

J'S UNBIASED ACCOUNT OF NAMÍA

JI THERE, MY NAME IS J! ERM, WELL IT'S NOT J, that's more of a nickname. Or a letter. Or something. Regardless! I have painstakingly taken the time to document an overview of our beautiful, but sad. Beautifully sad, I guess. World. And since I wrote it, you should read it! Anyway, on to Namía! A sun that never sets. A sea without waves. A storm that has raged for 50 years. And above all, a tale that has yet to be told. Richard! Cue the lights and the music...

A BRIEF HISTORY

Our tale takes place in 1004 PD (Post Dark). The world has divided itself into two nations, the Drakkur Empire to the East and the Nixian Coalition to the West. The two superpowers had been in a meat grinder of a war up until fifty years ago, when the sheer amount of magic unleashed in the conflict gave birth to the Everstorm, an ongoing maelstrom that has decimated the countryside.

To this day, the two nations lick their wounds. Neither side is happy with the outcome, but everyone is too weak to do anything about it. As governments struggle to feed their people, private organizations with money in their pouches move in to grasp at power.

A SUN THAT NEVER MOVES, A CROWN OF STARS

In the world of Namía, the only Sun that any living being has ever known stands eternally to the East, far beyond the Sea of Glass and any known civilization. At night, the light of the Sun fades to reveal a crown of eight stars that rest on the Sun's brow.

It has been said that in ages past the Sun moved across the sky, providing light to all, and that the night used to be littered with stars, so many that you could spend an entire lifetime devoted to the count.

In the darker corners of the world, some folk claim that another celestial body still travels the night sky, a great bone-white eye, watching the world with a deathly glare.



SETTINGS

THE DRAKKUR EMPIRE

To the east lies Drakkur. Here the sun shines bright, although straying too far East brings harsh temperatures and harrowing winds, making the cultivation of food challenging.

Its capital, Somberholde, is by far the largest city of the modern age. It was here that Archivus Drakkenhand of 27, First Mage, Angelbane, fought and died for what was left of humanity at the final moments of the Age of Dark. Now, the greatest learning institution since the Age of Stars rests here in his honor, and the Staves of Somberholde lead the people and carry out his interpreted and assumed desires.

THOUSAND-LAKES

South of the capitol in Drakkur lies a plethora of small crystal-clear pools that together comprise the land of Thousand-Lakes. Surrounded by a mystical forest and shepherded by the Lakewalker halflings, one could take in a single view of the majesty of the land and never leave again.

THE SINGING SHORES

At the southern border of Drakkur lies the windswept Singing Shores. Villages carved into high cliffs seek shelter from the ripping winds, and peddlers sell small wonders brought all the way from the dark side of the world. On the sea, some fishermen live simple lives, while some ambitious captains hire wavesingers to chase after the most fearsome creatures found in the depths. Together, the wind and the waves form a symphony unheard anywhere else in Namía.

THE GLASS SEA

Past the last habitable regions of Drakkur lies the vast desert known as the Glass Sea. Few creatures are able to make this desolate habitat their home, but the ones that do are to be respected and feared. Among these are the people of Ghisaísis, the sun-touched.

KANJOR

Beyond the Thousand-Lakes lies the mountains of Kanjor. Little is known about the place itself, but Kanjorian monks can be found on all corners of the world, fulfilling their pilgrimages and finishing their vibrant tattoos that cover their bodies.

"You count like a Kanjorian!" – A common accusation of thievery

SETTINGS CONTINUED

THE CURTAIN

Drakkur's western border lies against The Curtain, a North-South mountain range that blocks the Sun's light from reaching the lands beyond. Beneath the earth, dwarves mine Coldstone, a resource sought after by power-seeking mages, ambitious inventors, and desperate addicts. The dwarves mine the matte red dust, sell it to the highest bidder, then sing ancient songs in halls hewn by their forebears.

"The Curtain opens both ways." – On the character of dwarves.

THE STORMLANDS

Above the Curtain and to the west of Drakkur lies the great valley now known as the Stormlands. Once the breadbasket of a world, then a bloody and entrenched battlefield, and ultimately a place torn apart by the Everstorm. Even so, adventure-seeking idiots or mercenaries in the employ of curious scholars still seek to pierce the veil and uncover the mysteries held by the arcane deluge.

Around the perimeter, a semblance of a normal life can still be found. Farmers work the land and travelers between the nations make their cautious journeys, clutching to their chest forecasts of Arcstorms, violent outbursts from the Everstorm proper. Waystones lined with ruby powder protect what few settlements remain from the arcane-infused nature's wrath. Mothers tell cautionary tales to their children of the storm-addled folk that live beyond the waystones.

MORNESARI

High above the clouds, the last remnant of the legendary city of the Sky Elves makes its journey across the world. Here, the art-loving civilization sculpts sculptures, paints paintings, and sings songs, all in the name of their never ending search: to remember who they once were. The colossal mass floats along, dodging arc storms and docking at major cities for trade. Some outsiders may be so lucky as to walk the streets of Mornesari, but only the chosen few know the secrets the city keeps, guarded since the last days of the Age of Stars.

NIXIA

To the West of the Everstorm lies Nixia, a land in darkness. Rather than the unified Drakkur, the Nixian Coalition brings together the three regions of the land. Though the entire world knew darkness only a thousand years ago, Nixians are the only ones who still know—and even embrace—the night.

KOR

The central region of Kor is one of twilight. Here, stray beams of distant sunlight make their way through to shine dimly upon the landscape.

Koradin, the capitol, houses the majority of the population. Here, progress is king. Members of all races come together to further civilization. Due to the advent of Coldflame and the massive energy it provides, there seems to be a new invention every day.

Towering above the city lies the Kruciia, a lighthouse bearing the largest Coldflame ever created, sending its white-blue-purple light as far as the western waters of the Quiet Sea.

EIO

Beyond the pale light of the Kruciia and into the northern alpine lies Eio, a truly vast, cold and unforgiving landscape of snow-covered mountains, dense forests, and hard people. Here goliaths make sacrifices to the Night Mother, frost elves hunt stray demons that find their way through the old wells, and beings from ages long past make deals with foolish mortals.

SINDELIN

On the dark side of the curtain lies the veiled lands of Sindelin, where the denizens all have a pale yellow glint to their eyes. In between the dense forests and murky swamps lies ancient ruins, structures from another time. Who knows what wonders once occurred in these forgotten halls. Now, they are used for worship, dark creatures calling out to alien beings beyond the void of the night sky.

THE QUIET SEA

The dark waters on the western edge of the continent offer little in terms of sustenance. Some mariners still seek out a living by hunting monsters prized for their components or scavenging wrecks of other unfortunate vessels. Here the ships carry no sails, as there is hardly any wind. Instead a brass lantern cradling a Coldflame hangs at the bow, while a flame whisperer coaxes it into carrying the passengers on to their destination.

THE NAMELESS LANDS

An ancient civilization that still thrives? A dead landscape littered with naught but ash? Little is known about what lies beyond the Quiet Sea. A seemingly infinite wall of fog encompasses the horizon, and if one is lucky enough to make it home from those misty lands, it is likely that you will find you have left your sanity behind.

ADDITIONAL RACES

FROST ELF

Frost elves dwell in the brutal mountain peaks of the icy realm of Eio. They guard their lands fiercely and remain isolated from the rest of the world.

Tall and hardy, they are well suited to the difficult lives they live. Their skin is white, pale gray, or pale blue. Their hair is naturally black, silver-white, or gray, although many will dye their hair with bright streaks of color. Their eyes are generally very pale shades of green or blue, but purple is also seen more rarely, as are darker shades of the same colors. They generally disdain metal decorations and armors (which are impractical in the cold), preferring leather, fur, and bone, but during the rare trading expeditions to the lowland races they covet silver above all else.

Ability Score Increase. Your Constitution score increases by 1.

Snow Elf Training. You have proficiency in the Survival skill, as well as with longbows, shortbows, spears, and javelins.

Child of Always Winter. You are acclimated to high altitudes and are naturally adapted to cold climates. In addition, you have advantage on Acrobatics checks to keep your balance on icy surfaces, and moving through difficult terrain composed of ice and snow costs you no extra movement. However, you are poorly suited to hotter climes, and the DC for Constitution saving throws against exhaustion in extreme heat increases by 2 every hour instead of by 1.

Arctic Magic. You know the Ray of Frost and Frostbite cantrips. Wisdom is your spellcasting ability for these spells.



SKY ELF

Sky Elves are a remnant from a forgotten time, adrift on what is left of their home.

Tending towards a more lithe build, most *Elriseen* have never known a life outside of civilization, let alone on solid earth. With their long lives, their culture is dedicated to creating beauty and reciting history. Nearly all sky elves have monochromatic hair and eyes, though there are some exceptions. Nearly all of their works and attire include silver as the primary medium and color.

Ability Score Increase. Your Charisma score increases by 1.

Sky Elf Training. You have proficiency in either the Performance or History skill, and you have proficiency with sky vessels.

Echos of the Past. You have advantage on rolls made to decipher ancient languages or to determine a relic's origin.

Creation Magic. You know the Minor Illusion and Prestidigitation cantrips. Charisma is your spellcasting ability for these spells.

"Y ov Mornesari, est ov rendothar"
"I am what is left, and so I remember."

RACES CONTINUED

SUN-TOUCHED

The people of Ghisaísis know only the world of sand and sun.

Making the Glass Sea their home, the sun-touched bear olive to black skin and, strikingly, eyes typically without irises or pupils. Ghisai folk speak little and often look down upon the soft people of the darklands. Once trust is earned, however, it is always honored.

Ability Score Increase. Your Constitution score increases by 2, and your Wisdom score increases by 1.

Age. Though sun-touched live dangerous lives, they tend to live well into their 200's if they are so lucky.

Size. Sun-touched stand on average about 6 feet tall and, though thin, are typically dense with muscle.

Speed. Your base walking speed is 30 feet.

Lightvision. In bright light, you have tremorsense out to 60 feet. You cannot gain darkvision by any means and you have disadvantage on Widsom (Perception) checks that rely on senses other than sight.

A Demanding Life. You gain proficiency in the Athletics skill.

Persistence of the Sun. Once per long rest, when you would gain a point of exhaustion, make a DC12 constitution saving throw. On a success, you do not become exhausted.

Languages. You can speak, read, and write Common and Celestial.

"Your words, a candle. My life, a bonfire."
— Ghisaí el Shetan to the King of Drakkur



LAKEWALKER HALFLING

Lakewalkers know and appreciate their piece of the world like no other, and as such, few ever leave their home of Thousand-Lakes.

Though they are often overlooked by the rest of the world, you would never know it with their unstoppable confidence. Their skin is more tan than most other halflings, and they tend to stand an inch or two taller as well. An incredibly communal culture, lakewalkers always welcome anyone as family and are happy to simply do their part. When fate summons them for a greater purpose, however, they rarely shy away from the call.

Ability Score Increase. Your Dexterity score increases by 1.

Unflinching Courage You have advantage on checks that would cause you to be frightened. In addition, you may cast the Heroism spell once per long rest by making a roaring speech.



RELIGIONS

There are many religious beliefs to be found in the world. Listed here are the most common faiths that can be found.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENDED

Most folk east of the Stormlands pray to the Gods that ascended into the sky at the end of the Age of Dark, transcending into the New Sun and its Crown of Stars:

MIRAI, THE LIGHTFATHER

EROU, THE SHADOW

FÝSI, THE RECLAIMER

IDA, THE PASTKEEPER

KRUXIAN, THE RESTORER

VIGO, THE MANY

AVELI, THE BREATH

THE GRAY SMITH

METRIA, THE MEDIATOR

THE FALLEN MYRIAD

When the Age of Stars ended, the Myriad Pantheon fell to the earth. To some, these are the true gods of Namía. You will find sentient beings praying to a hundred different names, and some of these old beings still reward the faith of their followers.

CONGREGATION OF THE TEMPEST

With the creation of the Everstorm, there are those that have begun praying to the great maelstrom. Although the followers of the Everstorm are looked down on as a passing cult, their prayers are often answered.

THE NIGHT MOTHER

It is said when one has lived a sinful life and is near death, the eye of the mother will appear to you. Seen as a vast, pale sphere in the dark sky, the Night Mother guides those that shun the light of Mirai and shepherd the cursed and forgotten.

BEYOND

There are some that look beyond the light of the heavens for answers to the mysteries of the world. In the deepest void of the night, alien voices answer calls of the occult.