class live *comfortable* lives. They can indulge in occasional luxuries, and most own closets of clothing. They live in Lower Dungannon, and along the eastern and southern ridges of Upper Anchor. The upper class live *wealthy* lifestyles, and

employ household staff. Most keep stables of some form of animal, and most own at least one ship in the harbor. They enjoy imported goods from Everest on a daily basis.

Education and Research

Dungannon is a hot spring of culture, and as such has attracted a number of notable scholars and learned people.

The Dungannon Public Library sits on the northern edge of Sunneoso. It's five stories and three expanded wings all house countless works of fiction and non-fiction that are open to the public. A Dungannon address can get you books delivered and picked up free of charge.

Dungannon United Conservatory is Dominion's largest music school. From classical strings to experimental instrument design, DUC boast a wide array of skills to teach Dungannon's citizens.

For magic users, the destination of choice would be *The Aussinloch*, an Everest-based branch of magical researchers. Almost entirely comprised of high elves from across the Emerald Expanse, Aussinloch offers expensive private lessons in the arcane. It's green robes with shimmering black bands that intersect across the chest are iconic of Everest's scientists.

The *Tufe Museum* houses some of the most exquisite works of art produced around the world. Three levels that span across three entire Dungannon blocks have mixed media exhibits, collections of work from the stone giants of the First Age, and even art and archeology lessons.

In the Dualist's Harbor, the *People's Second Marina* offers lessons on sailing, carpentry, basic math, and a few other sailing essentials at the cost of 2sp a day.

Shopping

Dungannon has some shops that have stood on the same street corner for longer than most Dominion cities have existed. There isn't a neighborhood that doesn't have at least one place of business, but there are a few places that feature heavier clusters of shops.

Traveller's Hall is a busy marketplace in Lower Dungannon, that sits alongside the Coast Road that leads to *Port Ziess*. A towering, two-story rectangular hall houses two tiers of shops that localize toward spices, dried and salted foods, and various other items from across the Emerald Expanse in Everest, or in some cases from across the Boiling Ocean to the south, and points beyond. Clustered around the central buildings are other places that cater to the interests of sailors, small souvenir shops, and bars. During the weekend, there are often locals with blankets spread on the ground, hawking home-made remedies, "magic crystals", and everything in-between.

The *Stables in The Slew* are a re-purposed series of stables that had once housed the many griffons of the Danby Griffon Company prior to the family falling upon hard times. Three tiers of successively higher ledges on Lower Anchor form a single structure with a ramp that winds across three levels of small shops. As deep as it is, the whole structure is exposed to natural sunlight, and features a winding mosaic of

different-colored quartz gathered over time on the ceiling.

The southernmost ledge of Upper Suneosso is known as the Crumbling Overlook, and along its edge is *Overlook Avenue*, a popular shopping spot with green, pink, and blue pastel lanterns that glow in the later hours of the evening.

Holidays

The cultures of Dungannon are diverse, and as such the Dungannon Congress long ago did away with taking days off from a work week (which is Monday-Thursday in Dungannon, typically.) You will find celebrations of almost every major holiday in some fashion or another in The Old City.

There are five officially recognized holidays on which all goods and services are tax-exempt, which lead to huge pulses of economic boon. Additionally, the Noble Houses pay for elaborate parades to walk across the areas they influence, to please the citizens but more importantly, to one-up each-other. These holidays are:

Daybreak Festival

The 1st of Deepwinter marks the celebration of the days growing longer and warmer as winter passes its midpoint. To those with a knack for history, there might be a more sinister reason. Celebrations start at sundown on the 30th of the Drawing Down, and go until dawn, with revelers wearing elaborate black and gold costumes, and the few shops that remain open sporting special sales to commemorate the event. Dawnpane candy necklaces are worn by children, while adults try their luck at Bliztie's Liquid Menagerie.

Offering of Thunder

3rd Thursday of the Claw of Storms marks the Offering of Thunder, a holiday that has those from across western Dominion (and beyond) to vie for the Stormlord's Belt in a fighting tournament that has created as many legendary fighters as there are stars in the sky. To hold the belt is a high honor, and a mark that would distinguish its bearer as a powerful warrior across Alberon. This is done in honor of Kord, the Stormlord, to appease him and encourage safe passage for the many ships that find their way to and from Dungannon and Port Ziess.

Renewal

Renewal is the celebration of the New Year, similar to other locations across Dominion. It is celebrated on the evening of the 30th of Summertime.

Autumn Ball

The 3rd Thursday of The Fading marks the Autumn Ball, a red-orange-yellow tinged gala that sees many restaurants, bars, and public spaces turned into large feasts. Noble families hold large private parties and larger, though less luxurious, feasts for the common folk. The Auldwynn Temple on Nassus hosts a more intimate, spiritual affair that connects the druids of the place (and those who wish to join) with the Green Matron, while a huge dance is held in Vesya Park on Upper Suneosso that is open to the public, and the only time many of those who live in Lower Dungannon get to visit Upper Nassus.

Festival of Fear

The 30th of The Drawing Down celebrates The Festival of Fear, where children dress up as adventurers, and visit each house to slay the

monster for treasure. Each adult wears a monster costume, and gives out small treats and toys.

Recreation

Dungannon is a relatively prosperous town, and it's robust civil services allow for most of its citizens to experience a taste of luxury. A special treat might be a trip to the Devil's Taste, a tiefling-owned chocolatier in Lower Anchor, just as easily as a sampling of wine at the Tufe' museum to celebrate an anniversary. Some of the more popular forms of entertainment are listed here.

Headsack

A popular game in bars (though relatively unpopular with barkeeps) headsack involves two participants holding onto a potato sack. Each attempts to place the sack over the other's head. If a participant falls off their stool, or has the sack placed over their head, they are the loser and usually buy a round of drinks.

Copper Cup

Copper cup involves each participant throwing a copper piece at a cup located nearby. The closest person to the cup wins the round, and is allowed to place the cup next. If a player gets a copper into the cup, they shout "Copper Cup" and are allowed to strike one of the other players (who typically attempt to get away!)

Slacklining

Popular with the younger citizens of Dungannon, slacklining follows the same principles of it's real-world counterpart. A piece of rope is strung between two of the great Mesas (typically mid-way between the Upper and Lower levels proper) and individuals attempt to cross.

The Congress of Nobles

Nowhere else on Alberon does a more elaborate, and less understood, form of government exist. The Congress of Nobles was designed to utilize bureaucracy to prevent any one faction from overpowering the other after tyrannical kings had ruled for far too long. 21 Major noble families and 73 Minor ones exist, and to name them all would take a document in and of itself. However, there are several Major ones that influence adventures more than most, and we go into them here.

The Callios Family

Current Leader: Hodzik Callios

Crest and Colors: A silver falcon with it's head turned left and a blue sea serpent in it's left leg. Blue and silver.

Description: The Callios Family established two of the primary fortifications in Dungannon Bay (The fortress/lighthouse "Callios Breakwater," and the land-based artillery wall "Hodzik's Bastion." Further, it's ship "The Nightsister" is one of the Dungannon Navy's finest ships.

The Bentshield Clan

Current Leader: Swanhilda Bentshield

Crest and Colors: A shield with a cleft running top to bottom in a "v" over a field of brown. Brown.

Description: "Ironskey Atrium" is the lavish, marble villa they maintain above ground, but the Bentshield clan makes most of it's space within the Sunesso mesa itself. They pride themselves on operating the Public Works department, and maintain the cities buildings, roads, benches, and sewers. They also produce the steel for the Dungannon Navy and the Riders of Gallaney, and operate "The Orestrike Armorer", the finest custom armor shop in Dungannon. It sits midway across Orestike Bridge.

The Tibirosis Family

Current Leader: Marshal Tibirosis

Crest and Colors: A spear with the tip buried in an acorn. Tan and olive.

Description: The Tibirosis family is elvish in origin (though Marshal is the first half-elf to ascend to the head of the family, and in bloody fashion.) They control the dual winch-powered lifts that can transport heavy loads across the canyon from the mainland to Anchor. Their traditions back in Everest were those of hunters and trackers, and they maintain the tradition on Dominions coast, their

many hunters supplying meat to a vertically-controlled meat industry, from hunter to store.

The Stayne Family

Current Leader: Gruce Stayne

Crest and Colors: Black. A sword plunging through a pair of bat wings.

Description: Titans of the fashion industry, the Stayne family produces both mass production clothing for the everyday Dungannoner, but also some of the highest fashion items around. Most recently, Stayne Pants have swept the west coast by storm.

The Azubah Family

Current Leader: Grace Azubah

Crest and Colors: A white flame consuming a gold feather.

Description: The tiefling Azubah family controls a wide swathe of enterprises, from bars to linen cleaners to coffee shops. If money can exchange hands, chances are, Grace Azubah is making a few copper from it. In Upper Anchor, the “Inner Beauty Holistic Health Spa” is one of their largest operations: customers come for mud baths, and when they’re cleaned off at the end of their experience, so is their money.

The Briewomkins Family

Current Leader: Taless “Cheese” Briewomkins

Crest and Colors: A field mouse in platemail armor. Pale pink and silver.

Description: The halfling Briewomkins family was one of the first halfling groups that descended from The Auld.

The Danby Family

Current Leader: Lord Winston Danby

Crest and Colors: Scarlett and Navy Blue

Description: The Danby family made a fortune when their ancestors formed a bond with a pride of griffons. Though the Danby family is still the only known human group that still possesses such a relationship with Griffons, the late Lord Esterbury Danby donated a great portion of the family’s wealth toward building a series of orphanages and health clinics across Lower Dungannon.

Religion

Unlike the Kingdom of Serentyl to the east, Dungannon and it’s territories allow remarkable religious freedom. Combined with it’s loose laws on magic, this has led to a baffling array of practices and faiths that have temples, churches,

and altars spread across Upper and Lower Dungannon.

Auldwynn Temple - Melora, Eldath, Mielikki, Selune

This beautiful temple to the gods of the natural world is nestled into a grove of ancient elms that cluster up and around the structures and plants of this place. Melora is suffused to this space, prayers to her bringing instant blooms to flowers. Eldath, the Goddess of Peace, has a shrine in a lily-pad filled pond, 15x15 wide; Mielikki, Eldath’s sister, is said to visit once in a blue moon in the guise of a spectral unicorn. At night, on a full moon, worshipers of the Many Faced Fate (Selune) seek her favor in the rays of the moon that fall in the soft, warm clearing.

Order of the Mirthful Reaper - Kelemvor

In the Peacefield, on Upper Suneosso, is a gray church with a towering, four-story steeple. Through the peacefield, small strings with bits of glass, or chimes, or stone, all softly sound in the wind. On Fridays, large ceremonies are held, to sing and dance the souls of the departed to sleep. For all the strange fanfare, undead do not rise from this cemetery, and so it has thrived and takes up a sprawling portion of Suneosso’s surface area.

Cathedral of the Lord of Spells

A jagged architecture of gray stone swirled with orange of iron ore rusting slightly within. Large windows framed in oval-topped arches of steel give unparalleled views of Suneosso from the seventh level of the central tower. Here, those with natural magic gifts come together to revel in the mystery of the Prodigal Son, a supposed successor to Mystra, who created the Weave even as she died to allow magic to seep into the world.

The Dunetop Manor

Once a wealthy wizard's estate, Euriel's Watch, an order of celestial warlocks that serve the plantar Euriel (themselves in service to Helm) has purchased and taken the three-story manor over as a base of operations. These celestial rangers once roamed the incredible mountains of The Auld before the continent sank.

Organizations

Many organizations call Dungannon home. From mercantile guilds to monster hunter enthusiasts, whatever your interest, it shouldn't be too hard to find a group of like minded individuals.

The Dungannon Antiquities Collective

Based out of the basement of the Tufe Museum in Upper Suneosso, the DAC tracks approximately 127 magical items, artifacts, and oddities through Dominion, and several beyond. Currently led by the harried Mr. Gift, the Collective consists of a rag-tag group of a dozen or so individuals at any one time. Their base of operations houses a massive collection of dossiers on magical items, their abilities, histories, and current whereabouts.

Services: Darazza, one of the few artificers in the world, outfits the DAC members with equipment found nowhere else in Dominion.

Crinklecrease Players

The Crinklecrease Players are a roughshod group of bards, playwrights, and failed actors who endeavor to get their ideas heard, listened to, or seen. As such, their shows are often bawdy, raunchy, and occasionally violent; all the better to

gain some sort of attention (or cause a distraction!)

Dungannon Daredevils

A group of reckless individuals who gather on weekends to engage in dangerous activities that can range from slacklining to dungeon delving. The Daredevils include a number of nobles amongst them, which means they are always looking to spend coin for an adventure (or for escorts in a particularly dangerous journey!)

Dungannon Civics Labor Guild

The DCLG is a union of unskilled laborers. They are most often employed as dock hands, goods transportation, and general construction, but more nefarious individuals have used this as a "henchmen hiring pool" on a number of occasions.

Taverns

Otto's Grotto. (Poor) A swim-up bar built into a cave (a grotto!) of springwater in a cave at the base of Lower Nassus. (3 rooms, 2 beds each, 2cp a night)

The Verdant Ogre. (Modest) A dive bar on the Swanstick Wharf, with a figurehead of a green ogre overtop. Run by a fast-talking, overly-friendly Daphne Bargbright, a female halfling who says golly a lot. (5 rooms, 2- 2 beds, 3 singles. 1sp/1sp2cp)

The Ugly Twin. (Squalid) The poorest, dingiest bar in southern Lower Anchor, smells of lemon and sea water, serves only Proust Pale and toasted peanuts.(communal bedding at 1cp a night, 31 beds.)

Beau's Tavern. (Comfortable) Run by Beaubaubrant Kettlebottom, a gnome of splendid taste, a communal dining room serves guests three

meals a day. There is a sitting room with mismatched furniture and a fireplace. (6x 1 bed bedrooms, 6sp a night)

Queen Lilibet's Table. (Aristocratic) Fine-dining restaurant with no beds, features a pre fixe menu at 100gp a shot, 9 courses paired with wines. 4 6-person tables.

The Dark Lady's Parlor. (Comfortable) A four-story building off lower Suneosso painted all black. Run by the black-leather clad Pagiosa (Paj-ee-oh-suh) a pale-skinned human with raven black hair, black lipstick, eyeshadow, and heavy mascara. She is about 5'8" and wears black heeled boots with black ribbon corset lace up the sides that put her at an even 6'. She will be wearing a black leather studded harness over a black quarter-sleeve dress with a plunging neckline, and fish-net type sleeves. Chains go down her hips hung from two points on her belt, and on those chains are small silver charms of skulls. The tables and overstuffed chairs are all mismatched, as are the candelabras and candles on real skulls on some of the side tables.

Port Ziess

To the west, is the small coastal city of Port Ziess. The sleepy berg has a dark history belated by it's quaint exterior and presentation.

The soft pastel limestone facades disguise the iron cages built into the firm stone structures just beneath. Port Ziess was built to withstand a mindflayer incursion, but became the seat of one of the most terrible mindflayers in the history of Dominion: Ziestriess, The Endless Mind.

Currently, Port Ziess has done well balancing a modest squid-fishing export with imported wealth from Everest and Dungannon.

The Kua-Tar Badlands

The Kua-Tar Badlands are dry clay beds that have eroded with the heavy rain seasons to form deep gullies and unpredictable landscapes that shift and change dangerously.

The dry desert and heavy winds coupled with frequent fronts of cooler tropical air off the Emerald Expanse trigger massive lightning storms that strike the tops of the towering mesas that dot the Badlands many times a day. The Badlands is the only region on Dominion without a single settlement, but not for lack of trying.

The Scrimoire

Established around an 18-foot-long arrow with a head of meteorite, this granite-block monastery tapped into the strange qualities of the Fallen Arrow to expand their mind. When the mindflayer-lich Ziestriess rose to power, one of the few groups that was able to repel his attack not once, but on three occasions over four-year span was the Fallen Arrow Followers.

Primarily led by the ghostwise halflings of the Gated Marsh, this group wore beads of crystal that allowed them to further tune and control the psionic energy imparted to them by the meteorite. Physical changes were more dramatic, with Followers skin turning translucent while glowing yellow, and their hair turning silver.

The Bloodroot Sanctuary fought against them in their earliest iteration, and during the Battle of Synapse the entire area was destroyed by a massive shockwave. Ruins of The Scrimoire still remain, though rumors of the meteorite being buried in the caved-in substructures beneath are unconfirmed.

The Blocks

Often mistakenly believed to be ruins of a Serentyllian settlement that had successfully crossed the Gated Marsh, The Blocks are actually the remains of a mobile structure belonging to worshipers of the Chained Angel. Though the structure has retreated into the ground, following the subterranean tunnels left in its wake may lead to the city's remains.

The Black Obelisk

In the center of the Kua'Tar Badlands is the Desert of Desolation, the hottest and most wind-swept stretch in the region. An unfortunate creature that passes here will have its body reduced to bone in hours due to the pelting sand and flesh-eating mites.

Within the Desert, is a towering black obelisk of polished obsidian. It gleams in the high sun, and burns jagged stretches of glass into the sand. These laser-like beams form passive traps on the approach.

None have found a way to penetrate the blank exterior. Neither magic nor metal leaves a mark, though the brightest minds across the continent theorize that a catalyst is needed to cause a door to appear.

Dardrask

A huge staircase that is filled with shaking sand. Passing through the sand will lead to a steep drop into a huge space with sandstone pillars that rise from the floor to the ceiling nearly 80 feet overhead.

Originally built by Fire Giants as a way to access the deeper volcanic fissures that flow from Mount Vonnedur to the north, the tunnels built as highways now sit in disrepair, and are difficult

(if not impossible) for medium-sized creatures to traverse properly.

Beneath these perilous chambers rest the ruins of a stone giant refinery that possess materials unknown to the rest of Alberon. None who have ventured beneath have yet returned.

The Dry Docks

Used by smugglers, pirates, and even those who find themselves short on supplies, the Dry Docks are old timber wharfs that float atop leather bladders with air and waterlogged wooden posts that anchor 25 feet down in the water in this deep cove.

This is a common ambush point, and many battles have been fought between escaping vessels and those that would take what they have aboard for themselves. Treasures dot the stony bottom, but creatures wise to the glimmering objects' ability to lure travelers closer lay in wait.

The Kua-Tar Warp

The northern reaches of the Badlands is the Warp. The wind howls constantly between the sturdy mesas that tower, like striated leviathans of sandstone, and ball lightning rolls across the sky, exploding in spectacular impacts that light up the night.

Whatever causes the brutal conditions also inflicts strange entities upon Dominion: displacer beasts, blink dogs, and thunderstone crawlers all plague those who dare to traverse this region.

The Gated Marsh

There is no place in Dominion more befouled or dangerous than the Gated Marsh. Once the site of Harvest Hold, a bastion of the Autumn Court made tangible on the Material Plane, a great tragedy caused the Hold to disappear. When the Hold disappeared, the forests made verdant by nutrients drawn in from the Feywild sank into a corrupt swamp that seemed to resent the life that once teemed within its branches.

The Marsh earned its name from the military city of One-Thousand Gates that runs along its eastern border from Lake Tanic in the north all the way down to Hazard Bay and the Boiling Ocean beyond to the south. Few venture into the Marsh, and fewer still return, so the region is poorly mapped.

The Soulpoools

A mile west of One-Thousand Gates is a broad swathe of swampland with thousands of shallow pools filled with pale white reeds. Yellow-brown moss crawls across the narrow tracts of land that are not submerged, and bones of animals that wander in are all that protrude from the water.

Bonewalkers, rail-thin lizards that can crawl into the skeletal remains that rest within the pools, take on the appearance of shambling mockeries of life, but their jaws are capable of biting a gnome in half. Small gnats hang in swarms so heavy that from a distance, the Soulpoools appear to have a heavy curtain of dark mist about them.

Twisted Knell

The first human city of Valichar rose up around the caves and forests from which humanity emerged. The jewel of this city was a structure

that is spoken about in myths and ancient texts as “Fabre Infinitum” (celestial for “Infinite Manufactory”) a place that could design and change life itself.

Valichar was affected greatly when Harvest Hold vanished. As the land died around it, the Valicharians went to extreme lengths to preserve themselves. Despite their best efforts, the city vanished beneath the muck of the swamp, save the top floor of the Fabre Infinitum, which floats just above the poisonous mud.

Muddtown

West of the Gated Marsh, fed by runoff water from Lake Tanic, are the Westreach mud fields. Rivers of deceptively fast-moving earth run into deep deposits of silt that can swallow horses in the blink of an eye.

Not even insects thrive here, as the mud possesses acidic properties that can harm those who attempt to pass without the proper preparations. Muddtown only exists for as long as the Muddtown Alchemist’s Association uses its chemical prowess to modify the mud directly around the town limits to maintain firm earth beneath.

Secretly, the Alchemist Association uses its abilities to maintain the acidic nature of the mud; left alone, the whole region would eventually stabilize. Through this secret means, they’ve maintained an iron grip of the area.

Howling Hills

The steep hills south of Muddtown are known as the Howling Hills because of the huge pack of wolves, dozens strong, that mark these grounds as their territory. The furthest reaches are enshrouded in a deep thicket of heavy aspen trees, where Melora’s touch long-ago instilled the beasts

who drink from the pools at its center with an expanded intelligence.

The wolves here are deep red in coloration.

Darkmoor

Stormset

Spiritwalker Waste

Lake Tanic

The Valley of Tranquility

The heart of Dominion, nestled into the core of the Sunchocker Chain, is the Valley of Tranquility. The shroud of mountains around its borders protect it from outside influence and storms alike, while its verdant forests and lush soil provide raw material and food to those who live within the Valley.

Though aptly named, this quiet vale features the heaviest concentration of Serentyllian military anywhere within the Kingdom of Serentyl. The Valley has a narrow neck, guarded by the towering walls of crimson stone called Fort Martin, which serves as its only practical entrance and southern boundary, and stretches up to the capital city of Serentyl on its northern border.

Serentyl

The Capital of Serentyl was founded in the early 1100's T.A. Though Serentyl is half a millennium the junior of Dungannon to the west, the might of the Serentyl Banners and the armies that fought beneath them quickly allowed a small town to expand into a vast kingdom almost overnight.

Towering buildings of ivory-painted stone and intricate brickwork are heavily featured within the architecture here, and artificial canals not only serve as barriers between districts, but as a cover for the sewer pipes that run along their beds before disappearing beneath the ground. These pipes run southeast to the city of Dunn, and from there nearly 450 miles further to the Sunward Coast, where waste ends up in the Short Sea.

Serentyl is a haven for the arts, but especially worthy of note is the Royal Theater: a towering building that features pillars of intricately carved mammoth tusks, each shaped into a hero or villain from classic tales. It features over 100 individual balconies that rise above the main seating area below. For a play or tale to be considered successful on the continent of Dominion, it must receive applause in the Royal Theater.

Serentyl is nearly exclusively human, with a handful of gnomes, halflings, and even fewer dwarves. Tieflings especially are not welcome within the capital, and there are no concrete legal protections for them within the bounds of the valley itself.

Many orchards line the sturdy brick road known as The Grand Tradeway, with many lower class citizens working the land in exchange for small domiciles hidden behind carefully cultivated groves of trees. Serentyl exports some of this fruit, but most is consumed by the wealthy families whose bloodlines tie them to the names that adorn the Monarchist Charter of Peace. The Charter is the guiding legal document that the Kingdom was founded upon.

Cathedral of Light

Located in Serentyl East, the Cathedral of Lights is the headquarters of the Church of the Six, the only sanctioned religion in the Kingdom. The building features a massive, arched main hall that leads to a 200' tall tower that features hundreds of glass panels enchanted to twinkle with ethereal white lights at night.

The Church wields incredible power within the Kingdom, with its agents able to commandeer entire banners of soldiers to their current cause. The religious body levies its own, modest tax to arm the platemail-laden Helmsguard who patrol the capital. Their snow white cloaks and

The Title Tavern

Fort Martin

Dunn

Pendelton

Chapter 3: Magical Items in Dominion

Magic is not a common force in Dominion, nor is it something so rare as to inspire wonder when witnessed. If you live in the Xinyi Monastery, a stroll to the eastern portion of the compound would place you in the Court of Mystics, where magic is practiced constantly in the structures devoted to the different studies of magic; if you live in Serentyl, possession of a magical item is

punishable by jail time, and any practice of magic must be licensed or approved.

It takes a powerful practitioner of magic to trap it, shape it, and subdue it to their will. Magical items are rare, and even the largest catalog of magical items in existence in the Dungannon Antiquities Collective lists just shy of two-hundred. Each item in the following list was chosen for its ties to Dominion.

Abernathy's Chaos Gem Pendant

Wonderous Item, Very Rare, (Requires Attunement by a wizard)

An ovular well-patinated silver pendant in the shape of a scarab beetle sits on a chain of woven dragonhide.

When you are targeted by a magical effect or spell, roll a d6 to determine the effect. This occurs only once, regardless of the spell or magical effects duration.

d6	Effect
1	You gain vulnerability to magic until the start of your next turn.
2	No Effect.
3	All creatures within 5 feet of you gain 1d6 hit points.
4	You gain 2d6 temporary hit points.
5	You immediately teleport 10 feet to a location you can see.
6	You gain resistance to magic until the start of your next turn.

Additionally, once per day, when you have rolled a d20, you may use your reaction to activate the pendant. You may reroll, and choose which result to use.

Balm of Joyless Smiles

Wonderous Item, Rare

A scentless vaseline-like substance contained within a tiny amber jar with a lid that depicts a smiling mask that is uncomfortable to look at.

When applied to a creature, that creature gains advantage on all persuasion, intimidation, deception, and performance checks for one hour.

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The Staff of Twisted Fates

The Righteous Chain

Luus

Gambol's Portable Shelter

Gambol's Traveling Feast

Chapter 4: Monsters in Dominion

Assembled Soul

Cold-Touched Perfect Azer

Chapter 5: Adventures Set in Dominion

A Tomb in the Desert (1-Session)

An Ale's Tale (1-Session)

Bloodroot (4-Session)