

IAVAS SÛL

TALES FROM THE AUTUMN HARBOR



A FANTASY CAMPAIGN SETTING



The Bay of Spirits



The Bay is a coastal land of frigid waters, sheer cliffs, bottomless ravines, hidden coves, rugged hills, deep forests, and treacherous mountains. Many would even claim it a land of an almost impenetrable wilderness. The land, like its people, is hard and unforgiving. Winters are harsh and summers are brief. Rich in resources, this area is home to fisherfolk, farmers, loggers, and miners who co-exist with sailors, merchants, soldiers, and adventurers. It is also an ancient land, with human settlement being relatively new. Despite this, settlements exist and flourish.

In addition to humans, it is also a land of elves, goblins, faeries, dragons, trolls, dwarves, giants, and the undead. Restless spirits and tormented ghosts haunt ancient ruins and hidden coves while some of those lost to the sea, crawl across rocky shores in search of the living. Crumbled castles and keeps holding untold treasure and ancient passages, remain shrouded in mystery.

Adventure is everywhere.

Dotted with hamlets, villages, and small towns, the Bay is an excellent place for adventure and exploration. Settlements along the coast walk a thin line between land and sea, with farmers, fisherfolk, traders, and sell-swords plying their trade alongside merchants, nobles, rogues, and pirates. Superstition runs deep along the coast. Faeries, spirits, and strange magic are the fodder of fireside tales and tavern ballads. Pirates and privateers are a constant threat to ships and

vessels in the Outer Bay. Secret coves and hidden inlets are home to buccaneers, wreckers, bandits...and worse.

A Brief History of the Bay

The **Bay of Spirits** was originally known as **Wyvern's Bay**, named after the founding family and eventual rulers of the deep, sheltered harbour. Generations of Wyvernsbane and their charges carved settlements and towns out of the rugged countryside, eventually creating a self-contained feudal realm, although ultimate control still resides with the King and Queen in the South, far beyond the hills of the **Lower Bay**. Little attention or heed is given to the northern territory and the King's trust rests on the Barony without much need for interference or influence. As such, the Bay has become somewhat isolated, cut off from the more civilized lands beyond. The Wyvernsbane family has always ruled the coastline around the Bay and as long as taxes are paid and communities grow, the high nobility in the South remain happy.

As a feudal realm, the Bay is not without its inner turmoil and political problems. Minor lords, vassals, and outsiders all vie for a place within the Baron's Court and skirmishes between various factions and communities are not uncommon. One particularly disastrous winter occurred during the early history of settlement in the Bay. Several lords united in an effort to overthrow the Barony, however a fierce and early winter storm decimated much of the invading force long before they were able to reach the walls of **Hawkstone**. Ships capsized and most of the opposing lords' forces were claimed by **Procan, Power of Seas**. Those that made it ashore were slain by the Baron's army. The storm raged for days, freezing the waters of the inner harbours and cutting off supplies to awaiting communities - loyalists and rebels alike were forced out onto the ice in an attempt to reach the Baron's stronghold of Hawkstone for aid.



Many perished on the ice. Those that reached the town's gates hailing from communities still loyal to the Baron were given sanctuary while the remainder were driven away, back onto the ice - punishment for their treason. The Baron ruled that no assistance or comfort be given the desperate refugees and they were forced to attempt the journey back to their homes. Thousands of half-frozen and starving men, women, and children were never seen again, swallowed in the blinding storms of **Telchur, Lord of Winter**. The subsequent spring thaw revealed the true scope of the horror as bloated and rotting corpses filled the nets of fisherfolk and lined the rocky shores of the hauntingly scenic bay.

Years passed and what was once Wyvern's Bay was now referred to as the Bay of Spirits. Frequent hauntings and strange occurrences, along with the region's growing reputation for producing high quality ales and liquors helped make the name stick.

Life around the Bay

Daily life for many around the Bay is one of hard work and toil with a constant eye out for survival. The inhabitants know the perils of a long Winter and the wrath brought by the sea. These people are a serious folk, but mostly good-natured and lovers of strong drink and music. Fish are caught, salted, brined, or dried before being shipped away. Lumber is cut, sawn, and seasoned for future construction or trade. Ale and whiskey is bottled, barreled, or drunk. Farmers till or harvest. Sailors, smugglers, merchants, and thieves all make the Bay their home and coexist with smiths, wreckers, travelers, and mercenaries. Life here can be both hard and rewarding.

Many Commonfolk are hard-working with a great respect, and fear, of the ocean and Procan's rage. Surviving the harsh landscape is often first and foremost in their minds, however, the inhabitants of the Bay still like to unwind after a long day, month, or year. Drinking, singing, dancing, and storytelling are favorite pastimes making bards, minstrels, and balladeers extremely popular. A traveling entertainer with fresh or original material can do quite well peddling songs and tales to patrons in a busy tavern.

Adventurers are unlikely political world that exists in they attain some level of wealth and power. The Court are simply out of underlies their own. The fluctuates with the seasons. wealthy individuals travel harsh Winter months, Harvest (mid-Autumn) and early Summer. Those that in a land of freezing storms.



WYVERNSBANE BARONY

to get caught up in the the larger centers unless fame, infamy, or significant Barony and the Baron's reach - another world that population of the Bay Many affluent families and to the South during the leaving soon after the returning in the Spring or remain, manage to survive temperatures and frequent

Settlements range in size farmsteads containing less and towns with populations settlement is the busy town western end of the Bay. This is the economic and political hub of the area and the seat of power for the Wyvernsbane Barony. With a population of well over 15,000, Hawkstone rivals all the other villages and towns combined. Many residents of Hawkstone know little of the people and land that exists beyond a few miles of their town's grand walls. **Baron Cadarn Wyvernsbane** is the latest high lord in a long line of Wyvernsbane rulers.

from half a dozen than 100 people to villages of 500 - 1000. The largest of Hawkstone at the

Humans make up the majority of the settled inhabitants. Goblins and their cousins are considered monsters, although trade can, and does, exist between some Commonfolk and several clans. The deep forests and dark hills around the Bay are home to large numbers of humanoids. Some wander the fringes of civilization while others dwell in valleys and caves long enough to deplete the surrounding resources. A large portion of the wilderness beyond the roads, farms, and rocky coast is unknown to the settlers of the Bay and superstition and fear keep a lot of them from exploring any further into the countryside than is necessary. Such is a perilous path best left to adventurers and the foolhardy.

With the exception of **Stormhaven** and its resident clan of Hill Dwarves, there are no significant demi-Human populations. Encounters with members of the non-Humans are usually in the form of travelers, adventurers, merchants, traders, emissaries, or similar visitors to the Bay. The region's climate and terrain isn't generally ideal for the Halfling's sense of comfort and Gnomes are only beginning to take an interest in the old Dwarven mines. Elves inhabit the forests and hills away from the coastline and are rarely seen by locals. Half-elves are not uncommon, although many tend to be traders or adventurers. Half-orcs are a curiosity, but nonetheless tolerated.

Coinage of the Realm

Standard Currency

Minted by the Crown in the South, these coins have been the main currency of the Eastern Colonies for fifteen centuries.



**copper
BIT**
1 cp value
100 = 1 gp



**silver
MARK**
1 sp value
10 = 1 gp



**gold
CROWN**
1 gp value

Estley Doubloons

Although the Kingdom of Estley has not existed for five centuries, its highly prized currency is still in use. Minted from the finest metals that dwarven mines could muster, the coins are worth 10 times their original value. Though not a common currency, Estley doubloons can sometimes be found in large quantities in old pirate tombs and vaults within the Bay.



**silver
DOUBLOON**
2 gp value



**gold
DOUBLOONS**
10 gp value

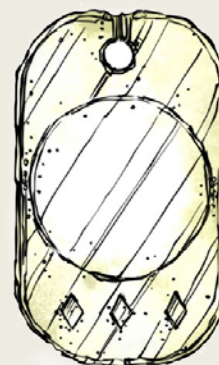


Mercantile Trade Bars

Nickel trade bars used by guild traders as a form of convenient coinage.



**single nickel
TRADE BAR**
5 gp value



**triple nickel
TRADE BAR**
15 gp value

Old Farrow – Non-standard

A dead clan originally inhabiting the Farrow Valley in the Bay, the Farrows were an isolated lot that minted their own currency. Using minerals mined throughout the valley, the coins are based on ancient symbols found on local marker stones and barrows.

**copper
TREY**

value
2 cp



4.5 grams
100 coins - 1 lb

**gold
ROM**

value
2 gp



4 grams
112 coins - 1 lb

**silver
TREY**

value
2 sp



**red
obsidian
ROM**

value
10 gp



Religion and Pantheon

































Although important in the overall lives of many people and cultures, religion is rarely exclusive in the sense that one person will worship only one particular deity. There may be individuals, sects, or churches devoted to a single deity but the average person tends to pray to whichever god or goddess is suitable for the occasion (i.e. a prayer to Heironeous before battle; an offering to Pelor when a loved one is sick, etc.). Many fishermen worship Procan and Xerbo equally with no thought given to offending either. That said, conflict between religious groups exists and devotees are always interested in the supremacy of their chosen deity.

Minor shrines and temples to various gods and goddesses, new and old, can be found scattered throughout the Bay and the wild, uncivilized lands around it. It is not uncommon for an adventurer traveling back from the Hinterland to mention finding effigies venerating ancient and unknown deities, while delving into forgotten ruins, deep forests, and weathered hills.

Seasons

Each year is divided into four seasons; each season consists of three months, each month counts thirty days. The seasons also mean different things for the inhabitants of the Bay and they bend their lives to suit it.

- Winter (also known as Sleep, or Telchur's Days) is a challenge for settlers and residents at the best of times. Harsh winters can decimate an entire village or drive people mad to the point of wandering out into storms or whiteouts to perish in the snow. Commonfolk tend to stay indoors or work under shelter in an attempt to ward away the cold.
- Spring (also known as the Melt) is a much welcome relief from the dark, frigid months of Winter. Thawing snow and ice swell rivers and streams and life begins to return to forests and hills. It is still a season of terrible storms and uncertain weather, but residents who have made it through the Winter revel in the promise of its arrival. Fishing begins once the Bay is free of ice and fields are tilled once the frost has left the ground. Trade routes open and work begins anew.
- Summer (also known as Highsun) is a busy time of year for most inhabitants. Trade is bustling and work is being done throughout the ports, fields, and forests. The weather is often pleasant and warm, although fog and ocean storms are a constant hazard.
- Autumn (or simply Harvest) encompasses the months between Highsun and Sleep when most of the preparation for Winter is done and taxes are collected. It is a frantic time and one of mixed feelings. People are jubilant when the Harvest is bountiful or somber if it is not; scrounging what food and supplies they can to help make it through to Spring. Festivals honoring Berei (the Goddess of Agriculture) are common and tensions or rivalries between the various communities are put on hold. It is a time of hard work, merriment, courtship, and uncertainty.

	SLEEP Winter			MELT Spring	
	EMMANIR Fireseek			PASIPHEL Snowmelt	
	KELTIER Nightwall			SARIMIERE Renewal	
	FANIELE Dawnstride			TÆLINIR Sowing	
	HIGH SUN Summer			HARVEST Autumn	
	ROELIR Summertide			DEISMIR Fading	
	HÆLYNIR Skyfire			ERNTENIR Rotting	
	ANARIRE Reaping			SENIR Frostfall	

Festivals and Celebrations

Festivals and celebrations are common within the Bay, however there are three that are most notable. On the last night of Fireseek or the first night of Nightwall, prayers and offerings to Telchur are given in the hope of appeasing the angry deity. This veneration is known as **Winter's Slumber** and as is the custom, strong drink is usually poured onto freshly fallen snow. It is believed this will help him sleep and quiet the heavy storms of winter.

During the warmest summer month of Skyfire, the Commonfolk usually spend a day celebrating with a festival known as **Midsummer**. This is also the time of the year when the Bay sees an influx of travelers, usually outsiders, outlanders, merchants, and adventurers from the South. Bayfolk generally celebrate by spending the day offering prayers to Sotillon and Pelor, goddess of summer and god of the sun, respectively. Friends and families spend the waking hours swimming at the few warm, sandy beaches of the harbor, their nights filled with dancing, drinking, and general revelry in the glow of many large, driftwood-laden bonfires.

Perhaps the most important of all festivals, **Leafall**, takes place on the last day of Rotting, once most of the hard work and labor has come to an end. Thanks are given to Berei for bountiful harvests and provisions are gathered, prepared, and stored away - often in root cellars dug into a nearby hillside or beneath houses for easier access during heavy snowfalls and whiteouts. This is a well-deserved celebration by the inhabitants of the Bay, for in it, they see most of their toil come to fruition.

Iavas Sûl: The Autumn Harbor, Gateway to the Hinterland

Iavas Sûl (*ih-ah-vas sool*), commonly referred to by the “Bayfolk” as the Autumn Harbor, is a small, coastal hamlet nestled on the southern edge of the Middle Bay. It gets its name from the broad array of fiery colored leaves, red, orange, and yellow, which garnish the densely forested hills of the surrounding locale.



Most of the buildings are constructed of wood, a few of stone, and elevated several feet to account for the snow in Winter. Cod, herring, and salmon are staples of the fishery here and the port is quite busy during the warmer months. Outside the walls, the soil is relatively fertile allowing small farms and gardens.

Corn is also grown, along with peas, beans, pipe-leaf, and a cold-weather grape used in the production of icewine. Berries, wild fruit, mushrooms, and herbs grow in the nearby forests and fields. Foraging, along with hunting, help sustain families through the harsh Winter months. Small game such as hare, grouse, and ducks are common, and the forests are home to larger animals such as deer, bear, and moose.

In addition to the day-to-day activities of the Commonfolk, the Autumn Harbor also profits from a variety of travelers. As with some smaller towns along the Lower Bay, Iavas Sûl is relatively well known as a gateway for many trailblazers and explorers setting off into the Hinterland, a region rich in natural resources that is located north of the civilized lands in the far South. Essentially, it comprises the unsettled inlands south and east of Iavas Sûl. For the folks who make the Bay their home, Hinterland usually refers to the forestland and mountains well beyond the ocean's edge - commonly referred to as the Wilds.

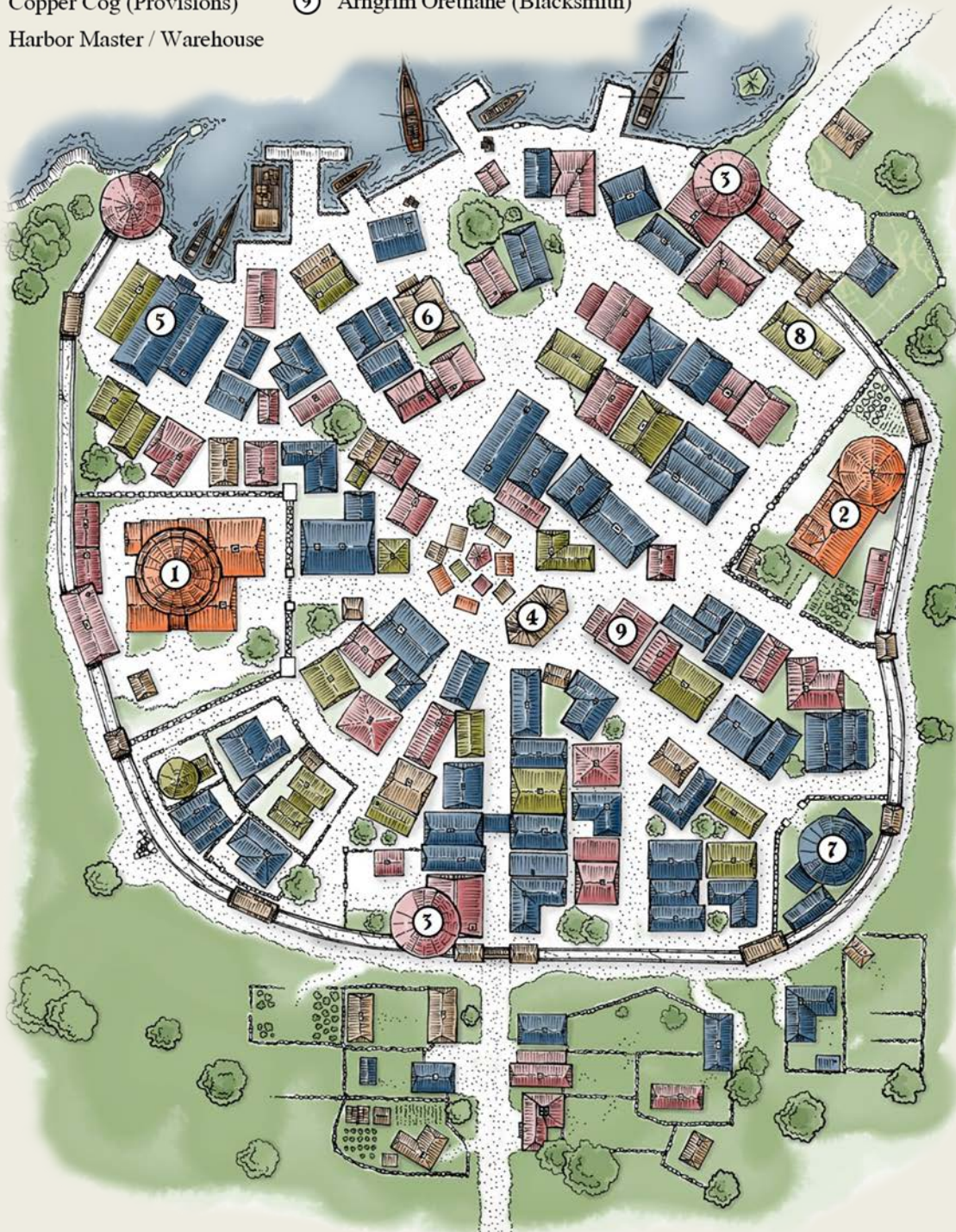


Many have never been to the Hinterland. For them, the dark forests and impassable mountains are beyond their reach. It is the domain of hungry predators, foul Faeries, wretched creatures, brave hunters, woodfolk, and adventurers. The attitude of most Human inhabitants towards those Elves remaining in the region is one of mild curiosity and respectful courtesy. As a small minority tolerated by the dominant Humans, the Elves have learned to adapt and, to some degree, assimilate. Some Dwarves and Gnomes followed a different path with the coming of Humans, opting to delve deeper into the earth or trek north into their ancient lands. Many of the mines had been abandoned prior to the arrival of settlers from the South, the Dwarf-folk having left the depleted prospects to Orcs, Goblins, and other scavengers.

The deeper one delves into the Hinterland the more fantastical and foreign this world may seem. Creatures found only in tavern tales and bedtime fables are all too real in the vast

wilderness far beyond the villages and towns along the coast. The edge of the Hinterland is approximately the distance one can travel inland, on foot from the coast, in a single day. Hunting paths, logging roads, rivers, and ravines all give access to the land beyond the coast. It can be assumed that the deeper one travels into the wilderness, the less one will see of roadways and trails. Anything beyond two days travel can be considered untouched and primeval.

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|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| ① Wren Inn the Willow | ⑥ Brewer's Brine |
| ② Comb Abbey | ⑦ Town Hall |
| ③ Farriers / Stables | ⑧ Holding / Guard Barracks |
| ④ Copper Cog (Provisions) | ⑨ Arngrim Orethane (Blacksmith) |
| ⑤ Harbor Master / Warehouse | |



The Autumn Harbor: Notable People and Places

Fellowship Hall (Laird: Aldous Naal)

The town hall is a large building surrounded by a low stone wall, located on the southeast corner of the hamlet. The hall is primarily used by the acting Laird (minor lord), Aldous Naal, and a small court of three administrators who oversee the businesses and activities within the harbor. Aldous is one of the Bayfolk, a local, born and raised within the Barony walls of Hawkstone. As a younger man, Aldous spent his time in the ranks of the Hawkstone watch. Many winters later, he has long since retired from wielding a sword or pike and prefers a quiet life beside the water, away from the large city and firm grip of the Barony in the Upper Bay.



The town has a small garrison of about two dozen capable guards and fighters under the leadership of the local sergeant and sheriff, Tawna Marsk, who reports directly to Aldous in regards to criminal or similar activity.

Many shops and purveyors of various goods and services can also be found in and around the hamlet. Carpenters, fish mongers, herbalists, rope makers, stone cutters, potters, bakers, chandlers, and barbers, are just a few of the small businesses one may find when needed. To find more specialized merchants, one may require travel to the town of Hawkstone proper.

Two main gates, one at the northeast and one to the south, are primary portals for traveling in and out of the hamlet on foot or by cart. While there are no maintained roads outside of the walls, there is one well-worn merchant route leading from Iavas Sûl, south towards the settlements of the Lower Bay. A short jaunt along this route also leads to a small logging camp in the nearby forest. In addition, small paths and trails in various directions, lead from the hamlet out into the Hinterland. Directly outside the walls are several farms and homes belonging to Commonfolk of Iavas Sûl where small fields, gardens, and livestock are maintained.

Harbormaster and Warehouse (Operator: Ferrant Tole)

This large wooden building serves as both the headquarters of Ferrant Tole, the local Harbormaster, and storage for a number of goods, incoming and outgoing. He is a short, balding man with a large belly and a waddle to his walk. Ferrant is always clad in oilskins as part of his job of scurrying about the holds of vessels and ships. Despite his girth, he is quite nimble. He always sounds as if he has a cold - a result of years of working in the fog-laden port. Ferrant conducts a search of every boat that drops anchor in the harbor. Goods are taxed accordingly and contraband is seized and quarantined. He is often accompanied by several members of the local guard who help enforce his authority.

The Copper Cog (Provisions; Owner: Ayven Roth)

This general store and mercantile shop is a well-kept, freshly white-washed wooden building. Ayven settled in Iavas Sûl twelve years ago after a brief career as an adventurer. His spoils from several excursions into the Hinterland enabled him to buy the general store and expand it to

supply adventuring groups, recognizing the growing market. Shelves, bins, crates, and barrels clutter most of the floorspace and a long display counter runs along the far wall. He does have a full stock of wilderness and dungeon gear, including some weapons and armor, to outfit most parties. The half-elf prides himself in service and quality and is often willing to lend advice to those asking.

The Wren Inn the Willow (Inn and Tavern; Proprietor: Maricia Creag)

The Wren is a 2-story stone and mortar building. The main floor serves as the common room and tavern while the second floor is given over to rooms and a bath chamber. Rooms are clean, comfortable, and furnished with gull-down beds, a table, and chair/stool. Rates include a breakfast of toutons (fried dough pancakes), maple syrup, eggs, and strong tea.



A typical night at the Wren is one of song, stories, and intoxicated revelry. This cozy inn and tavern is particularly busy on stormy nights when patrons seek solace and comfort within its sturdy stone walls. A crackling fire in the great hearth is

kept alight day and night. Wild

game and poultry are roasted over the open flame adding to the allure of the common room. There is no official closing time and all-night socials are not uncommon. Lodging price is based on room size.



This establishment is the 'Heart' of the harbor or at least that's the way the proprietor describes it, and many a local or passing traveler would agree. Evenings are a lively time in this otherwise quiet and modest inn and tavern. It's a great spot for music, drinking, food, and gossip. All sorts mingle here, bards and jongleurs are popular draws. There is an easy comfort about the place that makes one feel at home.

Comb Abbey (High Priest: Abbot Dey)

Comb Abbey is a collection of stone buildings and gardens that house a local clergy to Obad-Hai, the god of nature and woodlands. Aside from providing spiritual guidance to the local populace and travelers alike, the Abbey is also well known for producing and selling a variety of local beverages, including a unique, fine, honey mead from the well-tended apiary within the Abbey grounds (hence the name) and a single malt whiskey, brewed from barley grown in fields outside the hamlet walls.



The priests of the Abbey are a homogeneity of both monastic and druidic order. The head priest, and master brewer, of the Abbey is a jovial fellow named Abbott Dey. Unlike others of their order, the priests of the Abbey are somewhat more 'civilized' than their forest dwelling cousins and maintain a peripheral view of the community that has grown around

them, mingling with villagers and visitors to some degree. It is not uncommon to find Commonfolk tending the Abbey grounds alongside acolytes.

The Brewer's Brine (Inn and Tavern; Proprietor: Ernald 'Ern' Brewerson)

Located along the docks, The Brine as it is known, stands as a stalwart shelter against the harsh gales that blow across the open waters of the harbor. Its sturdy stone and mortar exterior has been whitened by the constant lashing of salty sea spray and heavy winds. The spruce plank roof has blown off more times than Ernald can remember and it is the only new feature on the place (having been replaced less than a month ago).



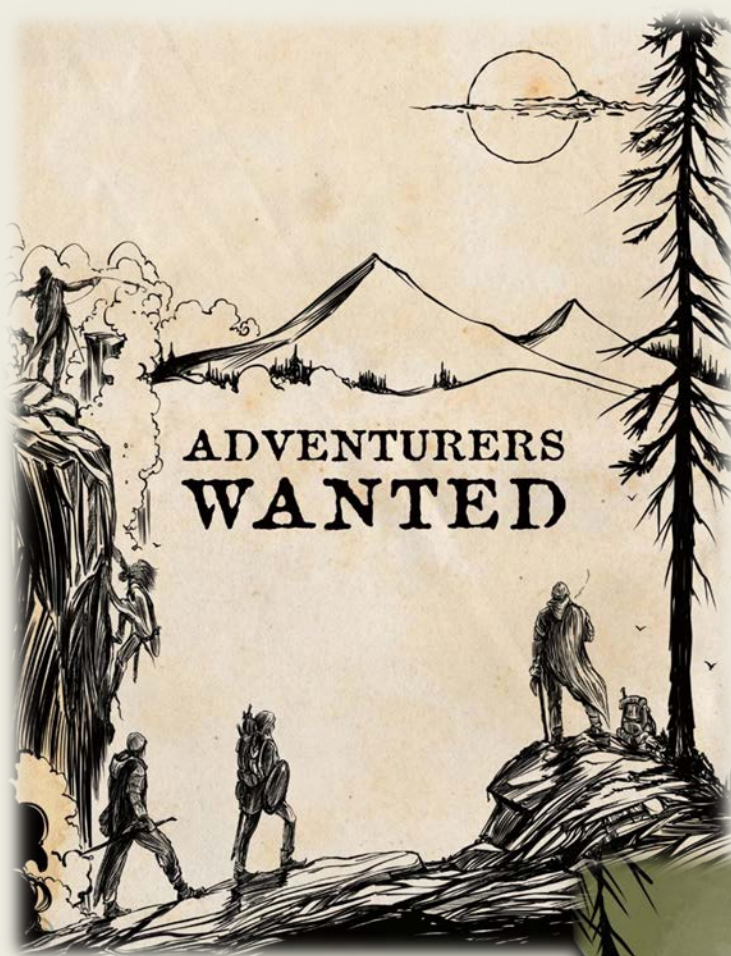
More often than not, the warm interior is a reprieve from the typically tumultuous weather outside and there are usually a few customers here at any time of day. Most often, fisherfolk, sailors, and traders frequent the seaside tavern and Ern is quite busy during the warmer months. Patrons to the Brine can expect cheap drinks, hardy chowder and rooms that are serviceable at best. Unless you're a regular, don't expect a warm welcome, outsiders can expect an often chilly reception. Ern, however, doesn't share their distrust of strangers and is often curious about other lands and cultures, plying visitors with questions and hearty servings of ale.

Arngrim Orethane (Blacksmith)

This is the home and shoppe of the village blacksmith and part time weapons maker, Arngrim Orethane, a rather gruff looking Dwarf from the distant hills of the stony Uplands. His looks can be rather deceiving though, for he is actually rather sociable as Dwarves go. On any given night he can be found at either one of the two local taverns, sometimes in the company of Ayven Roth, current proprietor of the Copper Cog. There, he tends to imbibe his favorite porter while listening to traveling minstrels or the occasional tale from passing adventurers heading into, or returning from, the wilds of the Hinterland.



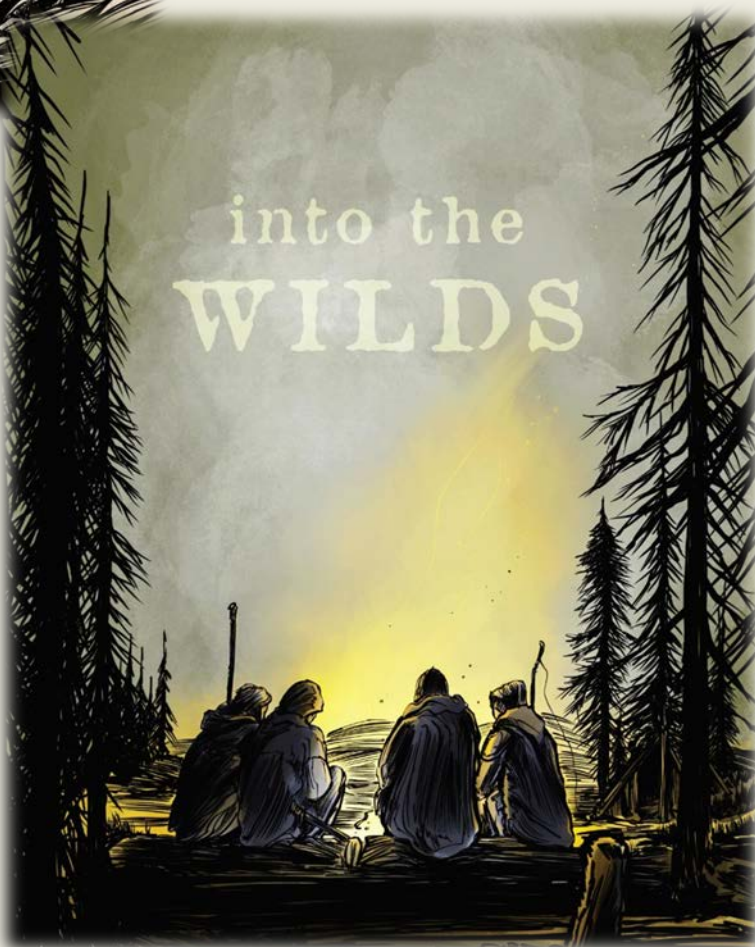
It is common knowledge that both Arngrim and Ayven, before settling down in Iavas Sûl, were partners in an adventuring group known as The Company of the Ebon Drake. To this day, the two have retained a strong kinship; many of the weapons sold in Ayven's store have been repaired or originally crafted by Arngrim himself.



ADVENTURERS WANTED

“A wilderness needs readying for homesteaders and pioneers. Stalwart explorers are invited. Mercenaries and brigands need not apply.”

“The smell of a campfire - woodsmoke mixed with the aromas of frying bacon, toasted bannock, and steeped tea. Or rum, shared around a circle of stone, fire, and stories after a long, long day on the trail. It’s times like these that make traipsing through muck and mire, over hillocks and heights, worth it. Counting luck and coins while planning the next leg of the journey. Shelters up. A watch posted. The sporadic crackle of a dying fire. Darkness envelops. A quick prayer to Ehlonna – patron of woodland wanderers – to keep foul creatures at bay. At least ‘til dawn.”



into the WILDS