

## **Broad Regions and Political Entities in Eastern Quendir:**

The year is 1081 Post Divine War, or PDW, the great cataclysm that marked the start of the Third Age. We find ourselves in the Eastern portion of the continent of Quendir.

On the eastern coast, there are the distinct but increasingly cooperative cities of the Free Coast, merchant republics which trade with nearly every other port in the world, but most especially with the Northern Kingdoms of the continent of Ephar across the sea.

East of the Free Coast, covering the majority of Eastern Quendir, are the Flame-Licked Plains, home to nomadic tribes that migrate according to the movement of the natural wildfires that burn in the region. Such tribes exist in various sizes, from just a few shepherd families to great warhosts, and tend to practice some combination of animal husbandry, trade, raiding, and more. Whatever the case, it's people connecting just about any region with the other

To the south-west lies Waterdeep, the City of Splendor, the largest and greatest city in the world, ruled by the Waterdhavian noble families. Waterdeep is full of wonders and peoples of all kinds; it is a center for trade, culture and art, learning, and more.

To northwest of the Flame-Licked Plains sits the Kingdom of Eischell, one of few "kingdoms" on the eastern side of Quendir. It is relatively young, with most of the petty rulers of Eischell having united some 150 years ago, south of the frozen wastes of Asmilia. It's currently ruled by King Iagnni Yondir, and is currently in the process of settling/conquering some of the northeastern regions of the Flame-Licked Plains, causing all manner of tension among its disparate tribes.

In the sea to the south is the Camerwind Archipelago, a collection of islands home to many of strange beasts and pirate enclaves, which make sailing along the southern coast a difficult endeavor.

Further still to the east is the great desert of Drath'Azerak, and the kingdoms in and beyond it. Created in a terrible campaign of the Divine War, the desert hides a great deal of pre-Conjunction magic beneath its shifting dunes that many are eager to claim.

## **Recent History, and our start:**

In the two decades, the region also saw the last of what are now known as the "Balay Anchin Wars." For centuries in Quendir, a special kind of alchemical hemomancy was used to create Balay Anchin, mutated warriors that could reliably contend with threats from monsters. Over time, however, Balay Anchin played an increasingly large role in other kinds of violence, serving as mercenaries, soldiers in wars, and more, resulting in an incredible amount of bloodshed in both military and civilian populations communities across Quendir. Ultimately, *most* of those with the knowledge and resources to produce Balay Anchin agreed to cease and destroy their laboratories, and the independent Balay Anchin fortresses scattered across the continent were destroyed. Not all Balay Anchin are bloodthirsty warmongers, but it's certain that a prejudice still exists against those that still exist today.

We will start in the south-eastern corner of the Flame-Licked Plains, at the court of Khaton Bartan, the niece of the previous Khaton and current leader of one of the two most powerful nomadic clans in the area, during a festival celebrating the god Farham, the Quendiri interpretation of the Stormlord.

Though a celebration, there is quite a bit of important business going on as well, not the least of which is that Dolfan Aradew, the prodigal son of one of the most prominent merchant

families in the Free City of Doptol, is here to negotiate a deal for the safe passage of trade caravans with Khaton Bartan.