

Wyrmsbane

Factions

In the world of Wyrmsbane, there are many established political powers. Each one has a long and rich history that is the driving force behind why they do what they do. For Players, it creates a figurative and literal landscape for their characters to immerse themselves in.

Factions refer to the political powers themselves. There are entire continents under one rule. Conversely, there are continents with no governing body or have many competing Factions. There is more information on the Faction in the Storyteller's Tome and the Atlas. This book only lightly touches on each Faction.

The world of Wyrmsbane itself is archipelago in nature. The world is mostly ocean with several large landmasses. The seas themselves are generally treacherous and make seaward travel somewhat rare. Factions have turned to alternate modes of travel, like the great Airships of the Archanium. Far more is covered in the Storyteller's Tome and the Atlas. This book only gives a very basic overview of each continent.

With its 4 moons, the tides and seas are unpredictable at best. The rising tides for each moon collide with one another far-off coast. This makes many of the oceans impassable and a constant storm.

All locations are recorded in the world by using the West Wind and North Wind standard. The

wind blows from west to east in Wyrmsbane, and from south to north. While there are currents and pockets of erratic gusts, the winds are generally consistent. This makes travel from east to west, and north to south laborious and long, but the people have figured out ways through the use of magic and the Archanium.

As the wind blows across the world, it becomes decidedly more gentle as it approaches the Sea of Peace, only to gain strength again as it moves eastward. The Archanium developed a device called the "Etesian" that measures the strength of the wind. These readings can give approximate coordinates.

While most of the general public are aloof of their coordinates, it is used heavily by mariners and windfarers (those who pilot Airships). Most developed towns have archives stating their location by these coordinates. The common person plots their location or gives directions using a distance in leagues and a cardinal direction.

Keeping Time in Wyrmsbane

There are many differences in Wyrmsbane compare to our world; from the set up of the cosmic bodies, to how the people account for time. One must understand that there is no premier social order on Wyrmsbane, and therefore, the method for keeping time changes from culture to culture slightly. However, all is based on how the Ancients kept time, and the “official” names are from their tongue. Certain cultures try to rename Passings and months, but with no established communication line within any of the Factions, the common person still uses the Ancient Tongue (probably the only Ancient they know). The Passings were originally written by the Scribes, using a single Ancient Rune that would tell the year, season, month and Passing. This can be a mouthful and most people simply shorten things to a Passing, i.e., they would say TuesPassing and not note the month or year.

Wyrmsbane is the sole planet within its solar system, surrounded by 4 satellites and orbiting a binary star system. The rotation of the planet and the path of the smaller white star is synced so that the suns appear to rise at the same time and in the same manner each Passing. Corax is a large blue star that takes up much of the sky but gives off little light compared to the white star of Tathun. Each morning and evening, when Tathun is not in the visible sky, a deep blue light engulfs the land, filled with shadow and wonder. The peoples call this “Failing Light,” and it lasts for an hour before Tathun rises and an hour after it sets.

the night sky. The other three are either waxing or waning while the other is center stage, except during the harvesting time, when all are full.

The Passing is made up of 30 hours, 14 of Passing, 14 of night and 2 of Failing Light. The Passing starts at “Breaking Dawn,” when Corax first rises, and ends at Dusk when Corax sets. Their notion of time and dates were taken from the Ancients and is more complex than how we distinguish the passing of time.

People in Wyrmsbane are not very concerned with the specific time of Passing. Officially, they would say “the 11th hour” or “the 20th hour”, but most people settle for common terms like “Mid-Passing” and “Dusk.” The Passings themselves have names and are recalled from the Ancients as well. Commonly, the Shift began with a Passing of preparation and light work as the peoples packed up their caravans, set up their craft spaces, and generally prepare for the week. Commonly referred to as the “Passing of Renewal,” it begins the week. Then, there are three Passings of work, followed by a mid-week break called “Mid-Shift.” Then, another 3 Passings of work named the same as the previous 3 Passings of work. People distinguish this by saying either, “One Passing before Mid-Shift” or “One Passing after Mid-Shift.” The week then ends with 2 Passings of rest called “Rests Passing” and “Ends Passing.”

Shift	Common Term	Ancient Tongue	Meaning of Ancient Tongue
1	Height of Lanun	Eikt' Mon-Aat	Fullness of the first moon
2	Swune Rising	Leez' Pul-Aat	Rise of the second moon
3	Height of Swune	Eikt' Pul-Aat	Fullness of the second moon
4	Exador Rising	Leez' Fass-Aat	Rise of the third moon
5	Height of Exador	Eikt' Fass-Aat	Fullness of the third moon
6	Zerix Rising	Leez' Onk-Aat	Rise of the fourth moon
7	Height of Zerix	Eikt' Onk-Aat	Fullness of the fourth moon
8	All Rising	Leez' Aat'Fal	Rise of the all moons
9	Early Harvest	Eikt' Aat'Fal	Fullness of all moons
10	Late Harvest	Leez' Mon-Aat	Rise of the first moon

Likewise, the moons have a particular cyclic path in the night sky, each becoming a full moon and taking turns on a route directly through the center of

Day	Common Term	Ancient Tongue	
1	Day of Renewal	Wes Incipt	Beginning day
2	Onesday	Mon' Wes	First day
3	Twosday	Pul' Wes	Second day
4	Threesday	Fass' Wes	Third day
5	Mid-Shift	Wes Tinik	This side of the center day
6	Onesday	Mon' Wes - Tinik	First day after center day
7	Twosday	Pul' Wes - Tinik	Second day after center day
8	Threesday	Fass' Wes - Tinik	Third day after center day
9	Rests Day	Wes Slundat	Resting day
10	Ends Day	Wes Mort	Ending day

There are no weeks, per se, in Wyrmsbane. Instead, there are “Shifts,” which denote the shifting of the moons’ cycles and is 10 Pasings long. During this time, one moon is full. The next Shift, that moon

is waning, and another is waxing. The following week the moon that was waxing comes full for a Shift and so on. With 4 moons, this cycle takes up 8 Shifts. The last 2 Shifts are when all the moons are full, the harvest time. Thus, the Shifts come in cycles of 10, each with 10 Passing (for a total of 100), which is a Season. The Shifts within a Season repeat, each Season having the same set of Shifts.

Each Shift is named after the moon that dominates the night sky. The following Shift is named after the moon that is coming into full. However, it depends on the person. When Lanun is waning, and Swune is waxing, Lanunites would say Lanun is waning while a Swunite would say Swune is waxing. Even more, some don't care and simply say the Shift after the "Height of Lanun." The "official" names are from the Ancient tongue.

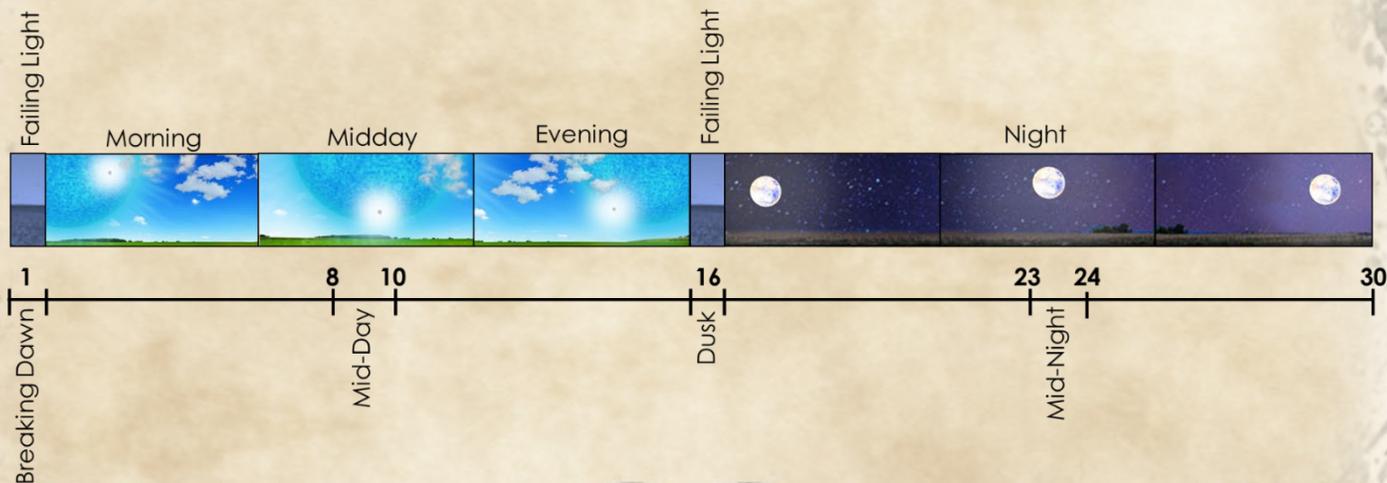
Each ten Shifts make up one of the 4 Seasons. The known world of Wyrmsbane share the same seasons during each year – meaning when it is winter, it is winter everywhere. The year, or "Cycle," begins with spring, called "A'wat-Kol" in the Ancient Tongue. Then is summer, or "Hesz-Kol." "E'wat-Kol" is Autumn which is followed by Winter, called "Mort-Kol." "Kol" is "Season" in the Ancient Tongue. "A'wat-Kol" translates into, "The Awakening Season." "Hesz-Kol" is "The Hot Season"; "E'wat-Kol" is "The un-Awakening Season"; and "Mort-Kol" is "The Dying Season."

While you and I would say "10 o'clock, Monday, September the 24th, 2018", it does not account for the season (probably because it is assumed to be known by all people). In Wyrmsbane, the

common person would normally say, "Ones Passing, Mid-Passing," stating just the Passing and the general time. If longwinded, they might say, "In the 256th Cycle of the Second Age, Autumn, the All Rising Shift, Ones Passing at Mid-Shift". In the Ancient, it would be, "Een Siklet Mon'a Pul Haat-Keen, E'wat-Kol en Leez'Aat-Fal en Mon'Wes, r'tinok-Wes," which translates to The Cycle of Twelve Five Six, Autumn, during the rising of all moons, on the first Passing at mid-Passing. This is far more descriptive, but also very long. Bear in mind this would all be written in one single rune that someone could glance at to receive all that information – that is if they could read Ancient Runes, which most cannot. This is why it is normally shortened.

The Cycle is the most dependent on culture. Commonly, the Cycles begin from the end of the War of the Ancients, which is 1256. Ordinarily, people count the first 1000 Cycles as an "Age" and just say the number of Cycles within that Age. So, 1256 would be "Cycle 256 of the Second Age". Some cultures might mark it from the beginning of their nation, such as Northern Ika as in, "300 Cycles since the founding of our Nation". Others might base it on the Cycle on the ruler, as in, "In the third Cycle of the rule of Kind Elliander." Even with all this variety, the Cycle of 1256 (the one based on the end of the War of the Ancients) is always known, even if rarely used.

Time has a different basis and perception in Wyrmsbane. People tend to use common terms to describe the delineations within an hour. Seconds are normally referred to as "Marks," minutes are "minutes" and hours are "hours." While the



Archanium has very complex chronometers that can accurately account for the division of time in a Passing, the commoner does not have access to such technology. The thought of “mid-Passing” is enough for typical communication. People use smaller divisions of time, but never assuming exact measurement. No one would say, “meet me here in 5 minutes” or “it took 30 Marks”. They would instead say, “meet me here in a few minutes” and “it took about a half a minute” or “a few Marks.” The general time of Passing is what people understand. When Tathun is at mid-sky, everyone knows it is Mid-Passing, and they have about 6 or 7 hours until Dusk. Of course, it might be 5 hours 30 minutes or 7 hours 30 minutes, but none of that matters to most. Everyone knows then Failing Light comes the Passing is over and 14 hours of night are coming. When Breaking Dawn happens, everyone knows the Passing has started. The concept of beginning, middle and end-Passing are sufficient for the vast majority of people.

Moreover, the Season is the basis of keeping track of the passage of time. In reality, people tend to look at the Passing within the work week and base that within the month, i.e., a Friday in September. In Wyrmsbane, since the Passings and Shifts repeat, the Season is what people generally bear in mind when thinking of time, i.e., Autumn, this Shift and this Passing within that Shift. This is especially true since the hours of daylight within a Passing don't change from season to season, just the temperature.

As you may have guessed, farming plays a central theme in this method of time. You plant at the

beginning of Spring, during the Height of Tathun. 80 Passings later you start to reap and continue through to Late Harvest at Passing 100. Then, a new Season dawns and you plant the next crop. This has a real impact for those in the cities as well. At the beginning of the Season, food is plentiful from the Harvest that just happened. As those 100 Passings pass, less and less stores are available and fresh food becomes rarer. Likewise, the cycle of pay is broken into Seasons, as the farmer pays his hired hands once the crops are collected. Yes, city-folk get their pay more often, normally each Shift on EndsPassing, but the Season is what people tend to think of most when it comes to a date.

A physical calendar in Wyrmsbane is a series of three horizontal bars held together between two boards. Each of the bars is notched: 10 on the top for Passings, 10 in the middle for Shifts and 4 on the bottom for the Season. A ring or rider (much like the counter weight on a scale) notch into each position on the bars, telling the date. Thus, a calendar with riders at notch 6, notch 5 and notch 4 would mean the Ones Passing after Mid-Shift, Height of Exador during Winter. The Cycle is not normally stated; it is just assumed to be known.

Because Humans are the most plentiful, the Ancients based the term of “Generation” on their average lifespan of 100 Cycles, which neatly fits into an Eon, or 1,000 cycles – 10 Generations within an Eon. An Eon is 1,000 Cycles, while an “Age” is the number of Eons since the War of the Ancients. Anything before that is simply called “before time.”

	Mark	Minute	Hour	Day	Shift	Season	Cycle	Generation	Eon
1 Mark	1								
1 Minute	60	1							
1 Hour	3,600	60	1						
1 Day	108,000	1,800	30	1					
1 Shift	a lot	18,000	300	10	1				
1 Season	a lot	a lot	3,000	100	10	1			
1 Cycle	a lot	a lot	12,000	400	40	4	1		
1 Generation	a lot	a lot	a lot	40,000	4,000	400	100	1	
1 Eon	a lot	a lot	a lot	400,000	40,000	4,000	1,000	10	1

The Mariners' Widow



The Mariners' Widow

The Continents

Soga

Land of the Elves, Soga is both an inhospitable place and a lush green paradise. The Faction of Soga is entirely Elves, who have been at war with Tol-Son for centuries, locked in a Blood War. A great forest called the Talisar Forest is the Faction's home. Around the forest dot many small enclaves of Elves. To the west lies a more barren and rocky landscape. Here, one finds the Valley of Shadow, where Dragonnians met his end during the end of the War of the Avatars.

Aside from the Elves, there are many coastal dwellings of criminals, brigands, and other people who have fled their home. Since the Orders do not exist in Soga, it is a place to escape. While the Elves generally tolerate these interlopers, they do not allow anyone to approach Talisar.



Ika and Raaz

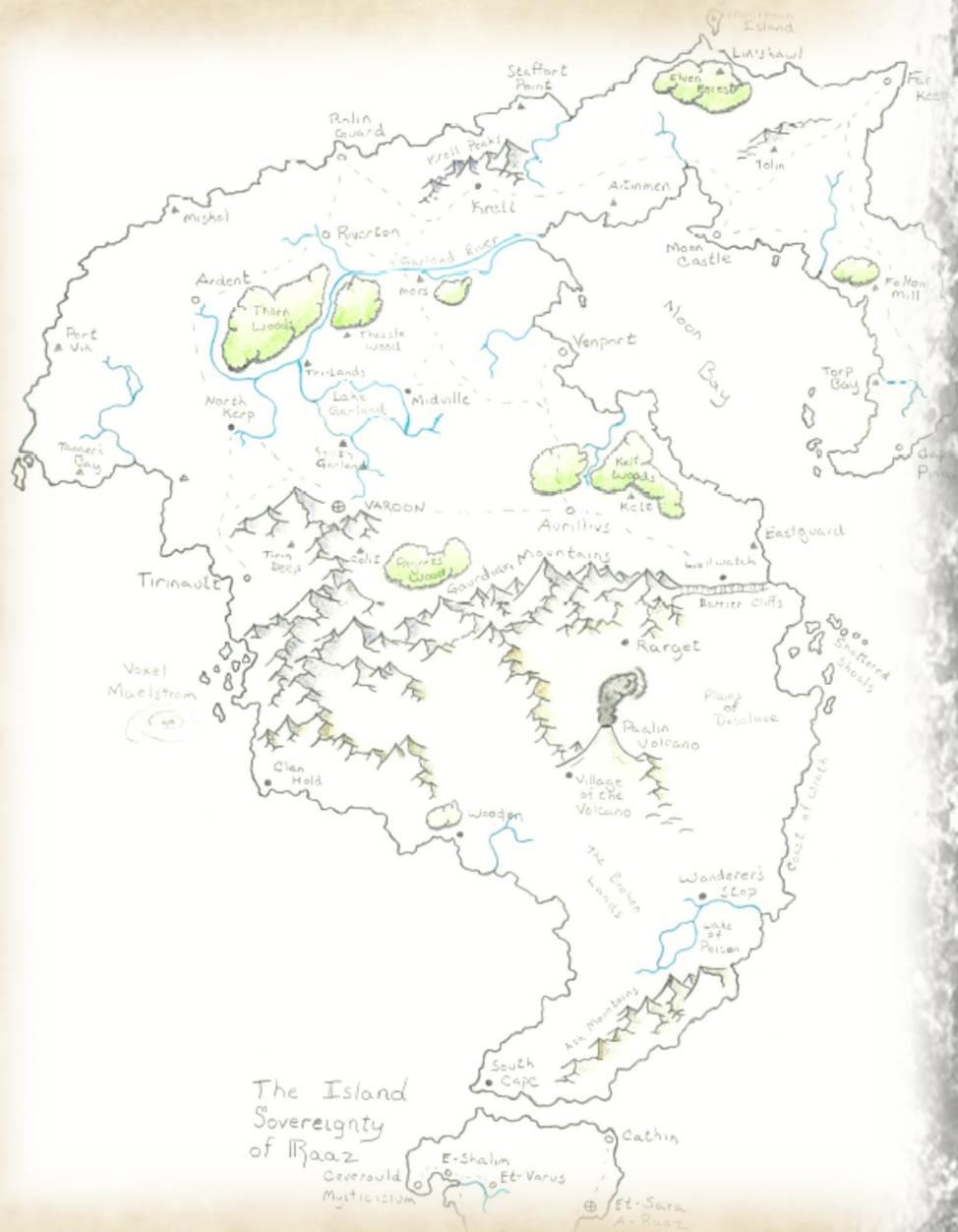
South of Soga, one finds the continent of Ika. This land is essentially broken into two areas; the North and South. The northern area, simply called Ika, is home to the military powerhouse of Varoon. The land is green and fertile, with majestic snow-topped mountains, fertile plains and green rolling hills. It is the safest of all continents. The people of Varoon have long ago banded together under one flag and eradicated most all the beasts and monsters that once lived here.

Separating north from the south is the Great Barrier Wall. A huge wall built along a 100-foot cliff. It was here the armies of Dragonnians were waylaid. The nation of Ika did little at the time, thinking that cliff would stop them. When the Undead Hordes overcame the obstacle, they ravaged the land. After Dragonnians' death, the people of Ika built the wall and cast out a large portion of their population, blaming them for not taking more action when Dragonnians was stopped at the foot of the cliff.

Southern Ika, also called the Land of the Dispossessed, is a desolate place with volcanic fields, thorny woods, sweeping rocky badlands, and corrosive lakes. It is teeming with all manner of monsters and beasts. The people who live here, the Dispossessed, are a barbaric bunch who somehow eke out a living. The Orders have no major presence here, although Swune has begun to use this land to reestablish itself.

The Island between Ika and Hammer Isle is Raaz. This is a small sovereign nation of

merchants and traders. All who look to make their fortune usually come by this place. Raaz is a land of sand dunes and heavy wind. There is very little in the way of villages, and most all settlements are large trading posts. These posts are massive stone structures to ward off the wind and protect their goods. In the wastes, insidious beasts lie just under the top sand, waiting for some unfortunate soul to pass by.



Hammer Isle

Hammer Isle is a vast place of most every fauna and landscape one can think of, and several that most could not imagine. There are snow covered mountains, green plains, rolling hills, swamps, badlands, deserts and more.

The people themselves are very divided, ruled by royal families loosely allied under a kingdom – one that is contested. People tend to stay in their province and do their best for a good life. Armies are small, and the beasts of the land roam unchecked in most places. Even a simple journey from one town to the next can be hazardous.

Here one finds several Factions. The Hammerites are the main one, comprised of the loose alliance of noble families. The Hammerites are very diverse, made up of almost every race. The Capitol of Hammer Isle is Acolyte's Hold, headquarters of all the Orders (except Swune).

The Great Stone Fields lie in the east “hammerhead” of the continent and is home of the Stone Dwarves.

The west “hammerhead” holds a large mountain range that is neigh-impenetrable and home to a sect of Dafter that fled their ancestral home long ago.

In the “handle” of the nation is a great system of lakes, swamps, and rivers. Not many people live here, as the wildlife is deadly. The Iron Forest is also found here, a

massive wood of trees that are partially made up of a metal and forever burn with a dull flame.

The south is a desert area where vagabonds and mercenaries can be found. A far more spartan culture exists here, and most do not consider the land part of the Hammerites. In the “pommel” of the continent lies the ruin of old Torsak. A lost faction that was utterly destroyed during the War of the Avatars. Its inhabitants fled south after the war, and robbers and adventures still plunder their vacated ruins.



Dafteria

The southernmost continent is Dafteria, home of the Dafter people. This is another place of two Factions.

The north, just beyond the Dividing Line, is a lush green forest. Full of mystical beasts and elementals. The remnants of Old Torsak fled here and established a new home. Given to them by the Dafter, who hate the woods, all people stay north of the Dividing Line.

South of the Dividing Line is Dafteria proper. A vast dry brown land. With few land features, the majority of the place is a sand floor with high brown wheat-grass that grows everywhere. Is it joked that one match would burn the entire continent down.

The Dafter live in a feudal system, with provenances ruled by a warlord and all adamantly under the control of the emperor of the Dafter. Towns are scattered and normally hold larger populations than other continents. The Dafter band together to face the beasts and monsters of their lands. A harsh wind constantly blows here, making travel impossible at times. Aside from the scant roads that connect population centers, most of Dafteria is still unexplored.



Tol-Son

The frozen north is one of the most forbidding lands in Wyrmsbane. Massive tundra nestles between huge mountain ranges and snowy fields which block passage most of the year. For a very short time in the spring, the ice melts and the people of Tol-Son celebrate the harvest.

Tol-Son, named after its dual monarchy, is a very stable place politically. The people of the continent must band together to survive. Powerful creatures roam the waste and feed on the unwary.

The western coast, called the Warring Coast, is an interwoven network of towns and cities; all

ravaged by the invading Elves of Soga who persecute the Blood War. Guarding the southern coast of Tol-Son are high razor-sharp cliffs that make ports few and far between. The Sea of Wrath to the south is all but unnavigable, and everything must flow through the southern tip to the east.

South of the Elemental Mountains and Sabre Lake is a far more habitable place, full of fertile fields and warm forests. However, the monsters and things that live here are even more hostile and cunning than those who haunt the frozen wastes.



Lyfenia

Lyfenia is considered to be the most dangerous place in Wyrmsbane. While the Lyfin all live in a system of floating cities far above the ground, the actual land of Lyfenia is infested with powerful creatures. Moreover, the forests, mountains, and swamps are all inhabited by the Beasts of Lyfenia – a cursed people who are half-animal and half-Lyfin. Barely sentient, they attack anything not part of their clan on sight.

For the extremely brave, or foolish, great riches can be found here. The ruins of the Lyfin civilization litter the landscape. Jewels, gold, and other treasures are there for the taking.

The north is full of mountains and hills. Here the mountain clan of the Beasts of Lyfenia live. In the east are great plains where the plains beast roam. In the west are great forests, hundreds of leagues deep. The swamps of the south region are as deadly as the Beasts who live in them.



Draconia

Lastly, Draconia. A continent of two Factions as well. In the mountainous to the north is the Faction of Conneria, an alliance of Humans and Dwarves, ruled by the line of Connor. Mostly pacified of all creatures, the people of Conneria have been at war with their southern neighbors for generations.

In the hills and mountains, one finds dens carved into the earth, home of the Dwarves. Communities spot all across the ridges and mountaintops. Humans live in the lowlands in large fortified cities. Because of the war, there are a few smaller villages and settlements.

With the largest forests anywhere, Elvenweild is home of the Elves, who settled this unclaimed land during the War of the Avatars. Here, the Cults formed and started to wreak havoc on the people. Through deceit, the Cults made war with Conneria and drew the Elves in a conflict that continues. The people

of Elvenweild live in relative harmony with the creatures of the forests. Small covens of Elves are everywhere, except for the western reaches. Here, the Cults still hold sway.

In the middle of the continent is a large area of rivers and swamps. Neither Conneria nor Elvenweild holds this land. Bandits, mercenaries, and pirates rule this contested area.

The water between the factions, called the Maw, is the calmest sea in Wyrmsbane. Most of the time it is as still as glass with a heavy mist that can last for Passings. .



Factions

Tol-Son

Capitol: Castle Tol or Sonavar, Tol-Son

Political System: Dual Monarchy

Races: Mostly Human with a mix of all other races.

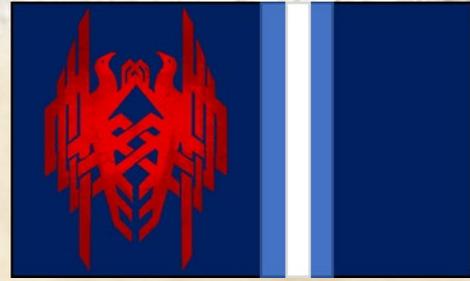
Once a land of independent Houses, the Great Northern Kingdoms of the frozen north banded at the end of the War of the Avatars to defeat Dragonnian. Those Houses who refused to march west were punished and subjugated by those who did. Now, each Great House has under it several Minor Houses who pay them a duty.

The two heroes of the battle against Dragonnian saw their kingdom begin to falter at the end of their lives. Their heirs, and other Houses fought and jockeyed for the soon-to-be-vacant crown. King Sonavar met with Lord Tol, the other heroes of the Valley of Shadow, and agreed their two Houses must rule. They made an accord whereby the male heir of one House would marry a daughter from the other. Each generation, the kingship would switch Houses.

Since then, the nation has become known as Tol-Son. All major Houses stand firmly behind their kings and queens, and no descent within the ranks has been present since.

The war with the Elves, some say, has much to do with this steadfastness. Centuries after the march west, Elves attacked the western shores one Passing, and every Passing since. Constant incursions plague Tol-Son. Try as they may, they cannot beat back the Elves, who return to battlefields time after time. Tol-Son has pushed into the Elven home of Soga, but there the Elves are even more ferocious and fight even stronger.

Years of war against such a determined army has forged the most elite force the world has ever known. The Tol-Son cavalry is rightly feared and



respected by many nations. Young heirs of the noble Houses are requested by other Factions to act as advisors and has become almost a rite of passage for any would-be House ruler.

Tol-Son longs for peace, but it has evaded them for centuries. The duty most minor Houses pay is in troops, and able-bodied men can expect to serve time on the western shores.

Soga

Capitol: Talisar, Soga

Political System: Dictatorship

Races: All Elish races

Fleeing from the Great Purge, refugee Elves settled as far away from their ancestral homeland as they could. A hostile place full of beasts and angry elemental forces. With a racial wound felt by all, they did their best to rebuild. However, the Cults that had brought them low in Elvenweild followed them to this new land. It created in them a new form to their lifecycle.

Many Elves that died no longer became peaceful wisps. Instead, they became angry tortured souls that were full of spite and hatred. They hunted the Cults and drove them back, but could not erase them totally.

After many years, safely settled. With the Cults pushed back and many of the wisps now being rehabilitated, they, for the first time in 1000 years, had peace. The War of the Avatars raged in distant lands, but the Elves here rejected the Orders and would not take part.

When the war ended, Dragonnian started his march north. Eventually making his way to Soga, there was little the Elves could do. They opted to stay in the safety of their forest and remain out of the fight. On the east end of their homeland, the armies of the Northern Kingdoms landed, and began to march west to meet Dragonnian.

The Elves sent emissaries to plead with the Humans. Their fledgling society was on the knife's edge and could not withstand to be upset again. All the souls of their fallen, who were just becoming to turn peaceful again, would be shocked and centuries of effort and care would be lost.

The Northern Armies promised not to upset anything but said they could not delay and had to move through the forest. In desperation, the Elves attacked but were slaughtered. Many were lost and wisps, just on the brink of being restored, turned into the essence of rage. They were once again shattered.

Years after the march of the Northern Kingdoms, the Elves struggled to survive. Their numbers were few, and the Cults who had plagued



them in the past, and the beasts of the land all smelled blood and moved in for the kill. The Elves fought valiantly, and Passing by Passing pushed the encroachers back. Decades turned into centuries, and the Elves only knew suffering, war, and sorrow. In their collective mind, this was the doing of the Northern Kingdoms, who could not spare a few Passings in detour.

Then, a tortured wisp was reborn into an Elf-child – the first time that had ever happened. He grew into a great leader and rallied the Elves to his side. He focused his kin onto one purpose: the destruction of those who had nearly wiped out their kind – Tol-Son.

Since then, the Elves of Soga war against Tol-Son., sending wave after wave of centuries-old veterans. The fallen Elish wisps must be recovered from foreign shores lest they be lost forever. This keeps the armies of Soga returning to the same battlefield after defeat, much to the confusion of the Humans.

The believe that only a victory can mend their broken kind and restore them to a time of peace and rest.

Ika

Capitol: Varoon, Northern Ika

Political System: Monarchy

Races: Mostly Human with a small number of Dwarves and Lyfin



The Faction of Ika holds the most advanced and well-equipped army in the world. With legions of Airships, Gont-equipped troops and masses of infantry, they are the only Faction who still count their soldiers in the tens of thousands.

The kingship of Ika has been in turmoil for a long time. Many of the kings have mysteriously died, but always with an heir to replace them. 50 years ago, a young king was able to rally his people into war. He noted how safe and prosperous Ika had become and that the rest of the world was in the dark because they could not band together as Ika had. He vowed to make them see the error of their ways and help them through force. And so, the War of the Sky began.

Fleets of Airships from Varoon set sail and swiftly conquered Hammer Isle. They splintered off to other lands and prepared to strike. The first was the Torsak Province, who also fell quickly. Then onto Dafteria, where they met the might of the unified Dafter force. Led by Emperor Jxyz himself, the mighty Ikinian army fell within an hour.

They returned to Hammer Isle but found their garrisons had turned away and joined the Hammerites. With nothing left, a mere fraction of the once-great army returned home to Northern Ika.

The people and army were devoted to their monarchy, but not the king. An advisor from Tol-Son was able to prevent the king from being deposed. With no heir yet, and was put under house arrest until he produced one. However, once the heir reached 21, the old king was to be put to death publicly for his part in starting a great war.

During those years, the king poured into his son all his ideas and knowledge, in the hopes of one day passing he would successfully complete what was started. When the new king took the throne, he began to talk again of the superiority of Ika. The past 20 years had left the people forgetful of the War of the Sky, and they did not recognize familiar rhetoric.

The nation of Varoon has rebuilt itself even grander than before. The king has not yet set his troops on the warpath, and the world watches and waits in anticipation.

The Dispossessed

Capitol: None

Political System: Clan Rule

Races: Mostly Human and Sand Elves with traces of the other races.



The Dispossessed are a barbaric culture that ekes out a living in one of the harshest lands in Wyrmsbane. A collection of clans and families have formed into a loose alliance, bent on taking revenge on Ika.

When Dragonnian marched north, he was stopped by the Great Barrier Cliffs. A 100-foot-tall natural obstacle that kept the Undead Hordes at bay. Many within the Ikinian army thought they could not push on. The Undead did nothing but stand motionless for months. Some within the army called for a preemptive strike, but such fanatics were jailed.

After many months, only a small garrison of a dozen men or so were left to guard the cliffs. Those long months had been spent by Dragonnian's forces gathering wood to build a stair. The garrison was killed before they could report and the Undead flooded into Ika.

A particular general, who had been jailed for pressing to attack the Undead, was freed from prison to combat the hordes, but, it was too late, and Ika fell to Dragonnian. When Dragonnian was defeated in Soga, the general deposed the king, calling him and all his supporters cowards and not fit to rule. He used them to build a great wall on top of the cliffs, so this would never happen again.

A decade past and the wall was nearly complete. The general arrested all those who stood by the king, and their families, banishing them south into hostile and barren lands. This is how the Dispossessed came to be.

Since then, they have two efforts: to survive and reclaim northern Ika for themselves. However, they are unable to unify under one leader. While filled with great warriors who have seen many fights defending their clans, the armies of the Dispossessed only come together in defense against some monstrous horde, crazed elemental or some other force that threatens to wipe them out. When the threat is gone, they go back to their own areas.

The Swunites have taken an interest in Southern Ika as no other Order is here in force. Perhaps these are the people to help the Dark Order. Perhaps together they can rise and both reclaim their rightful places.

Hammer Isle

Capitol: Acolyte's Hold, Hammer Isle

Political System: Feudal

Races: All

Hammer Isle is a very diverse Faction. Ruled by noble families, the king who sits on the throne has always been contested. The Hammerites have been conquered many times. The War of the Avatar's main battle ground was here. Wars from within for power have been the norm for centuries. Hammer Isle fell without even a real fight to Ika in the War of the Sky. Now, a loose alliance between the noble families holds only for appearances to keep other nations at bay.

During the War of the Sky, a commoner started a rebellion to throw off their captors. He was able to turn the Ikinian garrison against their home, and many joined the Hammerites. When the main Ikinian army returned from their defeat in Dafteria, they found no refuge in Hammer Isle. The man was a hero. He was also a commoner and not allowed into the court of nobles, who immediately went back to bickering as to who had the right to the crown.

One man of noble birth vouched for the commoner and, putting his own family line in jeopardy, sought to have this common man accepted into the noble court. The gambit worked, and there was now the voice of the people in noble circles. He became a mainstay in the Court of Nobles, speaking always for the people.

When he died of old age, his son took up the cause. But, the nobles were tired of the pesky commoner and sought to remove him. On the morning of his father's funeral procession, the son spoke out against the nobles and rallied the people for a new age. The king was assassinated by an unknown conspirator and the son of the rebel, Maron Attervan, came to power.

He made drastic changes through the land. The capitol, Fanton Keep, was also home of all the Orders, and Attervan even tried to invite the Swunites back to join the other Orders. The nobles all saw their power dwindling and the Orders pondered if they should go against the Council of Syez and rebuke the new king.



Only a year after his reign, Attervan was found dead in his bed. The Swunites were cast out again before they were even able to rebuild their Orderhouse. Oddly, the Orders took over rule for a short time while the nobles fought for the throne. One family unilaterally declared themselves rulers and the Orders immediately advocated control.

Not daring to upset the Orders, the other families could do little. While they fought in the courts, the audacious family had claimed the throne. Now, law is leaving these lands. The families plot against the king while outwardly supporting him. The southern reaches might as well be another nation, and Cults have flocked to the chaos.

The Great Stone Fields

Capitol: The Great Hall, Hammer Isle

Political System: Monarchy

Races: 90% Stone Dwarf, 10% other Dwarves

A tale is told that two great Avatars fought each other atop a great mountain that stood alone in a vast plain. When one had been slain, the mountain was leveled, and only a field of broken rocks remained. The group of Dwarves settled on their Avatar's grave and dug. They dug deep into the earth, carving out huge halls and immense caverns. This is the Great Stone Fields.

The Stone Dwarves are unfriendly, unbending and tough. While their nation rests in the heart of Hammer Isle, they refuse to call themselves Hammerites. They keep to themselves underground, with only a few guards on the surface.

The Great Hall is ruled by an "Under-King" and his cohort of "Tyrants." Together they form a secure monarchy that drives all Stone Dwarves

towards a common goal. That goal is prosperity and disconnection from the outside world.

The Stone Fields reject all others, and even the other Dwarven races are viewed with great suspicion. While a few Hill and Grey Dwarves do live here, they are second-class citizens.

The army of the Stone Dwarves is as hard and stalwart as the mountains. Since the War of the Avatars, no Faction has been able to even bend the Dwarves in the slightest. Ika went around the Stone Fields in the War of the Sky, and Dragonnian's Hordes gave up on capturing the small corner in Hammer Isle.

They continue to toil about their Passings, growing ever more disconnected from other races and nations.



The Torsak Province

Capitol: Catlit, The Torsak Province, Dafteria

Political System: Democratic

Races: Mostly Human, with some of all other races.

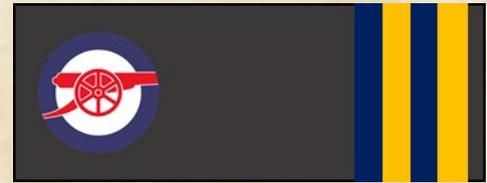
Long ago, the explosive green clay that is used in cannon and Gonts was mined in a small island off the south coast of Hammer Isle as well as in the Ven-Skari Chain islands. An extremely precious commodity, it is unstable. The southern tip of Hammer Isle was its own nation, Torsack. They viewed themselves as great warriors and tacticians and prospered under the Order of the Mason. The War of the Avatars came to their lands as well. Here, Zanax and Zerix fought for Passings. The people of the Order engaged the invaders. Everyone waited for the Avatars to finish their combat and decide the victor.

Sure of their victory, Torsack played very defensive and huddled into their fortified castles while peppering the enemy with their powerful cannons. The Avatars' fight pushed south, into the island where the green clay was mined. In an instant, the whole of the Torsakian land was shattered as the Avatars detonated the clay and caused a cataclysmic explosion that was felt in Ven-Skari.

Most of the Torsakians were lost. When the Orders met in the field of Syez and declared peace, the Torsackians were in ruin. Nothing would grow, all the trees were dead, and their source of income was gone. Hammer Isle was in shambles, and the Hordes of Dragonnian were growing.

In desperation, most fled south to start anew. In lush green forests, they started to set up. To the south of the forest was the land of the Dafter, who knew they were there. They had sent a messenger to the Torsackinas, telling them to leave. The leadership of the Torsackian remnant traveled south to meet the Dafter. Seeing honor in the Humans, the Dafter accepted the meeting. The Dafter hated the forests anyway and decided to give it to the Humans, as long as they forever stay out of Dafterian lands. The Torsackians agreed, and the Torsack Province was born.

In this new land, the people split into two. Many moved out into the woods and did their best to tame the land. Others, still loyal to the Order of the



Mason, used their skills to build the colossal castle-city of Catlit. Here, people live pampered lives away from the dangers in the jungle. But, they depend on the woodsmen to grow crops, provide the materials for textiles, mine ore and so on.

The faction is somewhat divided, but at peace with one another. The Elector who represents the Faction dwells in Catlit. Those who live in the woods recognize only hard work and bravery, and not titles. That said, they are all too happy to allow Catlit to handle all the politics and worldly business while they go about honest lives working fields, tending cattle and raising children.

Dafteria

Capitol: Shatterstar Castle, Dafteria

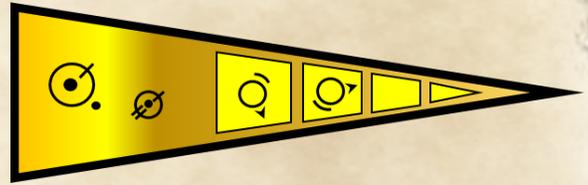
Political System: Imperial Dictatorship

Races: Almost 100% Dafter

Dafteria is the Faction lead by the Emperor Jxyz. An imperium that lay down life and limb in defense of their nation. They are the only nation to have never been conquered or disrupted by a civil war. While life in the imperium can be perilous as neighbors fight for honor and title, all answer to the Emperor and his rule is uncontested.

The Dafter live in a caste society, where every Dafter has a social role they are born into. Some leave looking for individuality, but the vast majority accept their roles in life. The Faction only concerns themselves with the simple continuation of their people.

Dafteria is split into several provinces, each ruled by a "Dasho," or warlord. While they all serve the Emperor without question, they have no loyalty to one another. When a Dasho has a grievance with another, he may ask permission from the Emperor to reclaim his honor. The Dashos are then is free to war in an attempt to win honor, land and wealth. Only Dafter from the warrior and noble caste are allowed in such internal conflicts and killing a non-warrior or noble, by accident or otherwise, is an offense that can be punishable by death. If a Dasho is slain, all his lands and people now belong to the victor. Silver



Dafter are kept immune until they are 15. They usually then flee as all other nobles seek their lives. If they can survive in the wilds and gain the loyalty of small unallied villages, they too can become a Dasho. This keeps the number of provinces and locations of towns in constant flux. Only the very largest of Dafterian cities, led by the most powerful Dashos, have stood through time.

Despite this internal conflict, all Dafter have unwavering loyalty to the Emperor. Even Dashos in conflict stand by each other in combat against an outside foe if commanded by the Emperor. Their fealty to the Emperor is so strong; old enemies even give their lives to save one another when in the direct service of the Emperor.

When the War of the Avatars happened, the northern people from Torsak fled to Dafteria's northern shores. The Dafter hate the forest and see it as unwanted and inhospitable as most see the Dafterian lands. In an agreement of separation, the Dafter allowed the Torsakians to have the northern reaches. From the shore to where the forest ends belong to them. The one rule is no one from Torsak may ever set foot outside the south end of the forest, called the Dividing Line.

Elvenweild

Capitol: Elvenweild, The Great Forest, Dracoina

Political System: Eldership

Races: All Ellish races

After the War of the Ancients, most of the Elves fled to the unknown lands in which they now reside. For many years they had peace and prosperity. When the War of the Avatars shook the world, the Elves remained safely out of the conflict. They watched from afar as the world tore itself apart.

Many refugees found their way to the shores of Elvenweild, but the Elves turned them away not wanting to pollute their culture with the same Orders that brought so much destruction. Unbeknownst to them, many fallen Orders had been settling in the western marshlands.

These fallen Orders took root and begin to twist into something else, the Cults. In time, the Cults infiltrated the Elven High Council in Crescent Moon, the capitol at the time. The Cults used their own kin to make war against the Humans and Dwarves to the north.

For years, this war raged until the Elves started to understand the depth of the Cults advance into their society. They called on the Orders for help but feared they would stay after the conflict. Instead, they took matters into their own hands and conducted the Great Purge. Anyone who was even suspected of being a Cultist was executed. Many Elves fled, particularly to Soga.

In just a year, the Elves had regained control of their nation. The attacks stopped against the Humans and Dwarves to the north, and the Elves thought peace was certain. To their dismay, a huge fleet appeared on their shores intent on wiping them out. Human and Dwarves razed every town they could find. Weakened from the Great Purge, the Elves had to flee. Many died.

An Elf lives for many centuries, and Elves that were there for this attack still live to this day. Focused on vengeance, they will stop at nothing to destroy those who attacked them. The Elves see the attacks on the north before as the work of the Cults, and not their people. No matter how many



ambassadors they sent to explain what had happened, the stubborn Dwarves and thick Humans will not listen. The Elves are done explaining and see victory as the only road to peace.

The Connerian Defense Force

Capitol: Conneria, Draconia

Political System: Monarchy Alliance

Races: ~70% Human and 30% Dwarves

The Faction of Conneria is named after their hero, Merik Connor. He led both men and Dwarves against insurmountable odds and found victory. Since the Elven attack, Conneria has been at war with its southern neighbor.

Long ago, enclaves of Humans and Dwarves made their way to this undiscovered place. They made a home in the fields and mountains, while the Elves settled in the southern forested lands. For centuries, there was peace and men and Dwarves lived in harmony. When the Elves attacked, it was Connor who banded the peoples together and won the Passing. While autonomous, the Dwarves answer the call to battle whenever Conneria calls. The line of Connor still rules to Passing.

Most of the people live in a state of turmoil, as the war has grown evermore vicious. The sea that separates the two Factions is calm and easy to cross troops. Incursions and battles are commonplace. Most of the population live in fortified cities or in Dwarven halls deep in the mountains. Conneria has a policy of defense, and only attacks when they feel a preemptive strike save lives. Never-the-less, Elves come, driven by some ancient motivations formed centuries ago that short-lived Humans cannot fathom.



Lyfenia

Capitol: Lyfenia, Lyfenia

Political System: Democracy

Races: Almost 100% Lyfin

From the dawn of the civilized people, Lyfin have hailed from Lyfenia. Lyfin are intelligent people and make up (as they do now) almost 100% of the population in Lyfenia. Once a peaceful land, it was torn asunder by the War of the Avatars.

All of Lyfenia was under the rule of one Order. Their Avatar made war on distant lands to spread their AUSA. In time, there was a large group of Lyfin who felt these wars on foreign shores were pointless. One of them spoke out against the Avatar, who slew him. When this happened, the whole of the Lyfinian people turned against their Avatar. Without a cause, the Avatar quickly lost its strength. Before evaporating into a mist, it cursed the Lyfin people. The vast majority turned into horrid half-beast and lost their great intelligence.

The few Lyfin who escaped the curse fled to the capitol of Maanvar. Up until now, the Lyfin people had rejected magic and only tolerated it in the fringes of their society. Ironically, it was a mage who saved them. A Lyfin enchanter was able to raise the city high into the clouds, ripping it out of the ground and making the surviving people safe.

ToPassing, the Lyfin care little for the goings on of others. Safe in an unassailable group of floating cities, they strive to break the curse and reunify their people. The beasts below, called the Beasts of Lyfenia, endlessly hunt them. Unfortunately, the majority of the Lyfin's past knowledge lies on the ground in the ruins and old halls of their fallen cities. Lyfenia has no alliances and has not been part of a major conflict since the War of the Avatars.



The Archanium

Capitol: None

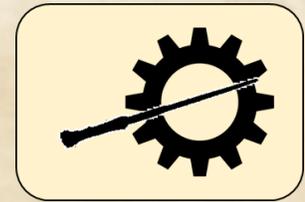
Political System: Board of Elders

Races: Mostly Lyfin with a few Humans and Elves

The Archanium is where all the wondrous devices come from. Everything from Por-Gonts, to Lightning Casters, Airships and more. They are more of a world-wide organization and have no interest in politics at all. Shops, where these devices are sold, are also called Archaniums and can be found in almost every major city.

There is a board of elders, made up of the senior person from each locale. If a political decision ever needs to be made, they all travel to Lyfenia, where the Archaium spawned, and meet.

No other place has been able to duplicate the works of the Archanium, and they have a firm grip on their market.



The Crimson Hawk Mercenary Guild

Capitol: Legion's Point, Ven-Skar, The Ven-Skari Chain Islands

Political System: Council

Races: All

Made up of the many small clans, families, and villages that dot the Ven-Skari Chain Islands, the Guild supplies armies for hire. Life in the Guild is simple: survive and support the Guild. Those most influential are warriors of great renown, the chief asset within the Guild. Others make a living through mining the green Iol clay, trapping beasts which are used to train recruits, healing the wounded and other support roles.

The governing body is made up from a member from each island. Each Island has their own way of defining who that member is. Most are decided by a test of might, but some representatives are elected.

The council decides the actions of the Guild, who they fight for and for how much.



The Great Tradehouse

Capitol: Maanvar, Dust

Political System: Mercantile

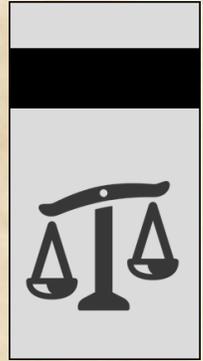
Races: All

The Great Tradehouse is a conglomerate of families who produce the world's finest goods. From weapons, to armor, to cloths and tools, all the best comes from Dust.

The Tradhouse's political system is a formation of people who act in unison to make these goods and sell them. Using Raaz as a shipper, it is said the Tradehouse make more gold in a Passing than most Factions make in a year from taxes.

The Tradehouse is able to stay neutral and has no army. No one would ever attack the Tradehouse for a few reasons.

One, there is no central government to overthrow. If one place is destroyed, another family takes over. Secondly, they supply so many goods around the world; other Factions would probably come to their rescue.



The Island Sovereignty of Raaz

Capitol: Cathin, Raaz

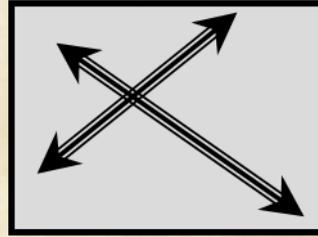
Political System: Monarchy

Races: All

Raaz is made up of many merchant and mariner families who have all pledged their loyalty to the Razzian Trade-King. Razzians supply the vast bulk of the worlds transportation demand, hiring out their services to Factions and the Great Tradehouse. The Razzian people are the finest seamen, who know how to navigate the dangerous waters of Wyrmsbane better than any other group.

All nations use the Razzian fleets to ferry troops in times of war. In peace, Razzian fleets bring in ships overflowing with trade goods, supplies, food and more.

Raaz has no army to speak of but enjoys a great level of anonymity. If any Faction were to attack, Raaz would cut off their service, and that nation would be essentially stuck in place and void of imports.



The Undead Hordes

Capitol: None

Political System: None

Races: Undead, and mostly Human Necromancers

The remnants of Dragonnians armies endure to this Passing. In dark forests and remote caves, packs of the undead that survived Dragonnian's fall remain in place. Due to their nature, they stand motionless without a Necromancer to control them. Young upstarts now seek out these places to gain control of the ancient forces. They then attack settlements,



slaying the citizens and thereby adding to their ranks. While scattered and leaderless as a whole, most continents have powerful bands of these Necromancers who lie in wait. With their hordes, they bide their time and plot to complete the work Dragonnian started.

The Menace

Capitol: None

Political System: Monarchy

Races: Non-civilized sentient races.

The Menace is the name given to all sentient and semi-sentient peoples who have banded together across the world. They have no political system as a whole, as it may vary from continent to continent. The main race of the Menace are the Eemps, a small fay people who covet bright colors and shiny things.

In most places, the Menace is just that, a nuisance that must be dealt with from time to time. However, when enough of these people band together under a good leader, the Menace can turn into a real problem for even the strongest of nations.