

The Feral Garden

Introduction

Long ago, the world was an idyllic place, for the Maker-of-Life had set the beasts that lived in it in perfect balance with one another. So perfect, in fact, that the Maker's touch was rarely needed, and so he was overtaken by a great torpor, going to sleep out of sight of the creatures of the world.

Ages later, turning in a dream of plenty, he finally awoke, and what he saw disturbed him greatly:

He saw that the world had become a terrible, murderous place in his absence, both the land and air and blue salt water overtaken by monsters outside the plan of nature: hideous, malformed Titans that crushed all beneath them like living mountains. Even the greatest of his beasts were mere insects to the Titans, and they scattered like leaves on the wind, diminishing and growing weak of number, and the Maker became distraught.

Soon, though, the maker's despair turned to rage, and then rage into purpose: he would take the Great Powers that were his alone and distribute them to the most perfect of his children, making them more of what they already were. To the king of the great cats he gave strength, to the thunder lizard masters he gave resilience, to the hard-shells he gave regeneration, to the best of the skin-fliers he gave perfect sight. The Maker went to each of the manifold creatures, the very best of them, and elevated them with gifts most appropriate. When he was done he named them as the first Totem Spirits, and tasked them with driving away the Titans. It was then the Maker saw there was one gift, the least one he had, left to give, and so he called to him one of the Walkers: small, hairless, furtive creatures that lived in constant fear--even before the Titans came. To the chief of these meek ones he said: "I give you my last gift: cleverness, and I am sorry it is no great thing. Perhaps you may survive still, but I cannot name you as equal to the Totem Spirits." And with that, the great maker, power divided among his creatures, faded away on the wind, leaving the world forever.

The chief of the Walkers, seeing how his people suffered, divided his small gift even further, spreading it among all his people. Though the Totems made some effort in fighting the Titans, they were strong enough and fast enough to avoid them on their own, and they quickly fell to fighting among each other, leaving the world to suffer. Seeing this, the Walkers, now clever beyond their station, made a great feast for the Totems, inviting the most selfish and greedy of them to partake of fatted Greencalf and Flesh Gourds. Many came, and when they had all sated themselves and took their rest, the Walkers fell among them with poison spears and arrows, slaying them and spilling their blood upon the ground. Seeing that the Totems, like all great beasts, had hides of scale

and thick skin, of shells and bright feathers, the Walkers took these things for themselves, stealing their strength and becoming the Dwellers who live in the Garden to this day.

(Players Note: due to this theft from the totems by their ancestors, Dwellers have stronger innate potential than other peoples: the second level of any trait costs 10xp, rather than 15. Further increases are treated as normal)

The totems that did not feast, seeing they were now evenly matched, made peace with the Dwellers, becoming their guardians in exchange for rightful gifts, and so aligned, the Totems and Dwellers raised up the greatest trees of the land, making them into the Reaches: places where they could live beyond the reach of the crushing Titans.

To this day, however, the Feral Garden remains a harsh place, the dream of life in perfect balance long faded from memory, and Titans still walk the Defiles.

The Feral Garden is a huge landmass consisting of dense scrubland/valleys known as Defiles, through which the great Titans roam and the Planters eke out a bare existence, and the elevated jungles of the Reaches, which Dwellers of any worth call home. Surrounding it is the Blue Salt Water: a vast, uncharted ocean filled with creatures so lethal and predatory even the bravest Dwellers will not venture to explore it.

Most Dwellers of honor live in the Reaches, for there they are mostly safe from the Titans, though the flora and fauna of the Feral Garden being what they are, the reaches are still fantastically dangerous on their own. Reaches are elevated Mesas, many hundreds of feet high, consisting of the Bound trunks of impossibly old and impossibly large trees, in the flattened, interwoven branches of which actual stone, soil, and sand has accumulated, giving rise to a secondary "layer" of thick jungle. The "ground" of the reaches is stable enough to support rivers and lakes, though generally the Reach itself tends to vertical growth, with very little bare ground at all. Many of the trees that compose the highest canopy of the Reach are simply modified branches of the trees of its foundation, meaning that a reach is a living landmass in every sense of the word. To give a sense of scale, the largest known reach--Mountainwood Reach--would be nearly 50 miles across its largest dimension.

Most of the flora and fauna of the Feral Garden, and particularly that which grows and stalks in the Reaches, is predatory, poisonous, and fatal. A large portion of plants are far more motile than plants should be, growing to huge size and behaving, essentially, as ambush predators. Some of these plants are, in fact, animals. Some animals, in fact, are plants, or a weird chimera of the two (greencalf being the most common of these: think of a capybara with dark green fur, a woody, fibrous skeleton, and mossy, photosensitive patches for eyes. Greencalf that eat too much get fat and sleepy, and will actually put down vestigial roots).

Dwellers

Dwellers are human beings that have the skins and outward appearance of a large animal predators such as a jungle cats, raptors, monitor lizards, wolves, or bears. They are not animals, nor are they shapeshifters. From the lowliest Planter to the Horned King himself, a Dweller is proud of their humanity, for they live in a world overflowing with beasts that would kill them if they could, but by their human intelligence and cunning they have survived.

(Player's Note: Dwellers must have the elaborate markings of their chosen style applied as makeup over all visible parts of their skin. No tails, no ears, no appliances: just makeup. Dwellers do not growl, screech, or generally act like beasts save for the Wildclaws, which aren't allowed as PCs, and which other Dwellers find rather disturbing, in any case. You are not a "purty kitty.")

Daily Life, Society, & Honor

A typical Planter is a Dweller who is impoverished; whose family lives through the subsistence farming of Fleshgourds or Colorfruit in the shadows of the Reaches, raising Greencalf if they are lucky. Likely they will pray to a local minor Totem--perhaps some Civit spirit or the like--who blesses their crops or simply offers them protection. If they live in a village or large "city-clan" as the Planters quaintly refer to it, they will more than likely worship Muuroag-Nin. Their life is one of toil and caution, and faintly held hope that if they can garner enough wealth or honor, they will be permitted to ascend to the nearest Reach. More commonly, a Planter comes to live in a Reach through becoming Servile, which is a high cost to pay, but not if your family is going to be slaughtered by Titan spawn, otherwise.

A typical Reach Dweller is from a family that has long lived there, and is almost always a member of a Clade (formal occupation/class/group). They will spend their days performing whatever valued skillset they possess, usually high-honor hunting, craftwork, Binding (training the fast-growing Bridgeflower or other plants into various structures), or warfare. Likely, they have their own Creche (grown house), or if not--as is typical of young, male Dwellers--they live in the local complex belonging to their Clade. No matter their station, a Reach Dweller keeps their personal Honor (Face, if you like) foremost in their mind, and there is a frighteningly complex art to gaining and losing it, which varies per Clade, per Reach, and per general region of the Feral Garden.

To simplify, though, Honor is thought of almost as a physical possession: it is not so much a way to behave, as a thing to have and covet. Honor can most certainly be stolen, and among Dwellers this is a very auspicious way to garner it: if you kill a rightful foe in combat, and he had a great deal of Honor, you "steal" all of it. Trophies, fetishes, and remembrances are, thus, used to great effect in the having and keeping of honor, functioning as a kind of accounting.

For Warmaker Shaman, magic is, again, almost a physical thing. One has a certain number of charges (no special setting name for it here: they call them charges just as

Nexians do), one has a certain tier of Mastery, and there are elaborate methods. Hearthkeeper and Warmaker Shaman go to stake claim to their level of Mastery. Since shaman go out of their way to garner powers and favors from Totems, they may have at their command an exotic array of potent magics that can be taken from them by a clever practitioner of the Chants. Stealing powers, then, is one of the most valued means of gaining Honor, for Dweller Shaman.

For Hearthkeeper Shaman, though they covet power just as any other, their honor is increased by making favorable deals with local Totems, by curing diseases and injuries (very often they are also healers) and by acting as leaders, judges, and the general enforcers of local custom.

Hunters gain honor for dangerous and audacious hunts, but also through long-standing competence and judgement. Binders, perhaps the most long-thinking and mindful of Dwellers, gain honor by growing coveted dwellings, by erecting floating bridges between Reaches (using bridgflower fruit: massive, thick stalks that grow into the sky by sequestering buoyant gasses in their tissues), and by generally having long-standing reputations as diligent crafters.

Warriors, as noted above, gain honor through bravery, audacious victory, the killing of honored foes, and through employing trickery and guile in war. It is better to die bravely than to die as a coward, of course, but up until very recently (the forces of the previous Horned King), fanatical self-sacrifice was looked at as wasteful and self-indulgent. Exceptions for Wildclaws, of course.

As one can see, honor takes a different foe depending entirely on social context, and there is nothing monolithic about it. Dwellers are not Klingons, to be blunt. They are not necessarily berzerkers or primitive fanatics, and they are certainly not animalistic except in appearance.

Classes & Clades

Planters

Peasants who live in the Defiles.

Reach Dwellers

Dwellers with honor and wealth, obviously live in Reaches.

Warriors

A broad clade that makes up the ruling class, but also includes the Horned King's loyal forces, independant leaders of small reaches, and various fragmented groups.

Binders

Crafters who manipulate the strange plants of the Feral Garden, making living dwellings, bridges, and extensions to Reaches

Breathholder Guides

Scout-Snipers. Basically Archer/Survivalists of consummate skill and cunning. During bad times, assassins. Have free passage in all reaches, technically, though in some places this just isn't viable.

Hearthkeeper Shaman

Workers of the Chants who use its basic rituals, primarily. Also healers and judges.

Warmaker Shaman

Workers who use its Dire rituals (though not ONLY the dire rituals), and who aggressively worship powerful Totems. Dangerous

Wildclaws

Fanatics who have embraced their Bestial nature. High honor, but hard to deal with and generally short-lived. Often beholden to violent Totems.

Sacred Claw

Wildclaws who have lived long enough to come out of the fanaticism, mastering an animalistic fighting art. Rare.

(Player's Note: Dwellers pay 15xp for the first level in Sacred Claw style, the Advanced Combat Style of the Feral Garden)

Obsidian Monks/Saints

Dweller Shaman/Scholars/Weaponcrafters who worship Olscrith-Lum, and who slowly transform themselves through the Chalice of Bitter Delights, or by partaking directly of the Totem's essence. Know the secrets to working stone and obsidian, which are very rare arts. Sacrosanct and basically untouchable by any Dweller of Honors.

Locations

The Defiles

Rough, overgrown scrubland and grassland that makes up the bulk of the surface of the Feral Garden. Occasionally, natural jungle will spring up, but invariably a Titan will knock it flat. Though less fecund than a reach, the defiles are by no means a wasteland: on any other world, they would be rich savannah. Here, the very grasses cut like obsidian clubs, and they swarm with horrible, predatory creatures of fantastic lethality. The only inhabitable regions of the defiles are within the shadow of a Reach's influence, and this is where the Planters live.

Bridgeflower Reach

Most populous and second-largest Reach. Home to the Horned King, leader of all Dwellers (technically), as well as the High Temple of Derian-Kaa. The Binders are a powerful faction here and this is where the most Bridgeflowers are grown.

Mountainwood Reach

The very largest and northernmost Reach. Formally the seat of power for ancient Horned Kings, but since gone a bit to "seed." A violent and wild place, where the laws of honor have broken down somewhat. Many, many feuding lesser Totems have their domain here.

Dead Reach

A large reach in the center of the Feral Garden, whose foundation trees have petrified, and most of its mass is dying or suffering Living Rot. In the root caves of its Foundation lives the Eyeless Black Spider.

Considered cursed and taboo.

The Chasm

A vast canyon running from the Northeast to the Southwest, marking the southern and eastern border of the continent, and is the home/body of Olscrith-Lum. Pretty much the only expanse of bare ground and exposed stone surrounds the chasm, as Olscrith-Lum's essence is poisonous to most growing things. Deposits of obsidian abound here, and are the undisputed property of the Monks that dwell in ascetic, stone houses. Survive by trading valued obsidian and weapons for food and sundries, but also take offerings from the religious.

Skywater Reach

A far southern reach of exceeding beauty, with the largest lake (skywater) of any reach. Fairly peaceful and rarely touched by the tumult of the northern Garden.

The Scattered Reaches

Innumerable small reaches that cluster around Mountainwood and Bridgeflower, but also extend, interconnected in a wide swath eastward towards the Chasm and southward towards Skywater. Pick any random Reach-Dweller, and chances are he or she lives in one of the Scattered Reaches.

Blue Salt Water

The ocean that surrounds the continent of the Feral Garden (presumably). The only Dwellers that dare to fish or navigate its waters do so in the relative shelter and calm of the northwest coast. The water is teeming with hostile life, including aquatic Titans and other horrors of the deep. Dip your toes in the water pretty much anywhere in the Salt Water, and something will strip them to the bone in seconds, most likely.

Flora and Fauna

Greencalf

Animal/Plant Chimera and main "meat" source for Dwellers. Docile and generally long-lived, though they cannot now survive without Dweller intervention, as their ancestral defense mechanism (poisonous "moss" that grows from their back) has been rendered inert by centuries of breeding.

Flesh Gourds

Starchy gourd that is the main staple of Planters and is a big part of Dweller diet. Very hardy and can be found growing almost anywhere. If it goes to seed before harvesting, produces motile tendrils that eat large insects, birds, and flying lizards.

Podfleas

Flealike arthropods that can grow to be up to be several inches in diameter. Raised for their flesh and their intoxicating secretions. Special, tissue-like nets are used to house them, otherwise the things would escape easily, as they can jump many yards into the air. Omnivorous.

Bridgeflower

A Cycad-like plant that can grow to immense height, supporting the weight of its stalk with strange gasses that it produces and stores in honeycomb-like chambers within. When growing naturally, the weak roots will eventually give way, and Bridgeflower stalks will drift through the sky like elongated dirigibles. Binders train them to support the immense, woven-vine bridges that span between reaches. Bridgeflower gas, incidentally, is highly narcotic and addictive, which places a certain tension on maintaining them in wilder areas.

Colorfruit

Another chimera species that produces a wide variety of edible fruit in almost random configurations, ranging from bananalike, orange stalks to dense, sour berries. If

improperly cared for, the fruit becomes hideously poisonous. One of the most common causes of death among Planters, aside from predation, violence, and starvation itself.

Needlevine

A tough vine that produces barbed thorns of surpassing sharpness. Like most things, it secretes a potent cocktail of poison, but only when its needles pierce flesh, much like a jellyfish. Carnivorous.

Thunder Lizards

Saurian predators that stalk the defiles. Once apex, they now are a prey species--like everything else--of Titan Spawn

Skin Flyers

Humanoid, batlike creatures that live in the highest canopies of wild Reaches. Animalistic intelligence. Largely a mystery.

Eating-Trees

Trees that eat people, naturally. Many, many varieties and strategies for doing so, of course.

Mountainwoods

The largest species of tree in the Feral Garden, and thus, very likely, anywhere. Most large reaches, though not all, are founded on one or more Mountainwoods.

Titans

Massive creatures that can measure hundreds of feet in length/height. No two are alike, but they all are asymmetrical, bearing too many limbs, too many eyes, and strange appendages that obey no natural logic at all. They are generally predatory, and always destructive, though their behaviors are erratic and often counter-intuitive. Some of these creatures are so malformed they seem on the verge of death, always leaking ichor from wounds/deformities that will not heal, yet still somehow they won't die. Adult Titans are nearly indestructable, though they have been known to kill each other. Some Dwellers claim to have seen particularly large Titans tear their own flesh into bloody sections, which then sprout horrible limbs and limp away as individual creatures. Titans wander the open Defiles fighting each other, spawning offspring, eating whole colonies of lesser predators, and destroying the landscape.

Titan Spawn

The juvenile form of Titans that spawn directly from their flesh or are laid as eggs. Some start off fairly large, others no bigger than a podflea. All of them are rapaciously hungry

and do not seem to care about their own survival. Definitely killable, and certain types of titan spawn are an actual commodity. Still, spawn are responsible for more Dweller deaths than any other predator, and even more than Adult Titans, they are what make the broad Defiles practically uninhabitable.

Totems

The spirit beings of the Feral Garden. Usually they take the form of a large, powerful animal, with mystical changes to its nature and the power of speech. Totems act like spirit beings in many ways, though they understand Dwellers/people much better than pure spirit beings, and they are entirely physical. Totems can be slain, though they are generally ageless. Some are shapeshifters, and all are at least a bit greedy. Totems are entirely self-obsessed and often vain. Even the most devoted shaman know this, and their dealings with the Totems are more like business exchanges. Shaman *deal with* Totems; they do not worship them in the sense that Gods are worshipped, though there are exceptions. Totems are very powerful, with even Minor totems (those only known locally) being dangerous foes or potent allies.

The next most powerful type of totem is Descendant, which generally means an Ascendent totem that has fallen from glory and power. Still incredibly potent. Ascendent Totems are the top of the heap, and are functionally living Gods.

Ascendant Totems

Derian-Kaa (The Many-Tailed)

A many-tailed Jaguar of immense size, Derian-Kaa is regarded as the most cunning of the Ascendant Totems. She sits on her temple throne in the Bridgeflower Reach, attended by anointed Jaguar guards. In place of eyes, she has smoldering rubies, and with these she sees all the myriad duplicities of spirit and man. The Many-Tailed holds herself higher than all others, and since she has slain or shamed more Totems than any other of her brethren, few will challenge this hubris. Derian is the totem associated with Mystic knowledge, seduction, calculated murder, and shifting shape. The Horned King was her Most High Shaman when he was known as Kourath-Kel, but as with all who take up Rattlespine, he is now beholden to none of the totems. Derian-Kaa values gifts of pelts, gems, artful scrolls, and acetic strictures followed in her name. Her worshipers are primarily powerful Warmaker shaman and Breathholder Guides (Scout/Archers that have, by law, right of passage through all Reaches and Defiles).

Githiss-Cho (The Eyeless Black Spider)

An enormous, blind spider that resides in a cave of rotting trees within the Dead Reach, Githiss-Cho has the fewest adherents, and for good reason: she is completely insane, even as totems reckon it, and is easily the most poisonous thing in all of the Feral Garden. The spider values secrets and mysteries yet despises thoughtfulness; she covets loyalty and

devotion yet is thoroughly capricious. Githiss-Cho values gifts of ritually bound living prey, indecipherable word-stones, battle-oaths of grandiose cruelty, and, most disturbingly, Dweller children. Her worshippers are generally mendicant lunatics who have become partially immune and somewhat addicted to her venomous bite. A few sects of desperate, fatalistic warriors pray to her, receiving afflictions as battle-gifts, and they are rightfully feared.

Aanoman-Vai (The Taker of Bones)

A towering figure formed from the bones of fallen beasts and cloaked in the skins of primeval animals, Aanoman-Vai is the totem associated with death, the cycle of the "seasons," and the recounting of myth, and is the brother of Muuroag-Nin. The Bonetaker, as he is known, is the freest of all the totems, calling no place home and having no temples to speak of. Aanoman moves at night, sometimes seen collecting the remains and funeral goods of Dwellers "buried" in traditional fashion (meaning wrapped in cloth, bound in vine, and hung vertically from the outermost branches of a Reach). The Bonetaker is not picky, however, and may be found anywhere the dead have fallen in great numbers. Aanoman-Vai values gifts of prepared corpses, bones carved with scenes from the ancient past, and ritual song-tales performed while riding dreamsmoke (narcotic incense). His worshippers are almost universally healers, storytellers, and Hearthkeeper shaman.

Muuroag-Nin (The Strider Upon the Deeps)

A behemoth of flint, seed-bearing vines, and earth, and brother to Aanoman-Vai, the Strider Upon the Deeps soundlessly wanders the endless Defiles (scrubland-valleys between the elevated Reaches), braving the terrible thrashings of the Titans. Muuroag-Nin is the totem associated with agriculture, endurance in the face of tragedy, and natural harmony. He and the Bonetaker are the sons of a long-dead, nameless totem, and as such represent the only persistent alliance between totem spirits. Muuroag-Nin is seen most often by the Planters (Dwellers who live in the Defiles and till the earth as best they can: regarded by Reach-Dwellers generally as ignorant peasants) during the day, tirelessly watching the movements of the Titans. He is sometimes, though only rarely, seen at night hunting Greencalf and other large, earthbound prey. Muuroag-Nin is most known for his role in warding Titans, a purpose he follows with much more dedication than the others of his kind, and he values gifts of ripened fruit on stone platters, hanging tubers carved in his likeness, blood spilled upon the bare earth, and backbreaking toil dedicated to his name. His worshippers are the Planters, and thus he rivals Olscriith-Lum in sheer number of adherents.

Isturam-Zul (The Caster of Nets)

A winged lizard sparsely covered in iridescent feathers, Isturam-Zul flies high above all of the Feral Garden, his ever-returning needlevine net clutched in his talons. The Caster of Nets is the totem associated with far-seeing, stealth, archery, and audacious risk-taking. Isturam lands to sleep and receive offerings but once a month, and his home is found in the uppermost canopy of the Mountainwood Reach, very close to Olscriith-Lum itself (for whom he bears an all-consuming, though obviously one-sided

and inexplicable, hatred). Viewing the shadow of the Caster above while hunting is regarded as a grand omen, and he is probably the most visible of all the Ascendant. He can sometimes be spotted flying through the canyon of Ollscrith-Lum itself, screeching with rage, and when particularly filled with hate, he has been known to break off spires of the Endless Hunger, or to even topple Obsidian Saints. Isturam-Zul values gifts of giant eggs (preferably of aerial predators or Titan Spawn); necklaces of talons, teeth, and arrowheads; suicidally dangerous hunting boasts made and fulfilled in his name, and ornate pots filled with vivid dye. His worshipers are primarily Breather Guides, but regular scouts, foragers, and thieves also pray to him.

Ollscrith-Lum (The Endless Hunger)

A vast, deep canyon of harsh stone about which nothing grows. Jutting from its sides and floor are jags of razor-sharp obsidian. Flowing like a sluggish river is the thick purple-black ichor that is Ollscrith-Lum's blood - the same that fills the Chalice of Bitter Delights. Carved into the walls of the canyon are tiny niches and shelves, hundreds upon hundreds, where sit the Obsidian Saints, devout monks and acolytes who have consumed so much of Ollscrith-Lum's viscera that they have become statues of living obsidian. They are tended by younger neophytes who guard this macabre shrine to immortality and wisdom, asking questions and listening to the ever-howling wind that fills Ollscrith-Lum. The Saints pass on their collective knowledge in half-mad rhyme, metaphor, and riddle, all carried as fractured whispers upon the wind.

Descendent Totems

Siliath-Paa (The Serpent of River and Sand)

Once a nameless Thunder Serpent who hunted on the banks of the Blue Salt Water and its estuaries, Siliath-Paa has risen, rather than fallen, becoming a Descendent totem through decades of offerings given to him by the Border Dwellers, his only worshipers. As such, The Serpent of River and Sand is covetous and greedy beyond measure. Siliath-Paa is the totem of deception, gluttony, fell curses, and regeneration. He values gifts of fattened, drugged Greencalf and Smoothwights, Flesh gourds filled with newly harvested Podfleas, and coordinated, trancelike drumming.

Kinvok-Res (The Red-Eyed Bear)

Once unarguably the strongest of all the Ascendant, Kinvok had his power stolen from him by the devious seductions of Derian-Kaa, who then made his temple her own. Still, the Red-Eyed Bear is a dangerous creature; he can be seen wandering in his rage-filled exile, slaughtering any and all who come into his path, save those who know how to placate him. He still bears the unhealed wounds from Derian's claws, their pangs serving as cruel reminders of his fall from power. The Bear prefers sacrifices of painted Dweller youths, wounded Titan Spawn, polished obsidian mirrors, and acts of mindless bloodlust. Even in his exile, Kinvok is the principal totem of Wildclaws (though these fanatics can be found in smaller numbers bound to other Totems), as well as the particularly cruel Warmaker shaman found in the Scattered Reaches.

Caeloi-Xix (The Keeper of the Drowned)

A pale salamander of enormous bulk, the Keeper of the Drowned makes his home in Skywater, by far the largest floating sea found upon any Reach. Caeloi-Xix is most inscrutable, and even he has forgotten how he lost whatever power and station that kept him among the Ascendant. Caeloi takes as his worshippers lake-Dwellers of all sorts, and he has dominion over all elevated bodies of water, whatever their size, save where an Ascendant has claimed it as their own. He is the totem of weather-casting, indolence, forgotten treasures, and forlorn suicide. Caeloi prefers offerings of rare gems given to the deep waters, ritually drowned criminals, bowlfuls of tears, and hurtful, personal secrets told only to him.

The Doors & Current Events

Generally, the portals that open into the Forest of Doors do so from within the largest reaches. Some of the Totems, it seems, know when this will happen, though they could be lying, of course. If a door opens in a defile, it has come to be known that any Titan or Titan Spawn nearby go mad with self-destructive violence in response, sometimes tearing themselves apart in rage. The Planters consider the doors a sign that the Maker is coming back, while reach-dwellers view them either as bad omens or rich opportunity, outlook depending. It is well known that the former Horned King lead the bulk of his army through the doors in the Bridgeflower reach but a scant few years ago, and that in that other world he was defeated by an expatriate shaman there, who, with the help of the beings that live in that world, took Rattlespine for his own. A time of uneasy peace and prosperity is at hand in the Feral Garden.

Five Things Every Dweller Knows

How honor is gained and lost, according to their own Clade.

That power that is earned is valuable, but power that is stolen is priceless.

That one bows to the Totems, but keeps one eye open.

That they are Human, not beasts, and their outward appearance is an ancestral trophy, not an indication of nature.

That the Horned King holds Rattlespine, a blade formed from a Titan's bones, and is the rightful ruler of the Feral Garden.

Dweller PC Notes

Heavy makeup requirement

5 xp reduction on the 2nd level of any Trait

5 xp reduction on the 1st level of Chants of Fang and Claw

5 xp reduction on the 1st level of Sacred Claw Style