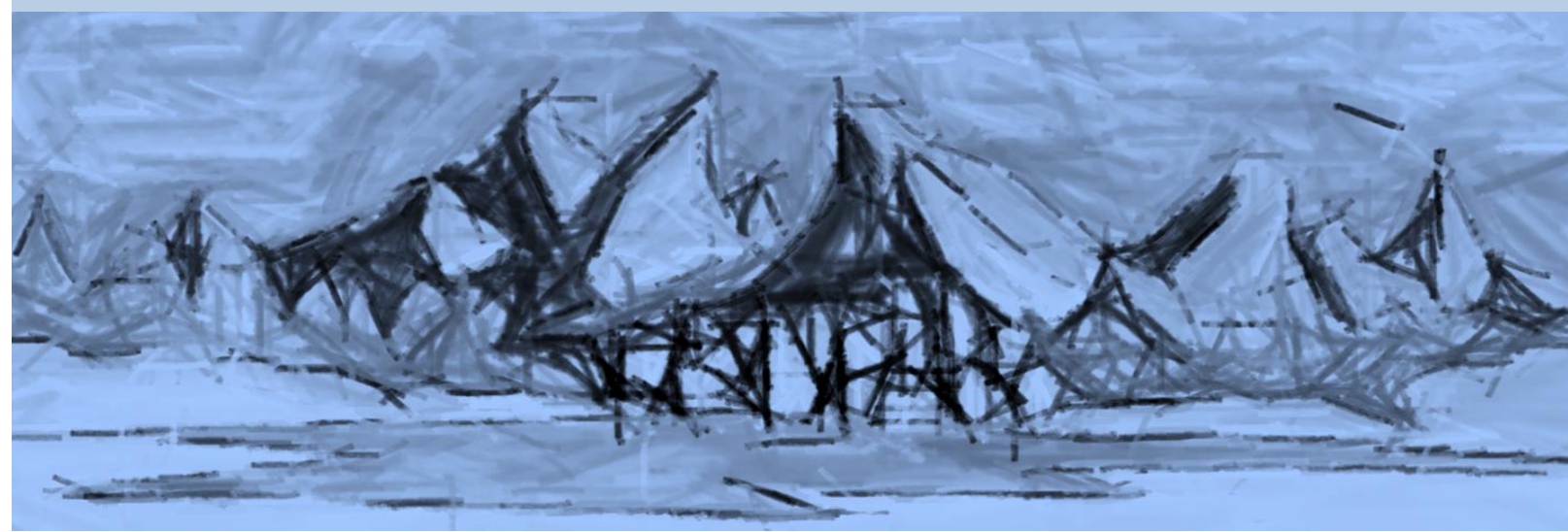


# THIS IS THE WORLD



The Sky is red at midday; light has gone out of the world, long before your unprophetic birth. In the thin light the grain grows slow, a meager harvest before the ice storms come. Sometimes the rain is a torrent of blood or a cascade of frogs - a boon to the village, but too much salt and iron is bad the soil.

Iron is rare; the earth mined clean of useful metals so your tools and weapons are carved of bone or red oak, chipped of obsidian and jade or hammered from old soft copper. Iron is power and steel a myth that rust in the ruins of the ancients among those lesser imperishable metals of grey or green that only grow brittle or burst into flame in the smith's fire.

Man is no longer the ruler of this world, or presumably those that rave, sometimes blossoming with green fire in in the night sky. You are made of dirt and to dirt you will return. Man is only a thing, among other things, Beastkind, Ghostkind and the others that hunt and creep or stride proud to seek dominion atop the ruined root-choked world.

It has been a fat generation, and there are more of the polis then the herds and crop can support, or at least there might be if the grey shivers, the raiders, and the gods are kind and overlook your people for another generation. Thus it is no longer a crime to take your fertile flesh beyond the village palisades. Already a mother or father, you have given your people at least a life to replace your own squandered existence. To be an explorer is still uncouth, a whispering offense, unless you return with good grey iron, trade or artifacts.

Beyond the palisades, almost a mile of traps and sharpened logs, the world to the North is ice steppe, tall dense forest to the East and West, and deserts of glassy sand to the South. Little else is known, but lies and half-truths filter back from outlanders, traders and explorers - something must be true even from the lips of the mad.

## 1D6 The Sky is Dead and (Roll D6)

- 1 Filled with fire in the night - streaks of falling stars, constellations erupting into sudden explosions, and the crackling glow of moons and the near planets.
- 2 Haunted by clouds that form the scowling faces of mad gods to stare and glower earthward.
- 3 Crumbling and flaking like the page in an ancient book. Filled with the dust of its own slow demise.
- 4 Vast and without mercy.
- 5 Hidden by a constant veil of drizzling grey clouds, whose rain itches and discomforts.
- 6 Home to the hanging castles of the ancients, built of white marble and silver.

## 1D6 The Earth is Cruel and (Roll D6)

- 1 Clay of grey ash beneath a thin layer of soil, except where the dead have made it rich and black.
- 2 Dry and unwilling to take water, useless motes of ancient glass, alchemical ceramic and bright metal choking clay and clod.
- 3 Home to gromless things, pallid, flopping and smeared with dirt, shepherds of slugs and cannibals, but once men.
- 4 Broken and rent with great gulfs torn out, flung upward to float in the sky above fields and seas of lava.
- 5 Wretched, sown with salt and teeth. It will only willingly grow monsters, warping anything entrusted to it into a foul form.
- 6 The chalky yellow of old bone.

## 1D6 The Forest is Dark and (Roll D6)

- 1 Wrapped in mists and cold poison rains with every black tree sheathed in moss.
- 2 Hungry for blood, choked with brambles that seek warm flesh to drink from and thus a domain of snakes.
- 3 A land of skittering madthings, hiding and hunting each other in the sunless tracts beneath the dark pines.
- 4 Carved by unseen hands so that every tree is a totem of face, weeping sap and whispering unnatural things.
- 5 Skeletal, with bare dry wood trees covered in naked branches that surge with lichen and blossom with fungal growth.
- 6 Verdant with strange life, and colorful with a flora, a deadly paradise.

## 1D6 The Cold Steppe is Endless and (Roll D6)

- 1 Treacherous with bogs, tar pits and hidden melt spots, requiring a skilled scout to traverse.
- 2 Scattered with the skeletons of great beasts, some in ivory, some in metal and all venerated by barbarous tribes of Beastkind.
- 3 Cut through by great clefts that provide the only safe path beneath the scouring winds and lichen strewn boulders above.
- 4 Painful, from the stabbing glints of light off the ice, to jagged volcanic rock and shearing winds gusting sharp ice all seems designed to torment human life.
- 5 Rich in edible lichens, low bushes bursting with bright berries, birds' nests of speckled blue eggs and stately caribou.
- 6 A land of savage violence, where tribes of hunters and warriors roam endlessly wrapped in fur and hide fighting both for access to the mammoth herds and to please their blood mad gods.

## 1D6 The Desert Burns and (Roll D6)

- 1 Its dunes are drifts of silvered glass, shards as long as the arm and sharp as knives slowly scouring down from the winds to sand.
- 2 Hides oasis and secret villages of buff stone, where silent folk go wrapped and concealed, collecting knowledge of the past and planning to escape.
- 3 Flat, black and lifeless.
- 4 Caked in ancient salt, once the floor of a sea, covered in ancient wrecks, once drowned cities and the bones of vast leviathans.
- 5 Haunted by demons and spirits of fire that event he Ghostkind fear.
- 6 Not sand, but of shell, mounds and drifts of spiraling snail shells in blue and black, faded to pale grey and lavender by the ceaseless sun.

## 1D6 The Cities are Dead and (Roll D6)

- 1 Filled with the bones of the ancients, the streets paved with brittle skulls that crack like eggshells. Such reserves of souls attract Necromancers and Bone Weavers.
- 2 Unquiet, necropolises where the melancholy Ghostkind congregate in the cities along with lesser shuffling horrors beyond reason.
- 3 Crumbled to mounds of dirt, stone and brick, but beneath the catacombs and tunnels stretch endless.
- 4 A myth, still shining, incorruptible and untouched but so distant as to be impossible.
- 5 Hungry, the machines of the ancients still half-awake. Like plagued men raving in a dream, they call out for workers, materials and riches in seductive voices with an undertone of madness.
- 6 Of old stone - vast empty halls and deserted labyrinths, piled atop one another reaching skyward.