

New Harbor

History & Geography

Similar to other settlements in the far north of the Known Lands, New Harbor was borne out of the hard work of previous individuals. Before this fast-growing port town sprung up on the northernmost coast of the Central Sea, this area was home to an ancient and mysterious practitioner of magic. Their name has been lost (or buried) for centuries but those few who acknowledge their existence simply refer to them as “The Scholar.” The Scholar must have lived an impossibly long life while studying the deepest secrets of the arcane, for their home was a magnificently crafted castle consisting of three luxurious towers jutting off of a medial keep.

While the Scholar’s motivations have remained a mystery to all, their untimely demise is only known to a select few. It was Lady Thalanil Entris who would claim responsibility for ousting The Scholar from their home, and with their downfall, she installed one of the Known Land’s most prestigious magic schools in their castle: The Stratora School of the Arcane. Lady Entris was the headmaster of this school for centuries, for she was a powerful elf mage, credited with the creation of the Bladesinging School of Wizardry.

During the time The Scholar was practicing magic, a small triton community settled on the inlet nearby. These tritons came from a larger settlement deep in the Central Sea and were interested in starting a new life for themselves on the surface. The Scholar would occasionally call on them to help procure supplies for their experiments. For the most part, the two parties attended their own needs and the tritons slowly grew their village. When Lady Entris took over the castle, and rebranded it Stratora, there came a growing demand for steady transportation between the school and the kingdoms to the south. This boded well for the tritons, as they were some of the few creatures in the Known Lands who could safely navigate the Central Sea.

For hundreds of years, Stratora and the tritons benefitted from each other’s presence. The tritons weren’t interested in rapid expansion and took their time in growing their foothold on land. Around this time, some humans and other races began to settle in the same area, calling it New Harbor. They came to service the growing needs of Stratora and to make a new life for themselves in the fringes of the north. They worked with the tritons when they needed to but they didn’t share the same mutual respect with them as Stratora did. Eventually, the non-triton community grew to match the tritons in size and power, and conflict would arise around trade contracts and transportation methods to and from New Harbor. This was when Horace Horizon Sr. came to town, almost 50 years ago.

Horace Horizon offered peace between the tritons and the non-tritons living in New Harbor. Under his guidance, using his connections with the south, New Harbor would grow to become a vibrant young city and all of its inhabitants would reap the riches. Horace made trade deals with both groups and thus started a new chapter in the town's life. Trade, infrastructure, population, wealth; all of it grew rapidly under Horace's influence. Many benefitted from the expansion but none as much as Horace and his brand: Horizon Trade Company. He slowly, with good intentions, took over independent businesses through trade deals and brought them under the umbrella of HTC. The only ones to not give in to Horace's contracts were the triton-led fisheries and transport services, which soon meant they were rivals to HTC.

In recent years, the human-dominated community and their businesses found an equilibrium with HTC, enjoying modest wealth and comfort while HTC grew and grew in power. The triton community and businesses, however, began to falter against the pressure of HTC. They refused to be bought out and instead went under when their contracts were taken over by HTC. Poverty and crime grew in New Harbor, with the tritons making up the majority of the newly formed pirate foothold. Today, the tritons resent the humans and HTC, blaming them for the loss of their status. Meanwhile, the humans despise the tritons, seeing them as a pest responsible for the pirate scourge in town.

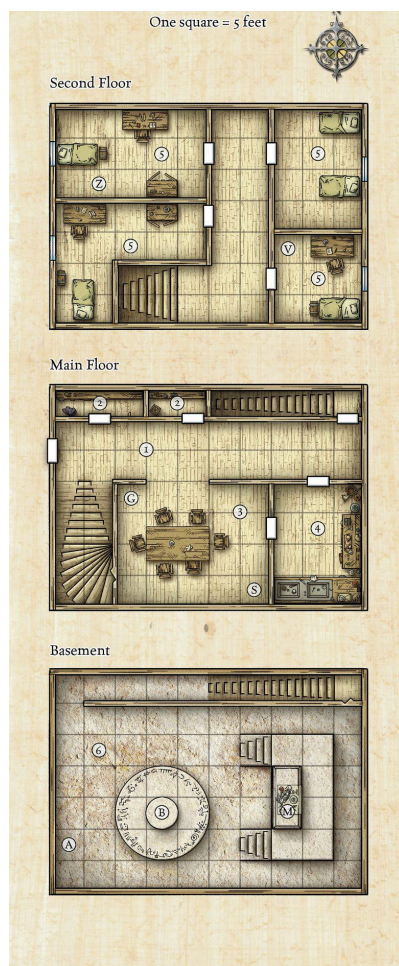
HTC would seem like a neutral bystander in the conflict if it wasn't for their direct hand in the deteriorating situation. Tensions are running high, especially now that there are pirates running amuck, trying to take over the town that Horizon once held a strong hand over.

Factions & Locations

Horizon Trade Company and HQ

HTC Headquarters sees the most foot traffic and activity for any establishment in New Harbor. After all, HTC was *the* reason that the town grew to be as successful and bustling as it is. However, with the fog falling, HTC HQ just means that there are more unhappy people trapped in the same place, under the same dire circumstances, than ever before.





HQ is two stories tall, including a basement that doubles as the company safe. At the center of the basement, there is a large dial that opens the safe, however, the only people that know the combination are Horace Horizon Sr. and Horace “Jay” Horizon Jr. Also in the basement is Horace’s personal office and private space in the crazy world that is New Harbor. He calls it his “own little slice of Old Harbor” and it is kept delightfully cool with never-melt ice shards. These shards also double as a source of faux-natural light that his Aasimar nature craves to stay in good spirits for his employees and, of course, his son. The rest of the decor in his office is scholarly, with a dark academia feel that matches him almost too well.

The main floor for HQ is where general inquiries are handled and where most guests are greeted. This floor is utilitarian in its furnishings; simple benches, rows of plain desks; and dozens of employees running to and fro at any given point. The main desk at the center of it all seats the head liaison for HTC; Helen. She’s a young human woman who would prefer to be anywhere else but nonetheless is incredibly skilled at her job. The other employees are of different ages, genders, and races, but they’re all there to do the same thing; make Helen’s job easier so she can do the necessary deliberations with the Horizons. This floor is about as far as most of

the foot traffic get that comes to HTC HQ.

The second floor is where the most important people to HTC visit. These may be lords and ladies from nearby towns that are looking to establish new trade routes or relations; pirate fleets that are looking to be granted access to funds in exchange for protection. Its furnishings are comfortable, bordering on lavish. The Horizons have created several enchantments to make guests there feel more at home; atmospheric music, replenishing plates of food, and a direct portal with the Gentle Kettle’s tea shop in the Market District.

The two most important figures to HTC are Horace Horizon Sr. and his son, Horace “Jay” Horizon Jr.:

Horace Horizon Sr. - A Self-Made Noble

Protector Aasimar Noble

Way of the Open Hand Monk (10)

Token:

<https://www.dndbeyond.com/profile/DMforAdventure/characters/54372394>

Horizon Trade Company was founded and is currently owned by Horace Horizon Sr., formerly of the Heroes Circle. Horace is the current head of House Horizon, although his son Horace Horizon Jr. is being groomed to take over the family's operations (most folks know him as "Jay." for the sake of separation).

During his time with the Heroes Circle, he was an integral part of their scouting and intelligence efforts. Additionally, he was a primary contact between the Circle's allies and connections to other groups affiliated with the Circle. He was, in essence, the public relations for them, though without a public face. Horace always kept in touch with the contacts he had made, those who had grown old and were no longer able to fight like they used to. In some cases, he kept in touch with the families that had lost a former Hero of the Circle.



On rare occasions, Horace in his prime did a bit of fighting alongside Joren Greyhammer. Eventually, these missions would cost him his leg—and his will to fight. Monks need to be in harmony with every part of their body to perform at their peak, and while it might have been possible for Horace to fight again without a leg, he could never keep up with Joren and the others. It's still a sensitive subject for him, despite the decades since the incident. It may be no coincidence that of all the contacts Horace maintained over the years, there was only one person he stopped speaking with: Joren. It's not that he blames Greyhammer at all for what happened to his leg. It's out of his own shame because he can't be the right-hand-man that he once was to a person who used to be his best friend.

His new prosthetic, however, is a big point of gossip in New Harbor right now, as it is a never-before-seen invention by an unknown artificer. The leg appears to be of Construct/Warforged in nature and works as well as a normal leg, if not better; though that doesn't change Horace's fears that come with using it.

Horace "Jay" Horizon Jr. - The Heir Apparent

Protector Aasimar Anthropologist

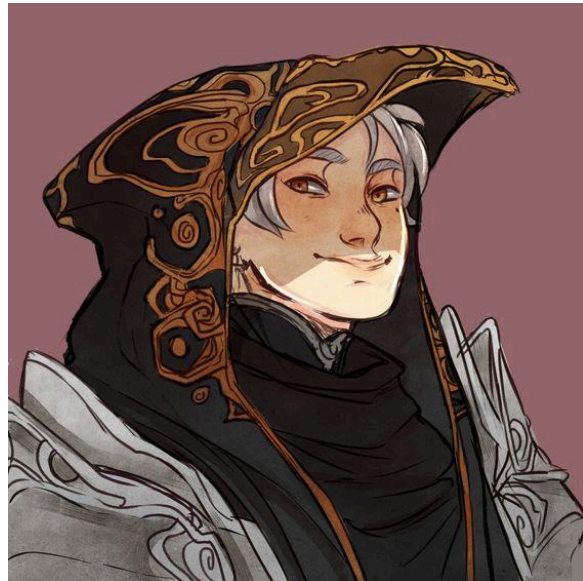
College of Lore Bard (5)

Token:

https://www.dndbeyond.com/sheet-pdfs/spadeblazer_53828345.pdf

Jay is his father's son, or at least, his father's son during his younger days. Horace Sr. was known for being bright and flirtatious with danger in his youth. But after the incident with his leg and the disbandment of the Heroes Circle, Horace was a changed man. That daring and curious attitude, however, continued on through his son and Horace is very glad that it did, as Jay is capable of lighting up any room that he walks into. Whether he's exchanging or throwing ideas at his father for his consideration or playing music for the guests waiting for their meetings, Jay always strives to leave a room better than he found it.

Growing up without a mother was hard for Jay, as she had tragically passed during childbirth. It's more common than many think given the lack of medicinal resources and low birth rates of Aasimar back then, but it's a sad truth that isn't easy to swallow for either of the Horizon men. Yet Horace never for a second blamed his son for his love's passing. This was something that Jay was grateful for and it enabled them to have just as good a relationship as though his mother was still alive. Often Jay would go to the gardens behind HTC HQ, to the Horizon family Cemetery, and pay his respects to his mother over lunch. He would tell her about his day and the new people that he met through his job. He would express a certain amount of worry for his father, especially after his falling out with Joren Greyhammer.



Jay doesn't remember Joren too well, since he was raised away from the bustle of New Harbor, primarily in the family home a few miles to the east. However, he does remember the incredible gifts that he would receive from Joren when he passed through, including the last gift he received (and certainly the most expensive of them all), a *Cloak of Elvenkind*.

During Jay's childhood, he developed an affinity for many instruments and began to study them on his own or under a private tutor. His skills soon led to magical development with these instruments and he was invited to attend Stratora for remedial classes on understanding bard basics. They weren't able to help him grow as much as he would have liked, but it was an incredible foundation for

that which would end up being his life's secondary passion. His main passion grew to be his pursuits in studying history and culture.

In his early 20s, Jay would take on the title of Anthropologist, conducting research on the different cultures that passed through the busy trade port. He would use this knowledge to optimize HTC's products and their services to target customers across cultures, religions, races, and rituals. Around the Known Lands, HTC became known for finding products that would be desirable to any chosen demographic. While it might not have been the most moral practice, targeted advertisements have increased the worth and notoriety of HTC tenfold, impressing the surrounding wealthy populus and, of course, Jay's father.

Jay is now 26 and is preparing to take over HTC once his father retires. He finds it hard to imagine that he would actually see his father retire; he's certain that Horace will want to be managing the family business till the day he dies. The whole reason that the trading company was established was that his father wanted to put his particular skills to use, yet with the fall of the fog and the calls for change, Horace has begun to grow impatient and restless. Recently, he has been practicing with his staff again and training with his ki in HQ's gardens. Jay's mother, Calpurnia Horizon, had always loved to watch Horace practice his ki. They both knew the dangers of having a child later in life, but that was always their dream once Horace was able to lay down the staff and start a family.

The Stratora School of the Arcane

The Stratora School of the Arcane has been a staple of New Harbor since before the town was founded. Slightly off the beaten path, the school is perched on a cliffside west of the main town, in an ancient castle that predates even the school. The gothic architecture is in stark contrast to the simplicity that is New Harbor, but it is a beloved part of the town by everyone, poor or rich. There is no tuition needed for the School, the administration believes fully in the pursuit of education with no strings attached. As a result, Stratora has produced legendary wizards and incredible teachers, some of who would remain with the school until its sudden and terrifying fall.

Most New Harbians believe that the school's founding is a mystery, that it sprouted into existence one day where nothing had stood before. But for the headmaster Lady Entris and her closest allies, they have always known the truth: the school had once been the home to a powerful and mysterious practitioner of magic. There were many manuscripts written by this figure within the school's libraries, but they were kept off-limits to the students and faculty. They are now most assuredly lost with the fire that recently consumed the school, further erasing the figure's identity. If the party, however, is to find any bits and scraps, they would learn that the arcane practitioner's original name is unpronounceable by the common tongue and that they sought unlimited knowledge, able to

absorb the world as they saw it. With a high enough skill check, they could potentially learn the only name that Lady Entris and her cabal ever knew him as: “The Scholar.”

Despite its less-than-reputable founding, there are plenty of famous alumni that have come from Stratora. The fog, however, has stopped any of them from hearing of the tragedy that has befallen the school. The outrage from them will be heartbreaking as they learn of the demise of their mentors and potentially even loved ones that had instructed them. As far as the town is concerned, there were no survivors when the school was destroyed by fire and fog, besides a single student found in the debris and who is now hiding in the Market District under the protection of her best friend, Jay Horizon.

The school itself teaches most arcane doctrines, however, they specialize in the fostering of young wizards. They have separate wings for the different classes of arcane magic. The Bardic Wing only accepts students through audition or recommendation. It is a prestigious program, funded solely by HTC in honor of Calpurnia Horizon’s love for music and Jay Horizon’s proficiency in it. The college itself was the smallest in Stratora but the acoustics were world-class, magically enhanced, and angelic to hear. There was also a space for instrument repairs and augmentations based on grades obtained.

The Wizard’s Tower was the largest wing of Stratora, as it has the biggest student population. There were countless, almost endless (due to some clever dimensional magic) classrooms that had every material students needed to utilize and succeed in their studies. This curriculum path also boasted the teacher with the most notoriety in the Known Lands, both as an academic and a magnificent mage: Thalanil Entris, the High Elf Wizard that started the magic school of Bladsinging. Lady Entris produced some of the most powerful Bladesingers in the kingdoms, let alone New Harbor. It’s hard to believe that she could have been destroyed in the Stratora tragedy, but there has been no evidence to believe otherwise.

The Sorcerer’s Spire was the final tower that taught the arcane arts at Stratora. While it was larger than the Bardic Wing, the Sorcerer’s Spire was nowhere near the height of the Wizard’s Tower. The wizards and sorcerers were known for an ongoing feud within the school for centuries. Wizards felt that the sorcerers were lucky to have the magic that they possessed and were ungrateful for the opportunity, as the wizards needed to work hard for what they could do. Sorcerers, on the other hand, believed that wizards were given the easy path in life, as there was little risk to themselves and their loved ones while they developed their magic; wizards were able to have the luxury of trial and error in a safe, controlled environment. It was a petty fight, and the students either cared about the feud or didn’t, as simple as that sounds.

The Artificer’s Hold, the final college within Stratora, wasn’t actually a tower but the entirety of the school’s basement. They had full reign over the area, transforming it into an impressive and efficient workshop to create their various constructs or enchanted weapons. The Artificer faculty had even provided some enchanted items to the Horizon Trade Company in the form of an internship.

Sadly, even those ingenious inventors were not spared by whatever blight struck the school. While all of the losses were sad, the birth of technology had been a very recent development, so to see the demise of countless young minds has been disheartening to New Harbor, to say the very least.

There was no wing for warlocks in Stratora. The school held an intense stigma against warlocks for no outward reason. Maybe it was the fact that warlocks made pacts with questionable beings or maybe it was because of warlocks who had betrayed the administration in the past. Regardless, they were not allowed in the school and if they were found out, they were expelled immediately.

Today, the once beautiful school is nothing more than a pile of rubble strewn about with the charred remains of books, school supplies, cloaks, robes, and furniture. The guards of New Harbor tried as they could to retrieve the remains of the students and faculty but curiously, there have been no successful recoveries. Locals have claimed to hear moaning and screaming emanating from the rubble in the middle of the night and at dawn. No one is sure if the screams are real or coming from a fox den, but those who've gone to find out haven't come back the same.

There were many great teachers and promising students at Stratora though the only ones that matter now are Lady Thanlanil Entris and Vice Rolcis:

Thalanil Entris - The Bladesinger Queen

High Elf Headmaster

Bladesinger Wizard (20)

Token:

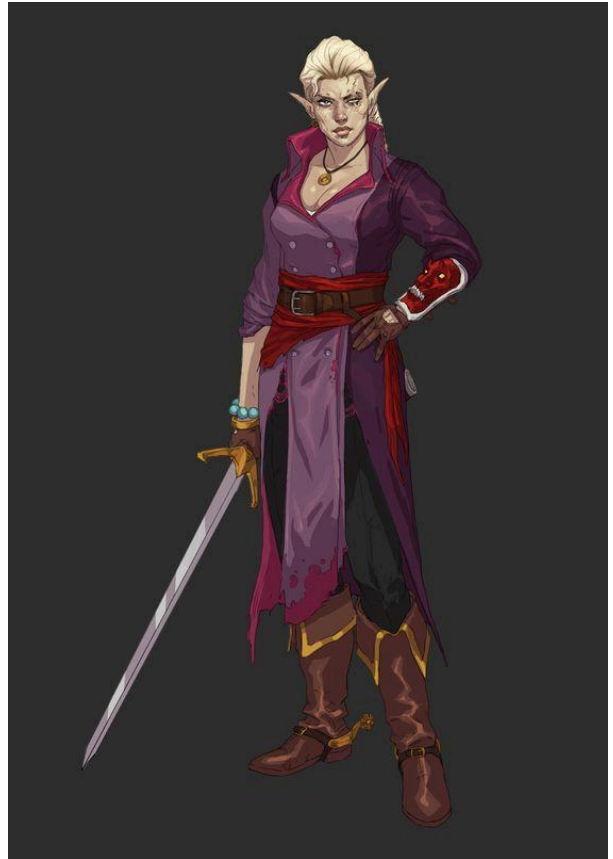
https://www.dndbeyond.com/sheet-pdfs/spadeblazer_53904720.pdf

Lady Thalanil Entris was the headmaster for the Stratora School of the Arcane and was the leader of the Coven, a group of administrators responsible for the school's wellbeing. She was born into a very prominent noble family in Gallatin and was the inheritor to a large parcel of land. However, she never felt right in the hoity-toity noble life and strived for adventure. She ended up leaving her inheritance behind to set out on a personal pilgrimage across the Known Lands. This was the start of her Bladesinging career, cementing her name in the history books for generations to come.

Along with several other powerful arcanists, she started the Stratora School of the Arcane. Plenty of these men and women were powerful mages but none were as notorious as Lady Entris. Her years as an adventurer came and went, but not before she had slain the powerful being that resided in the castle above New Harbor, the same castle she would eventually transform into a school. That being was called, "The Scholar", though she wasn't sure why, and was only able to slay them by the skin of her, and her fallen party's teeth. She lost one of her eyes in that fight and was never able to restore it because of some strange arcane residue that wormed its way into the scar tissue.

In part because of her long life, she had been credited as the original creator of Bladesinging. The Stratora school was saved from many a dangerous encounters in its time from Lady Entris' infamy alone. Sadly, she was unable to prevent the destruction of Stratora when the Chaos fog fell. She remains with the school as a spirit, unable to use the bulk of her former power and is only there as a guide to tell the party what has happened and where to go next. That is, if they are able to gain her trust and appeal to her massive ego.

Lady Entris knows that the lone survivor of Stratora was not responsible for the school's destruction, as she herself single-handedly fought against the force that attacked them. In fact, she knows very well that the student is a Warlock and does not belong to any of the other schools of magic that they teach. Warlocks were banned from the school but Thalanil believed that they weren't usually an issue, that they could make for the best students in the Sorcerer's Spire. Perhaps she sees a bit of herself in the student, but she would never admit that under normal circumstances.



Vice Rolcis - The Lone Survivor

Tiefling Student

The Great Old One Warlock (5)

Token: Custom

<https://ddb.ac/characters/53909497/gokSa5>

Vice Rolcis was born and raised in New Harbor. Her family were sailors for HTC and so she wasn't able to see them as much as she liked. As a budding academic, she wasn't keen on accompanying her family on their voyages either, so she stayed back in New Harbor, spending her time in the Stratora library when she wasn't yet a student. Being a tiefling in New Harbor was odd for Vice (most folk are human and the non-humans could be ostracized much like the triton populus) and she felt isolated until she found her place with the arcanists and academics. Her devotion to the knowledge that the

library held was noticed by all who spent time there; the administration included but also another being.

Despite the acknowledgment of her academic prowess from the Coven, Vice had no magical abilities to show for her efforts. This took a large toll on her self-confidence, especially when it came to interacting with other people who attended the school. In her despair and isolation late one night, she wept alone in the library, until a wise, rumbling voice spoke from across her table. She was unable to lift her head from her hands, too ashamed to let the stranger see her cry.

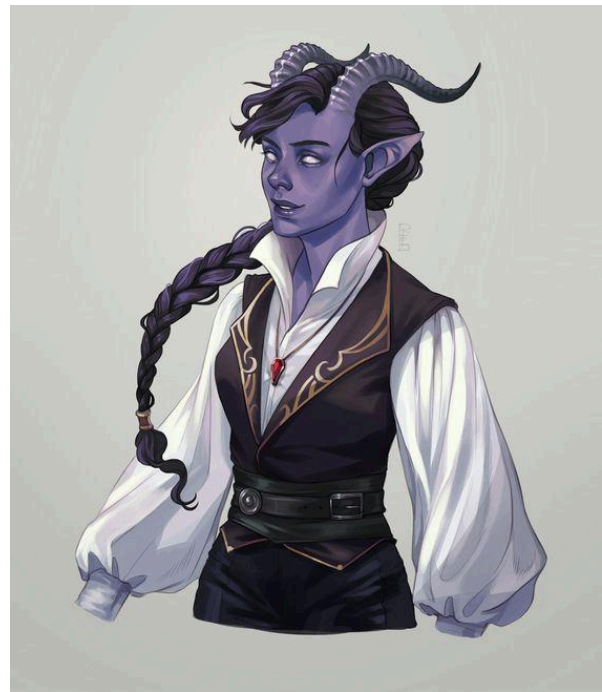
“Why do you shed your tears when surrounded by such knowledge? Isn’t everything that you could ever want here in these walls?” the voice cooed.

“...I wish that all I ever needed was right here, in this library. I never felt lonely here until now. I can’t help but wish I had more to share. And someone to share it with.”

“Hmm... is that so?” There was a momentary pause before two strong, weathered hands reached out to Vice, taking in her wrists, gently pulling her hands from her face. “Why don’t you share it with me?”

Though Vice was unaware at first, this was the start of what would become a pact with the figure she’d learn to call “The Scholar.” From then on her whole life changed. Magic began to well up inside her exponentially. She applied immediately and was accepted into the Sorcerer’s Spire, promptly beginning her studies as one of the most promising mages of her age. She was now starting to fit in with her peers, but she had no interest in their trite concerns or conversations. All she needed was The Scholar.

This time also brought with it the start of another relationship that Vice never thought that she would make. She had been spending all of her time in Stratora’s library, studying and researching more knowledge for her patron, when she met another person just as interested in her as The Scholar was: Jay Horizon. He was researching everything that he could about foreign cultures and arcane rituals, but he needed help finding a few books. This was where Vice came in. She and Jay have a sizable age gap, but that didn’t stop him from taking Vice on as his protege to discuss anthropological and arcane studies. Jay almost considers her the sibling that he never had but always wanted.



Up until the Tragedy of Stratora, Vice had been able to keep up the ruse that she was a sorcerer, especially to Jay. But when the guards had found her lying peacefully in the rubble of the library, with a peculiar magic shield surrounding her (something that she shouldn't have been able to cast with her limited experience) she was immediately taken in for questioning where she finally admitted to being a



warlock. Because of her age and inexperience with magic, the guards cleared her name, rationalizing she wouldn't have been able to destroy the entire school, let alone take on Lady Entris herself. Unfortunately, because of the initial investigation into Vice, the locals of New Harbor had already made up their minds that it was somehow her fault that the school was destroyed. Vice had never felt more lost. Not only is the town of New Harbor against her, but she hasn't heard anything from The Scholar since the Tragedy. All she has right now is Jay and Horace. To her surprise, they haven't cared at all that she's a warlock. In fact, Jay has been asking her a lot of questions about it and has been thrilled to learn more.

She isn't sure what will happen next, but right now all she wants to do is see her parents. Vice hopes that they are in a different town and are safe, but there's also the possibility that they were lost in the fog while at sea. Thinking of her parents made the nights longer than any book could, but it's the only thing that keeps her from thinking about the patron that abandoned her.

Market District

New Harbor's famed Market District, before the fog, attracted traders from all across the Known Lands. They would come to sell their imported goods and buy products found only in the north with the aim of making a profit with them down south. The Market District is the largest district in town, smack dab in the center of New Harbor with multiple roads leading to and from the stalls; some locals like to say that 'all roads lead to a trade.'

Trade began promptly each day at dawn and ended an hour before sundown. The majority of the stalls were temporary installations, ready to make room for another when that seller's season ended or if they experienced a dry spell in the market. A few merchants established more permanent

storefronts, often with support from HTC through trade agreements. There is one store that is an exception to this rule and that is General's General Goods.

Most goods common in trading circles can be procured at New Harbor's Market District; foodstuffs, adventuring gear, weapons & armors, animals, etc. However, the fog has halted all imports, and trading goods are now in low supply.

Below are a few of the more notable Market District shops and their owners:

Oslo Greathide - The Bull in a China Shop

Minotaur Tea Master

Circle of the Shepherd Druid (15)

Token:

<https://www.dndbeyond.com/characters/54479646/YjUrNN>

Oslo Greathide is the minotaur owner of the local tea shop in the Market District: The Gentle Kettle. He's an incredibly rare sight to be seen and on top of that, no one is really sure how he got there. Minotaurs are extremely rare and there aren't a lot of people that know where they come from.

The Greathide name, however, is famous among blacksmiths across the Known Lands. Greathides are behind some of the most infamous arms and armors in all of the continent, especially pieces that were specially designed for non-humans. Oslo clearly had different plans, as he now owns a tea shop, but still takes time out of his busy schedule to see his family (wherever they may be).

The tea shop stands out from the rest of the Market District due to its outstanding aromas. The smell of herbs and earth spills out from the Gentle Kettle in what feels like a 100-foot radius of the shop, making it hard not to peek your head in. There was even an investigation done by the guard to confirm there wasn't some magical enchantment involved with the luring of customers, but they concluded that people were just enamored by the lovely smells that wafted out the door. This establishment, like many others, is one that HTC has an official partnership with and will often go to for different spices and herbs to be sold elsewhere in the market. Horace Horizon Sr. is aware that the shop is primarily a tourist destination, but still has a cup of tea there from time to time, even having one named after him: Just Above the Horizon (a black tea



essenced with citrus and mint, making it one of Horace's favorites to have during a rainstorm or while he's doing stressful work).

The Gentle Kettle has a homely cottage feel on the outside and continues this same aesthetic inside with free-growing flowers that seem to be continually blooming while you sit. It makes for a plethora of pleasing smells throughout the market, and yet the aromas inside the shop are magically muted so that your taste of the tea isn't tainted.

No one is exactly sure why Oslo got into tea (or more specifically the manufacturing of tea), but he seems to enjoy himself and is never seen without a smile on his face.

General the Kenku - A One-Bird Army

Kenku Businessbird

Inquisitor Rogue (10)

Token:

<https://ddb.ac/characters/54479209/gN2Ni8>

General's General Goods is the only store in the Market District not owned by Horizon Trade Company. Whether it was a mix of communication issues or Horace's lack of interest in General's establishment, he has not made a point of contacting them about any trade agreements.

In fact, General just appeared one day and was able to carve out a decent profit by expressly serving the triton populus, offering discounts on certain items that the trading company's subsidiaries would often upcharge for. Since then, General has been heralded as a kind of local hero to the tritons, though it would appear they have no interest in being a "bird of the people." General's General Goods started first as a simple cart that would move around the District, drawing minimal attention, until one day a building suddenly popped up on the strip. Just as General suddenly came on the scene, so did their building. Even Horace isn't entirely sure how it ended up there, but he was made aware of an odd commotion coming from the Market District the night before.



Some people theorize that there was magic involved, but judging by the storefront's quality, it's more likely that a group of kenku had built it themselves in one night. The building looks like it could fall apart any second, and no one has been able to convince General to get it properly assessed, not even the guards. General, most of the time, acts like they can't understand common and will even spout out different languages that they've heard (General definitely understands everyone and will even imitate the guards back to their customers as a joke—local favorites to hear General imitate are, of course, Zorvos and Horace Horizon Sr.). The guards are a bit scared to go in there alone due to the weird things that happen inside, namely minor magical happenings.

New Harbians have also begun to theorize that General's General Goods might be a chain of different kenku establishments started by one person, a human man from Gallatin, also named General. Although this hasn't been confirmed, when General the Kenku was asked about it most recently, all they did was wink and continue correcting their ledger.

The Scholar's Burrow

When New Harbians seek more knowledge of the arcane, are in need of a quick remedy, or are interested in acquiring new magical items, they all visit the Scholar's Burrow located on the east side of town. Established by a former member of the Coven and tenured teacher at Stratora, the Scholar's Burrow seeks to fulfill the magical means of the common folk while leaving the school's staff and students free to focus on their studies. The Burrow looks small and uninviting from the outside but on the inside, it's been magically altered to be ten times larger. Years ago, the burrow was filled with magical shops selling mysterious baubles and offering advice on the arcane, but the recent influx of piracy had made it harder for merchants to acquire and sell their wares. Nowadays, there are only two stores operating in the Scholar's Burrow; Dwarven Elixirs and Siphons and Souls:

Telos Hillberry - Brewed to Perfection

Dwarf Potion Master

Transmutation Wizard (15)

Token:

<https://ddb.ac/characters/54440890/HNiDXS>

Telos Hillberry is the only alchemist in New Harbor and is, unsurprisingly, partnered with Horace Horizon, Sr. Telos has developed an independent factory operation for his potion-making just behind the storefront of Dwarven Elixirs. The shop's basement, much like Horace's private sanctum, is home to Telos' personal laboratory where he concocts new brews and perfects the classics. Some of his potions have even made it as far south as Gallatin, though he's paranoid that an upstarting city alchemist will steal his recipes.

Telos' employees often wonder why he works for Horace, as his operation is extremely profitable, but the last time one of his workers asked about his dealings with HTC, they were fired on the spot. It's moments like these that have given Telos a reputation for being stingy and crotchety. He can be a bastard of a boss and a hard man for anyone to hold a conversation with, though that's largely dependent on how the work in his laboratory is going that day. If he's struggling with a particular potion's effect, he might walk upstairs to the shop angry and irritable. Telos is also known for testing all of his concoctions on himself before approving them for production. Thanks to his dwarvish constitution, he rarely gets sick—though it doesn't help any with his temperament!



Telos never enjoyed talking with any of the other shop owners at the Burrow, except for maybe Mavis on occasion. He was, however, always open to trading when another shopkeep was in need of some raw materials. As a dwarf from Iron Mountain, Telos was reluctant to delve further into his innate magical abilities, as it would have seemed dishonorable. If Telos had friends, they might pity him for that.

Mavis Dilal - The Retiree

Drow Magic Consultant

Wizard???

Token:

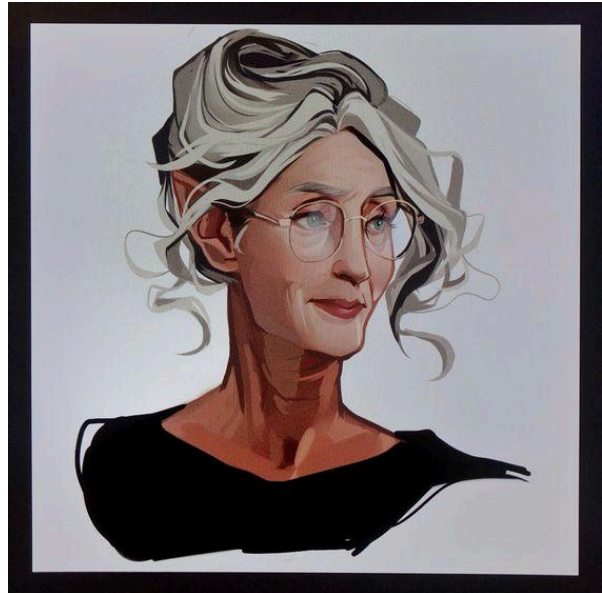
Sheet???

Mavis Dilal is a drow wizard and likely the single oldest person in New Harbor. She had originally come here as a magical consultant for Lady Entris of Stratora; Lady Entris had just started the Stratora school and needed help repairing her eye. Unfortunately, Mavis could not fulfill Entris' wish but ended up starting a centuries-long partnership where Mavis would work for Stratora on and off in a number of different roles; teacher, public relations, defence. Mavis retired about 50 years ago so that she could run her own magic consulting shop in the newly created Scholar's Burrow, which was a lot less stressful than working directly for Entris.

In Mavis' shop, Siphons and Souls, there are various magic items for sale that she has created herself and also spells that she has crafted in her time as an experienced wizard. Some spells might be a bit iffy to use but there are definitely a few that could be useful, if you know what you're looking for. Generally, Mavis' primary clientele were wealthy students from Stratora looking for enchantments to help with school; instantly cleaning their room, washing their robes for them, copying large amounts of texts hands-free.

No one is entirely sure how old Mavis is but most figure she predates the creation of Stratora (though don't you dare ask her age). The relationship between her and Lady Entris is anyone's guess, as it was decades ago that she worked with her. Some suspect they were close, very close, like a mentor to a mentee. Just two weeks ago, after Stratora's and Lady Entris' passing, Mavis closed her shop for a week and locked herself away in the upstairs room. She came out a few days later with new, completely situational spells and inspiration for experimental magic items.

She is the textbook definition of a hermit, or at least a hermit that lives in a small city, and will take time to warm up to the party. She may not even think her spells and items are good enough for the group, unless they can offer their time and support by retrieving a few hard to find items...



Triton District and Pirate Population

The town of New Harbor grew incredibly gentrified once Horace began to build from the ground up. To the people that are on the higher end of wealth, this place is a dream; to those on the poorer end, they find this place a means to an end. The players are going to have a lot of trouble getting an audience with Horace or his son currently due to the civil war that is being declared between multiple pirate factions and the New Harbor Guard. Some pirates have chosen to side with the guard, as they are in the right in this scenario, but it's more of a quid pro quo. All the pirates' main goals all align with moving out of New Harbor once the fog clears.

New Harbor's guard fleet is impressive, sure, but they stand no chance against the pirate fleets that circle New Harbor like sharks that have gotten their first taste of blood.

However, the poorer population of New Harbor has been progressively ousted from the table, bought out by newer, powerful realtors or even the trade company itself to build warehouses and storage units. Given the location of the town, the original triton inhabitants are slowly but surely getting angrier and angrier with their situation, even going as far as to join various groups of pirates to make ends meet.

The Graveline & New Harbor Docks

The pirate fleet “The Graveline” has become the saving grace of the people of New Harbor, and the bane of the pirates that were hoping to kick Horace and the trade company while they were down. There are many ships that are a part of the Graveline fleet, but the main ship that takes up almost a whole slip of the dock is called, “Hemlock’s Kiss”. Hemlock’s Kiss or the Hemlock for short, much like its namesake, is incredibly dangerous for those that cross it, albeit not all as poisonous as the name might suggest. The figurehead matches suit, taking the form of a carved woman being strangled with what seem to be ever moving, ever tightening vines of hemlock flowers. The other ships in the fleet follow suit, being named after dangerous flowers and the like, but this one is different, as it is home to the leaders of the fleet.

The ship itself is similar to a normal galleon, but elongated and equipped with different, mysterious artillery. The only reason that no one has seen it used, however, is because no one has lived to speak about it afterwards. On top of that fact, they do keep their ship under lock and key and are very keen on only allowing very select people on board, namely people part of the crew or that are in close relations with Horace and his family, since they are the ship’s current benefactors.

Ardyn “The Siren” Salvadoré - The Captain

Tiefling Pirate Queen

Arcane Trickster Rogue (12)

Tokne: Custom

https://www.dndbeyond.com/sheet-pdfs/spadeblazer_54186336.pdf



Ardyn Salvadoré is the captain of the Graveline fleet and also the Hemlock’s Kiss. She is a red tiefling woman that no one knows the age of, where she came from, or who she is related to. All anyone

knows is that she is almost demigod-like in her ambiguity and is known for disappearing from time to time, leaving the helm to her quartermaster Mythra.

Secretely, Ardyn was born far south in Gallatin, growing up as a street urchin with a vengeance to those that looked her over and refused to give but a copper from their likely millions. Of course, as you can see, her story is very Robin Hood like, besides the fact that she steals and keeps for herself. At a young age with a young crew, she was able to pull off large heists effectively and without much trace of where she would have gone. This is thanks to the ship that she was able to procure from the original owner of the Graveline fleet, her mother: Siren Salvadoré. They had met once. She had pulled off a heist just around Gallatin and had stopped to fuel up. Ardyn had only heard stories of her mother from the older urchins around her, but never understood why she had left until she met her. Siren was decked out in riches, unlike any Ardyn had ever seen, and her raw power was obvious by just looking at her. So, in a desperate attempt, Ardyn stowed away on *The Hemlock's Kiss* and... the rest was history.



The “real” Siren, however, didn’t want people to know that she had a daughter, as she feared it would make her seem weak to the other male captains—she already had to contend with being the only woman-run ship and all female crew. So, as a ruse to the public and the crew, Ardyn and her pretended to be the same person (relying on a disguise-self hat until Ardyn grew more to resemble her mother) for the rest of Siren’s life; until she was thrown off the ship and never found again.

Knowing she didn’t have time to grieve, Ardyn took the helm the very next day, leaning on the ship’s railing, ignoring any remarks about her going overboard, annoyed at why the ship hadn’t left port yet. She was grieving, of course, but buried it, channeling her anger into the crew when they botched a heist or failed to secure their cargo. The only people that know of Ardyn’s secret are her friends: the officers of the *Hemlock’s Kiss*.

Ardyn has succeeded admirably at leading the Graveline in her mother’s absence and has increased their fleet size tenfold, establishing her as the most powerful pirate captain in the Inner Sea. Notably, her crew respects her a lot more than how they had treated her mother. Before, they were a

ragtag bunch of pirates, but now there's a higher standard of professional piracy about them. Well, at least as professional as you can be while still keeping your reputation as a dangerous, famous pirate fleet.

Ardyn talks with Mythra, more than anyone else on the ship. Not only because Mythra also grew up on the ship but because Mystra was the first one to learn of Ardyn's secret (Ardyn hadn't told her, Mythra is just that observant). What neither of them know, however, is that Siren still lives, corrupted by the Chaos shortly before the fog first settled. Now, the real Siren continues to sail with other corrupted pirates and monsters, targeting any ships they find and leaving nothing behind...

Or at least trying not to. Unfortunately, it had seemed, that fate had greater plans with one specific ship Sire attacked: Revali's.

Mythra Wolxaris - First Mate and Navigator

High-Elf Pirate Lieutenant

Rogue Mastermind (12)

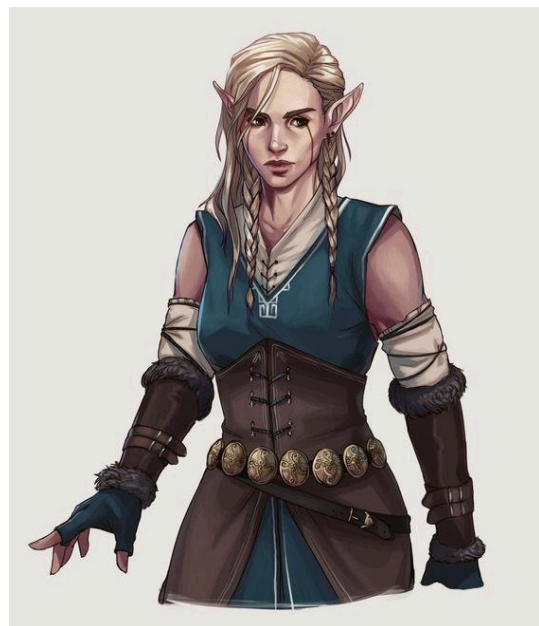
Token: Custom

https://www.dndbeyond.com/sheet-pdfs/spadeblazer_54189026.pdf

Mythra Wolxaris is an anomaly, according to the rest of the Graveline. Besides Ardyn, none of her fellow pirates are sure where she comes from. Mythra is known on the Hemlock's Kiss for stuffing her nose in a book, telling you the time, and repeating the last page she read, all while plotting their next course.

Mythra spends most of her time below deck, studying maps and old tomes in her quarters. The ship is quite large for a pirate vessel, so there's typically room enough, but all the books they pillage have started to fill up every nook and cranny. Kol, another member of the leadership team, had made it a point to search for new books to add to Mystra's collection, though new addition have been to hard to come by.

Mystra recently spent a great deal of time off ship, mainly interacting with Horace, as they could connect on a more intellectual level than a purely charisma based one. Sure, Ardyn was more than capable to get her way through a conversation with Horace but Mythra really got work done and on its way.



Mythra also divides the ship's loot between the crew and fellow officers. Everyone gets paid equally but they also have a rule where whatever you find in addition to the main haul, you can buy with your share. It keeps a good rapport going with the rest of the crew and morale hasn't waned.

Regardless, Ardyn sees Mythra as one of her greatest assets to the team and hopes that she stays on for as long as possible—not that anyone's left the Graveline before under "normal" circumstances. They grew up together, ever since Ardyn snuck onboard. Mythra also caught on to Ardyn and Siren's masquerade immediately, forcing Siren to explain to them both that their secret could never be found out. From that point forward, Ardyn and Mythra were raised like sisters, though not necessarily under their own accord.

Kol "The Silent" Smoke - Sailing Master

Half-Orc Helmsman

Monster Slayer Ranger (12)

Token: Custom

https://www.dndbeyond.com/sheet-pdfs/spadeblazer_54190116.pdf

If you had asked Kol is she'd want to be part of a sand a few close mates, she would have told you. "sould like my idea of paradise."

Kol grew up happy and smiling, grate for her large family of sailors, living far off the coast for months at a time, surrounded by a great blue nothingness. But that was a long time ago. She had plenty of siblings, thought now she struggles to remember their names. A freak superstorm capsized their ship, separating her from her family ever since. They were a non-traditional Orc family, from what she remembered. They were strong, women and men alike, but there was also a gentleness to them, that extended into the seas. Kol hopes to find all of them alive and well, sailing the seas looking for her. That's why she sails with the Graveline. It's the best way to find them first.

After the capsizing, Kol grew more quiet, almost silent. That's what some sailors called for a time, "The Silent," and eventually the name stuck. She never minded the nickname, only when people commented on her particularly long tusks. Maybe it



was a recessive gene or something else unique to her family, but Kol's tusks grow longer than the typical orc's. Sharp as a thorn, her tusks curve up and then outwards, missing her top lip by only a centimeter. She's never attempted to shave them down, believing it'll help her to recognize her family, even if it means risking poking her eye out.

Because of her silence, Kol became incredibly close with Mythra. Or rather, Mystra believes Kol to be a very thoughtful listener and spends half her day talking Kol's ear off. The truth is more complicated. They often sit together while Mystra reads and Kol plays the lyre or sits on the top deck in silence. Kol is also the reason why, until the recent addition of Vice, the Hemlock's Kiss's have crow's nest laid empty. Kol could sense nearly any danger approaching from the sea, sometimes from miles off. Ardyn always harbored doubts to Kol's power of intuition, but time and time again the ship has evaded the kind of danger you'd expect a lookout to warn of. It's something about being on the water for Kol. "The waves are talking to you, always whispering to you. They can tell you what's wrong... all you have to do is listen." This was the longest sentence Ardyn or Mystra ever heard Kol speak.

Mistari Khalir - The Surgeon

Tiefling Archeologist

Life Domain Cleric (12)

Token: Custom

https://www.dndbeyond.com/sheet-pdfs/spadeblazer_54191008.pdf

Outwardly, Mistari Khalir is the friendliest member of the Hemlock's Kiss. She's created a reputation for being caring and genuinely interested in the lives of others. She's close with all of the ship's officers but connects with Mythra and Siege the most. She tends to keep her distance from Ardyn and hasn't quite yet cracked Kol. The crew wonders why Mistari and Ardyn don't have more of a relationship and that's due to Mistari's view on her race. Unconscious bias is a bitch, after all.

Mistari grew up an orphan in a tiny village, raised by the local priests and clerics of Selûne, who found her abandoned in some nearby elven ruins. She loved her god and devoted herself to Selûne's teachings beyond anyone's expectations—which started quite low. She held mass prayers, made house visits to the sick, and helped cultivated magic and knowledge.



Mistari could often be found in the ruins of nearby holy sites where she would excavate valuable artifacts for research, along with other archaeologists. Her knowledge of religion and history was special to her and she sought more of it through these dig sites. Sadly, one of the head priestesses of the monastery grew paranoid of Mistari's interest and accused her of plotting against the Moon Goddess. She began spreading lies about how all Tieflings were evil creatures in nature and how their true desire was to be drawn to evil, not the Goddesses light. One day, Mistari could no longer hold back her rage and she scorched the ground beneath her feet in public. The same villagers who watched her grow into a young woman were suddenly retreating from her, spitting at her feet, and cursing her name.

As she was about to leave the village for good, she heard the head priestess mutter to herself, "we should have taken her out with the rest of *them*... Curse my weak faith." And suddenly, it all made sense to Mistari; why she was "found" in the woods nearby; why the ruins felt personal to her; why there were crushed horns, white as snow. She left without another word, never forgetting the cruelty some creature harbor in their hearts.

Mistari began traveling with the other archaeologists for a few years before they were kidnapped by a band of pirates, the Graveline. She was scared, of course, but once her eyes met with a fellow Tiefling, the first one she had seen in all her 20 years of life, she stood up and offered her services to Ardyn, who was pretending to be a particularly nice Siren that day. Ardyn let her know that in addition to healing magic, she would need to learn to perform surgery. Mistari jumped at the chance, knowing in her heart that her god would be able to guide her hand and, to this day, she has never lost a patient. Mistari spends much of her time in the kitchen below decks with Siege, having lunch together whenever they can. There is no surgery proper on the ship, instead, Ardyn will open up a pocket dimension for any serious medical procedures.

Of course, as time went on, Mistari's anger quelled and she found a rhythm with her new crew. Her old village was in the past and only something that plagued her in her dreams. Her god, Selûne, still spoke to her, also through dreams, assuring her that the priestess of the monastery was possessed by hatred and how what Mistari was doing with this pirate crew could still bring life and light to the world. She doesn't always trust these vision but they give her comfort, nonetheless.

Siege Stormholder - The Cook

Variant Human/Giant Chef

Path of the Ancestral Guardian Barbarian (5)

Token: Custom

https://www.dndbeyond.com/sheet-pdfs/spadeblazer_16138461.pdf

Siege Stormholder has created culinary masterpieces in her days. One would assume by looking at her massive form, she would not be able to create anything that wasn't destruction. And while she may be able to tussle and fight, she also is capable of making some incredibly delicious food items from basically nothing in the pantry.

Siege was found in a mountainous village, home to her own bed and breakfast that she ran for years. Due to her giant's blood, she grew large and matured at a young age and was also given the gift of longevity along with it, causing her to have been alive for a bit longer than other people that might have thought looking at her. Besides her tribal tattoos, she presents almost entirely human, but is clearly not human enough to be as large as she is. Her Goliath/Giant blood has been something that she has been incredibly proud of her entire life and is one of the main facets of her identity, even taking on a barbarian subclass that allows her to channel the blood of her ancestors into forms of protection.

The Stormholder family has had very close ties with Goliath warriors and heroes, but once her father had fallen in love with her mother, a human, they were banned from the village due to the forbidden love. However, it seems that by the way that her ancestors viciously



protected her, the only people that have issues with her parent's love are people that don't truly matter.

Now, back to her bed and breakfast: Goliath's Home.

Goliath's Home had been up and running for years, obviously taken care of by the three of them: Siege, her mom, and her dad. However, Siege started to realize a few things. She was never good at checking people in, always seemed to make a fool of herself during small talk, and was never good at basic math to be able to charge people for their stay. With that being said, she was stuck in the kitchen where after many trials and errors, she was able to become an incredible chef.

However, it isn't like she's making anything super exotic. She does the basics incredibly well and is able to go deeper into different culture's foods, but it's not something that she really enjoys. If any one of the crew is feeling homesick, of course she'll cook one of their favorite meals, but she'll often just stick to various different popular meat and carb dishes for the sake of keeping the crew energized.

Siege Stormholder is the newest member and youngest member of the Hemlock's Kiss, but is easily one of the most loveable on the ship. Due to being the size of a literal bear on its hindlegs, the

senior crew often go to her for advice and secretly the occasional hug or two. In fact, the person to mostly use this service has been Kol, first only to Mistari. Kol might be quiet, sure, but sometimes she feels that Siege understands that just because she looks strong it doesn't mean that she is. They often stay up late into the night just talking about their struggles while Siege does the dishes.

All in all, Siege didn't have a hard time growing up, but there is always that nagging feeling that she doesn't belong. Afterall, she did up and leave her family to join a pirate crew just because she needed a change of scenery. And on top of that, her own races don't really care for her respectively. Humans think that she's too big and clumsy, most likely to get angry enough to put holes in things. Goliaths and Giants, on the other hand, don't associate with her, let alone acknowledge her, simply because her parents fell in love. Of course she would be upset about those things, but she tries not to let it completely ruin the smile on her face. Afterall, she is called Siege "Sunholder" on the rest of the ship by the crew and higher ups alike purely because she's never seen without a smile and sunny disposition. And the best part about it is that she's never faking that smile or disposition, as she firmly believes you can have hardships, but still be happy in the end.

New Harbor Guard & Lighthouse

The guard has been a staple of New Harbor and works very closely with the trade company as a whole. Obviously, before stopping crime, their main goal is to protect ships and cargo that come in and go out. They are mainly a navy with mostly new recruits working on land in New Harbor along with a few captains. These captains vary in races and different genders, however the most eye-catching of them all is the head captain Zorvos Dahnaxath, a triton paladin. No one is really sure how long he has been there, but they assume that it's been for a fairly long time since Triton's were the first inhabitants of New Harbor.

The rest of the guard however are full of young men and women that just want to help protect their families and make some coin on the side. They have good hearts and tough jobs given that they have angry natives on one side and pirates on the other, but they've done a decent job at keeping the pirates at bay, at least. Little do they know, the Horizon Trade Company has been paying protection fees to a group of pirates known as The Graveline that have a good amount of standing with other pirates. They're morally ambiguous, but seem to be in favor of the people. Currently, they are also in town after being trapped by the fog.

The guard itself is also funded by the trade company, as they are pretty much the stand in government. Obviously, the guard captains handle crime and law, but a lot of the leadership of the town falls onto Horace Horizon, much to the anger of the Triton populus. They lived in peace before Horizon Trade arrived on the scene, but the prospect of being able to develop their beloved home into

something amazing was too good to pass up to Zorvos' father, Rivnis Dahnaxath, who passed away earlier the previous year.

Rivnis and Horace came to a mutual understanding at first. They both were looking to better the town, but Rivnis didn't realize that it would be at the cost of his people's homes. Zorvos, of course, was too young to lead at the time, so he wasn't even part of the equation. This would later become a large point of contention between the two, although the father and son duo would still hold a great respect during their many arguments before his timely passing. As devastated as the Tritons were that Rivnis passed, they were understanding and had been prepared for it given his old age. Tritons often live well into their 200s, but Rivnis was able to make it to 305 before his death.

Rivnis was the elder of their tribe of Tritons for a long, long time before his son was supposed to take over. Rivnis had many daughter's that grew to be great warriors, but none that were interested in taking over the tradition of being the elder. That was, until his only son and youngest child Zorvos, was born. He dreamed of being able to lead the masses and to create great relationships between the Triton and other groups that were unaware or had misconceptions about their kind. It was these thoughts that took up his journals, and it was his father that made these very thoughts and dreams impossible for him to attain.

Due to that reason, there aren't many Triton guards, besides Zorvos, as they tend to join the pirate groups to get out of New Harbor and to get some payback on the gentrification that their beloved town suffered at the hands of Horizon Trade. Many of the Triton actually are against Zorvos being with the guard and have a bit of a grudge against him for supporting the government that had displaced all of them.

The guards otherwise are mainly on ships with goods or following large loads of goods. They come back most of the time, but because of the fog, are not able to come back and protect their homefront. While some guards made it to their desired destination, some were lost in the fog along with precious trade goods. Now, countless families are without a mother, father, sister, or brother because of the fog. On top of that, the guards that are left in New Harbor, besides the captains, are guards in training that haven't been promoted to being able to protect cargo. However, while this would be an issue, Horace has made sure to have a layer of protection aside from his own guard: The Graveline.

The New Harbor guards has two notable figures, Captain Zorvos Dahnaxath and Narad Truelander:

Zorvos Dahnaxath - The Knowledge of Good and Evil

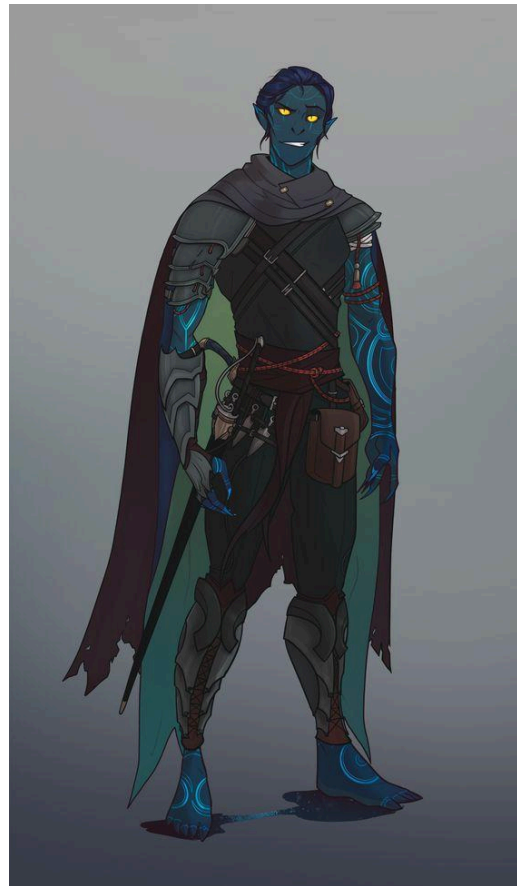
Triton Guard Captain

Oath of Devotion Paladin (15)

Token: Custom

Zorvos Dahnaxath was only 4 or 5 when his father had spiritually and legally signed away his birthright. They didn't know it at the time, of course. The tribe all thought that they were making the right decision and so did Rivnis and Horace, however, that was unfortunately not the case. Zorvos would spend his childhood and almost the entirety of his young adult life watching his friends-- no, family, get rehomed and bought out of establishments that they've been a part of their entire lives. He watched hundreds of tritons, people that were at one time considered nobles, be forced to leave as their funds dwindled away and money grew more and more scarce for the original inhabitants of New Harbor.

Zorvos' first reaction to this was anger. He was 15 once he finally became aware of what was going on fully and even more angry that he hadn't realized it sooner. He had noticed that the children he had grown up playing with were no longer in sight, even confined to their underwater tribe, a mere shadow of what it once was, only to die there as time went on. He lived comfortably with his father, however. Rivnis made sure that at least he would be okay, so he spent the rest of his life in New Harbor sailing Horace's personal vessel. Over time, they actually became good friends. They didn't hold ill will towards each other mainly because Horace didn't know what was going on and Rivnis was aware that Horace's intentions had always been good. This was something that frustrated Zorvos to the dismay and sadness of his father. How could Rivnis be so kind to the very person that played a part in suffocating their tribe to almost extinction? Zorvos would regret much throughout his life, but his biggest regret was letting his father die while he still held that grudge.



Horace offered a place of burial for Rivnis in the Horizon Cemetery behind HTC HQ, however Zorvos turned him down. The offer, while out of a place of kindness, almost felt disrespectful to Zorvos that Horace would even consider his father would rather want to be buried on land and not in the sea; the very sea where his love also was put to rest. The burial was one of Zorvos' hardest days in New Harbor and it was also the day that he would vow to regain the land that Horace had stripped them of.

Zorvos, before this point, was already part of the guard. He had a very romanticized idea of how he would gain a high enough ranking within the guard to gain more clout at the table that is New Harbor, however he didn't know if it was worth sacrificing his pride. Being a part of the guard at this point was for the money, although it wasn't that much to really throw around. Sadly, it was the only place of work that Zorvos was qualified for and also the only place of work that would be willing to have him. Most of the establishments here that were affiliated with HTC weren't super thrilled with the Triton race and only viewed them as thieves, as they were one of the predominant races that made up pirate fleets in the area. It was hard to gain the trust of the then guard captain, a human woman that wasn't all that special, before being able to train under her and eventually take her position.



With his new position, however, came his higher standing with the trade company. He was now being invited to meetings about various trade routes and the protection ships would need. However, these meetings were not run by Horace, but by his son Jay. This was something that frustrated Zorvos to no end in the beginning, but soon after, they grew fond of each other and would often spend time with each other outside of their boring meetings. Zorvos would have a hard time differentiating if he was friends with this young man because they were of the same age with similar interests, or because Jay would be the most direct way to invoke change in New Harbor once he took over from his father. Horace was an old

dog that couldn't learn new tricks, but Jay was taking notice of the struggles of the Triton and was making active choices to increase their initiative in hiring more in all fields. This year in fact, Jay hired Zorvos' sister: Yarryn Dahnaxath, a smart young woman with an incredible amount of intelligence for someone only 18.

Narad Truelander - The Titan and its Goliath

Narad Truelander is the guardian of the Lighthouse and has been for only a few months. He had been working towards the position under the guidance of one of the other captains of the guard, but wasn't exactly expecting a thick fog to fall around the town and cause ships to get lost, even if he was able to somehow enhance the light of the tower.

Narad came from a far off mountainous land and decided to leave his specific tribe of Goliath folk because he just truly desired to see the world. His tribe supported this decision and supplied him with all that he would need to arrive wherever he would desire, obviously within reason. He would forever be in debt for this and will still get teary thinking about it. What he wouldn't give now to be able to see them given that he isn't sure of the nature of the fog, nor is he familiar with the condition of the rest of the world right now. He's sure they are alright given that they aren't ones to go down without a fight, but it still doesn't change much on the worrying front.

The people of New Harbor aren't really sure who he is other than the people that are a part of the guard since they interact closely with him. He is the one that gets them back home, after all. He hasn't failed yet to bring back a ship safely and still has the lighthouse running even if the fog is impenetrable. If he can even get one ship back into shore, that's a win in his book.

More recently, he has been writing letters that he hasn't been able to get around town because he refuses to leave his tower. There are several letters written and a very important one meant for Horace. Since he doesn't want to leave the tower, he says in the letter and has been hoping for someone to come up and see him. Zorvos has been too preoccupied and the other guards are spending time with their families and keeping the trapped pirates in check, so they don't exactly have time either.

The letters contain details of ships being seen out in the distance, even saying that the fog sometimes has a tide system. The telescope that he has up in the lighthouse is magical in nature and, with a bit of help from the strong light provided from the tower, he was able to see something: two flags on a ship's mast, one that was showing they were in distress, and the other showing that it was one of their own. These ships must be the lost trade vessels that had been sent out after Stratora was attacked, meaning that all was not lost for Horace. This would definitely bolster his spirit so getting that to him as soon as possible would be ideal. The rest of the letters are requests for food and tea from Oslo Greathide and a book or two from Mavis Dilal. Otherwise not incredibly important but definitely something that would make Narad a bit happier to be up there. The party would probably notice the bags under his eyes and how skinny he was getting despite the usual physique of a Goliath. He was healthy for now, but his stress was clearly starting to take a toll on his body.

The name the "Titan's Eye" is a nickname that has been given to the lighthouse due to the range of light that it has. Thanks to the artificers of the Stratora school, they were able to make an



advanced lighthouse that came with an incredible telescope as well as lightsource that everyone is still surprised isn't able to pierce the fog. It's been enhanced by god knows what and is incredibly sought after by other coastal towns, but of course the technology hasn't been exchanged. However, the name itself also comes from the way in which the beam moves. Most of the time, it has a set range in which it can move but it does move autonomously, moving in a direction that detects movement that it deems unusual through many forms of magic. It also has been programmed to search for specific flags on the masts of ships, much like the two that it detected from the ships out in the middle of the fog. SOS flags are incredibly common and usually one set color, so it's easy for the Titan's Eye to find it, and the same applies for the symbol of the Horizon Trade Company. Some even believe that it has a mind of its own in the way that it moves and have sworn that it blinks, however that's absolutely preposterous.