

JALMERAY

NATIONS



JALMERAY [CN]
Colonial Princely State
Capital: Niswan (10,300)

PEOPLES

Catfolk	Nagaji
Garudas	Ratajin
Genies	Ratfolk
Iruxi	Vanara
Kashrishi	Viskanya
Locathah	Vudrani
Naga	

LANGUAGES

Aklo	Terran
Aquan	Vudrani
Auran	Nagaji
Ignan	

FACTIONS

	Houses of Perfection
	Palagapi Gang
	Soulguard

RELIGIONS



Arundhat



Irori



Ragdyia



Chamidu



Likha



Ravithra



Diomazul



Nethys



Vineshvaki

RESOURCES



Armor/
Weapons



Books/
Lore



Jewelry/
Gems



Lumber



Luxury Goods
and Art



Magic Items



Seafood



Ships



Spices/Salt



Textiles



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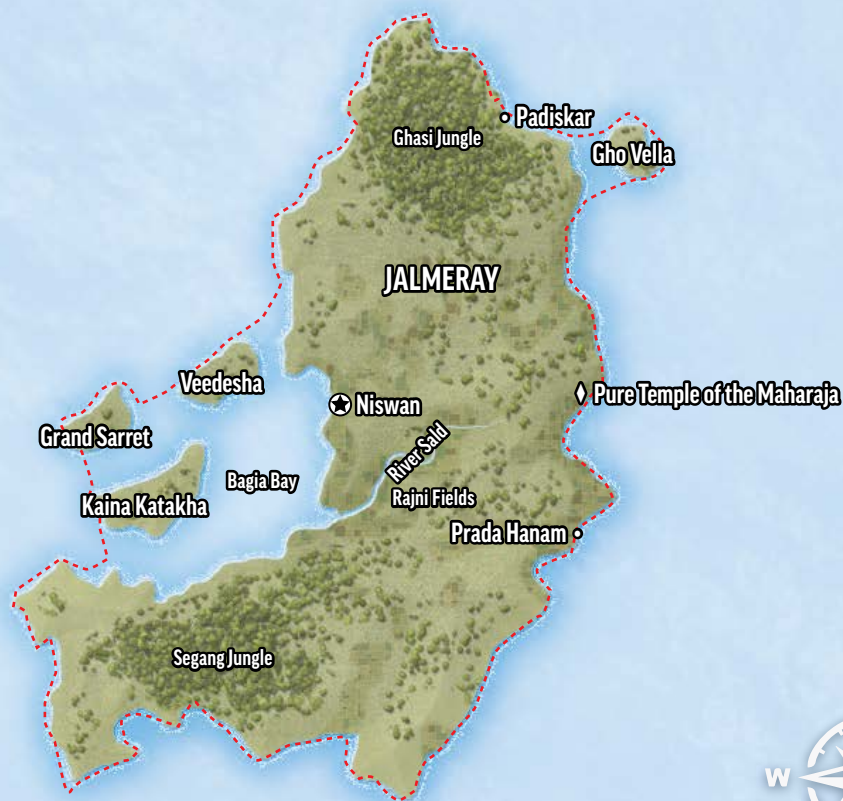
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JALMERAY

OBARI OCEAN



65 MILES





Half of everything the people of Avistan know of Jalmeray is an exaggeration, and the other half undersells the sheer magnitude of its grandeur. It's a place of sprawling landscapes, flowing with elemental power, where the earth itself changes under peculiar rules applied by genie caretakers. New gods are born and forgotten, their arrival barely eliciting a shrug. Vudrani flora and fauna compete with the isle's native ecosystem for space. Ancient guardians and magical constructs stand vigil, ready to defend the isle. Mortals with elemental lineage walk its cities alongside people from Garund, Avistan, and Vudra. The island's harbors throng with dozens of ships as world-renowned tournaments attract spectators and aspirants alike, all while captains and merchants trade for goods with blinding speed under bewildering terms. The most famous of Jalmeray's wonders are the legendary Houses of Perfection, which draw students from around the world to attempt their impossible challenges. Beneath it all, threats imprisoned by a long gone emperor still pine for freedom, and animal-headed rakshasas plot to bring it all under their cruel command.

Four thousand years ago, the ancient Vudrani Maharajah Khiben-Sald and the archmage Nex came to an agreement about Jalmeray. In Nex, they say the archmage gave Khiben-Sald the island to be rid of him. In Jalmeray, all know that the Maharajah outmaneuvered the ancient wizard. His magi called on the power of their genies to mold Jalmeray to their needs, taming the land

and raising architectural wonders. When Khiben-Sald left Jalmeray with his courtiers, he left behind a small empty nation of mysterious constructions nestled amidst breathtaking natural beauty.

The island went undisturbed for centuries until Arclords exiled from Nex during that nation's civil strife decided to use it as a refuge. In so doing, they committed the worst atrocity in Jalmeri history. When the Vudrani colonized Jalmeray, they transplanted its native Sunghari population to a smaller island called Kaina Katakha. The cruel Arclords wouldn't tolerate any other settlement and annihilated the entire island with magic, leaving it a blasted ruin of rock and turbulent waters that's stained to this day with the horror of genocide. Of Jalmeray's many wonders, the Arclords had little understanding or use; they sealed what they could and ignored what couldn't be driven out of sight.

When Vudrani ships returned centuries later to resettle Jalmeray, the Arclords were reluctant to vacate despite all the evidence the rajas produced outlining their descent from their ancestor Khiben-Sald. When diplomacy failed, the Vudrani summoned an army of genies, blotting out the sky and battering the island with storms. All but one of the Arclords' ships sank, prompting their swift exodus. The Vudrani stayed, and their culture became something uniquely Jalmeri.

A constant flow of trade brings an endless stream of gold to Jalmeray, and a wealth-oriented philosophy has served

the island well. As the island grew into a trade port, its wealth drew envious foreign observers. Of those, Qadira alone has launched a military effort to capture the island, which failed so completely that they've never tried since. This river of gold keeps Jalmeray alive, sustaining it while it's surrounded by nations who could easily turn hostile. Jalmeray has purchased a peace envied by many, but it has acquired more than just peace—the care for the land and elements themselves, the drive of its people to forge a new culture without forgetting their origins, the training of mind and body, and the pleasure of senses. It's a land reaching for an impossible perfection but driven to do so regardless.

GEOGRAPHY

For 2,000 years, the thakurs and thakuranis have looked to the cultivation of Jalmeray, expanding but aware of how easily they might overburden the island's resources. This pace of growth has left much of the island undeveloped, but Jalmeri don't see it that way. Part of the implied mandate of rule is to keep Jalmeray the way the Maharajah left. However, the needs of the island and its people do drive the nation forward, and so the region has changed.

Where once the banks of the River Sald ran wild, vast rice fields occupy the northern shore. Temples line the river as well, devoted to gods both local and distant. Inspired by the Houses of Perfection, those who couldn't match their strict requirements have developed something more prosaic and immediate, practicing ancient Vudrani combat arts across duty fields south of the Sald. Even the jungles have changed to reflect both Vudrani influence and its original, untamed state. Beyond the major island, the smaller islands continue to exert their influence, providing examples of high culture, the ravages of time, or sorrows new and old.

The central lowlands of the island are gently rolling meadows occasionally dotted with dense forest growth isolated to the southwest and northeast coasts. These lowlands are relatively free of large predators, though the island does have a healthy native population of venomous snakes and mid-sized hunting cats. A huge number of avians, both mundane and fantastical, circle the skies as well.

One of Jalmeray's constants has been the weather—the genies have commanded the storms to spare Jalmeray the worst of their rage. Even now, most storms seem to divert around the island rather than crashing into it headlong, though the occasional hurricane has wreaked havoc and tragedy. The island is often surrounded by dramatic mountains of dark clouds as storms gather and pass in the distance, leaving Jalmeray a sunlit oasis. This stark, skyward contrast sticks in the mind, and stormy skies above sunlit fields are a common feature in paintings from Jalmeray.

GHASI JUNGLE

The Ghasi Jungle along Jalmeray's northwestern coast is a tangled moor that rejects cultivation. It extends to the ocean, with dense mangroves leading to closed-off lakes in which enormous sea creatures occasionally rest. The rest of the jungle is just as treacherous, filled with deep water holes, quicksand, venomous snakes, hungry crocodiles, and disease-bearing insects. Thug cultists, too dangerous to live alongside other brigands and pirates, often haunt the moor between raids, and Red Mantis Assassins stalk the trees. A few rakshasas who can't abide living alongside the Jalmeri—considering those who do to be pagala, or "traitors"—often choose to dwell this jungle instead.

THE PURE TEMPLE OF THE MAHARAJAH

A line of rolling hills stretches along most of the eastern shore of Jalmeray, rising to their highest point toward the middle of the island, where the Pure Temple of the Maharajah crowns the headwaters of the River Sald. Built of

TALES AND RUMORS

Alongside tales of wonder, many lies have been spun into stories of Jalmeray—that the country is a forward post for the ambitions of Vudra's countless rajas, or that the priests of Irori are responsible for the death of Aroden. Also worth mentioning are the perennial rumors of slave trade, forced labor, nagas, asuras, cults worshipping rakshasas, and a thousand other conspiracies woven out of gossamer. The truth and fiction of Jalmeray are so thoroughly entangled that correcting even the most ridiculous story seems hardly worth the trouble.



THAKUR KHARSWAN

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soaring white stone pillars and graceful onion-shaped domes, the temple is adorned with reliefs, statues, and frescoes, all plated with gold. Numerous altars spiral in a twisting pattern to create ideal astronomical alignments, but the central chamber is devoted to Irori, whose demand for perfection seems to manifest in the temple and its upkeep. Every four years, the citizens of Jalmeray make a pilgrimage, traveling inland on the River Sald in lines of boats festooned with colorful flags and banners, chanting sacred hymns in memory of the Maharajah.

RAJNI FIELDS

In the open fields south of the River Sald, a grand pavilion overlooks a dirt bowl full of scrub brush, built to entertain a visiting rani and her court. Ever since, the fields, named Rajni in her honor, have grown into ranches that breed and train the best horses in Jalmeray for trade throughout the Impossible Lands. The most prized mounts, however, are the trained elephants and their riders who form Jalmeray's legendary Thunder Cavalry. The Thakur has forbidden the sale of these animals to anyone outside of Jalmeray, and the island's perfect record of protecting its herd is a challenge to many pirates who want to make their mark.

RIVER SALD

The River Sald springs from the hills on Jalmeray's eastern coast where Khiben-Sald established his temple. After a

tumultuous descent, the river takes a direct path to Bagia Bay, its current steady and calm. Though the Sald often floods in the rainy season, the dikes along its bank usually hold back the waters. The floods are ideal for rice paddies, and several sprawling farms have risen to take advantage of this. The farmers have recently begun to dream of a youth in a loincloth planting rice along the riverbanks, leading them to worship Sald as a river god who plants wisdom and rice shoots. While he has no priests of his own yet, Sald might be the first god born on Jalmeray's soils, much like how gods are discovered in Vudra.

SEGANG JUNGLE

The flora and fauna of Jalmeray originally shared little in common with Vudra—a fact that the Thakurani Thanyuavi amended by replanting the entire southern jungles of Jalmeray with Vudrani foliage and populating it with Vudrani animals. Priests and genies have since cultivated a delicately balanced ecosystem in Segang. Today, dozens of Vudrani bird species live in the jungle. Tigers and panthers hunt for barasingha deer, many species of monkeys live in the canopy, and rhinos sleep in muddy streams. Hunting is allowed, but only for those who can convince the jungle's guardians of their worthiness by paying hefty fees or passing a test of devotion. Poaching is rarely a problem, and rumors credit sapient panthers with hunting down unwanted intruders.

THE WHITE STONE TEMPLE

Deep within the Ghasi Jungle, through misleading woods and treacherous waterways, lies a crooked ziggurat of soft, pale stones built atop a putrid swamp. The temple is devoted to the Vudrani deity Zhundajir, the god of deadly venoms and piercing weapons. Recently, a cobra-headed rakshasa named Raja Bhuju arrived there, claiming to be an avatar of Zhundajir. He regularly sends his cultists to capture victims for sacrifice, though some unfortunate souls selected by Bhuju undergo a hideous transformation instead, their innards replaced with snakes that serves as the rakshasa's eyes in Jalmeray.

SURROUNDING ISLANDS

Though most use the name Jalmeray to refer to the major island that bears the nation's capital, the Thakur also lays claim to a host of smaller islands situated in nearby waters.

GHO VELLA

A small island off the northeast coast of Jalmeray, Gho Vella hosts the diseased and cursed of Jalmeray quarantined to this island by a sect of stoics calling themselves the Curse Shepherds. Few find their way back. The Curse Shepherds remain tight-lipped about the island, for it's a strange and ethereal place where certain powerful curses have mutated and merged with others.

GRAND SARRET

The westernmost point of the nation of Jalmeray can be found on this island that sits just at the edge of Bagia Bay, located atop the tall, jagged cliffs that surround it. The Maharajah chose Grand Sarret to build a magnificent conservatory and many accompanying buildings, all which have stood for millennia. Maintained in its original state, the conservatory has become a place of learning for bardic arts, courtly graces, culinary skills, and, for the truly worthy, the art of courtly intrigue and subtle manipulation of grand events.

KAINA KATAKHA

The Arclords of Nex reduced the island of Kaina Katakha to a magic-blasted wasteland, an atrocity that eradicated the native population of Jalmeray. Kaina Katakha has been a land tainted by genocide. Nothing grows. Ancient trees and villages stand petrified in death, and wrinkles of earth stand like stony waves. Vicious spells and horrified souls merge to form spell-wracked ghosts that appear and vanish in frightening displays. Smugglers sometimes use the outer rims of the island to hide their ill-gotten wares, but few dare to walk under the shade of the stone structures.

VEEDESHA

This island and the ruins of the city of the same name are evidence that time pays no heed to mortal intent. Veedesha was meant to serve as Jalmeray's capital, but when Khiben-Sald's descendants returned and founded Niswan, they found Bagia Bay and its access to the River Sald far more convenient. Veedesha was abandoned and consumed by the jungle. The island has since become an ideal place for criminals to use as a hideout.

LIQUID LIFEBLOOD

Many travelers pass through Jalmeray's waterways. The fastest path between Niswan and Prada Hanam is over the Sald, with only the last leg conducted over land. Jalmeray's waterways are usually safe as long as ships stay a reasonable distance from shore, where underwater atolls lurk. Watery predators keep their distance thanks to the vigilance of locathah colonies that have been cultivated by marids over the centuries. These locathahs live symbiotically within the island's vast underwater tunnel networks and cherish their privacy.

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