

RACES

BHÉR/DUUL

(wayr/dool)

Bhér — pronounced like “wear” — is the Éronís name for the “humans” of Threshold. Called Vumane by the Ygre, and Duul by the humans living on Jiihax, all these names refer to the same race. For the purposes of this Threshold primer, I’ll call them Bhér, but because Bhér have wide cultural difference between them, you may call yourself something different.

In the reckonings of the world, Bhér are the youngest of the common races, late to arrive on the world scene. Perhaps it is because of their shorter lives that they strive to achieve as much as they can in the years they are given. Or maybe they feel they have something to prove to the elder races, and that’s why they build their mighty empires on the foundation of conquest and trade. Whatever drives them, Bhér are the innovators, the achievers, and the pioneers of the worlds.

A BROAD SPECTRUM

With their penchant for migration and conquest, Bhér are more physically diverse than other common races. There is no typical Bhér. An individual can stand from 5 feet to a little over 6 feet tall and weigh from 125 to 250 pounds. Bhér skin shades range from nearly black to very pale, and hair colors from black to blond (curly, kinky, or straight); males might sport facial hair that is sparse or thick. A lot of Bhér have a dash of non-Bhér blood, revealing hints of Ygre, Istarii, or other lineages. Bhér reach adulthood in their late teens and rarely live even a single century.

VARIETY IN ALL THINGS

Bhér are the most adaptable and ambitious people among the common races. They have widely varying tastes, morals, and customs in the many different lands where they have settled. When they settle, though, they stay: they build cities to last for the ages, and great kingdoms that can persist for long centuries. An individual Bhér might have a relatively short life span, but a Bhér nation or culture preserves traditions with Origins far beyond the reach of any single Bhér’s memory. They live fully in the present—making them well suited to the Adventuring life—but also plan for the future, striving to leave a lasting legacy. Individually and as a group, Bhér are adaptable opportunists, and they stay alert to changing political and social dynamics.

EVERYONE’S SECOND-BEST FRIENDS

Just as readily as they mix with each other, Bhér mingle with members of other races. They get along with almost everyone, though they might not be close to many. Bhér serve as ambassadors, diplomats, magistrates, merchants, and functionaries of all kinds.

LASTING INSTITUTIONS

Where a single Ygre or Mamút might take on the responsibility of guarding a special location or a powerful Secret, Bhér found sacred orders and institutions for such purposes. While Mamút clans and Po’akewa’ elders pass on the ancient traditions to each new generation, Bhér temples, governments, libraries, and codes of law fix their traditions in the bedrock of History. Bhér dream of immortality, but (except for those few who seek undeath or divine ascension to escape

death’s clutches) they achieve it by ensuring that they will be remembered when they are gone.

Although some Bhér can be xenophobic, in general their societies are inclusive. Bhér lands welcome large numbers of nonBhér compared to the proportion of Bhér who live in non-Bhér lands.

EXEMPLARS OF AMBITION

Bhér who seek adventure are the most daring and ambitious members of a daring and ambitious race. They seek to earn glory in the eyes of their fellows by amassing power, Wealth, and fame. More than other people, Bhér champion causes rather than territories or groups.

BHÉR NAMES AND ETHNICITIES

Having so much more variety than other cultures, Bhér as a whole have no typical names. Some Bhér Parents give their children names from other Languages, such as Mamút or Chatys (pronounced more or less correctly), but most Parents give names that are linked to their region’s culture or to the naming traditions of their ancestors.

SUBRACE.

Two main Subraces of Bhér populate the world of Threshold: Éronís and Fiixah Duul. Choose one of these Subraces.

ÉRONÍS

BHÉR OF THE NORTH.

The Éronís are the northern-most dwelling bhér on Vyrmusya dwelling on the central and eastern edges of the boot-shaped portion of the continent – called Éron. They are self-reliant, strong and independent people making do in the pine forests – or phelds – harvesting timber, raising livestock, and mining. For the Éronís, the strong survive, and the weak will not survive the winter.

FEUDAL BONDS OF THE BEAR.

Society in Éron is modeled after the nature around them, particularly that of the bear – called éran. A scavenger of incredible size, the largest éran do little hunting themselves, but will often bully other predators away from their kills, eating their fill.

Inspired by the éran, the rulers of a region are owed a portion of their territory’s spoils – be it gold, profits, meat, harvest – in exchange for their protection from the harsh life of the forest. This relationship is summed up by the idiom “as the éran eatith” used commonly by the Éronís to describe this relationship. These rulers take the title of Éran to symbolize this relationship. Éran may claim territory over a town or village, but may themselves be pledged to another larger Éran, sharing their spoils in exchange for the autonomy of rule and the right to be left alone. These positions are often passed down through marriage or bloodline, but any loose link in the chain might give a usurper the opening they need for a change in leadership.

A LAND OF TOWERS AND TREES.

Éran of Éron – like the animals they take their name from – are continually challenging each other for territory and rights to a region. Because of these power struggles, the phelds are at constant war at one level or another. To help defend themselves and their position, Éran built massive forts or towers as practical defense from smaller upstarts or potential rivals. These towers

– called phec, meaning “tree” – have become great symbolic seats for cementing power.

PHYSICAL APPEARANCE.

The Éronís are hardy and muscled, well suited for a life of hard labor. Their hair colors range from gold-blondes to light-browns to brown-reds. Their skin comes in a variety of shades and tones. Men often sport rough beards, and both men and women wear their hair long. Little attention is paid to one's appearance in the phelds of Éron. It's about what you can do, not how you look.

LANGUAGE

You speak Éronís and one other language.

FIIXAH DUUL

SLAVES NO MORE.

It was in Jiihax that the first Bhér were breed by the Istarii as a slave-race and on Jiihax that they first rebelled against their creators. It was Jiihax were the Bhér first got their start and where the oldest histories of Bhér took place. They have close to 4000 years of stories on the continent, with civilizations rising and falling long before ever traveling to Éron.

A LAND OF FIRE AND SAND.

The largest city of Nod — a misnomer based on the Duul word for city “nad” — is at the eastern edge of the hottest driest desert in the known world. The harsh climate has created a culture of survivors who worship the mother-sun Am Fyiix and her son Dah Am Fyiix, known as Phrit and Ah Dham in the west respectively.

The Duul are expert engineers and metal workers — once known for their secret technique of creating Nodish steel from iron and purplonium. Sadly, the technique to forge the legendary material has been lost.

CASTE PATTERNS.

The Duul signify their rank by wearing a series of colored patterns depending on their station: purple and gold with blue diamonds for male royalty (the Kuu'), purple with gold stripes for male nobility for wealthy businessmen (Kaih,) and pink with gold stripes for women of privilege (Kii). Similarly, the gods have similar patterns — red replacing purple — and related titles (Muu, Maih, Mii.)

In the recent century, many female Duul have begun using male titles and patterns as a form of protest for their secondary status, following the example of Éronís women and lady-Duul trendsetters. Other, even more radical or power-hungry Duul may adopt the titles of the gods as a statement of ego, (for example the Muu'Juu took the title when he declared himself God-King of the region.)

PHYSICAL APPEARANCE.

The Duul have a dark complexion, with hair colors ranging from brown to black. Proximity to the equator gives them slightly darker skin tones, but an entire spectrum of colorations is possible.

Names. Duul names are [Title][Family-Name] [Given Name]

Male Names: Kaih'Shang Tok,
Language.

You speak Jii and one other language from the following list: Chatys, Mamût, Gúrorkegh.

BULLYWUGS

(BULL-ee-wug)

"So their whole language is—"

"Yes."

"And—"

"Yes."

A brief moment of reflection.

"How?"

"Bull, Ee, and Wug. Different pitches, different tones; raspy voice, breathy voice. They make it work. It's not a very deep language, for sure. Don't expect to find any Bully-wug tomes on Arcano-Cosmology stashed in a hollow édler tree, but for most everything else: wug-wug, bully!"

The old man scratched his head, thinking as hard as he could about everything the half-ygře traveler had just told him about the savage toad-men surrounding his inn. The traveler took a long swig of brew, waiting for the inevitable next question.

"Would you go out there and talk to them? On my behalf?"

The traveler feigned reluctance — and well too; training from his days in the theater. "I don't know. You think they'd listen to me?"

"You know the language! Maybe you can find out what they want, and we can come to... I don't know. An understanding?"

"That sounds dangerous..."

"I'll pay you! Gold goats!"

"Three."

"Fine. Just... find out what those Wugs want."

The traveler held out his mug to the innkeeper. "Top me off?"

Once outside, the traveler could see what made the innkeeper so panicked. At the edge of the swamp, in a ring around the small inn, the shapes of massive frog-men were visible. The innkeeper watched from a crack in the window as the traveler, mug of brew still in hand, approached what appeared to be the leader of the Bullywugs.

"Bully-bully, Wug Wug Wug!" he said. The traveler as right. He and the Bullywug commander began a parley consisting of variations on the same three syllables.

—

"Evening, Jos," Caleb said, taking another swig of his brew.

"How's it going?" the large Bullywug said, conversing entirely in Bullywug.

"Fine, fine. He's scared shit-less. Oh, here. Two of these are yours." The half-ygře offered the Bullywug two of the three gold coins the scarred man had paid him. "I got the remainder last time."

"Thanks, pal." The wug pocketed the coins. "So?"

"Oh. Yeah. It's passable. Here." He held out the mug for Jos, who took a sip.

"That's passable?"

Caleb shrugged. "Compared to other brews."

"Compared to ours?"

"Oh, it's bog-water compared to ours. The flavor profile is just nowhere close. But passable for other brews on the coast."

"We're gonna make so much coin once we open," Jos said. "Oh yeah."

The traveler returned, knocking at the door. The innkeeper quickly let him in, closing the door behind him. "Well?" he asked.

"You've upset their ancient tribal magic — the Wug-Wug — and they demand repayment."

"Do they want to eat my children?"

The traveler looked off guard for a moment, before nodding gravely.

"No! Not my children. Take anything else!"

"Well, I've heard that sometimes Bullywugs will take gifts of hops and barley — or even yeast as an offering. Do you have any of that?"

"Of course! We use it to brew our ale!"

"That's right! Of course, thank Dica for a fortune!"

"What do they want with brewer's yeast?"

"I don't ask, sir. Something with strange Wug-Wug."

"Of course!" The innkeeper started for the back room to grab the "offerings."

"Before you go," the traveler said, holding out his mug,

"Could you top me off one more time?"

Bullywugs look like big frogs! Their heads sport the bulbous eyes and wide mouths of their distant amphibian relative, but their limbs are more like that of the other sentient races. The original Wugs were one of the first races of Vyrmusya, formed from frogs and mushrooms by Terranach the Earth Serpent as an early experiment. In these early days, the rules of life and death weren't well defined, and the Bullywugs learned much in the ways of manipulating this soul-energy that they called the Wug-Wug. This mastery of spirits gave Wugs unprecedented control over their swamps and the life teeming within them. Soon they grew to a powerful civilization that stretched from east to western Éron, ruled by powerful Wug-Witch mothers and their hordes of children.

SECRETIVE CITIES

The once-dominant race of Éron, the Bullywugs were pushed out by the Istarii when they came to central Éron. Unlike their more versital rivals, Wugs only live between latitude 45 – 55 on Éron. The Wugs retreated to the deep forests and swamps where they could live in peace, away from the cloud-kingdoms of the Istarii. A city is ruled by a massive Brood-Mother, birthing new generations of Bullywugs to defend her from outsiders.

CIRCLE OF LIFE

The Ygre once lived forever and are often called the immortal race because of their long lives, but Bullywugs perhaps deserve the monicker even more. Bullywugs never truly die — at least from old age. When approaching the end of their lifecycle — close to 35 years — Bullywugs regress to a tadpole stage before starting a new life cycle. They remember little from their previous life, taking a new name and even personality.

A FAMILY OF FUNGI

Despite appearing to be frog-men, Bullywugs are part fungi and as such, don't reproduce sexually. When given enough room and time to grow, a Bullywug will become a Wug-Mother, growing to enormous size and gaining the ability to sprout new tadpoles from pores in her back. The gender of Wugs is interchangeable, depending on the need for a Wug-Mother. If there is no Wug-Mother in a community, the youngest adult will become one over a period of a month or two.

WUG-WUG

All life and spirits are sacred to the Bullywugs, but are often more concerned about these spirits after death than during life. Bullywugs have a fascination with magic of life and death, proving to be both effective healers and necromancers. Bullywugs — when they do eat — prefer their dead to be decomposing. This relationship with death and their oft antagonistic relationship with the Bhér has given Bhér-kind a less-than-favorable view of Bullywugs. Rumors abound of Wugs eating children and performing terrible rites in their hidden homes. In many communities, particularly, the Fanged Coast and in Ístarton, Wugs are seen as an accepted — if second-class — member presence in society. Bullywug language is a tonal nightmare for outsiders to learn consisting of a myriad of variations and combinations of the syllables “bull” “ee” and “wug.”

GAME STATISTICS

Ability Score Increase.

Your Constitution score increases by 2. Your Wisdom score increases by 1.

Age. Bullywug are seen as mature at the age of 10 and live a short life which lasts till age 35, before returning to the tadpole stage and beginning their cycle again.

Size. The height of a typical bullywug ranges from 4'6" to 5'4" and weigh up to 120 lbs, though royalty tends to weigh more. Your size is Medium.

Speed. Your base walking speed is 20 feet. Your swimming speed is 40 feet.

Amphibious. You can breathe air and water and have a swimming speed equal to twice your walking speed.

Speak with Amphibians. Through sounds and gestures, you can communicate simple ideas with amphibians.

Swamp Camouflage. Whenever you make a Dexterity (Stealth) check made to hide in swamp-like terrain, you are considered proficient in the Stealth skill and add double your proficiency bonus to the check, instead of your normal proficiency bonus.

Standing Leap. Your base long jump is up to 20 feet and your base high jump is up to 10 feet, with or without a running start.

Languages. You can read, write, and speak both Éronís and Bullywug.

CLAERÍON'S FOLK

A man with the head of a tiger; hands that end in bear claws; wolf legs and tails. All these and more are possible features of Claerion's Folk, a new race created by the Thothesians to act as workers and soldiers — easily cowed by moon-magic.

Called Claerion's folk, (named for the Maraishman from which their birthing process was developed,) the half-beasts have become a more common sight on the continent of Éron over the last 200 years.

CREATED, NOT BORN

All Claerion's Folk were bhér once. Kidnapped as children and young adults, or picked from the ranks of political prisoners, these unlucky Bhér are subjected to a harrowing process during which their blood is cursed, transforming them into humanoids with animal features. Thankfully — and tragically — those that are transformed in this manner retain no memory of their previous lives, able to start fresh in their new forms.

MOON-MANAGED MIND-CONTROL

Because of their lycanthropy heritage, Claerion's folk, are extremely susceptible to certain mind-control techniques utilizing the moon Lunam. The Thothesians hard-wired this trait into the transformation process. In fact, the animal features were only a happy accident to the mind-altering primary effects. Claerion's folk are bred to obey their Thothesian masters, and even those that have managed to escape servitude live in constant fear of being returned to heel by the powerful command-techniques.

THE WANING

This newly-created race of people were “born” into suffering: possessing no wealth, no possessions, and barely even a name. Zheno, a prisoner of the Thothesians, began giving talks to his fellow Claerion's Folk in the now-massive workers camps, describing virtue and emotion — powers derived only from one's own mind — to be the only true matter of import in existence and that all material possessions were simply tools that should be used to act toward ethical ends. The Philosophy, dubbed Zheno's Waning or often simply the Waning, took hold among the oppressed Claerion's Folk, placing emphasis on the power of one's own mind as the only thing that can truly be controlled — and something that can never be taken.

EXODUS

With so many Claerion's Folk now living and working on the continent, it was only a matter of time before control was lost. A large number of Claerion's folk escaped their oppressors, fleeing west to the safety of Marais. Many free-folk now roam Éron, especially in the west, while many more remain Thothesian captives.

FAMILY BY BLOOD

Because they share this curse, Claerion's folk see themselves as a family, calling each other Brother and Sister, or Uncle and Aunt, depending on generation. Any memory of their former family lost, Claerion's folk form communities amongst themselves while they can. A majority of Claerion's folk work in service to Thothesian masters as soldiers or workers, but a fair number of Claerion's Folk find themselves in major cities, free of direct Thothesian influence. The Thothesians often turn a blind eye to these communities, provided they keep

out of trouble — they can always re-enrapture them later or draft them as quickly deployed soldiers should the settlement as a whole step out of line.

THE RED WOLF'S SONG

At night, Clarion's folk dream of their former lives, still connected to their true soul in the Dream. They remember little of these lives upon waking, but often get vague memories of places or people they've never visited in their new identities.

Otherwise, Claerion's folk dream of a Red Wolf howling a mournful song at the blue moon. Believed to be their semi-historical forefather, Claerion the Red Wolf is worshiped by his progeny as a protector god who will one day return to deliver them from servitude.

GAME STATISTICS

Physical Appearance

Claerion's folk look like a hybrid cross of — depending on type — a tiger, wolf, or bear and the Bhér they were converted from. Skin coloration — where fur hasn't settled — varies as much as the Bhér population they were converted from, although all Clarion's folk develop various shades of red hair, ranging from strawberry blond, to auburn, to orange.

Age

Because Claerion's folk are created from already living bhér, Claerion's folk begin life fully matured. They live slightly shorter lives than regular bhér, rarely aging past 60 years.

Ability Score Increases. Your cursed blood and animalistic features make you stronger than an average Bhér. Your Strength score increases by 2 and your Charisma score increases by 1.

Natural Armor. Your thick hide gives you natural armor. Your unarmored AC is $12 + \text{your dexterity modifier}$.

Natural Weapons. Your bestial features grant you lethal weapons in the form of claws. You are proficient with your unarmed strikes, which deal 1d6 damage on a hit.

Domitable Will. Your cursed blood makes you susceptible to domination by agents of the moon. You have disadvantage on Saving Throws made against spell effects that utilize a holy symbol of Lunam in their casting.

Darkvision. You have superior vision in dark and dim conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

Subrace. Three main subraces of Moon-Touched populate the world of Threshold: Wolf-type, Bear-type and Tiger-type. Choose one of these subraces.

Wolf-Type

Ability Score Increase. Your Intelligence score increases by 2.

Savage Attacks. When you score a critical hit with a melee weapon attack, you can roll one of the weapon's damage dice one additional time and add it to the extra damage of the critical hit.

Extra Movement. Your base walking speed increases to 35 feet.

Bear-Type

Ability Score Increase. Your Constitution score increases by 2.

Relentless Endurance. When you are reduced to 0 hit points but not killed outright, you can drop to 1 hit point instead. You can't use this feature again until you finish a long rest.

Cat-Type

Ability Score Increase. Your Dexterity score increases by 2.

Nimble. You can move through the space of any creature that is of a size larger than yours.

Lucky. When you roll a 1 on an attack roll, ability check, or saving throw, you can re-roll the die and must use the new roll.

DIM

Jémí, who was, for now, Cristín's traveling companion, was outside enjoying the festivities. They had met at the edge of the Mammoth Mountains, and since they were both traveling south, Jémí suggested they share the road, for safety in numbers. Had Jémí been a more intimidating man, Cristín would likely have refused, but Jémí was a lithe man, and she was mostly convinced he wouldn't be able to do her much physical harm. Still, there wasn't much that Cristín really knew about Jémí. Blood of the Ygre race flowed through Jémí's veins, that was clear from his bark-colored skin and jet black hair as well as the sharp points to his ears and slender build. Cristín knew the stories of the Ygre and their fall from immortality, and while she had never known one personally, she knew enough to recognize them. But there were other things about Jémí that suggested he was Bhér like Cristín was: he wore his hair short, and a light dusting of a beard grew on his face, both qualities that ruled Ygre out. Cristín determined that he must be dim — or demi-ygre, one parent Ygre and the other Bhér. Dim explained Jémí's journey to Serinton — dim were plentiful down there — but not why he was in the far northern lands of the Mamutach in the first place. For all these questions, Jémí sure didn't like providing answers.

Outside, Jémí wondered where Cristín had gone. He looked about lazily before starting his search. The first place he decided to check was the bottom of his tankard amongst the last of his beer. She wasn't there, so he gave up.

"Look alive, half-breed, this is supposed to be a party," a gruff voice said. Jémí looked up to see Phranclín — the massive half-ygre — with a tankard of ale in each hand. He sat across from Jémí, sliding a mug his direction. "You aren't afraid I'm going to turn you into some horrible creature with my chatmajyrum?" Jémí asked. "Only if you aren't afraid I won't eat you or rape you," Phranclín said then continued: "Besides, any form you could turn me into can't be worse than what I already am."

Jémí took the drink and raised it as a toast.

"To abominations," he said. They tapped mugs as Phranklín took his seat.

"Mother or father?" Phranclín asked.

"What?"

"Who raised you?"

"Both, actually," Jémí said. "Until my mother was killed. Turns out, Mamûtmen don't like race-traitors. Then my father and sister went home to the Ymquarum and left me behind."

"Classic story," Phranclín said. "I've still got you beat, but it's nice none the less."

"Fuck," Jémí said. He took a big gulp of his drink. "Why do you stay?"

"Where else would I go?" Phranclín asked.

"I dunno. Seryntón?"

"That might be fine for you, but Ygrus I am not. I'd look even more a freak down there amongst those dandies and twig-thin lords."

"Marais then. You could work a field. A plow."

"Like I haven't thought about it. But that's just one frontier to another, Jémí. At least here, I'm the lord's brother. Out there, I'm just something unnatural that needs to be burned."

"Well, that's where I'm going, soon as I can get some coin."

"Have you heard of the Bootnails?"

"Can't say that I have," he said.

"Not surprised. Bootnails're a small chain of islands, east of Séryny — tiny things."

"And who lives there?"

"That's just it: no one."

"No one?"

"Stories of tiny half-men crop up from time to time, but far as anyone can tell, most of the little islands have no major civilization to speak of."

"So, you just wanna live alone on an island?"

"I want to build a home for people like us. Half-breeds. An island for the abominations: welcome all who have nowhere else to fit in. Once Wilus gets things under control, I'm taking a boat and sailing down there. Now that Cristín's here, it shouldn't be long now."

"I wouldn't hold your breath..."

"Come with me. I can't do it alone."

Jémí thought for a moment.

"We'll find some others like you — women! — And start a new civilization. Princes of Half-Breed Island!"

Jémí imagined a pair of beautiful half-ygre as sister-wives. Forget his sister and father — who clearly didn't want him anyway.

"Okay," he said, throwing up his hands. "When do you leave?"

There was a murmur from the edge of the crowd. Jémí looked that direction to see the last thing he ever expected — a figure walking through the crowd. The citizens of Hadoc parted for him because of his strangeness. He was tall, dark-skinned — even darker than Jémí's — with a long coat and pointed shoes. This was a true Ygrus, an immortal being from the Ymquarum Vycana far to the south. His long golden hair fell to his waist, and his bright blue eyes shone with curiosity.

"Vycanam te vycae," the Ygra said as he reached Jémí.

"Uh... what?" Jémí replied.

"Ner chatyt Ty?" the Ygra said.

"No, yeah, Eeg chah-tee mee-tah, but who are you?" Jémí said.

"You know this clown?" Phranclín asked. The Ygrus did certainly look out of place. He wore a long grey coat that fell to about his knees; his shoes were pointed in the style of Séryny or the Ymquarum; the cloth had started to tear and fray — torn from wandering through forests. There were twigs and leaves in his long hair, and his ears jutted out a good six inches from his head in a dramatic, almost rodent-like way — Jémí's were round by comparison. Suddenly, the ygrus spoke in a clear but young voice.

"Luna's blessings to you!" he said, "I'm looking for my master, Gavon. Have you seen him?"

"Can't say we have," Phranclín said. Jémí winced.

"Actually..."

Dim used to be a dirty word — a pejorative against the offspring of Bhér and Ygre copulation — but such days have long passed, at least amongst the Dim themselves who reclaimed the word after a few lifetimes. With a greater presence in human lands, Ygre and Bhérí find themselves more and more connected and so more and more Dim begin to appear. They're the best of both worlds: the dedication and tradition of the Ygre coupled with the adventurous spirit and creativity of Bhér-kind. Many Dim still struggle to truly find a home in either society, seeking their own kind when they can. As such, most Dim make their way to urban centers that support a large Dim population — especially the metropolis of Serynton.

HEIR OF TWO KINGDOMS

To Bhér, the slender features and pointed ears make the Dim recognizable as Ygre, but to the Ygre themselves, the facial hair and sturdy frame mark the Dim as Bher. Both races historically treated the Dim as “other,” but in recent generations, that distinction has almost completely disappeared. Dim’s height and weight fall within the range of Bhér and Ygre — around 5-6 feet, 100 to 180 pounds. Their skin is a mix of their parents can range from very dark to very pale, depending on their Bhér parent’s coloration. Their hair tends to be darker in coloration like the Ygre, but more Bhér-like colors are not unheard of such as blonde or red — especially if the Ygre parent had an unusual hair color themselves. They always have the magically colored eyes of the Ygre: gold, amethyst, copper, emerald — nothing is out of the question. Dim can grow beards unlike their long-lived parents, and their hair continues to grow after maturity giving the Dim a huge range of hairstyles to choose from. Dim of all genders are considered to be extremely attractive both by Bhér and Ygre standards and are often used as models to advertise to both races.

MASTERS OF NONE

Many Dim are still shunned by more isolated communities. Lunar Ygre especially still despise the Dim, although that hatred is much less explicit than in centuries past. Bhér show more tolerance — the Dim are far from the strangest denizen in their lands — but many rural communities remain superstitious of the Dim.

With Ygre diaspora granted official citizenship by the Queen of Sheryn — who was herself married to a Dim — Dim have become quite common in the southern urban centers of Éron, Sherynton especially.

DIM TRAITS

Your Dim character has some qualities in common with Ygre and some that are unique to Dim.

Ability Score Increase. Your Charisma score increases by 2, and two other Ability Scores of your choice increase by 1.

Age. Dim mature at the same rate Bhér do and reach Adulthood around the age of 20. They live much longer than Bhér, however, often exceeding 180 years.

Size. Dim are about the same size as Bhér, ranging from 5 to 6 feet tall. Your size is Medium.

Speed. Your base walking speed is 30 feet.

Darkvision. Thanks to your Ygre blood, you have superior vision in dark and dim Conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in Darkness as if it were dim light. You can’t discern color in Darkness, only Shades of Gray.

Lunam’s Blessing. You have advantage on Saving Throws against being Charmed, and magic can’t put you to sleep.

Skill Versatility. You gain proficiency in two Skills of your choice.

Languages. You can speak, read, and write Éronís, Chatys, and one extra language of your choice.

MAMÛT

(MAH-moot)

Every sound echoes in a kog. Every sound is three-fold, they say: once when you make it and twice when the kog makes it back. Râmjök's Mjord always told him that deeds are like sounds in the kog, "make yours good, so that the echos are too."

It was nice sentiment anyway, but Râmjök took a different path. The dark didn't bother him, deep under the earth, nor did the cold, despite being wrapped in little more than a cloak and a few pads of leather. His think fur kept him plenty warm. What did bother him was the silence as he waited for his target — his prey. He sat quietly, so quietly that the kog couldn't talk back; couldn't snitch and give up the game before Râmjök had a chance to strike.

He looked at his dagger, thinking of the men he had killed and wondered when his knife's echo would find him. Working for the Black Arrow was profitable, but Râmjök had no illusions about living forever as an assassin.

It had taken some time to learn to repress the thoughts of returning home, of living and dying in service to his Mjord — obedience is chemical, almost magical to the Mamût, but not impossible to break free. The Black Arrow had taught him that, too. In some ways, he had traded one Mjord for another — his mother for coin and a brotherhood. And one day it would all echo back to him. But not yet. Not here.

That's when he heard is quarry coming — some Bhér that owed a little too much gold to the wrong someone else. Quietly he waited, his huge Mamût fists clutching the hilt of his dagger as the unsuspecting bhér walked closer and closer, tiny footsteps bouncing off the cave's stone walls. Finally, when he was within striking distance, Râmjög leapt from the darkness. His target screamed once and the kog screamed twice.



PHYSICAL APPEARANCE

The Mamût are short, stout, strong, with square faces and a thick fur that covers their bodies except for their faces and, in the case of males, the tops of their heads. Male Mamût also sport beards that they take great pride in, braiding the long hair and weaving beads and jewelry into as a sign of wealth or to display a particular accomplishment. Female Mamût have less hair on their faces, but treat the hair that grows from the tops of their heads in a similar manner. Besides these superficial differences, male and female Mamût are considered equals in society and very little social difference is enshrined in their culture. The exception to this of course, is the Mjord — often translated as Queen — the breeding female for the colony. She is slightly larger than the other Mamût, but weaker, requiring protection from threats.

Because of their thick fur, Mamût wear little in the way of clothing. If anything, a Mamût may wear a cloak or shawl to protect them from the weather, or a hood and or hat to protect their exposed faces and heads from the cold.

DRAGON-BORN

The Mamût were created by the white dragon-necromancer Ithaqa to aid her in her quest for diamonds and silver buried deep within the mountains of the earth. For years the Mamût dug vast caverns under the northern mountains, but after years of enslavement, the Mamût rebelled against their dragon creator. They killed the ancient dragon, gaining their freedom.

HIVE-SOCIETY

Mamût are eusocial, meaning they live in large colonies in which only one female breeds and the majority of workers (both males and females) spend their entire lives working for the colony. Colony size averages 70-200 individuals, but colonies of up to several thousand have been observed.

The individuals in these groups are very closely related. Workers are generally raising their siblings, because a single queen may reign for many years. Dispersal is quite rare and inbreeding is common, which results in a high degree of genetic similarity among colony members. If a Mjord dies or is removed from a colony, a few females may fight to the death in order to become the new Mjord.

KOMPLEX KOGS (AND KÔGS)

Mamût live in complex underground burrow systems consisting of "kogs" — meaning chambers — connected by tunnels. The tunnels are about 3 meters in diameter. Some tunnels run just under the surface of the ground, while others can be miles deep. There is a great deal of branching and interconnection of tunnels, with the result that a colony's total tunnel length can total up to many miles. Tunnels connect nest chambers, toilet areas and food sources as well as mines. Burrowing and fungal husbandry are the only way the Mamût find food, because they rarely travel above ground.

Mamût typically dig using a shovel-like tool called a "kôg" (note the diacritic!) that doubles as a sort of axe for in-tunnel fighting. They work assembly-line style: the front miners break through the dirt while a string of workers sweeps the soil through the tunnel system to an opening at the surface, where another worker kicks the dirt up onto the ground, forming a small hill. Mamût do the majority of a year's digging just after the cold season,

when the normally hard ground is softened. This period is called "hôlagmak" a time of great celebration for the Mamût.

The Mamût are contained mostly to their tunnels within the Mamût Mountains, trading frequently with the Bhér that tolerate the freezing temperatures and high elevation. Few Mamût find themselves further south than the fanged coast, although many major cities have small but extremely tight-knit Mamût populations, often centered around a Mjord.

MAMÛT TRAITS

Your Mamût character has an assortment of inborn Abilities, part and parcel of Mamût Nature.

Ability Score Increase. Your Constitution score increases by 2.

Age. Mamût mature at the same rate as Bhér, but they're considered young until they reach the age of 50. On average, they live about 350 years.

Size. Mamût stand between 4 and 5 feet tall and average about 150 pounds. Your size is Medium.

Speed. Your base walking speed is 25 feet. Your speed is not reduced by wearing Heavy Armor.

Darkvision. Accustomed to life Underground, you have superior vision in dark and dim Conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in Darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only Shades of Gray.

Mamût Resilience. You have advantage on Saving Throws against poison, and you have Resistance against poison damage (explained in "Combat").

Mamût Combat Training. You have proficiency with the Kôg, Handkôg, Light Hammer, and Warhammer.

Tool Proficiency. You gain proficiency with the artisan's tools of your choice: smith's tools, brewer's supplies, or mason's tools.

Stonecunning. Whenever you make an Intelligence (History) check related to the origin of stonework, you are considered proficient in the History skill and add double your Proficiency Bonus to the check, instead of your normal Proficiency Bonus.

Languages. You can speak, read, and write Éronís and Mamût. Mamût is full of hard consonants and glottal sounds, and those characteristics spill over into whatever other language a Mamût might speak.

Subrace. Two main Subraces of Mamût populate the world of Threshold: Hill Mamût and Mountain Mamût. Choose one of these Subraces.

HILL-MAMÛT

As a Hill Mamût, you have keen Senses, deep intuition, and remarkable resilience. Mamût that make their burrows in the lower-elevations and around Bhér settlements are Hill-Mamût.

Ability Score Increase. Your Wisdom score increases by 1.

Mamût Toughness. Your hit point maximum increases by 1, and it increases by 1 every time you gain a level.

MOUNTAIN-MAMÛT

As a Mountain Mamût, you're strong and hardy, accustomed to a difficult life in rugged terrain. You're probably on the tall side (for a Mamût), and tend toward lighter coloration. Your burrow is high in the mountains or out in the frozen northern wastes.

Ability Score Increase. Your Strength score increases by 2.

Mamût Armor Training. You have proficiency with light and Medium Armor.



ORKEX

(OR-kesh)

Between the hot deserts of Jixah and the cold Mamût Mountains, lie the great flatlands of the Orkex. These cold plains are perfect grazing grounds for the mighty Orkex horses during the summer months, but can be brutal during the winter. The Orkex therefore, never fully settled in one place, moving their camps between northern and southern locations depending on the time of year.

FOR THE HERD

Orkex are masters of herd animals, with similar senses and habits as the animals they care for. No other race can match an Ork on horseback and the few times in history that the Orkex have formed a War-Herd, only the most stalwart of armies have been able to stand against them. Masters of the mounted spear, bow and even war eagle, the Orkex are masters of combat from horseback.

When the Orkish set up camp, they erect octagonal tents at the center of their herd. The Orkish see themselves as a great herd comprised of both Orkex and their animals and will treat the loss or an attack their livestock as gravely as an attack against one of their own.

Male Ork Names: Dench, Feng, Gell, Henk, Holg, Imsh, Keth, Krusk, Mhurren, Ront, Shump, Thokk

Female Ork Names: Baggi, Emen, Engong, Kansif, Myev, Neega, Ovak, Ownka, Shautha, Sutha, Vola, Volen, Yevelda

ORKEX TRAITS

Your Orkex character has certain Traits deriving from your ancestry.

Ability Score Increase. Your Constitution score increases by 2, and your Strength score increases by 1.

Age. Orkex mature a little faster than Bhér, reaching adulthood around age 14. They age noticeably faster and rarely live longer than 75 years.

Size. Orkex are somewhat larger and bulkier than Bhér, and they range from 5 to well over 6 feet tall. Your size is Medium.

Speed. Your base walking speed is 35 feet.

Herd Hearing. Thanks to your large, flexible ears, you are rarely surprised by coming danger. You are proficient in Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing. You may add your wisdom modifier to initiative checks. If you do so, gain the frightened condition until the end of your first turn.

Born to Run. You have advantage on Constitution checks to prevent levels of exhaustion gained from movement or forced marches.

Multiple Arms. You have advantage when you make a Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check to start or escape a grapple. All armor costs by 1.5 times as much as a two-armed version.

Languages. You can speak, read, and write Gúrorkegh and Éronís. Gúrorkegh is a harsh, tonal language with lots of fricatives.



PO'AKEWA'

(Poe-ah-KAY-wah)

During the age of sail, islands were discovered off the coast of Éron. Initially thought to be uninhabited, the islands were actually home to what was initially thought to be a group of children, but were instead an entirely new race: the Po'akewa' (poe-ah-KAY-wah).

Physical Appearance

Po'akewa' stand about half the height of 3 feet tall and from a distance might look like a child or short Bhér. A closer examination reveals hands and feet at a slightly larger ratio than their taller counterparts. Their eyes range from sea green to sky blue and occasionally a sandy gold.

Mysterious Origin

Little is known about the origins of the Po'akewa'. No gods nor dragons claim them as their progeny, nor do any known races claim them as their creation. Because of their resemblance to the Bhér, it's theorized that they are descended from them, but when Po'akewa'-Bhér relationships do arise, they are unable to reproduce, calling the relationship into question. Thothesians dislike the Po'akewa': they remind them too much of their old enemy the Gnomasii, and are convinced there is a relationship. If ever there was however, it's news to the Po'akewa'.

The Po'akewa' tell stories of their own origins, born from the islands themselves.

Ships and Stories

Po'akewa' are prolific storytellers, able to recite vast narratives and epics by rote memory. Many often wrongly assume the Po'akewa' as primitive because of their minimal written word, but the true culture of the Po'akewa' comes from their stories. Rather than instructive texts, the Po'akewa' share mnemonic tales and parables to help pass on instructions — especially in regards to sailing. Many a sailors sea-shanty is an adapted Po'akewa' instruction tale, as the Po'akewa' are excellent sailors, despite their size. Po'akewa' make up a majority of shipping crews both for their talent at sea and their size — their small stature freeing up additional space for cargo.

Po'akewa' Features

- Ability Score Increase. Your Dexterity score increases by 2.
- Age. A Po'akewa' reaches adulthood at the age of 20 and generally lives into the middle of his or her second century.
- Size. Po'akewa' are average about 3 feet tall and weigh about 40 pounds. Your size is small.
- Speed. Your base walking speed is 25 feet.
- Lucky. When you roll a 1 on an attack roll, ability check, or saving throw, you can reroll the die. You must use the new result, even if it is a 1.
- Brave. You have advantage on saving throws against being frightened.
- Nimble. You can move through the space of any creature that is of a size larger than yours.
- Languages. You can speak, read, and write Wu'na.

Subrace. Two main subraces of Po'akewa' populate the worlds of Threshold: Uh'hua and Kani. Choose one of these subraces.

Uh'hua

You were born for a life on the sea. You can tie knots and climb rope faster than someone twice your size.

Ability Score Increase. Your life on the sea has made you aware of the slightest changes in the wide and sky. Your Wisdom score increases by 1.

Celestial Navigation. You travel by the stars and the sky. You always know which way is north, and cannot become lost on the open ocean.

Rigging Master. While on a ship, you have a 20 foot climb speed. You have advantage on ability checks to tie or escape rope.

Kani

You come from a line of rich storytellers.

Ability Score Increase. You are a practiced storyteller and performer. Your Charisma score increases by 1.

Haakaa. As an action, you can make a Charisma (Haakaa) to intimidate opponents with a warrior's display. Choose a number of creatures that can see you equal to your Charisma modifier (minimum 1). Each creature must make a Charisma saving throw (DC = 8 + Cha mod) or become frightened for 1 minute.

YGRE

(EE-gray)

Twigs snapped under his pointed boots like the bones of the conquered. Hadryanus would have preferred that they were bones – Vumane or Istarii most of all – but that was not his assignment. The light through the thick canopy caught the metal of his armor for a fleeting moment, and the reflection lit up the jungle floor. Hadryanus smiled: this was a show of dominance; no jungle would tarnish his brilliance.

“Sir, over here,” Lorynus said. Hadryan hated Lorynus. The inclusion of a Dymus in his squad felt like a personal attack that made him wonder if Hadryan did something to upset his captain.

Hadryan crossed to the Dymus, crushing more twigs and sticks on his way. He arrived at Lorynus, crouched above a collection of pale flowers, his face concealed by that stupid cloak – as if it did anything to hide the runty ears and pale skin he inherited from his vumane whore mother. Hadryan stood silently, refusing to even speak to Lorynus. Finally, the half-breed spoke in his low gravelly voice – certainly, a put on.

“Look here,” he pointed at the white blooms, their leaves almost translucent. The flowers got thicker and larger further to the west, a great field of them just beyond the roots of a massive tree.

“Flowers. Why did you call me over for Flowers?” Hadryan asked. This stupid child: they were in a forest, of course, there would be flowers.

“These flowers feed off the Memory – the barrier between our world and the Dream.” He pointed again at the tracks – like he was instructing a Shadow. Hadryan had already lived twice the total lifespan of the half-breed, and he was mouthing off about cosmology? Hadryan wouldn’t stand for it.

Hadryan started in the direction of the prints, defying the tracker’s caution, taking extra care to step on every stick in his path – oh but were they the bones of the dyme...

“Where are you going?” Lorynus asked.

“To fulfill our Moon-damned task. Map the sector, put down any threats to reoccupation.”

“There could be Qolus,” Lorynus said, “These flowers grow where there are spirits. We should watch for fallen Ygre.” Hadryan kept walking, pretending not to have heard.

“Hadryan,” Lorynus said, louder than the captain had ever heard the ranger speak. He pulled down the hood of his cloak – vulnerability; weakness. Hadryan stopped his long ears twitched with rage beneath the shining helmet. “I wouldn’t go that way if I were you. Not until we know what’s over there.”

Hadryan drew the flared blade of his sword, then turned to face the dym. “We’re here to complete an objective, and my glagovon and I are prepared to cut through anything that gets in my way. Qolus or Dym.” Hadryan used the pejorative, egging the ranger on to attack him. He watched Lorynus with his ancient eyes, ready for the telltale signs that his opponent was preparing to draw his glagovon – memorized from many standoffs across the island. The jungle suddenly grew cold. The white flowers opened, seeming to glow with energy. Soon both Ygre and Dyme alike were surrounded by the sounds of wailing and chains.

Lorynus drew his glagovon.

The Ygre – singular Ygrus – were once an immortal people with a vast empire of nearly unimaginable technisific prowess. But after a thousand years of decline, the now-mortal Ygrus are reduced to only a pale shadow of their former selves. Their island home rendered nearly uninhabitable by both ghosts and wild-magic surges, the Ygre have fled across the world, a people without a homeland and without the goddesses that guided their race for millennia.

Still, the Ygre remain brilliant and proud people, even if their long life can make them appear arrogant or overconfident to other races. Ygrus love technisig and magic as well as long-term crafts like brewing and gardening. They love bringing order out of chaos and bringing the untamable to heel.



PHYSICAL APPEARANCE

The Ygre are tall, thin, and wiry. Their skin tones range from a light tan to a vibrant coffee color while their hair takes on darker shades of black and brown, and – more rarely – dark shades of gold, and silver. Their hair stops growing once they reach physical maturity, and the hair is worn long – almost to the waist – or tied in elaborate styles and braids, always carefully kept from getting in the way of their long pointed ears. Ygre wear long coats or wraps made from long sheets of finely woven fibers, although they have adopted the clothing of those peoples that have accepted them into their ranks, most notable the Bhér.

A MAGICAL LIFE

Magic ran through every aspect of Ygre society, and at the height of their Ymqarum, every Ygrus could perform a little bit of magic. Everyday objects were imbued with magic, from their money, which required minor spells to mend when making change, to the portal-network that Ygrus used to traverse between their great daqomum – pyramid cities. Following the death of their goddesses Lunam and Victorya, the Ygre have fled their Homeland, leaving much of their technisigy behind them: the portal nexus crumbles; jungles reclaim daqome. Now, upon their death Ygre are releasing a huge surge of chaotic wild-magic as their soul leaves their body. Magic runs through the veins of the Ygre but only time will tell if they can control it without the aid of their Goddess.

RELATIONSHIPS WITH OTHERS

The blessings of such long life give the Ygre a sense of superiority over the other races of the Strip. Ygre look down on the Mamût with particular disdain and Dim as an embarrassment of their weakness.

Other races view the Ygre as strange at best and fascist at worst, although these impressions are based more on the historical specter of the Ymqarum's heights rather than the reality of its modern ruins.

AN EMPIRE OF GHOSTS

During the Ymqarum's height, the empire stretched from the Ygre's native island to southern Éron, to Western Jiihax and even a colony on the mysterious continent to the south – all driven by their immortal connection to the moon. But following a terrible and mysterious cataclysm known as "The Fall," the Ygre lost their immortality and with it their empire. In modern days, their ancestral island – lovingly called "The Homeland" – with a vast desert on its north face and a dense jungle on the south, is abandoned by all but the most stubborn of Ygre, and those that remain behind to conquer the ghosts that remain.

The jungle is filled with ghosts. A previous quirk of Ygre biology prevented their soul – or qolus (KWO-loos) – from passing on to the afterlife without a special ceremony and burning of their body. Those that don't receive this aid left behind a nasty spirit that haunts the area surrounding their corpse. Ancient Ygre battlefields are covered with such ghosts, and following the Fall, entire cities had to be abandoned because they were infested with souls of the dead, unable to move on.

YGRE NAMES

Ygrus names are long, often filled with information about their class, their position, specialty, or more. Ygrus will usually select a portion of their full name to be used when speaking with close friends. A good rule of thumb is if a Ygrus hasn't told you their close name, better to use the full one. Vorlum Toter Ygre, usually passed over for the shadow program, are given shorter names.

Aq Vorlumer Names: Transmatavon Tarterycvelaryus XIII (Vel), andeguelavon Decymyathortunatus XVI (Ortuna), Horatuscatymagus rusyjer IX (Rusyj).



Vorlum Toter Names: Antonyus, Clemensus, Junus, Neryus, Phylum, Tanaqylus.

YGRE TRAITS

Ability Score Increase. Your Dexterity score increases by 2.

Age. Although Ygre reach physical maturity at about the same age as the mortal vumans, the Ygre aren't considered an adult by members of their race until much later. An Ygrus is given a "Caster" and a new name around the age of 100 and can live to be hundreds of years old.

Alignment. Ygre favor tradition, order, and continuity, and because of this, they tend towards Lawful alignments. They value the life-giving and life-honoring aspects of their moon-goddess, edging them towards good over evil. However, most Ygre find themselves neutral, choosing whatever best upholds the law.

Size. Ygre are slightly taller than vumans, ranging five and a half to 6 feet in height. Your size is Medium.

Speed. Your base walking speed is 30 feet.

Darkvision. Accustomed to dark jungles and the moon-lit sky, you have superior vision in dark and dim conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

Keen Senses. You have proficiency in the Perception skill.

Vycarus Lunuser. Your connection to the moon gives you an advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic can't put you to sleep.

Vynus Pyrytus. Ygre's long life – and former immortality – have damaged your connection to the Dream, rendering you unable to sleep. Instead, you must gain the life-giving energies from the Dream by ingesting a fermented dream-wine – called Vynus Pyrytus – and practicing a meditation regimen around four hours a day. This regimen is usually performed during daylight hours, but the timing can be adjusted to accommodate the vumanic sleeping schedules when traveling in a mixed-racial company. While meditating, you experience dream-like hallucinations and visions. After resting in this way, you gain the same benefit that a vuman does from 8 hours of sleep. Vynus Pyrytus is considered to be included in any trail rations purchased in a region with a Ygre population but may be harder to find far from home.

Language: You speak Chatys and two additional languages.

LANGUAGES

Threshold has its own unique languages with their own sounds, grammar, and vocabulary. Here I'm going to describe the languages that are common to the people of The Strip and how you can convert names from our world to the languages of Threshold.

ÉRONÍS

The languages used by Bhér north of Raventop, and a cousin language to Duul (both descend from Istarii, the language of the giants,) but is written in a version of Chatys script. Éronís is based on Irish and Old English with lots of fun vowels and glottal fricatives (like the Scottish Loch.) If you want to convert a name from English to Éronís, long vowels will be accented, K's and Ch's become regular C's, F's are Ph's and Th is replaced with P's — a letter called thorn.

CHATYUM

The ancient language of the Ygre. The informal language of magic as many tomes were written by the Ygre. Ygre is a highly structured language with a myriad of cases for nouns. Ygre is penned in a CAPS-ONLY script. Chatum is inspired by Latin and Hindi. Turning Latin names into Chatum is really easy: just change and "I" vowels to "Y" and any "J's to "Zh."

Julius becomes Zhulyus.

CHATYS

A hybrid language of Éronís and Chatum, Chatys is spoken on the streets of the far south of Éron, Western Marais, and on the Island of Azélya — places where both Bhér and Ygre mix. For most cases, Chatys is identical to Éronís, but replaces í with a y.

MAMÛT

Spoken by the Mamût to the north, Mamût is a language with few phonemes but a rich and creative tendency to create unique compound words, (the Mamût word for gold translates to sun-iron.) Many Mamût vowels are from deep in the throat, giving the language a deep resonance that is easy to understand deep in caverns and caves with lots of echoes. Mamût is written in a system of easily-carved runes. Mamut is inspired by Nordic and Slavic languages.

ÓREGH

Óregh is the name used to refer to a collection of dialects spoken by the Órkex people. Óregh is a tonal language that can be difficult to translate because each word has three contradictory meanings depending on rising, falling, or neutral tone. Outsiders have a difficult time having conversations with speakers because this linguistic quirk. Very little is written in Óregh, given that its speakers are mostly nomadic, but when it is written down, it borrows Duul calligraphy.

JII

The language of Nod is the cousin of Éronís and have many of the same roots for their words, although the two cousins are extremely different. Jii is written in a calligraphy script with flowing letters, partially inspired by Arabic.

THIEVES' CANT

A secret language loved by the criminal underworld of the cities, Thieves' Cant is unique in that it is a whistled language. Often, innocent whistling in the bad part of town is actually code for criminal actors.

BULLYWUG

Bullywug is a strange language consisting of only three syllables: "bull" "ee" and "wug." Based on tone, voice, and pitch, these three syllables create a unique blend of ideas and sounds all from just three syllables. Bullywug has a special symbol for each syllable with diacritics for its voices, pitches and tones. Native Bullywug speakers typically also speak a Eronis-Bullywug creole characterized by a verb-subject transposition, ("Went I to town and bought I a horse,") and a smurf-like replacement of words with their bullywug counterpart which can sound almost comical to non-speakers. ("Go we to meet the bully, and demanded we that release he the whole wug!")

KE'A'WE

With a small inventory of phonemes, Ke'a'we is a language spoken mostly by the Po'akewa' islanders in the central Star-Sea.

KAH'KAW

The mysterious language of the Thothesians was guarded fiercely for generation although their occupation of Éron has caused their language to spread to many on the continent in Thothesian-heavy towns.

EXOTIC LANGUAGES:

Exotic languages are those spoken a little less frequently or hardly at all around the Strip. Exotic languages can only be selected if specifically mentioned by a race, class or background.

KYLTAN

The language spoken by fey creatures including the Mother's Fey. Kyltan is a language of harsh consonants and soft vowels written traditionally in clay tablets.

ISTARII

The root language of both Eronis and Duul, Istarii is considered a dead language, although many scholars continue to study it for its use in archeology. Some wizards may learn Istarii for its usefulness in speaking with Outsiders and Dream-Entities.

WORDS OF CREATION

The first language spoken by the dragons and the elementals. The words themselves have the power to shape the world and hold a power even deeper than Chatum. The Words of Creation have a massive inventory of phonemes and sounds, chaotic and primal in their sound.

FEAT:

WORDS OF CREATION

Requirements: Proficiency in Words of Creation, Spellcasting

Your Intelligence Score increases by 1 to a maximum of 20

When you cast a spell with a verbal component, you can replace the verbal component with a similar phrase in the Words of Creation. Spells you cast using the Words of Creation have a +1 increased Save DC.

ADDITIONAL BACKGROUNDS

We have a few new backgrounds for this campaign that fit into the THRESHOLD world. Consider these background alongside those presented in the *player's handbook*.

AMNESIAC

Your background is a mystery; a dark void with no illumination. It's not a secret — that would be easier — rather there's nothing there. If you had a family, friends, training, oaths all of that is lost to you now. Some things remain: instinct, muscle memory. Any memories you try to settle on, actively examine, are like grabbing water with oiled hands.

Perhaps your amnesia was the result of an injury and is nothing more than a tragic accident. That's the most comforting thought, although it might mean you have loved ones that believe you dead. What keeps you up at night is the thought that your memory wasn't lost, but was taken from you; stolen by enemies with secrets requiring so much protection that the only course was to wipe you clean. Or even more frightening, that you took your own memory to protect yourself from something so terrible that remembering even part of it was a danger.

Your DM will decide your backstory.

Your background grants you no skill, tool, or language proficiencies.

Equipment: Roll on the Trinket table.

Feature: Resurfacing Past

As you adventure, familiar situations cause familiar skills to resurface. Your muscle memory can take over returning facilities you didn't know you had. When faced with a skill challenge with which you are not proficient, you can gain proficiency in that skill, tool, equipment, or language, including exotic languages. After using the ability, you cannot use it again until you have completed a long rest. Once you have gained four proficiencies or languages from this ability, you cannot use it again.

d8	Personality Trait
1	I make up fantastical backstories for myself, without care for their validity.
2	I try not to get to close to others. It's easier than hurting them down the road.
3	Whatever wiped my memory is done. I'm forgetful and misplace everything.
4	I'm an obsessive note-taker, even for seemingly trivial happenings.
5	Without a past, my mind has room for more detail about the present. What I do remember, I remember perfectly.
6	I frequently mope, lamenting my missing past.
7	I covet the family of my companions. I would do anything for a family.
8	I dress outlandishly, ensuring that I will be remembered.

SLAVE

You have spent your life in servitude of another. You were owned by another, deprived of freedom, of choice, of autonomy. Perhaps you were born into the caste, or perhaps you were sold into it as punishment for a slight or for repayment of a debt. You were worked hard without rest.

But somehow you escaped that life — either by legal or extra-legal means — and have won your freedom. Many may look down on you. Others may try to put you back where you came from. But you have found new found strength and will not go back without a fight.

Work with your DM to decide who your captor was and how you gained your freedom.

Skill Proficiencies: Concentration, Endurance

Tool Proficiencies: One type of artisan's tools

Languages: One language related to your captor

Equipment: a set of manacles, a set of traveler's clothes

FEATURE: BOND OF BONDS

You know the language of the serving class. Servants, assistants and slaves will always help you if they are able. You can find a place to hide, rest, or recuperate among the servants, unless you have shown yourself to be a danger to them. They will shield you from the law or anyone else searching for you, though they will not risk their lives for you.

SUGGESTED CHARACTERISTICS

Former slaves have a deeper appreciation for what it means to be free and what should be sacrificed for that freedom.

d8	Personality Trait
1	I take contrary positions, simply because I can.
2	I have already been through hell. No danger can be worse than where I've been.
3	When I've made up my mind, my decision is final.
4	I defer to others's opinions out of habit.
5	I'm not afraid of hard work — even the back-breaking kind.
6	I can't stand to see someone else be taken advantage of.
7	Fuck authority.
8	

d6	Ideal
1	Safety. All living beings deserve to feel safe and comfortable. (Good)
2	Honor. A deal is a deal, even if you don't like the terms. (Law)
3	Freedom. No one should have power over another man's self. (Chaotic)
4	Power. The weak are meat and the strong do eat. (Evil)
5	Death. All things end eventually, good or ill. (Neutral)
6	(Any)

d6	Bond
1	I have a friend still in captivity. I'll do anything to win their freedom.
2	I bargained for my freedom. I still owe on that debt.
3	I escaped with my life, but my former captors are still hunting me.
4	My freedom was purchased by a powerful benefactor. I owe them my life.
5	I owe my god for my deliverance. I will never stop worshiping them.
6	

THE WORST YEAR IN HISTORY

"The wind was cold. So cold it could wick the life out of you, soul and all. Those that couldn't get sheltered became husks. They'd never feel warm again; their souls are torn away by that howling wind. Those that sheltered emerged to find their crops; livestock; livelihoods ruined: dead or worse beneath a dusting of snow. People say things can't get worse; I tell them they've never seen snowfall come to Sherryton."

The year 2220 was the worst in recent memory for the Éronis people. Throughout the year, the continent experienced a trio of unprecedented disasters. Many died, and further still, society changed forever as a result.

THE SOUL STORM

The wild, frozen wastes of Neavaux have always hosted incredible storms. The harsh winds and freezing temperatures mean little settlement in the area. Never before have the great storms reached further south than the island Édlerach Déron (Eye-land of Éron.) That changed with the Soul Storm. The greatest storm ever recorded on the continent ripped through the continent. Neavaux, the Édlerphe, the banks of the Sherrywine, and even the near-tropical Sherryton itself all experienced the winds.

The winds were so strong and so cold that they ripped souls from unfortunates caught in them, leaving un-living husks to trudge through the snows left in their wake. Many that survived the winds starved after an entire season of crops and livestock died. Those that survived the hunger were attacked by the husks of their family and neighbors. It was the worst catastrophe Éron could remember; it was only the beginning.

THE AZAELYAN MAW

While the Soul Storm raged on the mainland, the Isle of Azealya went through its crisis. What began as a shimmer and a foul odor became a full planar incursion from The Dream. Entire communities disappeared. Inhabitants replaced with hellish counterparts; twisted parodies of the cities and towns. While Free-Sherry and Thothesian Éron braced for an infernal invasion, the Azaelyan Devils continued commerce as usual. They struck deals with the Damjy's Red Fingers – an Ygre crime syndicate – and other stripal economic powers. The Red Fingers acquired Succubi for their brothels and continued operation of the devil-controlled island. It remains unknown exactly what the Damjy gave to strike this bargain or if their recognition and legitimization were enough.

The chthonic horde conquered Azaelya, enslaving those that remained on the island. Those that fled to Sherry arrived amid Soul Storm starvation and fear of infiltration by Sherry natives.

ZHAQTVYUS RETURNS

On the Homeland, Zhaqtavyus I, the first king of the Ygre, long thought dead, re-emerged now in Éron, having crossed the sea some years prior. After assembling a devoted group of loyal followers, Zhaqtavyus sought to establish a new kingdom on the new continent. Many Ygre came to him, looking for their once-and-future-king to re-establish their Ymqarum. Once they arrived, it became clear that Zhaqtavyus had become

something different. He was not looking to re-establish his kingdom but to anoint himself as divine and rule a twisted kingdom of darkness.

Feeling responsible for the king's escape, Transmatavon Tarterycvelaryus XIII, the former wizard, confronted Zhaqtavyus and re-contained him.

THE MAJISÉNT

Following his capture of Zhaqtavyus, the powers of Éron pleaded with Vel to help them. Could these disasters have been averted? How many could have been saved?

Vel agreed, negotiating a multi-nation collaboration to establish the Majisént, meaning magical-safe. This new organization was responsible for containing and preventing magical cataclysm across the world, beginning with Zhaqtavyus I.

Vel and the established ranks of the Majisént began to build a facility to hold both Zhaqtavyus and more dangerous magical forces.

You have joined this newly-created organization, driven by your experiences over the past two years. What prompted you to enter such a dangerous lifestyle? Work with your DM to understand your role in this new organization.

WHY INTERVENE?

In a world that is already teeming with magic, what kinds of anomalies demand Majisént intervention? While true that the world is full of natural magic phenomena, certain instances demand intervention. The criteria for intervention is as follows:

Would the phenomena...

- Result in a massive loss of innocent life?
- Threaten to end or alter existence on a ontological or planar level?
- Cause an extreme and rapid shift in existing power dynamics?
- Grant an individual or organization the ability to enact any of the above?
- Provide valuable information, techniques, or resources for Majisént goals?

Typical investigation will follow a set of stated mission directives unless otherwise stated:

1. **Investigate** (determine the source of the magical effect; the related effects of the manifestation)
2. **Assess** (determine the resulting consequences if the magical effect is left alone)
3. **Intervene** (determine and execute a method to retrieve, contain, or neutralize – in that order of preference – the manifestation.)

MAJISÉNT PERKS

Because of your membership in the Majisént, you gain the following perks.

Armory. You can purchase nonmagical weapons and armor at a 20 percent discount at a facility associated with your military force. You can buy magic items at the DM's discretion, but you receive no discount.

Chain of Command. You are a part of the hierarchy that provides you with orders. If you cause trouble in your own nation, you answer to your officers, not local law enforcement.

Official Access. Your rank in the Majisént grants you access to places that are off limits to civilians. With your commander's permission, you can enter dangerous training grounds or military installations like an army's

regional headquarters or a repository of top-secret intelligence. You can also request that your command grant you authority to act in their name or provide access to experts or leaders higher in the chain of command.

Orders. You undertake your missions at the direction of a commanding officer, who expects your absolute obedience. These missions have clear and precise goals, leading you on the path of adventure. In rare cases, you're trusted with open-ended tasks that afford you leeway in interpreting orders.

Documentation. Each member of your group has identification denoting your affiliation with the Majisént. The association carries clout in scholarly circles.

The Majisént also secures documentation letter of introduction and traveling papers if your work requires them. Such documents grant you special status, such as access to forbidden regions or neutral standing in embattled areas. Such identification isn't always a boon, though. In a land recently plundered by foreigners, your documents could mark you as nothing more than aggrandized looters to some people.

Research. Research is part of your group's job, but the Majisént has abundant resources to facilitate such efforts. You can call in a favor to delegate the work of researching lore (a downtime activity) to a colleague, contact, librarian, or research assistant. You're responsible for covering expenses incurred as a part of this research and the DM determines success or failure.

Resources. You can call in a favor to access the less dangerous magic items, spell books, gear, and the like. Additionally, you can consult with the researchers as the experts in various fields.

Salary. The Organization pays you 1 gp per day, enough for a modest lifestyle. A promotion to an officership comes with a salary increase, affording you a comfortable lifestyle.

Role	Backgrounds
Asset	Amnesiac, Slave, Urchin
Consultant	Guild Artisan, Hermit, Outlander, Sage, Sailor
Investigator	Charlatan, Entertainer, Noble, Soldier, Urchin
Researcher	Acolyte, Hermit, Outlander, Sage
Soldier	Criminal, Folk Hero, Outlander, Sailor, Soldier
Any	Charlatan, Noble, Slave

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

The world has changed in 200 years. The Thothesians, finally expanding off their home island have occupied Éron, and with the bird-men came their powerful weapons: the Ka'Thoom. Additionally, I've presented a few Threshold-specific weapon options for your consideration — Ygre weapons made famous in their wars against the Istarii.

KA'THOOM

Long held a state secret by the Thothesians, the Ka'Thoom is out of the bag and this powerful weapon sees use throughout the known world. Ka'Thooms are — at their core — a long tube of metal used to direct the explosive forces created through Ignausium powder and fire ammunition. Ignausium is an extremely potent explosive powder, loaded with a projectile into a Ka'Thoom and fired. The ease of use for the Ka'Thoom has lowered skill-bar necessary to fight on the battlefield allowing for larger cost-effective armies.

The major drawback to the Ka'Thoom, however, is the time it takes to reload after a shot is fired. To reload a Ka'Thoom, the breach must be opened, ammunition and a charge of powder inserted and recessed. Even those trained with Ka'Thooms will find themselves firing a shot once every two rounds of combat and some more complicated weapons take even longer than that. Additionally, every Ka'Thoom has the potential to misfire, damaging the weapon until repaired.

KA'THOOM PROPERTIES

Ka'Thooms have several new properties related to their use:

BAYONET.

You can affix a bayonet, a sharpened 16" steel point, to a Ka'Thoom with this property. You must spend 1 attack or 1 action to fasten or remove the blade from the Ka'Thoom. Once affixed you can make melee attacks with the weapon using your strength modifier for attack rolls and damage rolls — a damage value in parentheses appears with this property. Bayonets are unwieldy and hinder your accuracy. You have disadvantage on ranged attacks made with a Ka'Thoom with an affixed bayonet.

MISFIRE.

Whenever you make an attack roll with a Ka'Thoom or grenade, and the dice roll is equal to or lower than the weapon's Misfire score, you misfire. The attack misses, and a misfired Ka'Thoom cannot be used again until you spend an action to try and repair it. To repair your Ka'Thoom, you must make a successful Dexterity (Tinker's Tools) check with a DC equal to 8 + Misfire score. If your check fails, the weapon is broken and must be mended out of combat at a quarter of the cost of the Ka'Thoom.

POINT-BLANK.

This Ka'Thoom fires a compact burst of shot, highly effective up close, but quickly losing its lethality at longer ranges. Reduce the damage of the weapon by 1 die for every 10 feet you are from your target. For example, a blunderbuss deals its maximum of 4d4 piercing damage to targets that are adjacent (5 feet away). However, it deals 3d4 piercing damage to targets that are 10 feet away, and only 1d4 piercing damage to targets that are 30 feet away.

RELOAD.

This weapon can be fired a number of times equal to its Reload score before you must spend 15 feet of movement and either 1 attack or 1 action to reload.

DOUBLE-RELOAD.

This weapon's reloading mechanism is complicated and precise. It takes 30 feet of movement and 2 actions to reload.

SCATTER.

When you hit a target with a scatter weapon, each creature within 5 feet of the target must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw (DC = 8 + your proficiency bonus + your Dexterity modifier) or take the same damage as your target. This attack cannot benefit from the Sneak Attack feature. A weapon with the scatter property cannot attack beyond its normal range, and must use the hailshot ammunition.

GRENADES

Handheld, fuse-lit explosives, grenades are rarely used, although they pack a devastating punch. Each grenade specifies its blast radius, damage, effects, saving throw, and Misfire score in its description. Grenades are thrown weapons with a 20 ft / 60 ft range. You can throw a grenade as an attack, targeting a point within range and making an attack roll using your Strength modifier. The targeted point has an AC of 10. It gains the benefit of cover as usual, increasing to an AC of 12 if the point is behind half cover, or 15 if it is behind three-quarters cover. If you target a point over a wall or behind a barrier, the point is considered to have three-quarters cover and the range of your attack is halved.

On a hit the grenade detonates centered on the target, and each creature within the grenade's blast radius must make a saving throw or suffer the grenade's effects. If you miss, the grenade bounces away harmlessly and fails to detonate.

When you score a critical hit with a grenade, instead of dealing additional damage, all creatures caught in the grenade's blast radius have disadvantage on saving throws against the grenade's initial effect. When you misfire with a grenade attack, you misjudge the length of the fuse, and it detonates centered on you.

Portfire Grenade (Misfire 3).

A crude bomb, no more than a ball of iron filled with gunpowder. When a portfire grenade detonates, each creature within a 10-foot-radius sphere from its detonation point must make a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw. A target takes 3d6 fire damage on a failed save or half as much on a successful save.

Smokepot Grenade (Misfire 1).

This grenade produces a thick, cloying smoke upon ignition. When a smokepot detonates, a 20-foot-radius sphere of smoke emerges from the detonation point. The smoke cloud spreads around corners, and its area is heavily obscured. The smoke lingers for 10 minutes or until the stinkpot is snuffed out.

Each creature that is completely within the smoke at the start of its turn must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the creature has disadvantage on attack rolls made before the end of their next turn as they cough up smoke.

A creature within the smoke can make a DC 13 Intelligence (Investigation) check to locate and snuff out the smokepot, dispersing the cloud at the end of their

next turn. A moderate wind (at least 10 miles per hour) disperses the smoke after 4 rounds. A strong wind (at least 20 miles per hour) disperses it after 1 round.

You must be proficient in Ka'Thooms to use them effectively. These proficiencies are provided by your class, or through the following feat:

Ka'Thoom Proficiency

Choose a type of Ka'Thoom. You understand how to use that type of Ka'Thoom in combat.

Benefit: You make attack rolls with the selected weapon normally.

Normal: When using a weapon with which you are not proficient, you take a -4 penalty on attack rolls.

Special: Barbarians, fighters, paladins, and rangers are proficient with all Ka'Thooms. They need not select this feat.

You can gain Ka'Thoom Proficiency multiple times. Each time you take the feat, it applies to a new type of weapon.

Names	Damage	Properties	Misfire	Range	Cost
Thothesian Pistol	2d6	light, versatile, reload 1	1	30/120	40 GP
Thothesian Musket	2d8	reload 1, two handed	2	60/240	100 GP
Hand-Held Cannon	6d6	oversized, reload 1, two handed, double-reload	5	100/400	1,000 GP
Shang Revolving Pistol	1d6	light, reload 6	1	30/120	75 GP
Shang Cartridge Musket	2d10	two-handed, reload 5	3	60/240	200 GP
Shang Chain Gun	3d12	over-sized, two handed, reload 3, double-reload, special	5	60/240	2,000 GP
Single Barrel Scatter Gun	4d4	point-blank, scatter, reload 1, two handed	2	30/-	30 GP
Double Barrel Scatter Gun	6d4	point-blank, scatter, reload 2, two handed	2	30/-	90 GP
Thothesian Rifled-Barrel Musket	2d12	reload 1	2	120/480	500 GP
Mamút Dragon	2d10	light, point-blank, reload 1	3	60/240	30 GP
Mamút Rifle	2d12	versatile, reload 1, two handed, double-reload	3	40/160	85 GP
Coat Gun	3d4	point blank, reload 1, special	3	30/-	60 GP

OVERSIZED WEAPONS

Threshold introduces a new class of weapons: oversized. These are weapons designed for fighting large opponents — the Istarii — or other weapons too big to otherwise wield. Oversized weapons require specialized equipment and training to be used effectively, although they pack a punch when they connect with their target.

Designed by the Ygre to fight giants, the oversized weapons are carefully balanced and designed to allow their use by a medium creature.

Oversized weapons have the following property:

OVERSIZED

You must have a Strength 14 or higher to wield this weapon. Oversized weapons are too large to be used without training. Characters without proficiency have disadvantage on attack rolls made with this weapon. Oversized weapons can only be used to make one attack per round and cannot be used with the extra attack feature or reactions.

Ankel-Buster Sword	2d8	oversized, heavy, two handed	150 GP
Ankle-Buster Hammer	2d8	over-sized, heavy, two handed	200 GP

FEAT:

OVERSIZED GRIP

Prerequisite: Proficiency with Martial Weapons

You have trained to Master the use of Oversized weapons, gaining the following benefits:

- Increase your Strength score by 1, to a maximum of 20.
- You gain proficiency with Oversized weapons.

SPECIAL WEAPONS

New weapons with special rules are described here.

Blowpipe.

A blowpipe launches a small arrow, often laced with poison. A blowpipe only deals 1 damage, which cannot be increased by class features or spells, such as Sneak Attack or hunter's mark. If you are hidden and use a blowpipe to attack a surprised creature you do not give away your location, even if your attack hits.

Bolas.

A Large or smaller creature hit by a bolas is knocked prone and is unable to stand until it is freed.

A creature can use its action to make a DC 10 Strength check, freeing itself or another creature within its reach on a success. Dealing 5 slashing damage to the bolas (AC 10) also frees the creature without harming it, ending the effect and destroying the bolas.

When you use an action, bonus action, or reaction to attack with a bolas, you can make only one attack regardless of the number of attacks you can normally make.

Hand Coehorn.

A small handheld mortar, this Ka'Thoom uses grenades as ammunition. When you attack with a hand coehorn, you can target a point outside thrown range. Each grenade functions as noted in its description. Use the hand coehorn's Misfire score when making attacks.

On a misfire the grenade does not detonate (though it is expended) and the hand coehorn cannot be used again until it is repaired.

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

TECHNISIFER'S TOOLS

A set of tools used for the manipulation and creation of technisigy including magic items.

KAH'KALLER

A small black sphere that can be used to transmit messages back to a central receiver. If you use a Kah'Kaller as a material component, you can cast *Message* with unlimited range.

SENDING NEXUS

A large stone that acts as a repeater for Sending Stones allowing more than one stone to be linked. Touching a Sending Stone to the Nexus links it to the network. A Network can support up to eight Sending Stones.

MAGIC

Magic is an important part of the world of THRESHOLD. Contained in this chapter are some writings and ideas to help you when creating a character that relies on magic as part of their concept. Don't get bogged down in the mechanisms of magic – it's not science – and is quite impossible for us to completely understand in our magic-less world.

So let me start by stating that this document is about organizing my thoughts to help orient yours. There are no right or wrong answers to these kinds of questions because, at its core, magic isn't real – to us at least. But to the people of THRESHOLD, magic is a genuine force that permeates life and living in the same way that technology does for us. I'm hoping that my keyboard-vomit can help us all get on the same page for how magic and the peoples of this world fit together.

WHAT IS MAGIC?

Magic is the astral plane's ideas and energy manifest on the material plane, often passing through the ethereal plane and elemental planes in route. Let's use a fireball as an example. The magic-user would first hold the fireball-idea in his mind, summon power from the Astral plane – and in this case, Fire from the elemental chaos – and bring that energy to bear within our plane. The fireball-idea then moves into the lower planes and manifests as a material object: in this case, an explosion. All magic works the same; Astral energy is brought into the material world through spells. Spells themselves are essentially blueprints of circuits or roadmaps of thought that can tap into the Astra energy.

TYPES OF MAGIC

There are two significant types of magic: Arcane Magic and Divine Magic. The best way to think about the two types of magic is to remember who starts the flow and which direction it travels. With Arcane Magic, the flow works as described above: a spell-caster pulls energy from the Astral plane into the world. Divine Magic is more of a push: a divine being – god, angel, etc. – hears the request of a devoted follower and “pushes” the energy to them. Arcane is pulled magic; Divine is pushed magic. The distinction of magic gives arcane casters more freedom with how their magic is used; they do not benefit from a powerful deity to aid them in their casting.

CASTERS

Any intelligent being is capable of magic at some level. The simplest of wizard spells can be taught to just about anyone with the training. It takes the mental aptitude to comprehend the spell's schematics and the mental exercise of summoning the energy.

Those who devote their lives to the mastery of these exercises and formulas are called Wizards. Wizards are not born with mental aptitude but rather train to develop them over time.

Sorcerers have a biological connection to something that gives them physical shortcuts for activating the Astral plane. They just are wired that way, magic running through their veins, rather than a skill that needs to be developed. Their natural thoughts and feelings are similar to those that wizards must train and practice, giving them an advantage in the short term. However, because they may not understand these processes, sorcerers may not ever achieve the most

potent spells. The most powerful wizards are usually born sorcerers and choose to study their craft further.

Bards, rather than learn the exercises for actual spell casting, learn songs and melodies containing spells. By performing these memorable songs and hymns, they tap into the Astral plane nearly by accident, using music's power as their conduit. Because of this, most bards have minimal spell lists and can only produce magical effects based on the songs they've learned from other bards. Musically inclined wizards may write new spells for bards, binding the mental exercises' magic into music.

Priests, Clerics and other faithful are granted power through their god or patron. Usually, through prayer, faithful request power or an effect and the god, if listening and available, grants it. The more faithful and devoted a follower, the more powerful and consistent these powers will be doled out. Truly committed, or the gods themselves, become Avatars that interface with the deity directly and be granted genuinely epic power levels. Gods themselves on the material plane can open up great holes to allow power to flow freely, giving them the omnipotence we associate with them.

Druids have the knowledge and a relationship with the natural world. Rather than draw their powers straight from the Astral, they use the plants and animals that attract energies through their processes.

Warlocks, too, are an exciting blend of push and pull magic. Warlock's power comes from a deal with a powerful entity with access to the astral plane. In exchange for this power, the Warlock is bound to serve the entity. However, this is different from Faithful because the entity is bound to provide the power when asked. This type of magic is a push-pull situation, with both sides working to produce the effect. Warlocks can become as powerful as their bargains allow them, but this is also often at a high price.

BUT WHAT ABOUT TECHNISIGY?

I've invented a terrible, terrible word: technisigy. It's impossible to say, even for me. It works against the stutter I've fought so hard in my life to overcome. I inflicted “technisigy” upon myself and you for two reasons: firstly, to keep alive the canon established by Kevin and Josh in the first Homeland Campaign. Josh played a “Technisifer,” a non-wizard nonetheless tasked with solving the uniquely magical problem of upkeeping a literal network of magical portals, and keeping elements like Technisifer alive, is one of the things that I love so much about this setting.

Secondly, I wanted to use technisigy to distinguish it from technology because I firmly believed that they were different enough to warrant the distinction, mostly that one is powered by magic. But as we further explored this element's birth and people started coming to me with their character concepts, I began to question what the difference was between magic, technology and technisigy. I'm going to run down how I understand all three of these concepts now.

MAGIC

The “physical” world of THRESHOLD – space where our characters exist – is the interaction between the ideal forms – pure concepts – and the infinite chaos of matter in pure potential, (more on the planes below!) Where these things collide create physical space. Think of it as pouring liquid metal into a mold of a statue and letting it cool. The mold without metal is nothing, and the metal without form is just glowing soup.

“Magic” is the meeting of these two forces creating some change in the world. Magic can be a wizard making the correct symbolic and metaphorical proofs to crush the mountain as easily as he crushes the lump of clay in his hand; the bard who sings songs of freedom whose voice vibrates with such force of personality that no one can help but feel inspired; the cleric whose prayer reaches her goddess’s ears and moves her to intervene.

Some creatures and even physical objects can do this too, pulling astral ideas into the physical world. They become a reality: blink dogs, fey, trolls all have miraculous abilities where concept and chaos meet.

TECHNOLOGY

Technology is, just like it is in our world, using physical and natural processes to accomplish a goal, to create an effect. Heating iron in a forge and hammering it into a sword; using the water flow to turn a wheel; utilizing a lever to raise a platform.

TECHNISIGY

Smashing these ideas together gives us technisigy. Technisigy uses magical processes to accomplish a goal: rubbing two sparking-stones together to create a lightning bolt; binding an elemental to turn a wheel. Is it magic? Yes. Of course! It’s still magic, but perhaps it’s not a spell. The result is still magic, and the forces that created the effect are always magic.

What I’m about to postulate will sound a little wild, but the Technisifer has the most common with the druid. That’s right, the druid. You might think that the mad-scientist and stinky tree-hugger were complete opposites, but that’s the point: they’re both sides of the same coin.

Druuids use their connection with the natural world to harness the magic found within. They know which berries grant dark vision and how to call a wild animal to your aid.

Technisifers have an in-depth knowledge of the natural world: which materials conduct electricity, what combination of potions react to melt steel. Technisifers take the druid’s physical magics a step further, exploiting these natural-magical processes in ways that go beyond their original purpose. They’ll never reach the raw power of the wizard, genuinely able to rewrite reality with their will, but they can use reality as it is to get a few steps closer. They’re harnessing magic – hacking it – pushing it not necessarily beyond its limits but into novel configurations to achieve a magical effect.

THE PLANES

THE EYE OF CHAOS (ÞÍ EDACH DESHÁNDÁ)

Pure Potential

Deep within the earth is the Eye of Chaos, a place of pure elemental potential without order. Raw elements spew forth, a seemingly unending tide of matter belching up from the depths.

It seems that the edges of the Eye – where they begin to be shaped by the ideal-forms of the Dream – are habitable and that travelers that find entrances to the Eye may find communities built on the edges. Fabled underwater cities, temples built in volcanos, and other similar locations on the extreme fringes of natural power are these border towns.

Meanwhile, the deeper toward the center of the Eye one travels – if such a thing were possible my mortal beings – the human body would be ripped apart and

returned to the pure energies that comprise it. Few beings could hope to survive there, save for those of a purely ontological nature. Many demons, angels, dragons and similar creatures make homes or bases deep within the Eye. The abyssal daemonic city of Dis – considered the deepest place a mortal being can go – sits deep within the Eye, nearing its center. The Eye is the land of Istarii, such as the goddess Phrit.

THE DREAM (ZHUCRÚMÍACH)

If the Eye of Chaos is a place of raw matter, the Dream is its opposite. Little exists in this void besides ideas, and ideas truly can take on their purest form. The vuman (mortal, in Chatys) races leave their body to travel beyond the veil of Memory to the Dream every night while they sleep; their souls free to create whole worlds from nothing. The Dream is continually changing, shaped by the will of those within it. Many strong-willed creatures have chosen to abandon their dirt-forms and remain forever in the Dream – taking up residence in massive mind-palaces of impossible design. Cities of fractaline pyramids; castles made of candy – anything is possible within the Dream. Ideas are reality.

All conscious beings return to the Dream in their sleep – save for the Ygre. It seems that whatever errant energies abound within the Dream’s infinite borders are necessary for conscious life and certainly for spellcasting and magic. For whatever reason – perhaps related to their former immortality – the Ygre, unable to sleep, must derive this energy from the jacrutyum plant native to their island coupled with meditative exercises. Jacrutyume seems to exist half-inside the Dream and half out.

The Dream is the land of Dragons and is often described as “Astral.”

THE DIRT-WORLD (SHARZÍACH)

Between the Eye of Chaos and the Dream lies the Dirtworld, consisting of Chaos’s raw energies tempered by the idealized law of the Dream. All that we see, feel, touch, and experience exists on the Dirtworld. First sung into being by the First Vyrn and her children, the Dirtworld is the meeting of raw matter and impossible ideas to create reality as we can see it.

THE MEMORY (CWLÍACH)

Little is understood about the Memory. It seems to be a space between The Dream and the Dirtworld, but how it interacts with them is unclear. It overlaps the Dirtworld and is where Ygre and rarely other creature’s souls get stuck when their physical bodies die. Folding the Memory on itself is also the conduit when traveling by portal or teleportation. Material from the Memory is sometimes called Ether.

ELEMENTALS AND OUTSIDERS

Sometimes, a powerful idea from the Dream will make its way – by one way or another – through the Memory and reach the Eye of Chaos. From there, these ideas can find a physical form and enter the Dirtworld. When this errant idea is unintelligent – an animal spirit or other non-sentient concepts – it becomes an elemental. Elementals are mostly content to remain in the Eye, only occasionally finding their way to the Dirtworld – and usually by accident.

But when the Dream-spirit is intelligent, an Outsider is formed. Outsiders are more like living creatures with biology and structure but often retain magical abilities.

Devils and angels fall into this category, as well as Axioms like the Procurer.

Both Elementals and Outsiders are summoned by wizards and expedite this process. Recently, techniques to bind these elementals to physical objects have created a plethora of new Technisig, allowing for elementals to do many men's work.

The Dream Zhacrumiach

The Dirt-World
Sharziach

The Eye of Chaos
Pi Edach Deshanda

The Memory
Cwoliach

