

Campaign Start Here

The Scorpion Syndicate's Goal

There are 5 councilors of MazRoc. Laws and regulations are made by these counselors in order to ensure the Tollar does not have absolute power. Each counselor has stake-holders throughout the city, that back their cause and enable them to have a position of power. In order to become a stakeholder, you must 1) own a business, 2) generate enough wealth to be in the top 5% of people, 3) have offspring, and 4) be recommended by the Grand Vizier. Each counselor must have no more than 3 stakeholders.

Here is how the Scorpion Syndicate has exploited these rules:

- Lulana Sombi is the “High Priest of the Sun”. Her stake-holders include: A major financier of the city and her 2 sisters. These people were sort of role-models to Lulana growing up. As she furthered her education and pursued politics and law, they promised her their backing and constant support. As stake-holders they request few favors over her, but for the most part promote her no matter what.
 - All 3 of these people are Scorpion Syndicate members, and are basically manipulating her into believing she can trust them.
- Yerbol Bulton, the chief architect. His stake-holders were originally very good friends and highly educated people in the City. He holds himself up to the highest esteem and genuinely hates any misrepresentation of Maz’Roc or the Tollar as an entity. He’s extremely serious but has become complacent with his seemingly trustworthy stakeholders.
 - Two of his stake-holders are newly (somewhat) Syndicate members. The last died a few years ago and was replaced by a young tile-maker. The tile-maker and Yerbol are unaware of the corruption that is underneath their feet.
- Kimoni Lisimba, the master of commerce. He is a Syndicate member through and through. His councilors are syndicate members, and he’s THE wealthiest man in Maz’Roc.

If the Syndicate can get the chance, they’d love to secure a better holding over the city. This is something they absolutely need to do now before its borders are opened up. To accomplish this, they plan on replacing the Royal Guard with their own private group of fighters. In order to attract attention to the weakness of the current Royal Guard, the Syndicate is going to make an attack on the people and Chaga herself.

A timed event. Battle will ensue and the players will have x amount of rounds to deal with whatever threat is at their hands. If they do so successfully, they can manage to stop the chaos before everything goes to shit. If they do not end the combat within so many rounds, then **[bad stuff happens]**.

The Set Up

In the morning, the tavern-owner(s) will present everyone staying in their inns with a sheet of paper. This paper details the schedule and organization of the Auction. It is as follows.

Day 1:

Prepare in the early morning.

Guest Speaker at 10:30.

Sheep Race at 11 in the morning.

Auction opens at 12.

Free Lunch & Sheep race winner announcement at 2.

Free Dinner and Live Auction(s) at 6.

Event ends at 8.

Day 2:

Prepare in the early morning.

Auction/market opens at 7-8am (depends on store).

Free Lunch & guest speaker followed by Live Auction @ 11:30.

Live music and dance performances @ 2.

Praar-thanar (Sun Prayer) @ 5:00, followed by Free Dinner.

Auction closes at 6.

Lunch Menu (both days): Bread, beer, fish, cheeses, and lentils.

Dinner Menu (both days): Bread, lamb or pork meat, vegetables, honey-covered dates, and beer.

On the first day, the guest speaker is going to be a disciple/apprentice architect. They will be announcing the opening of several buildings and structures in the city. Perhaps they're starting to make city wall designs.

On the second day, the guest speaker is going to be an esteemed noble from Nao. Brother of Lord Aric, his name is "John-Claude Aric", the Baron of Silver. On top of being from a prestigious family he is also a rising Warlord looking to expand his domain.

The young master's attitude leans towards merciless, he is a powerful wizard and is very much under the assumption that MazRoc will be easy to conquer.

Starting the guest speaking, the grand Vizier will introduce the Baron of Silver. Afterwhich, John Aric will give a speech. The speech he has planned is meant to intimidate while sewing in seeds of despair into his audience. He will communicate how much he likes this land and its people, the warm welcome he's received, and then communicate where he stands on the powerscale.

To accomplish this, at the end of his speech he will launch Commander Chaga into the university on the 3rd district (from the Bazaar), strike it down with lightning, and thunderstep to finish her off.

While he does this, his assailants will attack the audience in the Bazaar. Four Thugs and Five Night blades will confront the party. Every round 2 bandits will spawn. If the party cannot end the combat within 5 rounds, then 1d10 people will die (an additional d6 of people for every round afterwards).

The Aftermath

Session Seven

Firstly. The sheep race:

“As you wander deeper into the lively bazaar, you may come across an unexpected sight. Children can be seen darting through the streets, riding atop their decorated wooly steeds - sheep! These young shepherds expertly guide their wooly companions through the bustling crowds, laughing and shouting as they go. Baskets shake alongside the reins attached to the animals, inside them are colored powders mixed with flower petals that the children grab handfuls of and throw into the crowd(s). Singers, dancers, and musicians beat drums and add to the ceremony of the race—chanting for the crowd.

As cheers and songs bombard the bazaar, you all catch a glimpse of a group of the children racing their sheep down an alleyway, the animals' hooves clattering on the cobblestones. As they knock over small obstacles to slow down those behind them. Despite the commotion, the sheep seem at ease in their young riders' care, following their lead with ease.

As the sheep reach the entrance of the city, a large paper manuscript stands in the center, wherein the leading rider marks his chalk-covered hand on it before racing out into the dunes. As this happens the crowd erupts, and a large brazier ignites at the top of the Sun-Temple, beacons the sky; Welcoming all to the Auction.”

If and when the party goes through the bazaar:

As you approach the bustling bazaar, your senses are immediately overwhelmed by the sights, sounds, and smells. The air is thick with the aroma of exotic spices, grilled meats, and freshly baked bread. Carts and shelves of vibrant colors of fabrics, pottery, and trinkets catch your eye as vendors enthusiastically beckon you to their stalls.

The noise level is high, you can hear merchants calling out their wares, bargaining with customers, and buyers haggling with each other. The sound of music and the beat of drums can be heard in the distance, adding to the lively atmosphere.

As you make your way through the crowded aisles, you must navigate around shoppers bargaining for goods, children darting between stalls, and vendors transporting their wares on carts and mules. The narrow alleys are lined with stalls selling everything from jewelry and clothing to furniture and artwork.

The energy of the bazaar is contagious, and you may find yourself caught up in the excitement of the bustling marketplace. As you sample delicious street food, watch skilled artisans at work, and barter for treasures to take home. This is a place where cultures and traditions converge, and where the hustle and bustle of commerce is a way of life.

List of Items each player wants:

Blacksmiths

Tahshep the Forger: A skilled blacksmith who has been practicing his craft for many years in Maz'roc. He is known for his attention to detail and the high quality of his goods. Some of the goods he's putting up for sale include:

- A khopesh sword with a simple design, made from a crude, black iron, the blade evokes the feeling of grit. Yet, its craft seems truer than no other. Without a doubt this weapon is intended to kill.
- A set of throwing knives with wooden handles and sleek steel blades, designed for both practicality and style. There are 5 in total, they are made of dark steel and are a master-craft.
- A set of daggers with ornate designs on the handles, made from rare and precious metals. There are 2 of these Arandur daggers.

Senmut the Armorer: A master armorer who creates some of the most durable and effective armor in Maz'roc. He is respected for his ability to create armor that is both functional and stylish. Some of the goods he's putting up for sale include:

- A set of hide armor with iron plates that have been carefully crafted to protect the wearer's vital organs. This is master-crafted reinforced hide armor.
- A shield with an intricate design of a scarab beetle, made from bronze and decorated with precious stones. This is a mastercraft shield.
- A helmet with a cobra design paired with a matching suit of armor, made from iron and decorated with gold inlays. This is a mastercraft of full-plate armor.

Tuya the Weapon Maker: A talented weapon maker who creates weapons that are both practical and deadly. She is known for her ability to craft weapons with a balance of weight and strength. Some of the goods she's putting up for sale include:

- A spear made from high-quality iron and decorated with intricate designs inspired by the gods of ancient Egypt. This is a master-craft crude iron spear.
- A bow made from sturdy wood and designed for maximum accuracy, with 10 arrows made from high-quality iron and feathered with ostrich feathers. The bow provides a +1 to hit with no damage modifier. The arrows are mastercraft crude iron.
- A set of throwing axes made from precious metals and decorated with hieroglyphics, designed for both combat and hunting. These are 2 arandur hand axes.

Neferu the Tanner: A skilled leatherworker who has been practicing her craft for many years in Maz'roc. She is known for her attention to detail and the high quality of her leather goods. Some of the goods she's putting up for sale include:

- A set of leather quivers, each one designed to hold a different type of arrow or bolt.
- A set of leather pouches with intricate designs inspired by the hieroglyphics of ancient people of Samay, each one designed to hold a different type of item.

- A leather belt with a simple but elegant design, decorated with brass studs and a brass buckle.

Khonsu the Leatherworker: A master leatherworker who creates some of the most durable and stylish leather armor in Maz'roc. He is respected for his ability to create armor that is both functional and visually striking. Some of the goods he's putting up for sale include:

- A set of leather armor with intricate patterns and designs inspired by the gods and goddesses of ancient Egypt, each piece tailored to fit the wearer perfectly.
- A leather helmet with a cobra design, adorned with brass studs and intricate leatherwork.
- A leather vest with reinforced stitching and padding, designed to protect the wearer's vital organs without sacrificing mobility.

Seshat the Saddle Maker: A talented saddle maker who creates saddles that are both comfortable and sturdy. She is known for her ability to create saddles that are tailored to fit both the horse and rider perfectly. Some of the goods she's putting up for sale include:

- A leather saddle with a simple yet elegant design, decorated with brass fittings and stirrups.
- A set of leather saddlebags with intricate designs inspired by the gods and goddesses of ancient Egypt, each one designed to hold a different type of item.
- A set of leather reins with intricate braiding and stitching, designed to provide the rider with maximum control and comfort.

What is Torment?

What are some guardians that bless the party? All Low Born are watched by the star charter. His eyes see all. Who are his angels? How do they act? They bless the party with an undying spirit. All of the low-born. They aren't cast away when they die. Their skulls have ingrained on them a number of stars equal to their accomplishments. You only need one, one star to impress the charter and their angels.

- The star charter, when he is impressed by an action or sees a man fulfill their own conquest– he blesses them with a mark of torment. Do it again– prove yourself again and a constellation will begin to form.
 - What are the benefits of having a mark of torment?
- A mark of torment enables the capability to both kill and be revived.
- Low Born only truly die when someone takes their torment. Because of this, only those with a mark of torment can kill another with a mark of torment on the first go. Or this is what I like to think at least. Let's make some rules for it.
 - Everytime you die, you lose a mark of torment (assuming this death was from something that isn't disease, natural causes, disintegration, or by another that has torment). When this happens, you will be revived in 24 seconds with half your hit die expended. Whenever you are given a mark of torment, something happens:
 - 1) You are marked to be watched forever.
 - 2) You are given a boon.

- A buff to your basic kit.
- 3) You are given the sight of war.
 - (this gives you a new reason to fight, it shows you pandemonium)

How do constellations form?

Whenever someone with torment dies, the engraving in their skull shoots into the sky. Permanently documenting this person's torment. If someone with many marks were to be killed, all of the marks would shoot into the sky— Their formation would tell a story of who they were.

This is how the Star Charter documents the history of man.

About Pandemonium

Pandemonium is basically just the reason why men fight. Seeing it reveals basic memories of man fighting for something out of reach in a scorched wasteland. Seeing pandemonium is something that only happens to those who pursue a greater dominion. It is a taunt by the star charter to coax more into greater torment.

About The Star Charter

This figure, a deity of observation, the last god of magic. He is a pure and curious god who's been twisted by his own immortality. He has watched man for what seems to be all of existence, watched them nurture world trees, and cut them down. His friends of the old world are all gone. Slain by the likes of man. Humankind... He sees them as a personification of destruction. In the process of watching the world for eon's, he's come to fall in love with man. Such a ferocious force he sees them as; something capable of so much malice it can force itself into extinction— is something to be cherished. In addition, with humans being the weakest of creatures to ever exist in the world. He sees them like little puppies he must take care of. They fight non-stop, kill anything that opposes them. So, the Star Charter began to try and stop that.

He gave man the ability to oppose death on occasion. He did this to the men he watched the closest. Likely in a moment of panic, but he ensured they wouldn't die. This maxed out the potential of man. Afterall, if something that is mortal can do so much— imagine what it would be capable of while immortal. This everlight he gave to man would eventually corrupt him. Bringing the charter anger whenever it failed. SO—

He tried again.

And again.

And again.

He tried so many times it became a game—

... a simple game of who will survive, would end up tormenting the lives of man.

Now the Star Charter enables man out of madness. With the hope that they one day will destroy all of existence.

Katasterismoi- "placings of the stars"

The State of Eidon

Located on the north-most point of Draegar, this state exists in a land of sand. Large rock-formations, ocean-like dunes, and few Oasis' cover the समय (sa-may)[Hindi] Desert.

The समय Desert

The "Samay Desert" is a vast and dangerous landscape, dotted with towering sand dunes, treacherous canyons, and ancient ruins. It is surrounded by Eidon, a city struggling to survive in a world torn apart by war.

Six Low Born

- Camma- Brian
- Bast- Ryan
- Margo- Django
- Lady Gwyn Narramore- Evan
- Sylas Eliezar- Ben
- Maonus- Niko

Okay, I need to take a breather.

Let's look at the city of Maz'Roc, why the players are there, and what they're going to be doing while they're there.

Session One Ideas

I'm thinking about starting the players in a carriage headed towards one of the towns. The town is being attacked by Desert Raiders and the city of Maz'Roc has gathered intel that this attack was about to happen.

They've hired mercenaries and guards to go deal with the problem, with hopes that they will be able to capture someone who can provide some intel on the Raiders.

After dealing with the attack, the players will have some options;

1. They can do some internal investigations of the ran-sacked town to find what's been stolen, who's been killed, and why the town was attacked.
2. They can attempt to track the raiders that made it out.
3. Interrogations and questioning townsfolk.
4. Explore an area of interest or two.

[(Give the party representatives when exploring other kingdoms/states)]

A Problem with the Players

The players in my campaign don't wish to start level 1-2. Instead they're wanting to start somewhere between 3 and 5. This is a particularly difficult task as it makes balancing a lot harder. But if they wish to start as local heroes they will start as local heroes.

What does this mean for the story?

Well. It means the players are going to have pre-established connections with a local feudal lord outside of Eidon. This lord in question will be sending them to colonize the place. This is because they wish to have a better standing against a rival state.

Aghhhh

Perhaps I should try to keep the conflict between cities right now. . .

- 1) So there are states. But each state has its own internal conflicts. The goal for whichever of the two states the players side with is going to be unifying the state. This means conquering other cities within the state.
- 2) After this, the goal/narrative agenda will shift into something else. Players will be given the opportunity to pursue pandemonium. While there, the things they do will be highly influenced by what each PC goal is. There will need to be organization, and the players are going to have to want a reason to approach pandemonium starting out. This is a very achievable thing.
- 3) While in pandemonium it is important to outline the specifics of the region. So, let's design the landscape and people that reside there.

More About Pandemonium

I would like the region to be like an unexplored ocean. So large and expansive that walking around in it feels like an ocean. It's easy to get lost (I know I'm typing a lot of redundancy here). Anyways. How do I accomplish this?

To travel around people generally use landmarks, compasses, and the sky to help navigate. In order to make it hard to travel/navigate in a large area I must restrict the possibility to do this:

Firstly, landmarks; Oceans have very little landmarks, this puts a sense of mystery into a person. In order to replicate this feeling on land, most of "pandemonium" needs to be flat.

Secondly, compasses; making the compass a non-practical/non-reliable tool is imperative if I wish to create discord/confusion for people exploring the region. Magnetic fields are influenced/disrupted by torment, similar to how the moon affects the tides.

Thirdly; stars/constellation navigation. Constantly preventing clarity in the sky will really create an impact on the people existing in the area. Not only for stars, but also for the sun. Its pattern(s) are wild. Night and Day can shift at a moment's notice.

- Do this, add some natural disaster, random weather events. Wouldn't it be crazy to get stuck in a meteor shower, to have constellations hurl themselves at you, to humble you, how dare you try to join them, big scary monsters, and paranoia is always clenching at the inhabitants. B)
 - The desert sun is scorching during the day, but deserts often become frigid at night

- To more accurately feel like a land ocean, pandemonium will need to be mostly incapable of producing food and water. That being said, also like oceans, there must be islands/ or patches of land that are flourishing with life.
- I think it'd be neat if there were huge fucking trenches just kinda there suddenly
 - There's most definitely going to be supernatural land formations in the area.

All of this being said, we want the players to be capable of exploring and possibly charting Pandemonium. Afterall, there must be masters of traversing the waste, so the question becomes. How do they do it?

Well. To accomplish this goal, perhaps there is a device that people use to help them navigate where they've been as well as where they're going.

Fulgurite (A compass alternative)

I think this should be reminiscent of an adder stone (a stone with a hole worn in it.) Looking through the hole shows what the eye cannot see.

- Maybe these adder stones are formed by meteors, falling stars collide with the desert sand and create a sort of glass.
 - Maybe, it's that the meteor has to hit where blood has been recently spilled.
 - **What if its constellation ichor, the blood of the stars.**
 - **You look up in the night sky and see constellations hurl themselves at each other, creating something like an aurora borealis. Light begins to fall from the sky in the chaos striking the sand leaving a sharp glass behind.**
- This glass could be mounted into amulets, rings, weapon hilts(?), perhaps even goggles.
 - I do think the glass should be difficult to work with. Kind of like the sword in the stone, the glass chooses who gets to see and who doesn't.
 - **Perhaps the amount of torment one has influences how much they can perceive through the glass.**
- **Fulgurite** shows mana flow, this is what guides travelers across Pandemonium, at least it acts as a catalyst .
 - It would be cool if everyone saw something a little bit different.
 - is only one part of the equation though, acting as the lens. A separate part would be needed to function as the star chart.
 - Think of it like this: You have one part that functions as the "map". It can technically be read on its own, but it's very difficult if you're unfamiliar with the area, or if your surroundings are constantly changing. That's why you have a Fulgurite lens that acts as "GPS" and can accurately guide you through the area.
- The Map itself could be made of Roc talons or Howler quills, engraved with rings, charts, or symbols ~~the opportunity to pick~~

Campaign Layout

- ~~As aforementioned I want the players to have connections with a pre-existing feudal lord. Should I give them? They were given their current job from a noble, likely a representative of a large city. No, no no. That line of thought isn't going to work...~~

A group of Low Born (the players) are being sent to Eidon to help it out/ solve some of its problems. They are doing this to prove themselves worthy to a Feudal Lord's cause.

- All that needs to happen now is, each player is going to need a reason to want to follow this feudal lord. He must be offering the Low Born he is hiring for something. Something like land, wealth, women, whatever they want. He is basically offering them a wish.

With all this in mind, the stepping stone I should be working on is making the Feudal Lord's Quest.

The Feudal Lord's Quest*

There are two states that surround Eidon. The state flourishing of Kaltesh and the Wastelands of Nao. They suffer from their own internal conflicts, but constantly oppose each other. A minor city in Nao, Drof'Don, is looking to make the next move against its opposition. This city– what's special about it? What does it symbolize? And how does it stick out in the Militaristic Nao?

Developing Drof'Don (Drof – Dun)

I imagine the streets of the out-skirts of the city are poor. Men stay in the constant heat in crumbling houses. The buildings are made out of poorly smoothed sandstone in most areas. Several waterwells do allow for the city's residents to live without dying of dehydration. But that isn't the same when it comes to food. Slaves, criminals, deserters, and the poor are sent to live out the rest of their days there. Because of this, the people are often subjected to prolonged "public service". This perpetual work does in a way unite the people. No one is excluded, and if someone doesn't work– the entire population feels it.

Lazily, the "Ruler" of Nao, appointed a lowly feudal lord to watch over the region. This ambitious young fellow likely didn't expect to find what he did. And has spent the majority of his life dealing with it. Now, he's had enough. He has claimed that the citizens of this city and of the surrounding region are to be independent from Nao. Before they can do this though, his nobles have gone around the city seeking past and current Low Born. Sending them on quest(s), should they return both alive and successful. They will be granted a wish when he becomes the new ruler of Nao.

The Problem in Eidon

The city of Maz'Roc is willing to make allegiance with Drof'Don should they help the people and their problems. So what is it exactly that's occurring? Maz'Roc is very similar to the Minoan Civilization. The City is placed along a major river. This allows for it to produce an abundance of food and water. The city is very friendly to outsiders, and is generally very eager to trade. The harsh landscape makes it difficult for regular people to travel outside of the region without escort– meaning, most people in Eidon are stuck in Eidon. Because of this, Maz'Roc's main agenda is to establish a safe route wherein people can easily travel to and from the State to the open land.

Accomplishing this however requires the expungement of many threats in the desert landscape. Specifically, there are:

- A group of Desert Raiders
- A Sand-Cult
- Saharan Bandits
- Sand Giants
- Public Paranoia

The Cult- The Emissaries of भूखा (bhookha)

Beliefs: The Emissaries of भूखा believe that by offering up sacrifices to the Dybbuk, a spirit that is said to possess anyone who may engage in cannibalism and transform them into a gangling emaciated beast, they can appease its insatiable hunger and avoid its wrath. The cultists believe that the more blood they spill, the more satiated the beast's hunger is. The cult refers to the Dybbuk as “ भूखा” (Hindi for The Hungry One) They are known to abduct travelers, nomads, and even children from nearby towns to use in their rituals. The Emissaries of भूखा are not well-liked by the surrounding desert tribes, who view them as dangerous and cruel. The cult members themselves are rumored to be fanatical and dangerous, and those who cross their path are seldom warned to turn back before they face the consequences. **Use blades of obsidian.**

Leader: The cult is led by a mysterious figure known only as “The Haruspex”, who communes directly with भूखा. The Haruspex is feared and respected by the members of the cult, who believe that the blood they spill will keep the spirit at bay. The Haruspex communes with भूखा by inspecting and consuming the entrails of sacrifices.

Rituals: The Emissaries of भूखा perform a variety of grisly rituals in order to appease भूखा in the hopes of keeping the spirit at bay. These may include human sacrifice, cannibalism, and other acts of violence. (The cult may also engage in secret and forbidden practices, such as necromancy.)

Conflict: The Emissaries of भूखा are a dangerous and mysterious group that poses a threat to travelers and nearby settlements. Adventurers may be tasked with stopping the cult's rituals, rescuing captured victims, or uncovering the truth about भूखा.

*“The pungent smell of death and decay violates your senses. Sparse candles reveal the glisten of blood that’s been smeared along the cavern walls and various bones are scattered about. Every step makes a grotesque squelch as you realize it’s impossible to avoid the viscera that coats the cave floor. There is a constant dripping that echoes through the cave. Looking up, you see entrails haphazardly staked to the ceiling. I need you all to make a dex save.
(DC13)*

On a failed save, the player(s) slip in the gore, taking 1d4 bludgeoning damage”

NOTE: DYBBUK ARE NOT REAL ENTITIES IN DRAEGAR, THIS GROUP COMMITS ATROCITIES IN FEAR OF SOMETHING THAT DOES NOT EXIST.

The Sand Giants- The Er'Na'Tir, The Masters of the Sands

Long ago, before the age of man, before their name was lost to time, the world was ruled by powerful elemental beings. The Er'Na'Tir were born from the very essence of the desert, their bodies made of sand and their spirits in tune with the endless dunes. Their power was unmatched, their size unparalleled, and their presence filled all with awe.

As time passed and civilizations rose and fell, the Er'Na'Tir receded into the depths of the desert, becoming a distant memory, a legend whispered in the night. But some say they still exist, ebbing and flowing through the sand, watching the night skies, staring into the many eyes of The Star Charter, and awaiting their word.

To this day, some say that if one travels deep enough into the desert, until one reaches Pandemonium itself, you can still hear the whispers of the Er'Na'Tir, and that if one is not careful, they may attract their wrath. The Er'Na'Tir are not to be trifled with, for they are one with the desert and it is only through their mercy that any may pass through their realm unscathed.

Public Paranoia- The Madness in Maz'roc

Due to the four groups listed above, the paths outside of Maz'Roc are inherently dangerous, and as such, many are afraid to leave the city. This causes the markets to be saturated with local goods while imported goods are scarce. Political leaders wish to see more interregional trade happen, but as long as the surrounding areas of Maz'Roc are considered dangerous, the people are reluctant to leave. Many do not see the reward to be worth the risk, this has put the citizens in a "cabin-fever" like state. Some may wish to leave, some may wish for goods that are nearly impossible to obtain, some are content to stay in Maz'Roc, but regardless everyone is paranoid of what horrors may lie beyond the city.

Expanding on Eidon

Architecture

Eidon's cities consist of sturdy and flat sandstone buildings, many of which have 2-3 stories. Thick red columns support broad overhangs and archways. These buildings are meant to withstand the harsh desert winds. Brightly colored mosaics depicting various histories decorate walls and ceilings of official buildings. Tan cobblestone paths guide the townspeople to their destinations within the cities.

Clothing

Women wear short sleeved tunics to protect the shoulders and back from the sun that are held in place by hand woven leather corsets. They wear brightly colored, bell shaped, skirts that often have many ruffled layers with embellished belts to accentuate the waist. At home elaborately embroidered aprons keep skirts clean while doing housework. The eyes are often darkened, and eyes, lips, cheeks, and nails stained red with makeup. Hair is often pulled into a bun, or may be done more elaborately with beads, ornaments, and floral clips.

Men often wear light colored tunics with heavily embroidered vests. They may wear a zoma, a waistcloth adorned with fringe and beads that is wrapped around the waist down to the mid thigh.

Anyone may choose to wear loose flowing shorts, especially if they plan on participating in sports or any other form of labor. Sandals with high straps are customary, though shoes are never worn in the house. Jewelry is often made of gold, silver, amber, amethyst, or agate. Necklaces, armbands, bracelets, and anklets are most common.

Festivals

The Great Sheep Race- A group of 1d8 children have organized a race. The children will tie sleds to their sheep and try to make it to the top of the tallest sand dune and back. Just beyond this dune **The Emissaries** have set a trap to kidnap any child that may accidentally go over the dune or be straggling in the race.

The Monsoon Festival- The townspeople have gotten together to celebrate the first monsoon of the season. This multi-day festival begins with preparations for the incoming weather: cleaning the home, securing livestock, covering crops, and cooking food for the coming days. In the town, people dance, sing, try their hand at games of chance and skill, or simply relax and enjoy the lively music and dancing that fills the air as a large bonfire is built, vendors sell trinkets, spices and various street foods from carts. When the storm finally comes, children dance and play in the rain, followed by young lovers, dragged by their partners into the rain. As the rain's intensity increases, children are often scolded to come back inside as the lovers find refuge from the weather. Women open the windows of their homes to let the storm winds blow away the negativity caused by the drought. Those who harbor guilt will stand in the pelting rain and reflect, letting the rain mix with their tears and wash them new. At this point the monsoon has put out the bonfire. The townspeople head inside to dry off and warm up, hopeful of the coming season.

Auctions: Auctions are incredibly popular both as a social event and to get goods for a bargain. Livestock and other goods are often auctioned off. Street vendors come with their carts offering various foods. This is the perfect event to be crashed by **The Sandstalkers**, or to be used as a cover up for workings such as trafficking done by **The Scorpion Syndicate**.

- Large caravans travel the northern region of the continent, offering goods such as luxury items, educated servants, spices, livestock and slaves to the states to be auctioned. The Scorpion Syndicate may bribe the state to purchase or simply steal illicit goods for them to auction.

Funerary Rituals

- The people of Maz'roc believe that there once was a prosperous underground city known as "Nefetorum " and it is from there that their ancestors came from. First, a close relative wets the lips of the deceased, giving the body its last taste of water. This is to be performed as close to the time of death as is possible. The bodies are dressed in colors that highlight the virtues of the deceased and are carried through the streets into a sacred part of the desert, where Nefetorum is believed to be. The dead are placed there along with anything they may need in the afterlife, in hope that the sands will accept their spirit and return them to Nefetorum. Families grieve for 49 days, with the wake lasting 9 days, friends and family of the bereaved provide meals during this time. For the next 40 days, an oil lantern is kept lit in the window of the home. During the time of mourning

grief is expressed through crying, singing, wailing, cutting of hair and cutting one's body. The family cannot participate in any form of celebration or entertainment.

Campaign Outline

What is it we're looking for here? Well, the campaign is over a Grimoire. The players are chasing it— why? Well. To be the strongest. That's their ultimate goal. To be strong. It is their dominion to the stars.

(There of course are some pitfalls to look for in this, what if the player character's ambitions are not to be strong, etc..) [To counteract this, I propose an idea, the character goals can be found in pandemonium]. What's in pandemonium?

Anything and everything. An eternal conflict. Ancient truths. Potential.

What are the consequences of the players not going to Pandemonium? How do they discover these consequences?.

The consequences of the players not going to pandemonium are simple. Firstly, the war keeps going. People continue to die, and there's a risk someone else finds this chalice of power. Now, these seem like some pretty horrible reasons for the players to want to go here. In fact, it reminds me of descent into avernus. I wish pandemonium had a greater hold on all of the players. Impacted them in a way that was more personal. A door to truth. An appeal to the soul. Something that would bring the party peace. A wish.

What if that's what the grimoire did. Granted the player(s) each a 'wish spell'.

Why do the players see this door to truth? Well, this could be a result of someone else's wish. Could just be what happens to those with torment. This door shows everything the players could ever want to know. How would I connect it with torment? A guide perhaps, a calling to pandemonium and the grimoire. The wish of Korril.

Korril has obtained the Grimoire, and his wish was to end all wars over it while being the sole owner of the grimoire. To do this, he challenges any and all with torment to this power— in the hopes that all Low-borne will seek it; in hopes that all Low-borne will die seeking it. For if they reach him, they will die by his hand.

The next things I need to explore are: What's happening in pandemonium, who are the big players? Who are the big players in the Northern Realm? How does Korril's wish affect these players? In order to answer these I'll need to develop the northern realm in its entirety. This is going to be a long night...

Looking at Korril's Past:

This person, what do they represent? Naive Ambition... As a boy he was a young and very skilled knight. He sought to protect his country and would do anything to ensure that happened. Over time he would march-alongside great men, brothers in arms into the hardest of battles, just to bathe in the nectar of the earth afterwards. He did this under command yes, but also because he wanted to— and genuinely believed his efforts would make an impact. This would happen on the Top Ground (material plane) for several years. During these years he would see success and at the end of it, the major conflicting kingdom would be conquered. However, he was not done. This would just act as justification for a 'coronation' of sorts.

He gained nobility. With this new-found title, his expectations as a soldier were even grander. Or perhaps, he was given a choice. A choice to follow his king into further hell or to stay here and live the rest of his life in peace. This king, Armant, knew which choice Korril would make. So, he gave the option only as a means to make Korril's loyalty stronger. After all, this young man would take this offer as Armant believing Korril has no further interest in fighting for him. He would take it as an insult and wish to prove himself even more to Armant, someone he looked up to.

Armant on the other hand, simply saw Korril, as well as the rest of his men, as expendable. This would come to show itself in time.

What did they do then? They marched. They marched right into pandemonium. The desolate and harsh landscape would not break the knees of these men, however when Siren sang— many fell. Cazador from the sky bombarded groups on the ground taking out dozens. This would be the first of many trials Korril would experience in pandemonium. All the same, he marched.

Trial after trial, from natural disasters to large militia, Korril and the Forgotten Soldiers fought for their country. Proving themselves against any here would dignify them as the strongest, the ones who were capable of ending all wars. However, things would take a shift...

As the forgotten soldiers pushed further and further into pandemonium, their battles would become more and more difficult. The lands would begin to eat away at their minds, the battles would break down their bodies, and torment would finally overwhelm them. These soldiers slowly began to lose a sense of self, becoming less and less human.. They became Ashen. These effects would take long periods of time to realize, however they were delayed for so long because of Korril, who— through his commanding and ever present voice would remind the people why the men fought.

This made their madness slow, however it would eventually eat away Korril himself as well. And over the course of 25 years, Armant the Grey would have an Army of ashen knights, Forgotten Soldiers...

Armant is a lich, a ruler of undead (essentially). He would command these sharpened warriors for a decade generating more and more renown. They obeyed his command as it became second nature, however each one's identifiable features made distinguishing them easy and important. As the other residents of Pandemonium would begin to fear this unstoppable group. Most notable of these features would be "The Eye of Korril". As Korril at this time would have by far the most marks of torment, so much so that these stars would begin to overflow into his eyes, permanently marking his gaze into the hearts of man.

Making contact with this Eye would mean Korril could read every and all memories of who he saw. Additionally, he would never forget who the individual was, and always know where they were.

One day, a massive battle ensued in the center of pandemonium. Armant and his army of Ashen Knights, as well as 5 other major players had made it to the grimoires location. And so— they fought... The fight lasted 5 days. And at the end of it, almost everyone was destroyed, the only remaining people were 1/3 of the Forgotten Soldiers and Armant the Grey. As Korril fell his last foe, he saw his reflection in the blade. He saw himself. The kind child who wished to save and protect everyone, he saw the years of commitment, trust, and betrayal that occurred to him. Then, he saw the grimoire— being held up by a petrified pile of corpses reaching for it—

Armant slowly walked toward the stone staircase, gazing in awe. Korril looked, and saw Armant's memories, he saw his true intentions in all this. He looked at the men beneath his feet, felt the emotions they felt before coming to death. He looked at his friends and fellow comrades, all shadows of their former selves. The he saw it— looking at the grimoire, a wave of wrath overcame his mind and body seeing Armant reaching out for the book. Filled with determination, Korril decided he must pay for sins; his betrayal, bloodlust, greed, he must pay for it all. And lastly, he must put his comrades to sleep.

So, against his own friends Korril fought one last time— awakened by who he was and what his original desire was to do, he set his mind to ending the war forever. Starting with slaying the enemy in front of him Armant the Grey.

It was hard, but he was successful. Afterwards though, from the wounds his body began to break, and overcome by the overflowing torment— barely at the edge of his sanity. Korril stepped, ever so slowly toward the Grimoire. His mind was faltering, torment had made him go blind, he couldn't breathe, but he crawled— reaching up for the book, he swore that once he took hold, he would ensure:

- "I, Korril of Yssmire, Knight of the White Palace, do hereby swear an oath.. An oath to protect this sacred book from those who seek it. I vow to keep it safe, hidden, and never to use it or let anyone use its power for personal gain or glory. With unwavering determination, On MY LIFE. I promise to defend this book against all those who would use it for harm. I pledge, today, on a ground of chaos to challenge any who seek it, with all the strength and might at my disposal. As penance for my crime, my purpose is to protect the innocent and preserve the balance of good and evil in the world. Here me golden moon. I swear this oath until my dying day, and even beyond. This torment will not deter me. May the light of my brothers and lover guide me and give me the courage to fulfill this sacred duty, for the sake of all that is good and just in the world. I am sorry."

His wish would strike all who were tormented, with his death temporarily providing clarity in pandemonium. The residing will itself in the area washed away all marks of those who were unworthy (if you had less than 10 marks of torment you were put under calm emotions). If you had over 10 marks, you were haunted by an ever looming power that seemed to watch over you as Korril's constellation shot into the sky...

Awesome. Let's continue.

Developing Rāiton

We have a character from Rāiton, let(s) develop the country.

The country of Rāiton is a snowy desert in a permanent winter. Large cliffs to the western side of the country elevate the lands into extraordinary heights. The people that live in Rāiton, or the “people groups” of the country, organize themselves into “Tribes”.

Tribes:

There are countless tribes in the country, but here is a list of some examples: Tribe of the Northern Rock, Tribe of the Grey Stag, Tribe of the Raven Claw, Tribe of the Northern Elk, Tribe of Steel Brothers, Tribe of the Fen, Tribe of the Kall, ect... They can basically be anything at this point. However, the two most important ones must be; Tribe of the Northern Rock and Tribe of the Raven Claw.

The Northern Rock

These two tribes reside in the two major cities in Rāiton. The Northern Rock is less inland than The Storm and is built into the ground. The City there is called “Skalafell” or “The Frosthold”. The lord of the city is a woman named Ladasha Bohuslava. She holds a large shield made of a mysterious wood alongside a deadly mace.

The Raven Claw

Secondly, the Tribe of the Raven Claw lives in “Floimaar” or “The Stormhaven”. The lord of this city is a man named Erik Bor. He is a large man that wields two giant axes, the hilts are said to be made from the bones of a yeti.

Tribe Dynamics

Many small tribes exist in the open tundra of Rāiton. Because of their various sizes, it is impossible to know how many exactly exist. What is known however, is that the the Tribes of the Northern Rock and Raven Claw do NOT fuck with each other. Nor do they tolerate anyone who disagrees with them. These two would be at constant war if not for the distance between the two cities. Many of the groups that leave the cities in parties however, do end up encountering other tribes/enemies.

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Developing Nao:

The country's description could not be more overdone. But allow us to look at the major cities that exist in Nao, and what warlord territory is looking like.

Stonington, The Nether Fort – In the Frost
Northgrad, The Stone Palace – Capital of Nao

Marq, The City of Black Ash – Northernmost

Beginning in the core of what makes up the region. Allow us to take a dive into war-lords. These are the most notable figures in Nao.

Warlords of Nao

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General Kael:

- The current leader of the Noch Legion. This charismatic General has recently taken residence of Northgrad, the Stone Palace, with this acquisition, he claims the title of Monarch of the Northern Realm, as he seeks the have all bend their knees to his power.

Ayra:

- The Marauder Queen. Otherwise known as, the Scourge of the West. This formidable leader is in charge of the Hallowed Horde. She terrorizes people groups in the western region atop metal chariots carried by war-horses of Ash. Her weapon of choice is a metal razored whip, its lash is as dangerous as hot iron.

Chief Torak:

- This brutal and feared nomadic warlord leads his tribe across the barren plains in the southeastern region of Nao. Torak is known for his physical prowess and his ability to rally his people to follow him into battle. He is a master of the flail and is feared for his ruthless tactics and his utter disregard for the lives of his enemies. What the public does not know however, is that Torak is not who he seems to be. The lejuyar are actually led by a puppet head while Torak hides his true self in the group. He is a Green Hobgoblin. The puppet head is named Ryger, and is very loyal to Torak as they were childhood friends.

These guys gotta be vikings that ride in logs that are like cars. They basically carve seats into the length of a tree, add wheels and roll it down hills. Not evading the large logs means death, but after they hit their targets, this group of marauders hops out of small holes and tears their victims apart.

Zarek Khan:

- He is a cunning and charismatic nomad warlord who leads the Asvala across the plains in the northeastern region of Nao. Zarek is known for his oratory skills and his ability to rally his people to his cause. He is a master of the horse and the lance, and is feared for his surprising raids and his willingness to make sudden appearances that shift the tides of combat. Despite his barbaric reputation, Zarek is a confident tactician and is respected for his strategic mind.

Lord Aric:

- The Iron Hand, he is a brutal and fearless warlord who rules over the northern region of Nao. Aric holds control of Marq, the city of black ash, he is known for his fierce fighting skills and his willingness to use extreme violence to achieve his goals. Lord Aric is feared by all, but his soldiers are fiercely loyal to him. His major strength is in his metallurgy, he helps construct large metal land-vehicles capable of conquering all lands.

Duke Ravion:

- Now the former holder of Northgrad. He is a wealthy and influential warlord who controls the Eastern region of Nao. Based in Stonington, The Nether Fort, He is known for his political savvy and his ability to negotiate favorable deals with other warlords. Duke Ravion is a master of diplomacy and often uses his wealth and influence to sway others to his side. His body is sleek and reinforced by well-crafted armor. Though his combat ability may not be the strongest, his ability to command a battle-field is rivaled only by General Kael. Because of this, Ravion now pushes into Rāiton to claim new lands.

*Solomon of Gold

- Solomon of Gold is the Ruler of Drof'Don and the lord behind The Feudal Lord's Quest.

NPCs From Maz'Roc

Naima and Zane Aziz

- Namia(Tinkerer) and Zane(Guide) are a set of twins from Maz'roc. While almost always well meaning, the twins are known for being troublemakers. They have very friendly demeanors and are more than willing to cause a little trouble to help the party (not without a few harmless pranks, of course).
- Namia is known for scavenging anything people are "probably not using" to tinker with, but can fix just about anything that may need repairs.
- Zane uses his knowledge of the city's layout to sneak his sister out of any trouble she may find herself in, and thus is a very good tour guide. Zane has a pet python named Kaa, who's just along for the ride (and a convenient tripping hazard).

Zarek Hajar

- Zarek is a swindling jeweler in Maz'Roc, and a member of the Scorpion Syndicate. For a price he is willing to aid the party, but he will share any pertinent information they give him with the Syndicate.

Saryiah Madani

- Saryiah is the beautiful daughter of a merchant in Maz'Roc. She is often stuck watching the front of her father's stand/cart while he grabs stock he inevitably forgot. Saryiah is very shy and awkward, but will try to negotiate any trade for her father.

Abizer Madani

- A successful merchant of Maz'Roc, but his true pride is his only daughter, Saryiah. He often worries about her reclusive nature. Abizer often intentionally forgets stock so that he may leave Saryiah in charge of the stand in an attempt to pull his daughter out of her shell. He is a kind and loving man, and will always lend a hand to those in need.

Jasper Badrawi

- A young man who often aids bounty hunters. He is a clever and charming individual who has a knack for finding needed information. His cat, Mahvash, can often be seen lurking around the city at night. Jasper is a night owl and nearly impossible to find by day, at night he may be spotted leaping from rooftop to rooftop, sneaking through alleyways, or simply taking in the night sky.

Raziel Al-Faris

- Raziel's village was raided by The Sandstalkers when they were 12. Eager to prove themselves as a warrior they took off to defend their home, losing an arm in the process. After seeing their village destroyed, Raziel, full of shame, traveled to Maz'Roc. There they vowed to seek revenge and annihilate the Sandstalkers, or be torn limb from limb trying.

Carmen Amirah

- Carmen is a woman of the night who holds herself with much grace despite being looked down upon. She will be reluctant to help the party, but she may offer up the party some valuable names.

Draegardian Calendar

There are 294 days in a year, divided into 6 months that have 7 weeks each with 7 days. (49 days in a month)

Months of the Year:

Aryidos (ai-reed-ose) -Drought season
 Caloras (calor-ahs)- Hot season
 Tempestas (temp-est-ahs) - Monsoon season
 Caltivaros (call-ti-var-os) - Planting season
 Cosecherra (co-sech-e-ra) -Reaping season
 Glacius (glah-si-us) - Cold season

Days of the Week:

Moon Phases/Planetary Cycles:

Okokok I gotta make two more planets and decide how they move. Time to get on my Astrology Bitch grindset. Wah hoo.

- First is Oberon, the planet of good fortune
- Next is Iago, the planet of misfortune
- The moon controls the strength of these two planets influence
 - Every month:
 - Moon waxes, peaks, then wanes 1.75 cycles
 - 5 days between new and 1st ¼
 - 6 days between 1st ¼ and full, full and last ¼ and last ¼ and new
 - Oberon waxes, peaks, then wanes .75 cycles
 - 12 days between full and last ¼, and last ¼ and new
 - 13 days between new and 1st ¼, and 1st ¼ and full
 - Iago peaks, wanes, then waxes 1.5 cycles
 - 8 days between last ¼ and new, new and 1st ¼, 1st ¼ and full
 - 9 days between full and last ¼

Days in **Red** are bad luck days, days in **green** are good luck days

- Underlined days mean multiple planets are at play and are extra lucky/unlucky
- **Bold and underlined days** are when all 3 planets align and are extreme in their power
- 14 unlucky days

- 6 regular
- 7 extra bad
- **1 mega bad (Aryidos 1st)**
- 13 lucky days
 - 5 regular
 - 8 extra good days
 - **1 mega good day (Cosecherra 32nd)**

Here's the link to the planetary calendar:

https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1e5Ov47yMcFm4wO6gfu_trx-Z16Swgl1L75_n45d6xuM/edit?usp=sharing

Campaign Opener

In a pitch black view, a

“Gather ye, warriors of dirt and ash, for the mountain of glory stands before you, a challenge worthy of your steel and sinew. The path to its summit is steep and fraught with danger, but you—

Low-Born. Are the one who will conquer it. Will you falter? Will you fail? Does glory awaits you at the top?

Your swords and shields are blunt, your armor cursed to never shine. Yet- you are ready for battle, ready to spill your blood if need be, for the sake of the honor, glory, and any other ambition that you seek awaits you.

Set your eyes on the summit Low-Born.

Fill your heart with a fierce determination to succeed.

This warpath is not for the faint of heart. It is for those who are willing to risk everything for the chance at greatness. They will climb this mountain, inch by inch, step by step, until they stand victorious at its peak. They will not be deterred by the challenges that await them. For they are warriors born to fight.

Can you say the same?

Prove to them that you can.

The wind may howl and the rocks may tumble, but they will stand firm. They will show no fear, for fear has no place among those who seek power. Be relentless, allow not for your strength to waiver, plant your banner at the top of the mountain, declare your victory for all to see.

So gather ye, warriors of dirt and ash, and prepare yourselves for the warpath. Your summit of glory awaits, and no-one will not rest until it is theirs.”

This voice in the sky that beacons your small spirits gets disrupted as the scene shifts.

”Silence you false god”

The ground is covered with bodies. The ground is littered with broken weapons, discarded helmets, lifeless bodies of fallen soldiers. The mud is thick with the earth turning into a quagmire. It is a scene of carnage. Stumbling in this chaos is a single man. His armor torn and tattered, breathing heavily his chest heaves as he struggles to march forward.

His eyes stare blankly ahead at a glowing trophy.

He speaks, desperately reaching out towards this chalice. At the cusp of death, he speaks–

I, Knight of the White Palace, do hereby swear an oath.. An oath to protect this sacred book from those who seek it. I vow to keep it safe, hidden, and never to use it or let anyone use its power for personal gain or glory.

With unwavering determination, On MY LIFE. I promise to defend this book against all those who would use it for harm. I pledge, today, on a ground of chaos to challenge any who seek it, with all the strength and might at my disposal. As penance for my crime, my purpose is to protect the innocent and preserve the balance of good and evil in the world.

Here me golden moon. I swear this oath until my dying day, and even beyond. This torment will not deter me. May the light of my brothers and lover guide me and give me the courage to fulfill this sacred duty, for the sake of all that is good and just in the world. I am sorry.

Session One

On the road.

“The players have been traveling on the road for several days now. Starting with their walk from Maz’Roc, the horses and players have begun to tire as you find yourselves on the open road. The scorching sun beats down mercilessly on the barren landscape, casting an unforgiving glare over the desolate desert. The sky above is a vast expanse of unbroken blue, without a hint of cloud or respite from the unrelenting heat. The air is heavy and oppressive, filled with the swirling grit and dust kicked up by the ceaseless wind that howls through the parched wilderness.

The horizon stretches out in every direction, a featureless wasteland of shifting dunes and rocky outcrops, each one appearing like a menacing sentinel in the lifeless landscape. There is an eerie stillness that pervades the air, broken only by the occasional rustle of dry foliage or the creaking of wind-carved stones.

The landscape is unforgiving, and it seems to be designed to punish anyone foolish enough to venture into its clutches. The distant hills seem to taunt any who might seek to escape, offering a glimmer of hope before revealing themselves to be nothing more than a mirage. The oppressive heat drains the energy from even the most hardy traveler, leaving them feeling weak and vulnerable in the face of the barren wasteland.”

After this, I will give the players time to introduce themselves. And give them a navigation check, DC 14 to stay on track of where they need to go. If they fail the check, they will find that following the road was not how they were intended to travel. Over time the desert

has grown, and that road they stayed on was victim to being pulled into the open sands, away from any water-source or civilization.

Assuming they fail, they will need to set up camp. While they're doing so, a lone traveler off in the distance approaches. Introducing Django's Character.

As the day wears on, the desert seems to grow even more ominous, as if the landscape itself is aware of the futility of any attempt to escape. The sun sets behind the jagged peaks, casting long shadows across the sands, and the night brings little relief from the relentless heat. The only comfort to be found is the knowledge that the day is over, and that the merciless desert can wait until tomorrow to exact its toll once again.

Session Four

The session will start out at night. The players will begin in a modest inn. The premise is called "Catavina". As the players approach, this is what they'd see:

As you make your way through the winding paths and filled streets, a welcoming sight catches your eye in the distance. A cozy-looking inn with warm lights spilling from its windows beckons to you, offering a respite from the long day. The smell of freshly baked bread and roasted meat wafts towards you, making your mouth water and your stomach grumble with hunger.

The exterior of the inn is made of sandstone reinforced by sturdy timber, with a thatched roof and a signboard hanging above the door, adorned with a depiction of a roaring hearth. You can hear the sound of lively chatter and clinking glasses drifting out from within, a sign of a bustling and friendly atmosphere.

As you approach, you can see that the inn is surrounded by a small courtyard, complete with a well and a few sturdy tables and benches. A pair of horses are tethered nearby, indicating that other travelers have already made their way here. The innkeeper, a friendly-looking middle-aged human, greets you warmly as you enter, offering you a place by the fire and a hearty meal to warm your bones.

The atmosphere inside is cozy and inviting, with the scent of crackling firewood and hearty stew filling the air. You can see a few other travelers scattered about, some nursing mugs of ale while others trade stories and play tiles.

The building is two stories high. Two stairwells from opposing angles lead to the second floor. There are 3 available rooms in this inn, and the price of staying here is **1gp a night**.

Here is a description of the rooms:

Your rooms have a singular bed and small window. Above the bed are two unlit candles atop of a wooden wall shelf. At the base of the bed there's a small flat wooden chest to put your belongings. Lastly, each of the rooms has a small desk paired with an empty bookshelf. Laying on the desk is a tile that reads: "Early morning wake-ups are 5 silver each night"

Looking out the window you can see empty narrow alleyways, street cats parade trash boxes and poor men sleep upon the ground.

(I recommend if they look out the window for a long time, to generate some sort of random social encounter. Think small-scale encounter, don't want to derail the session because of it)

Some possible things that might happen:

- The innkeeper introduces you to the resident bard. He or she is a young person who very shyly stands in front of the crowd. Roll a small performance check 1d20+3 to see how they perform.
 - If they roll well, they begin to play a jaunty tune on their lute, adding to the convivial ambiance.
- A soldier is dressed in plainclothes, watching a deal going on at another table. The disguise is not fooling anyone.
 - Make sure you come up with a reason for why he's at the Inn, mayhaps it's as simple as him skipping his shift, or perhaps he's following a thief.
- An old man can be overheard telling a ragtag group of young people about a dungeon. After some discussion, and a handshake, he hands them a map and they walk off.
 - If he's asked, perhaps he can be persuaded to inform the party where he sent those young people.

In the morning this is what the players see:

Outside of the front door to the inn, there is a trail of blood that tracks through several streets. If you follow this trail it will lead you to the bridge of the residents district where two bodies are strung to its lower posts, hung by their necks with slit throats. They are Na'alu and Veles.

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