

The World

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World Map

Continent-ashendor.jpg

Ambers Call

Ambers Call.webp

Amber's Call, once a thriving dwarven fortress, stands as a frozen monument to the resilience and ambition of its people. Carved into the towering mountains of Borea, it was once the jewel of dwarven craftsmanship, a city where hammers rang through the great halls and forges glowed with molten fire.

Amber's Call was more than just a city; it was the heart of dwarven civilization in the east, a place of unyielding strength and untapped riches. Now, it lies in ruin, overtaken by ice and snow, its once-great walls cracked and weathered by the relentless passage of time and the dark forces that claimed it.

The glow of its famed amber spire has long since dimmed, a shadow of its former grandeur. But even in its desolation, the dwarves remember, and their legacy endures, scattered across Borea, as they hold onto the hope that one day they will return to reclaim their lost home.

Avenstoff

Avenstoff.webp

Avenstoff, a bustling and picturesque town nestled near the grand human capital of Tyralia. Known for its harmonious blend of human and elven cultures, Avenstoff serves as a vibrant hub of trade and commerce. Its cobbled streets and half-timbered houses surround a majestic central marketplace where merchants from across the lands gather to exchange goods.

The town thrives on the peaceful coexistence of its diverse inhabitants and is a meeting point for travelers, traders, and scholars alike. With its rich history and unique architecture, Avenstoff stands as a symbol of cooperation and prosperity between humans and elves.

Bottomway

Bottomway.webp

Bottomway is a quaint and humble farming town nestled in the fertile plains, where life moves at a slower, simpler pace. Known for its vast fields of golden wheat and thriving vegetable gardens, the town is not grand or remarkable in any way, yet it possesses a charm all its own. The air in Bottomway is always filled with the comforting scent of freshly baked bread, pies cooling on windowsills, and stews simmering over hearth fires.

The townsfolk are friendly, their lives revolving around the rhythm of the seasons, the harvests, and the warmth of home-cooked meals. Travelers passing through often comment on the sweet, welcoming aroma that seems to greet them at every corner, making Bottomway a pleasant, though unassuming, stop on their journeys.

Castle Black

Castle Black.webp

Castle Black, a formidable stronghold born from the historic alliance between humans and elves, stands as a sentinel over the northwest, its high towers and imposing walls a symbol of vigilance. Constructed to be the sister fortress to Rivermount, which guards the northern regions, Castle Black is both a military bastion and a home to the brave soldiers who dedicate their lives to protecting the realm. Perched beside the ocean, the castle overlooks the rugged coastline, its battlements constantly bracing against the fierce winds that blow in from the sea.

Within its stone walls, the atmosphere is one of discipline and readiness, with soldiers from all races honing their skills and forging bonds that strengthen the alliance. While not a place of grand politics or luxury, Castle Black is vital to the defense of the region, its presence a constant reminder of the unity between humans and elves in the face of common threats.

East Trade

Easttrade.webp

East Trade, the second largest city of the human kingdoms, is a magnificent hub of trade, diplomacy, and cultural exchange. Nestled along the wide, shimmering river that flows directly into the open sea, East Trade is perfectly positioned to serve as a gateway between the lands of men and the far-reaching realms of other races. Merchant ships from every corner of the world dock in its busy harbors, their sails filled with the winds of opportunity, bringing exotic goods and rare treasures.

The city's architecture reflects its prosperity: towering spires and fortified walls surround bustling marketplaces, where traders and diplomats from across the world gather. Within the city's great meeting halls, humans, elves, dwarves, and many others negotiate alliances and forge treaties that keep the peace and maintain the delicate balance of power. East Trade's influence stretches far beyond its walls, its name known in distant kingdoms for its role as a neutral ground where even ancient rivals can find common cause.

The heart of East Trade is its docks, where the steady rhythm of trade is felt in every stone. Workers load and unload goods from far-flung lands, while merchants haggle over prices in markets filled with silks, spices, precious gems, and crafted wonders. The city is alive with a constant hum of activity, and its streets are lined with inns, taverns, and shops that cater to travelers and residents alike. Beyond its economic importance, East Trade is also a center for diplomacy. Great halls, like the Guilded Assembly, are where ambassadors gather to discuss treaties and trade pacts, while the Grand Exchange is where deals are made that can shape the future of kingdoms.

The city's reputation as a place where agreements are honored and disputes settled has made it a beacon of stability. East Trade stands as a symbol of human ingenuity and the power of unity between races. Its position as a vital link between the various peoples of the world ensures its continued prominence as a city of prosperity, peace, and endless possibility.

Embersail

Embersail.webp

Embersail, a city born from the combined efforts of dwarves and humans, stands proudly by the ocean as a gateway to the southern regions of Aedelore. Originally built to strengthen the connection between the northern kingdoms and the distant lands across the sea, it has grown into a thriving hub of opportunity and renewal.

The city's bustling harbor is constantly alive with the comings and goings of ships, their sails fluttering in the salty breeze as they carry goods, travelers, and new hope to those in search of a fresh start. What sets Embersail apart is its population—comprised mainly of retired soldiers, seasoned adventurers, and people seeking to escape the burdens of their past. Here, amidst the cozy homes and the constant hum of commerce, they find the chance to begin again. The city's streets echo with the stories of those who have left their former lives behind, and its taverns are filled with laughter, shared over mugs of ale by those who have found new purpose.

The influence of both human and dwarven craftsmanship is evident in Embersail's architecture. Stone buildings rise from the cobbled streets, their sturdy walls standing as a testament to the cooperation between the two races. The dwarven influence can be seen in the intricate stonework of the harbor fortifications, while the human touch brings warmth and liveliness to the town's many bustling markets and workshops. Though it may not have the grandeur of larger cities, Embersail thrives as a place of new beginnings. Its harbors, always open to ships from near and far, are symbolic of the endless possibilities that await those who arrive, seeking a new life in the shadow of the sea's boundless horizon.

Feldale

Feldale.webp

Feldale, a secluded and enigmatic settlement built by the mysterious Moon Elves, is one of the rare few known to exist in the hidden depths of the ancient forest. Nestled high in the trees, the village is a marvel of delicate wooden architecture, with homes and structures seamlessly woven into the towering branches of the forest canopy. Connected by suspended walkways and illuminated by soft, ethereal light, Feldale feels like a place untouched by time, suspended between the natural and the magical. Few outsiders ever set foot in Feldale, and fewer still know its true origins.

The Moon Elves guard their secrets closely, and the deep, untamed forest surrounding the settlement is filled with untold mysteries that seem to ward off those who do not belong. Whispers of ancient magic, hidden paths, and long-forgotten rituals surround the village, and it is said that the very trees themselves guard Feldale's secrets. To those who stumble upon it, Feldale is both a wonder and a mystery, a place where the boundaries between the natural world and the mystical are blurred. Though its beauty is undeniable, the village remains shrouded in a sense of isolation, its secrets known only to the Moon Elves who call it home.

Filax

Filax.webp

Filax, a small and isolated settlement, was built by outcasts from the grand city of Tyralia. From a distance, it appears almost abandoned, a simple collection of thatched-roof houses huddled within the safety of a wooden palisade. Its humble appearance gives little away, and travelers passing through may think it to be little more than an empty village, forgotten by time and progress. But those who stay long enough or look closely may begin to notice the subtleties that suggest more than meets the eye. Hidden pathways, curious movements at the edge of sight, and whispered rumors hint that Filax is more than a mere refuge for outcasts.

Some say the villagers here have mastered the art of living in the shadows, with hidden tunnels and secret gathering places woven into the very fabric of the town. The village's secrets, if revealed, may tell tales of forgotten magic, lost histories, or a community thriving in ways the rest of the world would never suspect. Though Filax may seem unremarkable at first glance, its true nature lies beneath the surface, known only to those who have chosen to call it home. Its hidden heart beats quietly, protecting its mysteries from prying eyes.

Finnstown

Finnstown.webp

Finnstown, a town devoted to the teachings of the Light, is a place where the righteous of all races come together in harmony. Nestled within its cobbled streets and diverse architecture, you'll find a community of dwarves, halflings, elves, and humans, all living side by side in peace and respect. The town's buildings reflect this beautiful blend of cultures, with sturdy dwarven stonework, graceful elven designs, and the humble, warm homes of halflings and humans. At the heart of Finnstown is a grand square, centered around a fountain that symbolizes the purity of the Light. It's a place of gathering, where merchants sell their goods and locals offer warm welcomes to visitors.

The atmosphere is always one of kindness and hospitality, but there is an underlying reverence for the town's spiritual values. Finnstown's residents are devout followers of the Light, and the town is a place where integrity, respect, and good behavior are held in high regard. Though the people of Finnstown are welcoming, visitors are expected to adhere to the town's moral code. It's not uncommon to hear teachings of the Light spoken in the streets or see a priest offering guidance to those seeking wisdom. Finnstown is a beacon of righteousness, where the spirit of unity and faith shines brightly, and those who follow the path of the Light are always welcome.

Fort Salinax

Fort Salinax.webp

Fort Salinax, an ancient fortress built by the long-forgotten civilizations of Aedelore, stands as an enduring bulwark against the ever-present threats of orc and troll invasions from the distant, wild lands. Isolated on a rocky island, far from the mainland, the fort's towering walls have weathered countless storms and sieges, a testament to the skill of the ancients who raised it. Only the bravest souls call Fort Salinax home, its garrison consisting of warriors who have dedicated their lives to defending the realm from the savage forces that lurk beyond the horizon. Life within the fortress is austere and disciplined, with every soldier and inhabitant sworn to the teachings of Tanin'iver, the dragon god of water.

His presence is woven into the very fabric of Fort Salinax, from the intricate carvings of his likeness upon the walls to the banners and shields that bear his sacred symbol, a dragon entwined with flowing waves. The fort's inhabitants believe that Tanin'iver watches over them, his power flowing through the surrounding seas, guiding them in battle and granting them the strength to protect the realm. The island's docks, though modest, are crucial to the fort's survival, as they connect it to the mainland through supply ships that brave the treacherous waters.

Fort Salinax is more than just a military stronghold—it is a symbol of unwavering devotion and resilience, a place where only the boldest warriors gather to stand against the tide of darkness. The soldiers and residents of Fort Salinax live with a deep sense of purpose, their lives guided by the dragon god's teachings of loyalty, strength, and protection. Here, in this ancient stronghold, they keep eternal vigil, prepared for whatever threats may rise from the sea or the wild lands beyond.

Halfhill

Halfhill.webp

Halfhill, a town originally built by humans, was graciously given to the dwarves in a time of great need, solidifying a bond between the two races that has endured through generations. Today, Halfhill thrives as a medium-sized farming community, where the dwarves have made the land their own while still honoring the town's human origins. The fields surrounding the town are meticulously tended, producing abundant crops that sustain the town and support trade with nearby settlements.

The people of Halfhill are devout followers of The Stone's Heart, the dwarven religion that venerates the enduring strength and wisdom of the earth. At the center of the town stands a grand clock tower, a symbol of unity between the human and dwarven craftsmanship, but also a reminder of the passage of time and the importance of resilience.

The town's architecture is a blend of human and dwarven styles, with sturdy stone foundations supporting the traditional wooden homes and structures that dot the landscape. Life in Halfhill is one of hard work and devotion, as the dwarves have found peace and purpose in cultivating the land and honoring their beliefs. The town is known for its sense of community, where everyone works together, bound by shared faith and history. Visitors to Halfhill are greeted with the sight of lush fields and a people grounded in both tradition and the bounty of the earth.

Herra

Herra.webpHerra, a quiet and serene dwarven village, lies nestled at the edge of a vast forest, where the towering trees provide both shelter and the means for its peaceful inhabitants to thrive. Here, retired dwarves live out their days in tranquility, far removed from the forges and mines that defined much of their earlier lives. The village is simple, with charming thatched-roof houses and wooden fences that blend harmoniously with the surrounding natural landscape.

The dwarves of Herra have embraced a life of woodworking and hunting, finding joy and contentment in the craftsmanship of building homes, crafting fine wooden goods, and living off the bounty of the forest. Their skills as artisans are reflected in the beautifully carved furniture, tools, and decorative items that fill their homes and are sometimes traded with nearby settlements. Hunting provides both sustenance and a connection to the wilderness that surrounds them, where they wander beneath the forest canopy, at peace with the world. Herra is a place of calm, where the sounds of the forest and the rhythmic chopping of wood are the only disturbances in the otherwise still air.

The dwarves who live here have found a sense of fulfillment in the simplicity of their lives, cherishing the peace they have earned after lifetimes of toil. Visitors to Herra will find a warm welcome, good company, and a quiet place to rest among the trees.

Hogfoot

Hogfoot.webpHogfoot, a bustling dwarven village located in the southern end of Eastwatch, is renowned for its unmatched craftsmanship and production. The village is dominated by the glow of furnaces and the rhythmic clang of hammers striking anvils, as blacksmiths work tirelessly to craft weapons, armor, and tools of the highest quality. It is said that the ancient dwarven knowledge, passed down through generations, still thrives here, making Hogfoot the place to go for anyone seeking a unique or legendary item. Built into the snowy, rugged terrain, the village is a marvel of dwarven engineering.

Stone buildings and workshops cluster around central forges, with thick smoke rising from the chimneys, carrying the scent of molten metal. The dwarves here are proud artisans, dedicated to their craft, preserving the old ways while integrating new techniques. Hogfoot is a beacon for traders and adventurers alike, drawn to the promise of exceptional craftsmanship and custom-made items that cannot be found anywhere else.

Despite its industrial nature, Hogfoot is a close-knit community. The dwarves who live here take great pride in their work, and their reputation extends far beyond the borders of Eastwatch. Whether it's forging a blade of unrivaled sharpness or creating intricate, enchanted artifacts, Hogfoot stands as a testament to the enduring skill and ingenuity of the dwarven people.

Holywell

Holywell.webp

Holywell, a once-thriving coastal town, now lies in ruin and mystery, its abandoned streets echoing with the whispers of a dark past. Located by the seashore, the town's crumbling structures tell the tale of a night long ago when the sky darkened, fierce storms ravaged the coast, and strange flashes of purple lightning lit the horizon.

The few records that remain speak of a night of chaos and terror, and it is said that something far more sinister than mere storms struck the town. After the disaster, efforts were made by the human settlers to rebuild Holywell, but those workers mysteriously vanished without a trace. Since then, no one has dared to attempt the restoration of the town.

It stands, desolate and eerie, its half-rebuilt structures blending with the ruins of what once was. The old harbor, once bustling with life, is now quiet, its docks in disrepair, with only the occasional gust of wind or the sound of waves breaking the silence. Locals from nearby settlements tell stories of strange sightings in the ruins—shadows that move when no one is there, faint whispers carried on the wind, and an unsettling feeling that lingers long after leaving. Some say that the town is cursed, haunted by the evil that came with the storm. Others believe that whatever dark force visited Holywell that fateful night still lurks beneath the surface, waiting for the right moment to rise again. Holywell remains a place of foreboding, where the brave may venture in search of answers, but few dare to stay for long.

Jacobsville

Jakobsville.webp

Jacobsville, one of the more modern human towns in Aedelore, is known for its prestigious reputation as a home for scholars and intellectuals. Situated in the heart of the region, its well-maintained streets and grand structures reflect the wealth and knowledge accumulated by its inhabitants. The large central church, the Church of the Morningstar, stands as both a religious and cultural landmark, symbolizing enlightenment and the pursuit of wisdom.

Many of the town's residents are scholars who have completed their studies at the great academies and have chosen Jacobsville as their place of residence to continue their research, write treatises, or engage in philosophical debates. As such, the town has a reputation for being somewhat exclusive, with the locals known for their reserved and, at times, aloof attitudes toward outsiders.

For travelers, Jacobsville can be a difficult place to settle into. Accommodations, supplies, and services are often priced far higher than in other towns, with many inns and shops catering specifically to the wealthy or established locals. While the town is beautiful and well-organized, its charm can sometimes be overshadowed by the difficulty outsiders face in finding affordable places to stay or participate in the town's high-society events. Despite this, Jacobsville remains a center of learning and sophistication, attracting those who seek to expand their knowledge or make a name for themselves in scholarly circles. For those who can navigate its exclusivity, the town offers unparalleled opportunities for intellectual growth and engagement with some of the brightest minds in Aedelore.

Lorenzia

Lorenzia.webp

Lorenzia, the capital of the High Elves, stands as a beacon of magic and wonder, a city that is as ancient as the lands of Aedlore itself. Nestled within a breathtaking valley surrounded by towering mountains, the city is a masterpiece of elven architecture. Its tall towers, adorned with red rooftops, pierce the sky, while elegant bridges and canals wind through the city, reflecting the glow of magic that flows through every corner of Lorenzia.

The city's streets are lined with intricately designed houses and buildings, covered in ivy and built with the grace and sophistication that only the High Elves can achieve. The spires of libraries and academies rise above the rooftops, housing ancient tomes of knowledge and arcane secrets that have been passed down through millennia. Scholars from across the world come to Lorenzia to study under the guidance of the wisest elves, learning about the mysteries of the universe and the powerful magic that sustains the city.

Despite its prominence as the home of the High Elves, Lorenzia is a place of diversity, where all races are welcomed, though it is the elves who dominate its cultural and intellectual landscape. Visitors are enchanted by the city's sense of timelessness, as though the very air is infused with the wisdom and history of ages long past. Legendary items, artifacts of immense power, can be found here, crafted by elven hands and imbued with magic that few can comprehend. At night, the city glows softly with enchanted lights, and the sound of music and magic fills the air, as if the city itself is alive with the beauty of elven craftsmanship. Lorenzia is more than just a city—it is the heart of elven culture, a place where the essence of magic, knowledge, and elegance come together to form something truly extraordinary.

Lutovia

Lutovia.webp

Lutovia, the largest human stronghold in Aedelore, stands as a mighty bastion dedicated to the Church of Taninsam, the dragon god of fire and renewal. This city, built with towering walls and dominated by the grand cathedral at its heart, is a place of reverence, strength, and unshakable faith. The massive cathedral, adorned with the dragon sigil of Taninsam, serves as both a place of worship and a training ground for paladins and holy warriors, who come from across the land to pledge themselves to the god's fiery teachings.

The city is heavily fortified, surrounded by towering stone walls that have never been breached despite countless attempts throughout the centuries. Red and gold banners bearing the emblem of the dragon god flutter from every corner, reminding all who visit that Lutovia is both a fortress and a sanctuary. Soldiers of many races call this place home, drawn to the city's legendary reputation for strength, honor, and devotion. From human knights to dwarven warriors and elven rangers, Lutovia is a melting pot of the finest fighters, united under the banner of Taninsam. Every street in Lutovia seems to echo with the clang of swords, the chanting of prayers, and the hum of devotion.

The stronghold's purpose is clear: to prepare and defend against the darkness, with its inhabitants constantly training, crafting, and perfecting their skills. Those who wish to rise as paladins or holy warriors come here to undergo rigorous training in both combat and spiritual enlightenment, learning to wield the power of fire and renewal in Taninsam's name. Lutovia's history stretches back through the ages, and its impenetrable walls and indomitable spirit have stood against every enemy that has dared approach. It is not just a city but a symbol—one of eternal vigilance, purity of faith, and the unwavering strength of the dragon god's flame.

Nortaq

Nortaq.webp

Nortaq, once a flourishing kingdom and the southernmost hub of Aedelore, is now little more than a desolate ruin, haunted by the remnants of its dark past. Long ago, it was a thriving city where humans and elves, sympathetic to orcs and trolls, lived together in harmony. Nortaq stood as a beacon of unity, where diverse cultures converged, and trade routes flourished. But all of that changed with the outbreak of the First War.

When the great conflict tore across the lands, Nortaq's fate was sealed. Its alliances with trolls and orcs became its undoing, as the war's outcome brought devastation to the city. In a single, cataclysmic event, the forces of Aedelore intervened and brought the city to its knees, razing it to the ground in a sea of fire. Everything was consumed—homes, palaces, and temples—all lost in the inferno of war. Nortaq was left a charred husk of its former self, and no one dared to return to rebuild it. Now, the once-great city is a shadowy wasteland, its grand structures reduced to crumbling ruins half-buried in sand. Only the desperate and the dangerous inhabit its remains—dark magicians who seek forbidden knowledge, stray trolls and orcs without clans, and wicked creatures lurking in the shadows, clinging to the past.

The eerie silence that hangs over Nortaq is only broken by the whispers of the wind and the occasional flicker of dark magic that still lingers in the air. Nortaq is a place of dread, where the sins of the past refuse to be forgotten, and the ruins serve as a grim reminder of what happens when alliances with darkness go too far. It is a city forsaken by time and by all those who once called it home, now a hiding place for the forsaken and the wicked who thrive in its broken streets.

Northbridge

Northbridge.webp

Northbridge, a tranquil village founded by humans and dwarves who have turned their backs on violence, is a haven of peace and serenity. Nestled in a lush, fertile valley surrounded by forests and rivers, Northbridge thrives on its harmonious connection with nature. The villagers here dedicate their days to tending gardens, planting trees, and fishing from the clean waters that run through the heart of the settlement.

The fields surrounding the village are a patchwork of vibrant greenery, where flowers bloom, crops grow, and the natural world flourishes under the careful stewardship of its peaceful inhabitants. Northbridge is more than just a farming community—it's a place of deep meditation, spiritual growth, and renewal. Visitors from across the land come to this village to rest and restore their spirits, learning the arts of mindfulness, meditation, and other spiritual practices that the villagers have mastered. The atmosphere is one of calm, with the quiet rustling of leaves, the gentle flow of water, and the occasional hum of song carried on the breeze.

Though strangers are warmly welcomed, they must understand the village's one unwavering rule: violence is strictly forbidden. The villagers of Northbridge are fiercely protective of their peaceful way of life, and while they may seem serene, they are not afraid to intervene should anyone disturb the harmony. The dwarves and humans of this village will not tolerate aggression, upholding their commitment to peace at all costs. In Northbridge, all who seek tranquility will find it, and the village's devotion to non-violence stands as a testament to the belief that peace and cooperation are the highest ideals one can aspire to.

Propermill

Propermill.webp

Propermill, a peaceful and industrious village run by elves and halflings, is the heart of Aedelore's production of essential minerals, salts, herbs, and seasonings. Nestled among fertile farmlands and crisscrossed by small streams, Propermill is defined by its central watermill, which powers much of the village's operations. The elves and halflings who live here work diligently, ensuring that the village's output of culinary ingredients and commercial minerals keeps flowing to the rest of the realm. While Propermill may not be known for grand achievements or battles, its importance to Aedelore's economy cannot be overstated. From fine herbs used by chefs in distant cities to the salts and minerals essential for various industries, Propermill's goods are renowned for their quality and abundance.

The elves, with their deep knowledge of herbs and the land, and the halflings, with their practical expertise and hard work, have formed a seamless partnership in running the village. Though simple in its pursuits, Propermill is a place of quiet prosperity, where the fields are lush, the water flows clean, and the work is constant but rewarding. Visitors to the village are often treated to a warm welcome and a taste of the local harvest, making it a pleasant stop for those traveling through Aedelore in need of provisions or a peaceful respite.

Puddle

Puddle.webp

Puddle is a quaint, serene town nestled at the base of the towering mountains that surround Lorenzia, the elven capital. This small settlement is home to a close-knit community of elves who have chosen to live outside from the grandeur and magic of their capital city, preferring the simplicity and quiet that Puddle offers. The town's name is inspired by the natural landscape—numerous streams and small pools of crystal-clear water flow down from the mountains, collecting in the lowlands where the town resides.

These pools, reflecting the sky and the towering peaks above, give the town an almost ethereal charm. The town's elven inhabitants often use these waters for rituals of reflection and meditation, as water is believed to be a conduit for communication with the spirits of nature. The homes in Puddle are modest, stone and wood cottages, built with the surrounding environment in mind. Many of the buildings are partially covered with moss and vines, giving the village an organic and timeless feel. Bridges and pathways are crafted from smooth river stones, and many homes are decorated with handcrafted elven designs, celebrating their connection to nature.

Though small in size, Puddle is known for its healers and herbalists, who use the natural resources from the mountains and rivers to create potions and remedies. Travelers from Lorenzia and beyond often visit Puddle seeking these healing treatments, as the town's proximity to nature provides it with rare herbs and minerals that cannot be found elsewhere. Life in Puddle is peaceful, with a slow pace dictated by the natural rhythms of the land. The elves here live in harmony with their surroundings, cherishing the quiet and the gentle beauty of the mountains. For those who visit, Puddle is a place of rest and reflection, a peaceful retreat from the complexity of the wider world.

Rivermount

Rivermount.webp

Rivermount, the northern stronghold of the elves, stands as a bastion of light and magic, strategically positioned to protect Aedelore from the encroaching forces of darkness. The town is surrounded by high, ornate stone walls, adorned with the signature elven architecture of pointed spires and elegant arches. The green-roofed towers and majestic gates add to the sense of grandeur, emphasizing that this is not just a city but a fortress designed to stand against the Void and other malevolent forces that threaten the realm. Built along the banks of a river, Rivermount leverages both its natural surroundings and its arcane defenses to create an impenetrable barrier.

The intricate designs of the buildings suggest deep magical enchantments woven into the very fabric of the city. These wards and enchantments serve to repel dark magic and protect its inhabitants from the forces of evil that gather on the edges of Aedelore. Rivermount's central citadel, towering over the rest of the city, is likely the heart of its magical defenses, where elven mages and scholars tirelessly work to maintain the barrier between good and evil. The city's strategic importance is mirrored in its careful design. Every street, building, and wall reflects the elves' dedication to their duty as guardians of the north. The town is more than just a home for elves—it's a sanctuary for the forces of light, a place where powerful magic is both studied and used to keep the darkness at bay.

Rivermount's aesthetic beauty hides its true purpose: to be the unyielding wall between Aedelore and the dangers that lurk beyond. In Rivermount, every stone seems to hum with ancient power, every tower glows with magical wards, and every elf is a vigilant protector, knowing that the fate of the entire realm rests upon the strength of their city. It is a place of hope, but also of constant vigilance, where good and evil are in perpetual tension, and Rivermount remains the ever-vigilant sentinel of the north.

Rootfield

Rootfield.webp

Rootfield is a small, peaceful halfling village, the only one of its kind outside the natural boundaries of Alfwyld Forest, where halflings typically make their homes. Located in a remote and quiet corner of Aedelore, Rootfield is surrounded by simple wooden palisades, built with the assistance of nearby humans who wanted to help their halfling neighbors feel safe. Though modest in size and structure, Rootfield thrives as a serene settlement where halflings live in harmony, cultivating herbs and embracing the teachings of their deep-rooted religion.

The halflings of Rootfield live a life of simplicity, spending their days farming small plots of land, tending to their herb gardens, and sharing the joys of community life. Their reverence for nature and their faith guide their every action, and their village reflects this connection, with peaceful gardens, wooden homes, and a tranquil atmosphere. Rootfield is not a place of wealth or grandeur, but rather a village that values peace, spirituality, and a life in balance with the earth. Despite its distance from Alfwyld Forest, Rootfield stands as a testament to the halflings' resilience and ability to find comfort even in lands far from their natural home.

Strangers are rare but welcomed, often finding in Rootfield a peaceful respite from the challenges of the world. While the wooden walls may seem unnecessary in such a peaceful place, they serve as a reminder of the close bond between humans and halflings, built not just with wood but with friendship and trust.

Sarah'sville

Sarah'sville.webp

Sarah'sville is an isolated town where the residents intentionally cut themselves off from the rest of Aedelore. It's a place known for its unfriendly atmosphere and peculiar customs, with the central town hall serving as the hub for endless complaints and grievances. The villagers prefer to stay among themselves, often viewing outsiders with suspicion or outright hostility. The town itself is unremarkable, with simple wooden houses arranged around the grand town hall, which stands as a monument to the town's collective dissatisfaction. Visitors are rarely welcomed warmly, and if you manage to find yourself in Sarah'sville, you'll likely be asked to leave sooner rather than later.

The people here are content with their solitude and seem to find joy in airing complaints rather than enjoying the peaceful life they've built. It's a town better passed through than stayed in, unless you relish the idea of constant bickering and isolation.

Sawwell

Sawwell.webp

Sawwell is a cursed place, shrouded in mystery and terror. One night, without warning, a massive, seemingly bottomless pit appeared in the center of the village. No one knows how or why it came to be, but since that fateful night, the entire village has been abandoned, save for the graveyard and the eerie pit. The area exudes an aura of malevolent power, and if you approach the pit, all you hear is an unsettling void, as though darkness itself is calling to you.

Few dare to visit Sawwell, and those who have ventured too close to the pit have either disappeared or returned twisted and corrupted, mere shadows of their former selves. These unfortunate souls now haunt the ruins, their once-human forms contorted into something evil. The church, once a place of worship, now stands as a reminder of what was lost, surrounded by gravestones that seem to be the only witnesses to the tragedy.

Sawwell is a haunted place, avoided by all but the bravest or most foolish. It is said that the void within the pit hungers for more, and those who fall into its depths are lost forever, their souls consumed by an ancient, malevolent force. Enter at your own peril.

Seawatch

Seawatch.webp

Seawatch is a key dwarven harbor, located in the far northern reaches of Aedelore. This fortified port serves as the vital connection point between the dwarven kingdoms of the north and the southern territories of Aedelore. The harbor is well-defended by thick stone walls and fortified towers, making it a secure location for the storage and shipment of dwarven goods, renowned for their craftsmanship and durability. Dwarven ships, built to withstand harsh northern seas, frequently arrive and depart from Seawatch, carrying everything from precious metals to finely crafted weapons, tools, and artifacts.

Though not as grand as some of the southern cities, Seawatch is bustling with trade activity, as merchants and sailors from all over Aedelore stop here to collect or deliver goods. Its proximity to the sea also makes Seawatch an important strategic location for the dwarves, as it provides a strong defensive presence along the northern coast. The dwarves of Seawatch are dedicated to ensuring that their superior goods continue to flow southward, keeping their economy strong and their reputation for fine craftsmanship intact.

Serexa Fortress

Serexa Fortress.webp

Serexa Fortress stands as one of the most formidable strongholds in all of Aedelore, constructed by a rare alliance of humans, elves, and dwarves. This massive stone structure was built to ensure the safety of the realm by acting as a watchful eye over two of the most dangerous areas in the north: The Sunken City and the twisted, dark forces that emerge from Brightwoods. The fortress is not just a military post; it is a place of constant warfare. Only the most elite soldiers, holy warriors, paladins, and mages are permitted to reside within its walls, and they are expected to fight and defend the realm daily.

These warriors are battle-hardened, their lives revolving around the constant defense against the dark creatures that attempt to cross the Broken Bridge from Brightwoods or the mysterious and dangerous entities that rise from the depths of The Sunken City. Serexa Fortress is known for its discipline and intensity. There is no room for hesitation or failure within its walls. Anyone who enters must either dedicate themselves to the cause or be cast out to face the dangers outside. This is not a place for the faint-hearted. The warriors who stand guard here are the silent protectors, keeping the evil at bay and ensuring that the rest of Aedelore remains safe from the dark forces lurking in the north.

Singaper

Singaper.webpSingaper, a modest yet bustling town, is a key rest stop for travelers journeying between the eastern and western parts of Aedelore. Its strategic location has made it a hub for adventurers, traders, and craftsmen passing through the realm. The village is designed for convenience and comfort, with its central marketplace offering a variety of goods and services. Travelers can expect to find inns offering warm meals and cozy beds, as well as skilled craftsmen ready to repair weapons, armor, or other equipment.

Singaper is not a place where anyone stays for long, but its welcoming atmosphere and reliable services make it an essential stop for anyone traveling the roads of Aedelore. While the town is not extravagant, it fulfills its purpose of providing a safe and comfortable haven for those passing through.

Southbridge

Southbridge.webp

Southbridge is a peaceful farming settlement located just south of Northbridge, inhabited by both dwarves and halflings. The community thrives on agriculture, with well-maintained fields stretching out in every direction, producing a variety of crops and resources essential to the region. The villagers are known for their close connection to the land, taking pride in their ability to nurture and grow everything from hearty grains to delicate herbs. While the community is small, it is tight-knit, with a strong sense of cooperation between its dwarven and halfling residents.

The architecture reflects their shared influence, with simple yet sturdy wooden homes scattered throughout the settlement, each surrounded by gardens and farmland. A small stream runs through the village, providing irrigation and adding to the overall tranquility of Southbridge. Visitors to Southbridge are often greeted with warm hospitality, as the villagers enjoy sharing their produce and knowledge with others. However, the community prefers its simple and quiet life, largely untouched by the larger politics and conflicts of Aedlore.

Sunken City

The sunken city.webp

Once known as the one of the jewels of Aedelore, The Sunken City was a breathtaking metropolis where the shimmering waters of the Iridescent River flowed past towering spires and Elven architecture, blessed by the divine light of the dragon goddess, Tohu. Under the wise and fair rule of King Malcath, the city prospered, its people mastering the delicate arts of magic, diplomacy, and craftsmanship. The city's beauty and wisdom were legendary, and it thrived as a center of Elven culture, knowledge, and spirituality. However, Malcath's ambition proved to be its undoing. Obsessed with the desire to transcend mortality and claim the power of the gods, he secretly delved into forbidden magics. Tempted by Zarathen, an ancient entity bound to the void, Malcath began a dark journey, forsaking the light and purity of his realm for the promise of godhood. In his pursuit of ultimate power, Malcath drained the very life force of the city—its magic, its people, and its land—slowly turning The Sunken City into a hollow shell of its former glory. The Iridescent River, once a source of life and prosperity, was tainted by his dark rituals.

The surrounding forests withered, and the once-proud spires crumbled. When Malcath rejected the final plea of his advisor, Eryndor, and the mercy of the goddess Tohu herself, the city's fate was sealed. Tohu, in her sorrow, cast Malcath into the void, but the damage had been done. The city was left in ruins, cursed and abandoned. Today, The Sunken City is a place of haunting beauty and dark legend. The remnants of its grandeur stand as a reminder of what was lost. Its once-vibrant streets are now desolate, shrouded in mist, and its towering ruins echo with whispers of the past. No living creature dares to tread there, for it is said that the soul of Malcath, bound to the void, still lingers, yearning for the godhood he was denied. The cursed ruins are now a symbol of the dangers of unchecked ambition, a place where dark forces stir, waiting for the day when the fallen king might return to finish what he began.

The Sunken City remains a place of both fascination and terror for the people of Aedelore, a testament to the fragility of even the most powerful kingdoms. Those who dare to venture close tell tales of ghostly figures and a voice that calls from the shadows, urging the foolish to continue Malcath's dark work. Though its time of greatness has long passed, the city's tragic fall serves as a cautionary tale to all who seek power beyond their grasp.

Thir

Thir.webp

Thir, a proud dwarven city nestled in the snow-capped mountains, was founded by the legendary Kaela Stonebreaker after the fall of Amber's Call. Following the devastating loss of their ancestral home, Kaela led her people to this new haven, carving a fresh chapter of dwarven resilience and strength from the heart of the mountains. Built upon the principles of endurance and craftsmanship, Thir is a bustling forge-city where the fires of industry never dim, and the echoes of hammer on anvil are a constant reminder of the dwarves' indomitable spirit.

The city's grand architecture reflects the dwarven love of stone and metal, with towering fortresses, intricate runic engravings, and massive forges at its heart. The central forge, a massive, ever-glowing hearth, serves as both a symbol of the city's unbreakable will and a hub of creation, where master smiths craft weapons, armor, and tools of unparalleled quality. The snowy surroundings provide a stark contrast to the warmth and vitality within the city's walls, where trade and culture flourish.

Thir stands as a beacon of hope and a testament to the dwarves' ability to rebuild, forging a new legacy from the ashes of their past. Under Kaela's leadership, it has grown into a thriving center of dwarven life and strength, known across the lands as a place of unmatched craftsmanship and unity.

Tidewall

Tidewall.webp

Tidewall is a peaceful, picturesque coastal village nestled along the serene shoreline of Aedelore. With no imposing walls or fortifications, Tidewall thrives in its simplicity and connection to nature. The village is a haven of tranquility, where small, charming houses dot the landscape, and a prominent windmill stands as a symbol of its self-sufficiency.

The village layout revolves around a central town square, which features a beautifully sculpted statue, offering a welcoming atmosphere to all who visit. Surrounded by the calm waters of the sea, Tidewall is known for its quiet beauty and close-knit community. Fishing boats gently sway at the wooden docks, while the villagers go about their daily lives, tending to their homes and gardens. The lack of grand defenses speaks to the peaceful nature of the village, which has remained untouched by the conflicts that plague other parts of Aedelore. Here, the pace of life is slow, allowing residents and travelers alike to enjoy the coastal breeze, the gentle sound of the waves, and the simplicity of village life. Whether one seeks a quiet retreat or a place to reconnect with the rhythms of nature, Tidewall offers a serene and beautiful escape from the complexities of the wider world.

Tyralia

Tyralia.webp

Tyralia is the grand jewel of human civilization in Aedelore, the capital city that stands as a testament to the strength, ambition, and ingenuity of its people. Nestled along the coastline, its expansive harbor is bustling with activity, where ships from across the land bring goods, knowledge, and treasures. The harbor alone is a symbol of Tyralia's deep connection to trade and the sea, with sturdy docks, merchants hawking wares, and crafters busy at work. The city is divided into various districts, each representing a different aspect of human achievement.

The heart of Tyralia is dominated by the towering Temple of Taninsam, dedicated to the revered dragon god of fire and renewal. Its grand columns and expansive structure highlight the deep devotion of the people to their faith, with the church playing a pivotal role in the city's governance and spiritual life. Tyralia's streets are lined with guild halls for scholars, builders, and craftsmen—the greatest minds and hands of Aedelore reside here, creating masterpieces in every field, from architecture to magical studies.

The marketplace is a hub of energy, with vendors selling goods from every corner of Aedelore, including exotic spices, rare materials, and finely crafted tools. Streets overflow with life as the city thrives with trade, culture, and innovation. Tyralia is the place where ideas meet craftsmanship, where anything and everything can be found, from the rarest relics to the finest creations of human hands.

Beyond the bustle of daily life, Tyralia's architecture is awe-inspiring, from the grand temples to the beautifully crafted homes and palaces. Tall spires reach toward the heavens, each telling stories of human triumph and ambition. The city is a reflection of both ancient tradition and cutting-edge advancements, as Tyralia continuously evolves while honoring its deep roots in history. Tyralia is one of the beacons of hope, power, and culture for all of Aedelore. The saying holds true: if you cannot find what you seek in Tyralia, it may not exist at all. Whether you are searching for knowledge, power, or trade, the city has everything—making it the undisputed heart of the human world, a place where greatness is born, and legacies are forged.

Varrow

Varrow.webp

Varrow is a small, humble village nestled deep in the untouched wilderness, home to a close-knit community of Moon Elves and Human hunters. Both races live harmoniously, bound by a shared philosophy of simplicity and a deep connection to nature. The village is surrounded by vast forests, offering an abundance of wildlife, which the villagers depend on for food, clothing, and tools. Their lifestyle revolves around the land—hunting, foraging, and crafting using the resources provided by their natural surroundings.

The architecture of Varrow reflects this closeness to nature. The homes are small, thatch-roofed huts built with local materials such as wood, clay, and leaves, designed to blend seamlessly into the environment. Tall, ancient trees dot the village, providing shade and shelter, while wooden fences and natural barriers offer protection from wild animals. The heart of the village is an open communal area where the people gather to share stories, meals, and traditions passed down through generations. Moon Elves in Varrow are known for their mystical connection to the natural world, practicing ancient forms of magic that heal the land and its people.

They act as guardians of the village's spiritual health, while the human hunters are skilled trackers and survivalists, working together with the elves to ensure that Varrow thrives in harmony with nature. Visitors to Varrow are often struck by the village's simplicity and the tranquility that pervades the air. However, the people of Varrow are fiercely protective of their way of life. They do not seek the luxuries or advancements found in larger cities, choosing instead to live off the land and maintain balance with their environment. Varrow stands as a testament to the possibility of living peacefully with the natural world, a haven for those who cherish the old ways.

Thorsheim

Thorsheim.webp

The Great Tree of Morningstar

Tree of Morningstar.webp

The Floating Isles

Floating Isles.webp

Long ago, during a great and terrible conflict known as the First War, the realm of Aedlore was torn apart by the wrath of two powerful dragon gods: Taninsam, the god of fire and renewal, and Tohu, the goddess of light and wisdom. Their clash, driven by ancient tensions between the forces of light and darkness, unleashed catastrophic magic that would forever alter the landscape of the world. At the heart of the conflict stood between prominent figures: Lordean, a revered High Elven priest of Tohu, orcs and trolls and the ancient city of Nortaq, known for its alignment with dark powers. Lordean, a devout servant of the light, was instrumental in leading his people in the war against those who sought to wield forbidden magics. His devotion to Tohu and the preservation of the elven way of life made him a hero among his kin, but it also made him a target for the enemies of light. As the First War escalated, Lordean and his followers confronted the forces of darkness, led by those who had forsaken the gods in their pursuit of power.

Nortaq, a city of vast knowledge but corrupted by its ties to dark magic, became the central battleground. The ancient elven priest, filled with unwavering faith, called upon the divine might of Tohu to strike down the dark forces. But even his powerful connection to the goddess could not prevent what was to come. In the war's final days, the battle between Lordean and the dark forces of Nortaq, trolls and orcs reached its peak. Taninsam emerged. The explosion of fire & magic that followed tore the very fabric of reality. Nortaq was burned to ash by Taninsam's flames, leaving nothing but smoldering ruins in its place. Lordean, despite his pure intentions, was caught in the divine conflagration. His mortal body was consumed by the overwhelming light of Tohu, and his spirit was lifted into the realm of the gods.

The magic he unleashed was so powerful that it shattered the land around him, lifting massive chunks of earth into the sky. Thus, the Floating Isles were born. These enchanted islands, suspended above the world by the lingering magic of Tohu and Taninsam, became a new frontier of wonder and mystery. The very land where Lordean had fought for the light was now untethered, forever drifting in the skies above Aedlore. The Floating Isles are now regarded as sacred by the elves, seen as a place touched by both the divine light of Tohu and the destructive force of Taninsam. The islands are a paradox—beautiful and serene, yet dangerous, with residual magic that has a life of its own.

Glowing runes can still be seen etched into the surfaces of some islands, relics of the battle between light and darkness, a reminder of the cost of tampering with such immense power. Scholars, especially those of elven heritage, have established temples and libraries upon the floating masses of land, seeking to understand the mysteries left behind by Lordean's final act. They believe that his spirit still lingers in the ethereal spaces between the realms, watching over those who venture to these mystical islands.

Though Lordean is no longer among the living, his name is spoken with reverence, for he embodies the ultimate sacrifice—a hero who gave everything in the pursuit of peace and light. His story, along with the origins of the Floating Isles, serves as a reminder of the delicate balance between light and darkness and the lasting consequences of divine intervention. Today, the Floating Isles remain an ethereal reminder of the First War's devastation. They float silently above the oceans and lands, visible from afar as majestic, floating monuments to the power of the gods, and to Lordean's ultimate sacrifice.

The Burning Passage

The burning passage.webp

Mithandrir's Watch

Mithandrirs Watch.webp