SLAYEIS ALMANAC

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ALMANAC INTRO ANCIENT'S ARCH **CREATED BY: LUNA PETRA G.** the CANVas 15 **CREATED BY: J.R. ZAMBRANO** GASPARDLY HOLLOW 19 THE GRAVEWAY 23 **CREATED BY: LOGAN DEAN** JAnus 27 **CREATED BY: ANGELA LEMUS-MOGROVEJO LITTLE KHÓI** 31 CREATED BY: KEVIN THIEN VU LONG NGUYEN THA OSCHVSD 35 THE THIRD INOCHIAN **39** CREATED BY: JAY DRAGON VIKARA JAGAT 43

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WHAT IS THIS?

The Slayers Almanac is a setting supplement for the Slayers roleplaying game (RPG). Inside, you'll find a collection of diverse and dangerous districts for your monster hunters to explore. This book was written as a collaborative effort of over 10 authors, each bringing you their own unique take on what The City has in store for you.

TRAVEL GUIDE

The City of Slayers is a cursed place, reaching endlessly towards the horizon. It's made of unique neighborhoods, called districts. Each district is different from the last, and Slayers will never know quite what to expect until they cross into the next one.

Because of that, the Slayers Almanac is written as a sort of travel guide for the players, and a toolkit for the game master (GM). For each district, you'll find some essential information:

- \blacktriangleright A map divided into hexagons (hexmap) to help travel
- \blacktriangleright Important locations of note
- \blacktriangle The big factions and non-player characters (NPCs) of the territory
- ➤ The culture of each district
- \blacktriangleleft Rumors that the Slayers won't be able to resist

MECHANICS AND SYSTEM FREE

While the cover of this book says Slayers Almanac, the city settings inside this book can be used for any system. There aren't any mechanical rules written for the districts themselves, instead they are packed with flavor that can be used with any system.

Slayers may be the backdrop of the districts, but feel free to plop them down into another campaign you're running the next time you need to introduce your players to a truly unique urban environment.



GM-CENTERED

Even though this isn't a rulebook, the material for each district is written to help GMs. NPCs, locations, plot hooks, and general setting material can be found for each district. As a GM, you can flip to any district and throw your players right into the action.

SENSE OF TRAVEL

While there aren't any strict travel rules in this book, one thing all GMs should emphasize is the sense of travel when using this Almanac. And that travel happens at two scales: within and between districts.

WITHIN DISTRICT

Within a district, Slayers should feel thrown into a whole new world. The travel guide section of each district will provide you with sights, sounds, smells, and more to help give life to the streets the players are walking.

The hexmap for each district is there to give you a rough guideline of where things are in relation to one another, but it isn't necessarily drawn to scale, or...accurate. That's the problem with moving around in a shifting city after all. Yet, the map grounds Slayers in some way, and helps them get a sense of moving from Point A to Point B while out on a hunt.

The tracking of specific streets and distances isn't what is important about these districts. It's the sense that the Slayers have stepped into a whole new world, and that anything could be around the next corner. They are strangers in a strange land, and the GM are their tour guide.

BETWEEN DISTRICTS

Each district is a microcosm, a world unto itself. But the Slayers are travelers of The City, and so they find themselves moving from one district to the next, in search of work. There are two things to consider when moving between the districts of The City.

First, how are they traveling? The Slayers could walk, sure, but that might get tiring after a while. Luckily, the Wanderers Guild, the oldest organization in The City, may have mapped this place and discovered a number of novel ways to travel between and within districts.

Slayers catching a ride with the Wanderers is an opportunity to clue them into what to expect for the upcoming district. The technology used for transport alone is a clue. Some districts are vastly more ahead than others in terms of tech, and so the Wanderers would employ whatever means are fitting for the environment. It's also a chance to listen to your Wanderer guide. They might just let slip some of the rumors found in this book...

The second thing to consider is crossing the "threshold" between districts. Because each district is so different than the last, the border between them might provide a sudden shift. New sights such as architecture and clothing. New smells from the local cuisine. It's entirely possible for a district haunted by an endless night to be right next to a beachside paradise district.

Some GMs prefer a harsh transition, throwing the Slayers into a whole new world. Others like to describe the borderlands between districts as a sort of melting pot between the two. Elements of the two districts combining to make yet another wholly unique setting of The City.

TIME TO TRAVEL

You've got the general advice, and now it's time to flip through the districts and experience just a fraction of what The City has inside. Just like everything in Slayers, the information here is shifting and nebulous. None of it is set in stone, and all of it can be changed to fit your needs.

THE DISTRICTS



CREATED BY: JOSH HITTIE

ncient's Arch is an impossibly large bridge spanning a wide river that appears and disappears at the border of neighboring districts. Upon this bridge is the vibrant and bustling heart of the entire district.

Long ago, the people who called Ancient's Arch home hit the limits of the bridge and so they built up and down. Stone and wooden towers soar upwards. Below, buildings hang suspended by a maze of rope walkways. The riverbanks are equally as old as Ancient's Arch; formed of layers upon layers of stone structures that plunge into the murky depths of the river.



UNDERSIDE

The rough and tumble mirror of the surface of Ancient's Arch. Buildings hang suspended from ropes and chains, or are bolted to the massive stone pillars of the bridge, clinging to them like barnacles.

THE GLASS HALL

A massive cathedral-esque building in the crowded center of Ancient's Arch. The entire floor is made of stained glass that looks down over the rushing waters far below.

THE GRAND BAZAAR

The oldest market in the district, the Grand Bazaar is a towering, leaning building cocooned in an ever-present tangle of scaffolding. Inside is a maze of cramped stores and opportunistic merchants.

THE RIVERBANKS

The actual banks of the wild river that cuts through the district are made up of sheer tiers of ancient stone buildings. Inside them are all manner of nooks and crannies for the strange and dangerous to lurk in.

THE FLOTILLA

A liminal community of lashed together boats, barges, and ships. Half-permanent, half-transient, who knows what you'll find in the Flotilla.

Ancient's Arch is a massive, age-old, and densely populated district of the City. No one knows who built it. On the upper surface of the bridge, people built up; constructing tall towers of wood and stone, all painted in bright colors. A keen eyed traveler can start to identify different historical ages of the district based on the colors used in the different layers of the buildings. The oldest layers are painted in fading and flecking earthy reds and oranges, which shift to brighter rainbow pastels, while the highest points are deep blues and sunset yellows that nearly blend into the sky itself. Many of these towers house multiple residences, businesses, or other buildings. Some buildings might be spread out over multiple towers and floors, themselves connected by wooden bridges: miniature echoes of Ancient's Arch. The constant rushing of the river below is muffled by the bustling crowds present at all hours.

Below the Ancient's Arch is the rough and tumble Underside. Here, buildings hang suspended from the belly of the bridge, connected by a swaying maze of rope walkways. Other buildings cling to the massive stone pillars of the bridge, with stairs that precariously connect these two halves of Ancient's Arch. Underside sits in the literal shadow of Ancient's Arch, casting it in a permanent gloom. Underside tends to be guieter, more reserved than the Upperside (as Undersiders call it); perhaps tempered by the ever-present danger of falling into the depths of the river below.

Ancient's Arch connects two opposing riverbanks unlike any found in nature. Instead of sand, mud, and clay, the shores are an innumerable strata of ancient stone buildings that plunge straight down into the far depths of the waters, more like the walls of a canal than anything else.

FACTIONS AND NPCs

THE NIGHT HERON: The inhabitants of Underside look to the Night Heron as a sort of informal leader. The position of Night Heron is a quasi-elected role, with Enoch Qev, the current holder, being particularly young and unproven.

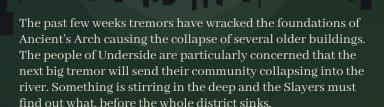
ANGLER'S GUILD: An organization for aquatic monster enthusiasts. The Angler's Guild is far less concerned with slaying water monsters as they are thrilled by the chase. The Guild will hire Slavers to assist on excursions even the crustiest of gillchasers wouldn't dare take on alone.

DIVING GUILD: A group of scavengers and scrappers that explore the dark places of the endless, long abandoned stone buildings that make up the riverbanks and furthest depths of the river. They carefully guard the secrets of their diving suits and bells, but are known to contract Slayers for more dangerous dives.

MAL SILTEN: Some call Mal shady, he prefers to think of himself as enterprising. Mal makes base on the teetering upper levels of the Grand Bazaar where he offers rare, and entirely legitimately acquired, items, as well as dangerous jobs that most Slayers would balk at.

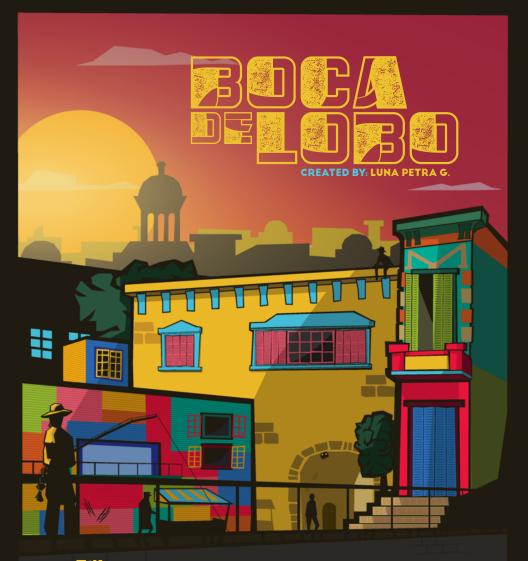
NERRA SHALE: The mysterious patron who funded the construction of the Glass Hall. Some say their immense wealth came from cursed treasures plundered from the depths of the riverbanks. Their estate-tower is rumored to be haunted by malevolent spirits.

CAPTAIN-MAYOR VAL TORRENT: The leader of the Flotilla, she utilizes her raw charisma and physical prowess to make sure the Flotilla remains afloat. When she can't do it alone, she will hire Slayers to rid her floating community of dangerous aquatic monsters.



The Angler's Guild is organizing their annual God-Fish Angler's Tourney. Prizes include general renown, cash, and also a chance to go up against some of the most thrilling and dangerous encounters with river monsters.

A salvage team is missing and the Diving Guild is growing desperate. Something must have happened down in the dark silty waters of the river and they want to know what it was.



e arrived at Boca de Lobo in the day. The streets were narrow but lively, and I started to second guess my decision to hire all these mercenaries to protect me. The smell of freshly baked bread and roasted beef mingled with the sounds of gleeful voices, while the tune of concertinas shaped the beautiful noon. Horrible thing, all this glee and crowdedness, do I even need these henchmen?

As the evening came, the crowd died down, and I started to feel more confident about my choice of guards. "Watch out for any sketchy movements", said one of my bodyguards. "The Deblas never sleep." Guess I won't be sleeping either, not without my men. I am looking for my father's notes on magictech and would appreciate the help of any Slayers out there. With love, Fama.



LIBRARY OF BELLE BAS

This edifice of sandstone is as old as The City itself, and just like it, it seems to keep growing. It holds innumerable tomes, all of which contain pages of preexisting books... Perhaps I'll be able to recreate father's codex with these?

CRYPT OF THE FAMILY ESMERALDA

In the middle of the cemetery, I found an imposing ossuary. Its door adorned with bronze effigies, of which, the image of a young lady stands out. While admiring the skillfully sculpted lass, I noticed her soles and palms looked worn away.

PAINTER'S QUAY

No matter the time of the day, I see the reclusive artists paint geometric shapes as I pass by. Something's off about them, but I never trusted artists anyway. I've heard all the parents in Boca de Lobo fear their children will become painters one day.

CHAPEL OF KNIVES

A disorganized structure built by the late Lucrezia in honor of her deceased wife, Maria Esmeralda, probably the first landmark I saw when I arrived. In the library I found pages describing the architect's devotion to its construction, and how she fell to a piercing death before finishing it.

The district is colorful like no other. No wall is painted the same colors and every shop and home has hand-lettered signs. A little tacky for my taste at first, but I came to appreciate how the flowers and ribbons emerge from each stroke, as busy as the rackety roads. The locals enjoy music and fresh foods during the day, and lock themselves in their homes at night. It's believed that the colors will confuse the lobitos, cursed children turned wolf-like monsters.

Much to my chagrin, festivities are held around the tallest building, which happens to be the Library of Belle Bas, that was there even before Boca de Lobo had a name. Researching at the library during one of these parties is quite bothersome, but it gets worse during the seventh day of the month, when the festival of the cursed child is held. The local metalsmiths forge blades with the names of a newborns, a ritual to protect them from becoming lobitos.

I've been told that, after seven months of life, a baby that hasn't been blessed is at risk of becoming a lobito. These children are often abandoned by their fearful parents, hoping they'll never see the monstrosity they'll become. I haven't seen one yet, but it's said that they transform into humans on Sundays, one more reason to be studying rather than partying.

As you may already know from my remarks, nights are especially dangerous in Boca de Lobo, as the Deblas roam and look for easy marks (like a certain scrawny researcher...). They were established to defend Boca from the lobitos and the witches who control them, but ever since the menace dwindled, the Deblas turned to violent crime.

BOCA DE LOBO

FACTIONS AND NPCs

THE DEBLAS CREW have been terrorizing the streets of Boca de Lobo for a while. They are involved in racketeering and all kinds of cutthroat behavior, and not just figuratively. I believe that they are trying to regain the respect they once had during the days of the lobitos, fear and subservience seem to be the new respect. Honestly, they just make my work even harder, wouldn't it be nice if they mellowed out?

There's an **ACCORDIONISTS' GUILD** near the Painter's Quay, one of them may sing you a memory or two, anyone's memory. While the supernatural ability to recall other people's recollections would help me with my objective, they don't accept just about anyone's requests... one must be an artist too.

And finally, my father... maybe. He was a highly deemed **SCHOLAR**, researching a magictech gate of sorts, something that theoretically can help make travel through the infinite city much easier. Of course, he disappeared along with all his research, but on his study, I found a clue that he might have wanted me to be here. Anyways, I must keep looking at these papers, I think I'm almost done replicating his work.

RUMORS

Animals and travelers from other districts have been found, cut to ribbons. Everyone and their grandma own a knife here, so it's hard to find the culprit. I was expecting a package too, I wonder if that was the fate of the courier.

It is said that the vengeful ghost of Maria Esmeralda walks the cemetery at night, but only those with a passion for beauty may see her. A former painter swears she was taken by the apparition but was able to escape her spectral grasp. "The other painters! She has them!" she cries, before fainting.

Nobody wanted to eat from Antonio's place until a month ago. Ever since, the smell coming out of the shop brings people in like magic. I wonder what changed, I don't eat that greasy stuff so don't take my word for it. Perhaps the neighboring restauranteurs might have a clue?



he Canvas gets its name from the old textile industry that used to prop up this corner of the City. While you can still find traces of the industrial infrastructure in the silhouettes of the buildings, the Canvas has a life all its own now. Old warehouses converted into theatres and ramshackle opera houses. Musicians perform in dimly-lit taprooms or near streetside cafes where Slayers gather to hear the rustling soul of the City: rumor and intrigue in equal measure. The haves and have-nots mix together here, amid the smoky sounds of art imitating life.



THE HIDEOUT

This small coffeeshop houses two theatres inside its humble exterior. In the earliest days of the Canvas, the storage space above it was turned into a small theatre. Atop creaky wooden stairs, Slayers can find a one-room theatre with a likeness of "a room in the city" set up as its stage. A working door and window give performers ample space to play at the melodramas of life in the City. The bottom theatre is the larger, and newer one. The large stage has been fitted with rigging, allowing the company putting up a show to hang elaborately painted backdrops for grand, operatic productions with a quarter of the space. Previous shows include Slayer's Night and Verdant Leaves Falling Wistfully In The Soup. It's one of the few "neutral" places in the district, where artists of all stripes gather to share stage time and war stories.

LA VENGANZA

This towering opera house was once a textile mill. It's one of the biggest structures in the Canvas, and is home to the most prestigious shows. A Slayer looking for someone wealthy should turn here first—if you can get a ticket.

THE HA'PENNY COURTS

This is a collection of cafes, food stalls, and public houses who have banded together to provide cheap refreshments to hungry theatre-goers. Food and drink of all kinds can be found here.

THE GALLERY OF SHADOWS

The Gallery of Shadows is a whisper in the dark. A moving gallery set up in the vacant spaces of the Canvas. One might find it in the ruins of a burnt out tenement amid crumbling pillars of stone. Another might find it in the labyrinthine back alleys between warehouses. No one knows who is involved in their shows, but the Gallery is said to be prophetic. Operas and concerts that predict catastrophe echo through the Canvas from wherever it has set up. If you can find it, you might catch a glimpse of things to come.

CURSES, FOILED AGAIN!

An open, brightly-lit amphitheater that specializes in crude melodrama that brings in money for this "low art." Performers are often former or aspiring Slayers. The latest run, A Thousand Claws At Midnight has been making waves with the public, to the chagrin of the district's 'community of critics'. Here's an excerpt from a review.

"A Thousand Claws At Midnight" is an interminable play made all the more beastly by the fact that it's been packed with musical numbers. While songs like "On the Trail" might be intended to make the audience root for the hapless Slayers, I find that by the time they get to "Hard Luck Harrowing" one is firmly on the side of the monsters in bringing this affair to a quick and gruesome end. It is not often one sees an unsuccessful hunt be as successful.

The Canvas is a melting pot. It's a microcosm of the City's people—wealthy patrons mingle with starving artists. Monsters of all kinds, too. Even in this chaos, the show must go on.

The Canvas is a way of life. Artists of all stripes congregate here. Some are austere and demand perfection, others live entirely in moments of bohemian excess. And all around them come the others—peddlers and cooks and restaurateurs looking to prop up the community all make their home here.

Slayers who find their way to the Canvas might be fooled by its architecture. The district still bears the hallmarks of industry. In years past, the district was once a place where cloth was spun, wood was carved, bricks were made.

Of course there are rumors that assassins, spies, and outlaws hide among the throngs of people—appearances can be deceiving in the Canvas.

When you arrive, be sure and catch a performance at La Venganza. If you live long enough--one day you might see your life's work retold here in story and song.

FACTIONS AND NPCs

THE ORDER OF KNIGHTS PLATEAN: A loose alliance of wandering performers who roam the City's streets, but make their home in the Canvas. A Slayer can learn a lot listening to them. They can tell you how to get from here to there, even in the ever-changing City. If you need to know where something or someone is, even if they don't know, they can tell you how to get to someone who might.

THE PULSE-TAKERS: A guild of people who believe The City is alive, and that by measuring the mood of its people--and the movements of its monsters, they can tell how The City is doing. They listen to the stories people tell, both tragic and triumphant. They measure the movements of monsters with the help of Slayers, taking tales of Hunts and turning them into a barometer for the well being of the Soul of the City.

DEVLYN FERRITH: The talented conductor and Impressarie of La Venganza. They pride themselves on knowing what The City wants next. Though Devlyn often uses this knowledge to decide their next show, when they know that "the City wants Hunters to find the winged beast roosting in the alley" they make sure to pass that along.

HOLG: Holg is a simple man; he only wants to make hand pies and get into brawls.

BRIMEA D'VAN EYRE: A much sought-after triple threat; she acts, she sings, they wield a blade like a figure of legend.

RUMORS

- The last production of The Masked Slayer at La Venganza ended in tragedy when the Masked Slayer vanished in a burst of brimstone and smoke leaving behind only a still smouldering mask and an unfinished final act. Why do people keep whispering about 'The Red Venganza's Curse?' Can anything be done to finish the story or will it haunt La Venganza forevermore?
 - Dreams From The Sleeping City tells the story of a City that never was. Those who see it are enraptured by the vivid details of life in this other City, a life free of Monsters but ruled by strange things in the Shadows. Is there any truth to its vivid details or is it all a flight of fancy?
 - A shadow-haunted ruin has been found beneath an old warehouse. The smooth stone of the empty storage cellar gives way to a cracked, glowing stone cavern that descends into ruins from an earlier age of the City. Old buildings from the distant past loom out of the shadows, and ghostly lanterns flicker in the darkness within. What lurks in this ruin and is it dangerous?



GASPARDLY

aspardly Hollow is a quaint village where animals roam free and everyone gets along with their neighbor. The cobblestone streets are clean and remarkably free of ruffians, vandals, and ill-mannered children. Gaspardly Hollow's residents are healthy and the neighborhood is known for its thriving potion and alchemy trade. Wildflowers grow in abundance and moss hangs like beards from the tall trees that shelter the Hollow from the crueler parts of the world. Here, there is peace. It's compulsory.



THE COTTAGE

The heart and soul of the Hollow, town founders Granny Ugmertha, Auntie Bunbuns, and Yzabeldonna (aka "The Ladies") live in a homey cottage right in the center of town. Offerings (and numerous cats) sit in baskets on their stoop, and they leave out freshly baked goods for any passersby. Apparently unassuming, the Cottage is strongly warded against harm, though who would ever harm the Ladies?

POTENT POTABLES

Largest herbalist shop in the Hollow. Guaranteed to have a potion for whatever ails you and a poison for whomever does. Training in potioncraft and bartending available for a monthly fee with Anya Verganza, protegée of Auntie Bunbuns. For those unable to pay, Anya is happy to accept payment in trade.

HEALERS HANDS

An infirmary with several mobile units making house calls throughout the Hollow. Healthcare is provided free-of-charge to any in need, thanks to a generous endowment and continued support from Granny Ugmertha, who keeps a close eye on the Hollow's health.

FFION'S FAMILIARS

Overflowing with animals of all shapes and sizes, Ffion, great-grandaughter of Yzabeldonna, is happy to introduce any Slayer to adoptable familiars in need of good homes. She also provides free veterinary care for animals both magical and mundane, though the magic of her shop tends to rub off on mundane critters in unexpected ways.

Canopied by the forest, illuminated by fireflies and glowing pixies, Gaspardly Hollow seems like a secluded dreamland. In a way, it is. Plants grow to unnatural sizes as the very roots of the earth are steeped in deep, ancient magics. It's strange how few children there are in town, but perhaps it has something to do with magic in the groundwater. The Hollow's multitudinous animals roam free of fear, their watchful eyes lingering on visitors for an unnerving length of time.

Residents are pleasant, welcoming, and generous, always encouraging visitors to extend their stay. They are among the most patient villagers you'll find, and most will walk you around the Hollow and properly introduce you to everyone instead of merely providing directions! Truly, a generous people.

Unnatural magics, that is, magic not innate to the Hollow tends to go awry. Visitors find their spells weaker, or worse, turned back on them during their stay at the Hollow. One wizard, Roquefort LeChevre, reported every spell he cast in the Hollow caused wheels of cheese to rain down upon him, though this has yet to be reported by anyone else. For spellcasters, Gaspardly Hollow is an uncomfortable conundrum, for though it has everything they need, it comes with a bone-deep feeling of unwelcome.

Few topics of conversation are off-limits to Hollow residents with one important exception: no one ever, ever, disparages The Ladies. Hollow residents speak reverentially of The Ladies, who provide them with healthcare and safety, their animal companions keeping a watchful eye over everyone. Anyone who speaks ill of The Ladies, or simply irritates them, vanishes in the night without a trace.

If you visit, be sure to get patched up gratis from the healers and grab extra potions for the road. A Slayer's life is never free from danger! Enjoy the friendly company of the residents and the animals alike. You might just decide to forgo the life of a Slayer and settle down! There are certainly worse places to live.

FACTIONS AND NPCs

GRANNY UGMERTHA is the eldest Lady. Initially a wise woman who fled to the Hollow for protection from an angry mob, the deepest magic of the Hollow belongs to her. The land itself bends to her will. She is determined to keep the Hollow a safe haven for herself and family.

AUNTIE BUNBUNS is the Ladies' expert poisoner and herbalist. Found by Granny Ugmertha as a young woman lost in the woods, she helped create the Hollow as a town. She is especially beloved for her pies.

YZBELDONNA is the youngest of the Ladies, having been brought to the other two by wolves as a child. All familiars in the Hollow serve as her personal eyes and ears, and nothing escapes her attention.

THE CARETAKERS feed the numerous familiars who have gotten too old or complacent to hunt for their own food. They are known to "disappear" undesirables for a nominal fee.

CASSANDRA CREWE a frustrated newcomer to the Hollow looking for her missing younger sibling, Jackpot. A restless wanderer and haphazard gambler, Jackpot had little reason to come to the Hollow unless they were sent there by someone else. Though wary of speaking out against the Ladies, Cassandra is determined to find the cause for their disappearance.

RUMORS

- Slayers with animal familiars purchased from Ffion report strange behavior from their companions, almost as if their creature was controlled or possessed by someone else.
- Wanted criminals have been showing up in Gaspardly Hollow with their tongues cut out and notes demeaning The Ladies pinned to their shirts. A sick joke? Or a symbiotic relationship between organized criminals and The Ladies?
- There are numerous reports of families moving to Gaspardly Hollow and never returning. When loved ones visit, they find the families are now childless and act as if they never had children, though they hope to someday. Who or what is affecting the Hollow's children?



n intricate network of tunnels and caverns that exists between worlds, The Graveway feeds on a powerful energy source emitted by dead creatures known as Ghostlight. In the world above, people whisper that the Graveway came into existence when great powers outside of time waged a great war across eternity. It is unknown if this war happened or has yet to happen. Upon death, the Ghostlight of these cosmic titans flowed out as wells of energy, piercing time and reality, entombing them between worlds in the Graveway as The First Dead. First Dead remains are worshiped throughout The Graveway by cults, most of which are pacifist.

Natural entrances to The Graveway open around large burial sites and graveyards. Ghostlight-fueled cart trains run from the larger district graveyard entrances into Terminus, the central hub of the Graveway, and beyond. Smaller offshoot tunnels and arteries lead to outlying communities and danger as outcast cults and tunnel pirates prowl the lines while long forgotten threats stir deeper down in the dark.



GRAVEWAY STATIONS

Corresponding to larger graveyards and memorials in the City above, these terminals serve as small outposts and community centers. Larger stations have a small pub and inn as well as local merchants who regularly venture into the world above to procure goods. Smaller stations may only have a steep stairway to the world outside but they are serviced by the Graveway Transit Authority all the same.

TERMINUS

The center of the Graveway, Terminus is a hub of otherworldly activity. Built around a number of First Dead remains, the city houses people and creatures from many districts and worlds. A grand bazaar holds sights and splendors that may twist the mind. Within Terminus lie secrets untold and dangers unknown.

NECROMANCERS GUILD

The closest thing to a seat of power in the Graveway, the Necromancers Guild has a dank and musty headquarters in Terminus and is always accepting donations. Outsiders may find work available for those willing to deal with the defilers of the dead.

THE WORM KING'S BASTION

In the depths of the Graveway lies a stone keep. At its center are the mummified remains of a creature bound by four posts. The eroded reliefs etched into the walls tell the story of a great worm king that was able to conquer many worlds with its armies of brain-eating offspring before it came for the necromancers. They buried it deep and tied it to these posts but it remembers. And it is hatching.

THE PIT

A bleak, whistling passage leads from Terminus to the Pit; a bottomless hole where things get tossed. Trash (and bodies) are hauled from Terminus and elsewhere via train to a dumping field where a First Dead cult named Glorious Refuse sifts through it and tosses the unsalvageable stuff.

A grim facsimile of the City above, the Graveway is always changing and twisting as souls laid to rest open new veins. Used by creatures and necromancers as a means of conveyance, there are also many that call this realm home. The larger arteries have regular cart service between stations and Terminus in its center, where all lines end. The city is built around the slagged remains of The First Dead, which are considered sacred to the many cults of the Graveway. Outside Terminus, there are stations beneath the gravevards and resting places in the City as well as small communities and settlements deeper in the network.

The Graveway is dangerous. Monsters of all types prowl the corridors, and outcast cults devoted to the resurrection of the First Dead hunt for blood tithes in an attempt to wake them. The necromancers hold ultimate sway here, however, there are rumblings that the long imprisoned Worm King has begun to wake once more. Stay aware and alert, for if you die in the Graveway, it'll take your soul and body as tribute.



FACTIONS AND NPCs

NECROMANCERS are ghoulish swindlers that deal in deception as much as death. While they can come and go as they please and mold the Graveway to their whims, they're all as cold and dead as the rotting husks they reanimate.

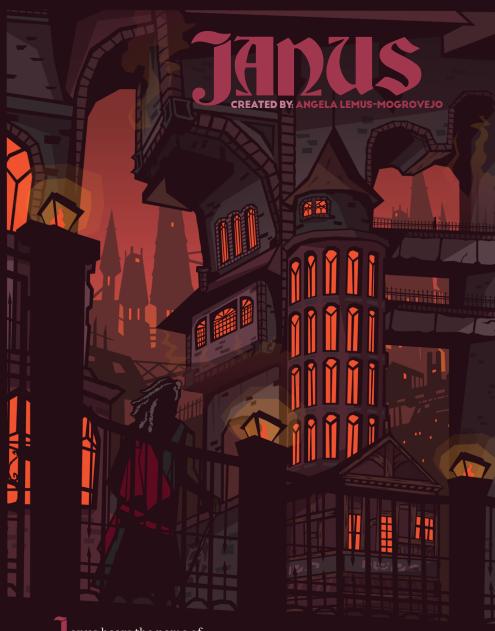
THE WORM KING is slowly waking and seeks to utilize the Graveway to conguer the City. It has sent its brood into the Graveway to infect and control individuals, creating sleeper agents to carry out its will and further its agenda.

The term 'FIRST DEAD' refers to the massive, alien remains of beings caught in between worlds at the moment of their deaths. The city of Terminus is built around 16 of these monolithic graves however there are many others throughout the Graveway. A number of cults have sprung up around The First Dead. Most are peaceful and function as pseudo-trades guilds, however, some outcast cults prowl Terminus and the Graveway looking for new recruits and offerings to feed their expired gods. Recently, a cult has formed around the First Dead known as Targth, a petal-shaped effigy covered in thousands of spikes located in the upper Charnel line. Targthites have taken to throwing sacrifices upon the spikes and dying their clothes in the blood of the victim as a sign of their devotion. Really normal stuff.

THE GRAVEWAY TRANSIT AUTHORITY monitors and maintains the main arterial cart lines for commuters throughout the city and beyond. Sprites and gremlins wearing heavy coverings and goggles pilot the carts along the lines and do not tolerate delays.

RUMORS

- A skeletal ratcatcher drunkenly complains about a wizard that stood up their invoice for a worm deinfestation. It seems the wizard in question informed the ratcatcher the service was no longer required before disappearing. Come to think of it, that other wizard from up the road was babbling about worms before they cut out too. Probably a coincidence. What harm could worms be?
- One of those Squires of B'kal cutlists has been asking around the Terminus bazaar for your friend over there. That's some nasty folk. Don't usually say too much aside from 'Hail B'kal' before taking someone's eve as 'sacrament'. Not sure what they want with your buddy but I'd keep my head on a swivel, huh?"
 - There are voices coming from The Pit. They are your voices.



anus bears the name of the Roman deity of doorways, beginnings, and transitions, a fitting moniker for a district endlessly cycling through new layouts. Everything about Janus is a mix of contrasts: ancient, towering edifices in neighborhoods that spring up and disappear overnight. Gothic homes overgrown with bright lavender blooms and blood red roses. No matter if you are looking for a fresh start or long buried secrets of the city's past, Janus will have something to offer you. Just hope you don't vanish along with the neighborhoods.



BUSKER'S LANE

A neighborhood made up entirely of musicians, urban botanists, and retired Slavers. They offer musical escorts whose songs and locally grown flora act as deterrents to beasts wishing to encroach upon more populated regions of Janus.

DELVER'S ROW

A neighborhood forming the entrance to catacombs leading throughout the underground regions of the district. Treasure hunters and parkour enthusiasts comprise many of the denizens, all united in a desire to uncover Janus' secrets.

HALL OF REMEMBRANCE

One of the sole locations that has survived throughout every iteration of Janus that has ever existed. Presided over by the Scholars of Disappearance, this building holds previous neighborhood outlines, maps for checkout, and notes on safe zones in Janus, as well as offering support for recently displaced residents.

PLUME PLAZA

A central plaza where a phoenix is said to have passed away and spread its life force across the city. Whenever a resident is in need of safety during the night, they can find shelter under the crystalline wings of the phoenix statue located here.

NEIDY'S COVEN

A bustling, impromptu open air market protected by a local arcanist/witch. Whether you are looking to share scavenged materials or find info for your next hunt, Neidy can guide you to the right stall with the best food.

THE FLEETING ROBIN

A messenger tower employing trained robins to carry out messages across various neighborhoods. Regardless of how far the robins travel, they always return to the peak of this towering, crystalline tower housed in the center of the district.

Disappearance and renewal lie at the heart of how the district of Janus operates. In fact, many residents embrace a life of transience and renovation to better deal with the constant change in neighborhoods. Given the frequent loss in domiciles, it is the most practical approach to take and one which mirrors the cyclical nature of life in Janus.

The ephemeral nature of Janus does not only apply to its neighborhoods. As neighborhoods disappear, people's memories also tend to go along with them. As a result, a swath of practices have emerged in order to hold onto what little people remember of past neighborhoods. From lore keepers residing in ancient libraries and witch covens selling street food to catacomb perusers and wandering musicians recreating old songs, everyone is doing their best to hold onto the past.

Given the fleeting nature of living spaces, one might believe permanence is an unlikely thing to find in Janus. And, to an extent, that is very much the case. Oftentimes creatures of the night become attracted to places where large numbers of people congregate, as if attracted by life itself. People in turn avoid being grouped up too often for fear of being picked off. Nevertheless, residents try to create what semblance of normality that they can. Livestock is raised and sold in passing, flower beds grow wherever people plant them, and community resources emerge when possible.

Life and death, memory and loss. The district always reflects its rumored beginnings as the deathbed of the phoenix who gave its life. Pray if you visit the district that you know whether you seek to find your end or your new beginning. Otherwise, the district will decide.

FACTIONS AND NPCs

ALISHA IMAM: A local mercenary and medusa working among the catacomb explorers of Delver's Row and skilled in dual-wielding sabers. She often hides her tell-tale snake hair behind a cloak and hood. Not for fear of petrifying anyone but for fear of being pestered about them.

LAKSHMI VERACEA: She currently serves as a visiting scholar to the Hall as a guest from the nearby Orchard district. A wise yet often tired tactician, she has mentored Slayers for over 40 years in matters of combat despite not being a fighter herself.

MAHDIA THE GUNSLINGER: A veteran Slayer working to support the musicians of Buskers Lane. Occasionally working alongside their (ex) partner Alisha, their serious, steadfast belief in the good of others has won them the good will of many a Janus musician.

NEIDY ORELLANA: She presides over the local swap meets as a resident tourist guide. Equal parts witch and baker, she offers delicious meals to newcomers and dispenses rumors just as easily.

THE GUILD OF SHADOWS: They operate as the longest established Slayers Guild in Janus. Headed by Mara The First Shade, its members specialize in stealth weaponry & surprise attacks.

THE SCHOLARS OF DISAPPEARANCE: They manage all historical materials concerning Janus at the Hall of Remembrance. Many will give a helping hand to Slayers willing to help other district residents.

RUMORS

- Some members of the local catacomb delvers have discovered bones with a birdlike appearance that feel warm to the touch. Each person exposed to the bones has experienced visions of various generations of someone who once lived in Janus. Local prank or perhaps remains of the phoenix who gave birth to the city?
- Recently, some of the musicians from Buskers Lane have been sharing reports of monsters dancing in an almost human fashion to their songs. At the same hour every night, a group of hairy, shadowy creatures appear to coordinate their movements and gesture towards an abandoned home of a once venerated musician. Just an exaggerated tale shared over drinks or is there something more to it?
- A few new neighborhoods have popped up recently whose designs have a striking parallel to the emotions experienced by children in neighboring communities. More worryingly, the more unpleasant the children feel over time, the more decayed the neighborhoods become. A coincidence or is there something more to the story?



fter The Chorus Wars, Huliu refugees built this district from shacks little more than a generation ago to a sprawling arcade of flickering neon lights, seductive steam, and bustling opportunity — not that the construction ever stops anyhow. Most outsiders come to the Little Khói to experience the tourist areas around the edges of the district to try "authentic" Huliu cuisine, hear stories of faraway places, and experience cultural celebrations. Others come to run canning, tactile, and manufacturing factories exploiting the low Huliu for cheap labor and rent. Most locals live in overpacked apartments, several generations to a room. They serve as labor in neighboring districts or the factories within their own. Monsters in Little Khói are not unheard of, but are on the lower side of the scale. That's not to say there isn't work for wanting Slayers in Little Khói. As the old adage goes, a monstrous heart is as dangerous as paw, claw, or maw...



A banquet hall-style restaurant that serves as unspoken neutral ground between the Dao Phay and Luoi. Not out of fear of the proprietorship, no. The food is simply too good to consider putting at risk. Try the house special squid, it's to die for. Some have.

FLOATING MARKET

Space is a commodity in Little Khói. The market rose to meet that demand and can be found up in the sky above: small rafts of sundries floating from paper lantern dirigibles. Freshest groceries outside the agricultural districts. It's all a bit bruised and spotted but it's as good as that which ends up on the noble's plates.

THE BACK MARKET

Not a specific location but more a network of backrooms, attics, and private offices. If you know the right words and have the right stock to trade, a black market of Huliu-crafted magical items is secreted away waiting for the right price. Mostly criticized by outsiders, they make up the bulk of customers.

THE RIVER LONG

Like an artery the river is life for Little Khoi. Bisecting the district it serves as thoroughfare, social space, public resource, and so much more. At the furthest western bend bleeding over from the neighboring district The Wharf are factories, fisheries, and commercial ports of call mostly owned by powers without the district where most locals find work despite poor conditions.

THE 6'S COURT

Everyone in Little Khói knows how to play 6's. Knock the ball over the nets suspended over the river. Formal disputes (those not chopped up with sharps in alleys anyway) are often settled here. When the Associations have a go though, medics can look forward to some overtime if the morticians aren't lucky.

The perpetual dusk as a result of the wharf factories' smoke, humid heat from the river, steam, and tight crossways, and colorful neon of all the signage make for quite the romantic atmosphere. Tourists are often awed by the "exotic" caricaturesque architecture of the outer district, designed to take advantage of outsiders' ignorance and market the district to those looking for foreign flair without the need for luggage. The outer district of Little Khói is more theme-park than actual home.

Center-piecing the outer district is LK's famous Floating Market. Towering some dozens of stories above the river the hundreds of boats pierce into a sky cleared of the districts otherwise all encompassing smog via intricate magitech satellites. Suspended by paper lantern fashioned dirigibles each boat is a storefront carrying a sundry of traditional Hiuliu crafts, fresh local produce & river catch, and theaters of entertainment even on the larger galleys further up.

Deeper into Little Khói, streets become narrower and layered with scaffolding and plank walkways climbing up the cramped alleys between overcrowded apartment buildings and blustering factories. These tight channels open up large open public spaces like the botanical garden, fair square, or the banks of the river leading to The Wharfs District. Said river bisects the district and serves as the heart of community. An expressway for fishing boats that subcontract out to The Wharf and arks of cargo from factories to their retailers in the bazaar and other districts.

Eating here, outside the tourist traps, can be a bit tricky if you don't know what you're doing. The dishes are some of the most aromatic and beautiful you've ever had, but alone they might be missing something. Try eating the way the locals do: adding condiments. For the Huliu, the condiments are everything!

Huliu, save for those especially young or contrarian, speak to each other in Huliu. Don't be concerned, all Huliu understand and talk city-speak. An artifact of unwelcome masters past and the war.

FACTIONS AND NPCs

THE DAO PHAY ASSOCIATION: Hard to miss in their traditional dress of wide wound turbans and knee length slit tunics concealing their signature cleavers, tools and mementos of their roots as fishmongers and butchers. The Dao Phay is a neighborhood association focused on keeping Little Khói safe. To them, that means they keep a low profile and friendly face, particularly to outsiders. They have a soft touch, but don't be fooled—the Dao Phay haven't lost what the war taught them.

THE LUOI ASSOCIATION: An association trying to uplift the district through any means possible. Dressed in trendy suits, they'll run any angle as long as it nets a profit which they invest back into their loyal properties. Anyone that gets in their way ends up tangled ashore a few weeks later.

QUÝNH NGOC: The head of The Dao Phay. Fond of a stroll, she's often seen throughout the district and while you won't see her guards, they already see you. The clacking of her cane clocks her approach before anything else, though it's simply an affectation.

KHÁNH MÝ: The Luoi gofer. Super friendly kid! Dies horribly every night. Wakes up next morning like nothing happened. Last night it was a gondola — crashed right smack on top of 'im just as he stepped out Grandma's after last call. Before that a ghoul in an alley just around the corner just before he could finish a delivery. Remembers it all, just doesn't seem particularly bothered by it, besides the wardrobe costs.

QUYÊN "Q" BÌNH: a second-gen Huliu and a first-gen cop who gets flak from all sides. Too easy on the locals to his colleagues and too disloyal to the community to locals. Always first on the scene, he'll always strive to be fair but never will be afraid to call out anyone. Where the Slayers' make a fracas Q is sure to be on their way with plenty of questions.

RUMORS

Some local kids boosted a shipment of experimental magichems imbuing unseen magical abilities like teleportation, self-duplication, intangibility and more from The Wharf and now Municipal Police and Bazaar Philosophers are tearing up the town looking for it. If it keeps up the Associations are going to have to step in and that'll be outright war in the district.

The cannery workers are unionizing, and there's an impending strike. Lots of ignominious Slayers walking out of bosses' offices with heavy purses. Unchallenged, those workers are in for a fight they're nowhere ready for and those Slayers turned mercenaries will dust what little trust Slayers have in this and most other districts around.

Radical Cyclists & Inquisitors who burned down a Huliu folk shrine were found mauled up and down the bank of the river. Since, two newly built marble guardian lion statues stand on the site of the shrine with bloody paws and maws. Crowds gather and offer gifts and litanies at their feet. Cyclists & Inquisitors are demanding justice, at the verge of forming mobs.



\(\) n artificial sun hanging in the cavernous roof. Worn stone and curving metal covered in flowering vines. Busy suspended walkways over a dense underground forest, its roots digging down into winding tunnels and caves. The Orchard is one of the oldest districts in the City, an underground repository for information on monsters, flora, history, and the nature of the place itself. Founded when explorers first stumbled into a cavern holding one of its numerous overgrown stone spires, it has since greatly expanded, gathering scholars, Slayers, and enterprising minds to build on the information its founders first uncovered.

That first spire held knowledge lost to time, from before the City became what it is today: ancient fables, the origins of monsters, and the tools needed to make life flourish even in barren wastes. More were slowly uncovered, and generations of research and discovery have given way to communities of knowledge-seekers, of storytellers, of innovators, of explorers, of healers, taking what has been learned and using it not to just survive, but thrive here and elsewhere in the City. As such, the Orchard has developed a reputation as a place of respite as well as learning, attracting visitors in need of rest, rare artifacts, or information from one of the district's scholarly factions. These factions—the Archivists, Tracers, Gardeners, and Intoners—each hold their own ideals on how the spires' contents should be used, and though they at times conflict, each ultimately aims to better their world.



THE AMPHITHEATER

This huge, often-crowded meeting place near the heart of the Orchard acts as a neutral territory by the Orchard's factions, and a resting area for visiting Slayers and scholars. Its stone stages and ornate, curving wooden walls act as spaces for public debate, dance, or reenactment of stories recovered from the spires.

THE WILDWOOD

Beneath the well-traveled hanging walkways of the Orchard lies the bulk of the district's area. Dense wooded canopies block out much of the artificial light from above, and mazelike tunnels to excavated Spires mark the surrounding stone. Well-prepared scholars often wander here, but monsters too lurk in the caves and underbrush.

DAWNWALK

The commerce hub of the district, named for the artificial sun's path that its road follows. Its stone walkway is bordered by buildings and trees that fill the gaps between them, and lined with the wares of cartographers, relicsmiths, and tinkerers, hoping to ply their trade to those with an eye for the unique.

THE PUNJE

The heart of the Orchard, an ancient-yet-pristine sandstone vault said to hold the very first spires and knowledge of their creator, deep beneath the City. What little is known about its whereabouts has become local legend, and without the Pharos, an artifact not seen for ages save for its keeper, reaching it safely is apparently all but impossible.

TRAVEL GUIDE

Spinning black crystal spheres hover over towering sandstone spires that dot the landscape. Elevated walkways above, verdant outgrowth below, and labyrinthine tunnels between. The Orchard is a scholar's paradise, and Slayers come from all walks to gain insight before dangerous hunts.

Though it is frequented by many visitors, those who call the Orchard home use their wealth of knowledge to the fullest. Despite the whole of this district being underground, its artificial daylight and solar-powered artifacts make it a bright oasis amidst the grimness of the City. Explorers and scholars explore the winding tunnels to uncover new spires and stake out territory for the Orchard's competing factions, while merchants and artificers create and sell advanced equipment and tools that catch curious eyes. Inns and rest stops are scattered throughout the district's upper layers, where Slayers can get some much needed rest and revelry before diving into the Orchard's archives.

Inspired by native greenery and the remnants of ancient architecture, the Orchard has an organic feel. Buildings and solar-paneled walkways curve and connect together to make the most of the artificial sun, while its groves and gardens sprout from their worn stone bases. It can all be a little overwhelming to newcomers, but with the right guide, you'll find your way in no time—as long as you avoid entering the Wildwood alone.

When you reach the Orchard, grab some food from a street vendor and listen to the crowd. You never know what you might learn.

FACTIONS AND NPCs

THE INTONERS revere the knowledge of the spires as near-divine, denoted by the glyph-covered masks that cover their faces, save for their mouths. They only communicate in song, but those who listen to their chorus may learn more than they expect.

THE TRACERS believe that knowledge is best shared with every motion of the body, inscribing their glyphs in tattoos along their hands, arms, and legs. Their debates are carried out through dance, ideally observed from a safe distance.

THE GARDENERS are preservationists and conservationists at the Orchard, maintaining the structures from their base up and protecting inhabitants from the creatures of the district with their glyph-marked staves.

THE ARCHIVISTS are information collectors and brokers that travel in secret throughout the City with the aid of their strange black chalk, channeling magic into their drawn glyphs. The Archivists always seem to have an answer to your questions, for the right price. They don't seem to have a leader, yet remain unnervingly organized, always listening.

TISAN is an explorer local to the Orchard, dedicated to mapping the lower layers of the district. Eccentric, talkative and at times reckless, their thirst for knowledge and wealth of strange artifacts make them rather popular. A recent expedition to a once sealed-off cavern uncovered a strange spherical device made of interlocking rings and complex gearworks, seemingly meant to connect to something else. Now Tisan's current obsession, they have put out a call to anyone willing to help find more about this device, offering hefty rewards in exchange.

KHADIJA is the eldest scholar in the Orchard. She's seen more things than most others still living, but her memory has started to slip. In her last years, she has been trying to finish unraveling the first and oldest inscription she ever discovered. She recognizes at least one of the PCs as matching the description of a pivotal role in the prophecy it holds, and seeks to deliver them that prophecy to see it through.

RUMORS

- Word of the Pharos resurfacing has weaved its way through the eaves. Does the keeper carry a message from their long travels? Has the Pharos chosen someone new to carry it? Is their sudden arrival a sign of something dire on the horizon?
- A sphere has shattered and its information lost. In the weeks that followed, there have been reports of streams of words whispered in the back of peoples' minds during the day, skills suddenly gained or lost, and nightmarish recollections of someone else's memories at night. Recently, people have gone missing, turning up with glyphs drawn over their wounds...
- ➤ The beasts of the Orchard, chimera-like creatures that stalk and hunt where the artificial sun can't reach, keep mostly to the dense forest of the Wildwood, away from busy and crowded areas. The Gardeners have noticed that they have been acting strange as of late, becoming more aggressive, appearing in settlements, and acting in concert with each other. What is the cause of this change in behavior? Is it just the activity above the forest, or is something forcing their action?



he Third Inochian was old when the city was young. Some say it's the last remnants of the city that came before, built by the creatures that crawled through the mud while humans were still figuring out sticks and fire. It does not feel fit for humans — the Third Inochian is dominated by brutalist alien structures carved from stones now worn down by wind and sea, with houses and apartments awkwardly lashed to their sides. Between each structure are winding mud-mired streets, wooden planks used to construct the stairs and bridges that wind through the misty shallow waters beneath the oppressive architecture.



NEW SILUR APARTMENT COMPLEX

The residential hub of the Third Inochian is a series of small apartment structures that completely cover the largest of the stone cubes. It is in a perpetual state of continuation and construction, with the oldest apartments built over to make way for the new—the housing is too cheap and shoddy for long-term use.

THE ORDOVIC CIRCUIT

A ring of paths through the district, marked by smeared petroglyphs along the walls, used for illicit races. Ordov racers ride giant trilobites (horseshoe crabs) that swim through the air, and carry long hooked poles that they use to unseat other riders. They play dirty.

MONGER'S ALLEY

A muddy market winding through a stone canyon, where fishermen hawk strange sea creatures that haven't been seen outside fossil records. It is notoriously corrupt, and controlled by a shifting web of criminal organizations who are often from outside the district itself.

THE LABYRINTH

Beneath the megastructures is a maze of passages and tunnels, some far too large for humans while others are too small. It is incredibly dangerous to live down here, but all sorts of creatures have made their home in these catacombs, including monsters, rogue Slayers, and cults to dead gods.

THE NEEDLE SEA

Towards the northern portion of the Third Inochian, the giant structures are so worn away by time that they've become thin needle-like obelisks, and the water has become like a shallow sea — one could wade through the water if they tried. Fishermen use flat wide boats to float along and catch Cambrian-era bugs for the market.

THETA-2 WEATHER STATION

Out at the very center of the Needle Sea is a windmill-like building precariously balanced on top of one of the stone obelisks, operated by scientists from the Orchard Academy. While they will claim to be only studying the weather, they are actually involved in scientific experiments ranging from studying the history of The City, to monitoring for arcano-seismological disturbances, to rumors of kidnapping and vivisections.

TRAVEL GUIDE

The Third Inochian is the sort of place where people only live there because they've always lived there, and it's too expensive to move anywhere else. There is an incredible emphasis on the enormity of time here — families might have spent 20 generations or more living in the same miserable hut balanced in a crevice of a stone arch so old that its sharp edges have been rounded by millennia of wind and rain.

Whenever possible, the Third Inochian will remind you of its impossible dimensions. The gutters between mega-structures are large enough for markets and apartment complexes, although that was never its intention. The mega-structures vary wildly in design, from the familiar cubes and labyrinths, to knotted spirals, churning knots of glass, and precariously-balanced pillars. The only common truth is that none of the structures are stairs — we can presume that whatever lived here before us had no use for them.

The Third Inochian is an incredibly poor district, and many forces conspire to keep it that way. While no one governing body watches over the Third, various criminal and official forces use the Third Inochian as a hiding spot. Outsiders are distrusted by residents, who will often assume they are a criminal hiding from outside forces, and the inhabitants of the Third Inochian never ask questions. Despite that, there is a culture of what they call "Silent Gifts", where Inochians will leave small presents for new arrivals, or perform secret acts of charity without acknowledging what they're doing.

Inochian food is eclectic — so many generations of refugees have arrived over the centuries that every family has a completely different relationship with food. Imports are expensive, and grains are especially valued by Inochians. One common foodstuff created by fishermen is called Orosi, a bowl of algae, seaweed, and raw fish or crustacean. Inochian mages, dismissively nicknamed Orosi themselves after their preferred method of divination, are said to be able to see the future through the guts of isopods.

FACTIONS AND NPCs

FATHER TONNE is the patriarch of the Tonne Family and controls Monger's Alley. Many in the Old District owe debts to the Tonne Family, and many of those debts have been inherited down the generations — the Tonnes are happy to wait for hundreds of years, but they'll get their payment eventually.

THE OLD GUILD is the de facto administrative body of the Third Inochian, and while they have no legal or legislative desire, they are responsible for the infrastructure and construction that the Old District has. While the Old Guild prefers not to intervene in the affairs of the district, they do technically have a standing army — although they're something of a shoddy bunch.

THE CHILDREN OF JOY are the most widespread of the Inochian Mystery Cults that dwell beneath the district, who use hallucinogenic fungi that grow deep beneath the earth to observe the supposed hidden artwork painted along the surfaces of the megastructures. They are among the few who will talk to and guide outsiders, and can be spotted by their pink-stained lips.

DR. SEBASTIAN STATHER is the assistant researcher at the Theta-2 Weather Station, and while xyr boss Dr. Rhys is known for being uptight and cold, Dr. Stather xemself is friendly to guests and happy to welcome Slayers.

RUMORS

- 🍼 A masked racer riding a white trilobite has been dominating the Ordovic Circuit. They have been gathering popular support among the residents of the Third, but some suspect they are a rogue Slayer—or even a rogue mage with knowledge of the original inhabitants of the district. Are they a potential ally, or are they here for more nefarious reasons?
- A massive whale-like creature has washed up on the shores of the Needle Sea. It is unlike anything seen for thousands of years, and it has sparked conflicts between the Tonne Family (who wish to sell its fat for tallow) and the scientists at the Weather Station. Is this a chance to make a profit, and where did the creature even come from?
- The Children of Joy are said to have constructed a horrific shrine to their unspeakable god deep inside the labyrinth, and some say the Old Guild is planning to intervene. An all-out war would be devastating for the Old District, but could a group of Slavers solve the problem before it escalates?



et lost in the mesmerizing movement of Vikara Jagat, a vibrant, bustling town alight with diyas; but its most eye-catching feature is the shifting, interlocking architecture. Residents navigate the district by manipulating the architecture to create pathways, sometimes changing the structure of entire neighborhoods. If the unpredictable galis don't throw you off, the plethora of monsters roaming around might. All are welcome in the district, human and monster alike. With hunting at a minimum in Vikara Jagat, Slayers are called here when monster encounters are catastrophic or when the residents are setting their sights at each other. The community is overshadowed by two powerful, clashing guilds: The 29th Naksatra and the Watchful Eye. They regulate the way the community functions; while keeping anti-guild units, groups of residents trying to disrupt the power of the guilds, at bay.



CHAI BAZAAR

Get a hot, spicy cup of chai, perfectly tailored for you. Information seekers always get the details they need here, whether or not it's what they asked for. If you can convince the owners to let you up to the top of the Chai Bazaar, you have the most amazing view of the district. The chaos of the ground-level makes sense when you get a different perspective.

RAAT KA NASHA BAR

A winery and motorbike repair shop. Your boozy grandma's kitchen and detective agency. A bed and breakfast and a bottle service discotheque. An intersection of the unexpected, every time you go there it's a different establishment. The board outside shows the betting pool of tomorrow's bar.

UNSEEN HOTEL

One of the oldest locations in Vikara Jagat is this traveling hotel. It's constantly moving so expect to wake up somewhere different than where you went to bed.

MONSTER MARKET

Monsters trade magical wares and crafts, made with their fur, feathers, essence, and magic. Instead of paying with money or items, humans trade their emotions, secrets, and memories. Some residents work here as translators or liaisons.

TRAVEL GUIDE

Vikara Jagat is a fast-moving community, in a blink of an eye the scene can change. The residents use magic to physically shift their city. They may trade for information on best routes for the day or you can go on an official 29th Naksatra tour where they will show you the official routes of the district. You can try your hand at moving the buildings yourself (temporarily!) but be wary of disrupting the flow. Sometimes the best way to figure out where to go is to sneak into where you aren't supposed to. Get lost in Vikara Jagat and learn to listen to the town like the residents do.

Magic flows through the district and its people with the strength of a coursing river. Rites and rituals based in superstition are used to invoke magic and are practiced plainly for all to see. As certain superstitions fade out of favor, the magic based on it fades as well, replaced by new superstitions as the culture of the district shifts and the market demands.

Since the alliance between the human and monster residents of Vikara Jagat, monsters of all forms live in the district; some collectively in neighborhoods together, others have settled in as parts of the district's atmosphere or live alongside human residents. Humans and cryptids have learned to use each other's unique abilities to their mutual benefit. Years ago, gorgons turned an overpopulation of bacteria and mold into fortifying structures for buildings. Understanding the importance of inviting welcomes, vampires have dominated the hospitality business. Those who leave Vikara Jagat immediately miss the freedom afforded here. Good-natured monsters have as little to fear in Vikara Jagat as any good-natured human.

FACTIONS AND NPCs

29TH NAKSATRA: The most powerful guild in Vikara Jagat. The 29th Naksatra control official communication with the world outside the district. They regulate the culture and business of the district to market it to outsiders. The 29th Naksatra guides any out-of-town Slayer to the finer points of Vikara Jagat customs, providing visitors with anything they would need during their stay at their pop-up shops.

THE WATCHFUL EYE: A shadowy guild that tracks residents' magic use, to gain influence over superstition magic. When entering the Watchful Eye's domain, you'll feel eyes burning into your back. If you look carefully in the markets, you'll see their Evil Eyes manipulating the strength of superstitions by placing and removing omens throughout the district. Tread cautiously; cross one of their Evil Eyes and your beliefs may no longer be your own. Using their brand of magic to warp the environment until you believe what The Watchful Eye wants you to believe.

MONSTER SATHI: A new research group amassing influence in Vikara Jagat. They study the monsters; protecting them and representing their interests with the other guilds. The group is researching monsters' innate magic in order to develop their own style of magic that does not rely on superstitions.

BA: One of the best informants in town. Her memory is sharp as a tack, she knows everyone who lives there and has plenty of stories to share. She gives guidance on which superstitions will lead to your success; refuse Ba's advice and you'll find yourself entirely out of luck for any missions here. She works the Bazaar every second Thursday.

RUMORS

- Someone's purposely agitating the monsters that work with the 29th Naksatra. The 29th Naksatra believes the attacks are Slayers trying to drum up business in the area. A contact in the Chai Bazaar has information that it's an inside job meant to lure Slayers to either harness their power or eliminate them.
- The Guilds recruit powerful mages by choice or by force, being indoctrinated to follow the Guilds' orders without question. Some residents have created underground networks to rescue unwilling guild members, using the movement of the district to keep these mages hidden.
- The 29th Nakstara and the Watchful Eye have created a joint Guild taskforce to hunt down black market cartographers, The Rooks, who are pressing in on their proprietary routes and quarters. Some of the Rooks are hiding in the Unseen Hotel, looking for help to obtain the taskforce's blueprints and plans.

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