

# THE GRAND COMPENDIUM OF VEIENTRA







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# INTRODUCTION

Hello,

I see you're a curious one, to pick up a book such as this...No doubt the type who likes to stick their nose into all sorts of business concerning worlds outside their own.... But forgive me I've forgotten my manners. Allow me to introduce myself, I'm Mirroth the book-master and scribe of The Infinite Library. I've taken it upon myself to dutifully record all happenings across all dimensions of time and space in the library's collection.

You've selected an excellent volume if I do say so. Indeed, one of my favorites to write. In its pages you'll find the information I've gathered about the land of Velentra. A rather peculiar place, full of all kinds of creatures and spectacles, both horrid and delightful.

I implore you to take this book and enjoy it for as long as you like, but please, when you're finished if you would so kindly return it to The Infinite Library.

Sincerely,

*Mirroth*





# MAP OF VEIENTRA



In Veientra there is a strange force, known by the name of the Wraith. It envelops the land. Unseen but ever present, and always felt. In some areas it is very thick, very dense. In others it is a thin and delicate whisper.

Where the Wraith dense there is great power. It can cause strange phenomena; streams that flow uphill, winds of dancing colors. And some people and beasts have honed an ability to bend the Wraith's power to their intentions.

## MAP OF MAGICAL DENSITY







MINDREIL



In the north the great Chandra Lakes sprawl across the land between the ragged peaks of the Dalmir Mountains. The largest of which is Lake Cindrai, home to the city of Mindrell. An old city that has flourished on the waters of the lake for centuries.

The people of Mindrell take no discretion to conceal the city's wealth, and have great pride in the lavish adornment of their buildings, clothing, and boats. Though the might of the city comes not only from its opulence, but also from its location in an area where the Wraith is very dense. Folk of many trades and professions within the city have adapted some skill in using the Wraith's magic to enhance their craft. In Mindrell it is not uncommon to see a blacksmith heating their forge without coal, or a baker's rolling pin working the dough on its own as they rummage through the pantry.

While small acts of magic are common, true masters of the Wraith are rare, and the most venerated master of sorcery in Mindrell is the Empress. It is the Empresses' duty to both rule and protect the city, and they must undergo extensive training in the magical arts before gaining the throne.



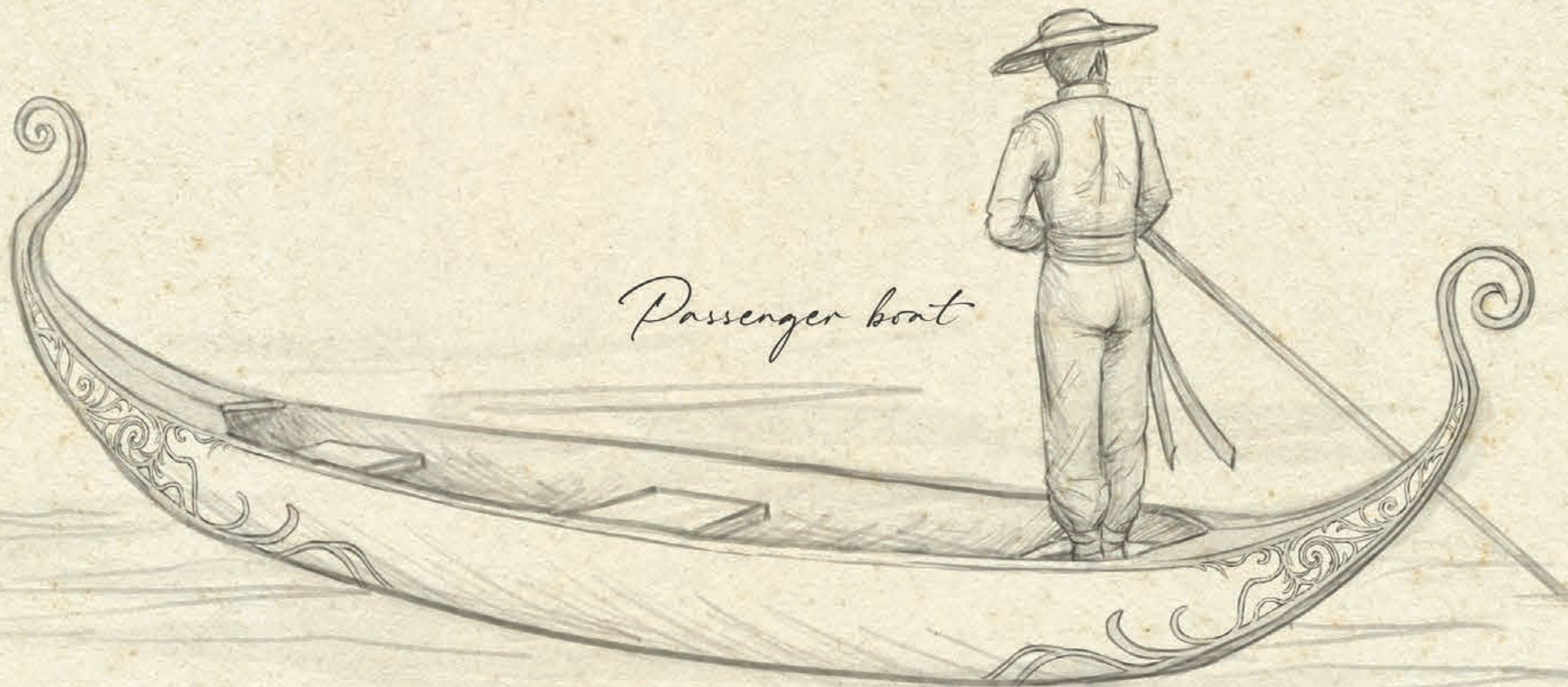
*Empress Lyra*

S. KITTANE



The citizens traverse the city rowing slender boats through bustling canals or on elegant bridges and docks that connect the towering buildings. Each morning fleets of fishing boats can be seen gliding away to distant corners of the lake in search of the day's catch.

Though merchants in paddle-carts line the canals selling cooked fish of every variety, this is not what the city is famous for, and certainly not where its wealth comes from. The wealth and namestake of Mindrell comes instead from a lovely but seemingly inconspicuous flower.



*Passenger boat*



*Karsuva flower*

The Karsuva plant is known in Mindrell as simply Red Mother; its curling scarlet vines grow on the water surrounding the city. A likeness of these delicate pink blooms and twisting tendrils can be seen carefully carved and painted onto houses, boats, and everything in between.

The adoration of this plant is for good reason; Karsuva vines wield powerful magic which creates a barrier around the city, and the sap from its vines has medicinal qualities used to treat many ailments. It can also be petrified into a deep red amber which is worth its weight in gold.

Karsuva plants are said to have appeared when the first Empress of Mindrell transformed herself into these vines, so as to protect the city from evil creatures that once came down from the mountains. Each spring when the flowers bloom a festival is held in her honor.



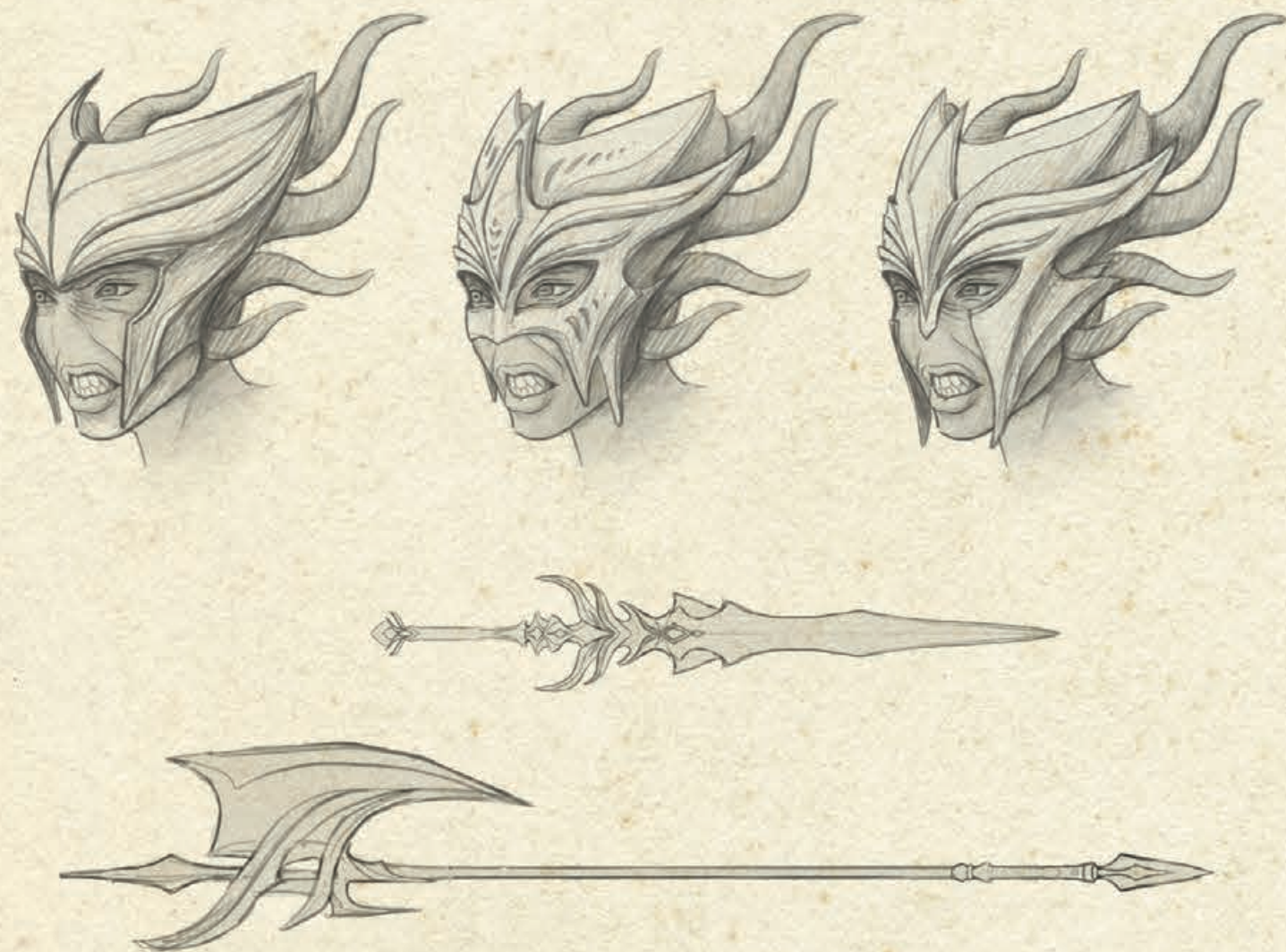






The people of Mindrell are not the only ones to call Lake Cindrai their home however. Beneath its glassy surface there are others; the Moraén. Perfectly adapted to those cerulean depths, they breathe underwater via their skin and gills as well as on land with lungs. Moraén are proud, and known across Valentra for being cunning and fierce warriors.

They are also known for the extraordinary craftsmanship of their armor, which blacksmiths weld using spells and hot spring vents at the bottom of the lake. The Moraén trade with the people of Mindrell and the surrounding towns; in exchange for iron and silver mined from the Dalmir Mountains which they use to craft their armor and weapons they allow fishing on the lake. It is said that no tooth, arrow, or blade can pierce Moraén armor, and that it cannot be corroded.

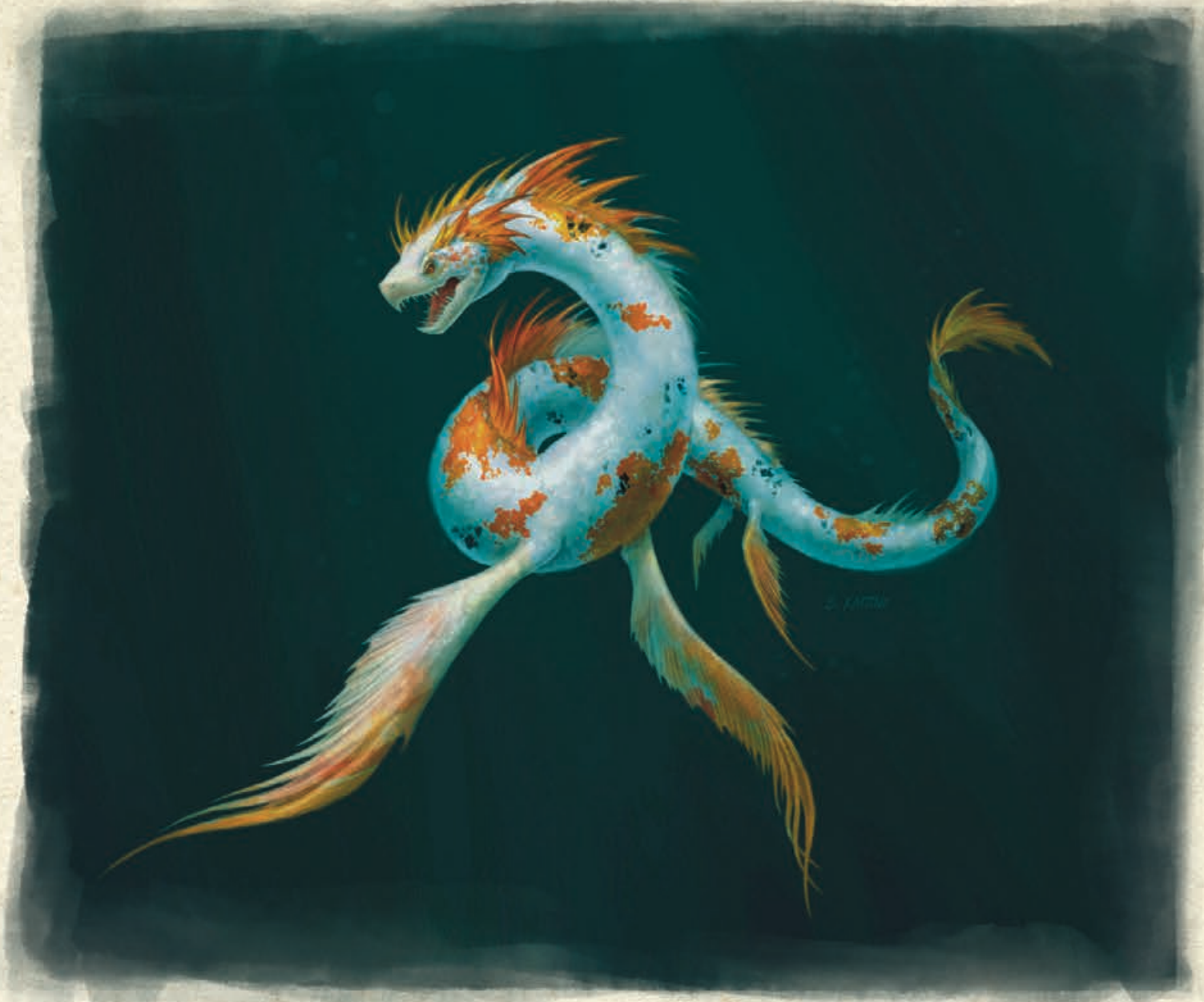




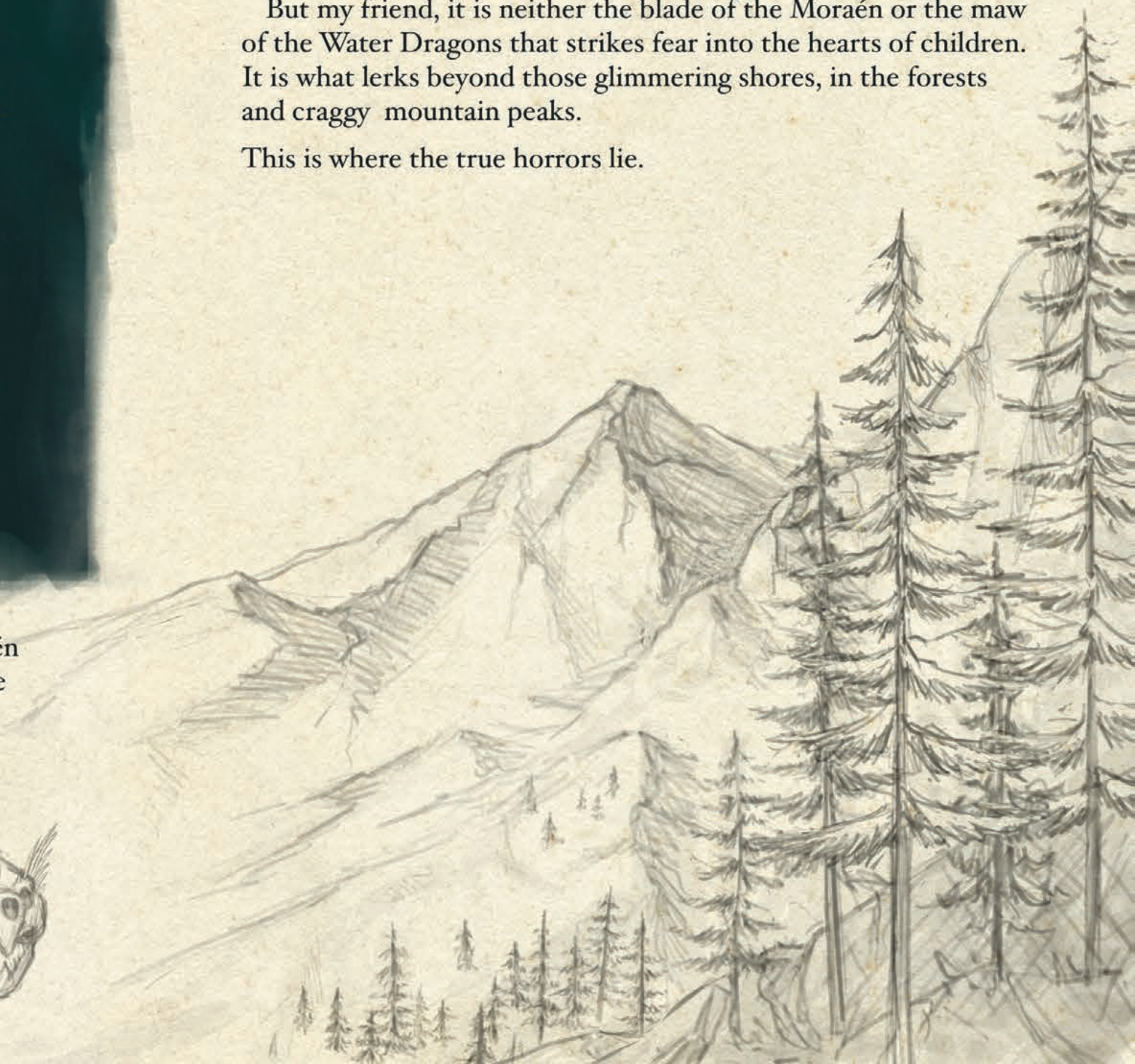
Though it is rare to see a Water Dragon, they are elusive creatures and generally don't attack boats or people. They are revered for their grace and power.

But my friend, it is neither the blade of the Moraén or the maw of the Water Dragons that strikes fear into the hearts of children. It is what lers beyond those glimmering shores, in the forests and craggy mountain peaks.

This is where the true horrors lie.



The only creature in Lake Cindrai more fearsome than Moraén warriors are Water Dragons. They move more swiftly than the fastest horse on land, and can swallow a man whole.







Were you to dare enter those strange woods you would feel the air around you change. As if sparked with a charge; vivid, electric. Looming, silent trees wrapped in an uncanny stillness, and yet the unshakable sense of leering eyes gazing out in all directions.

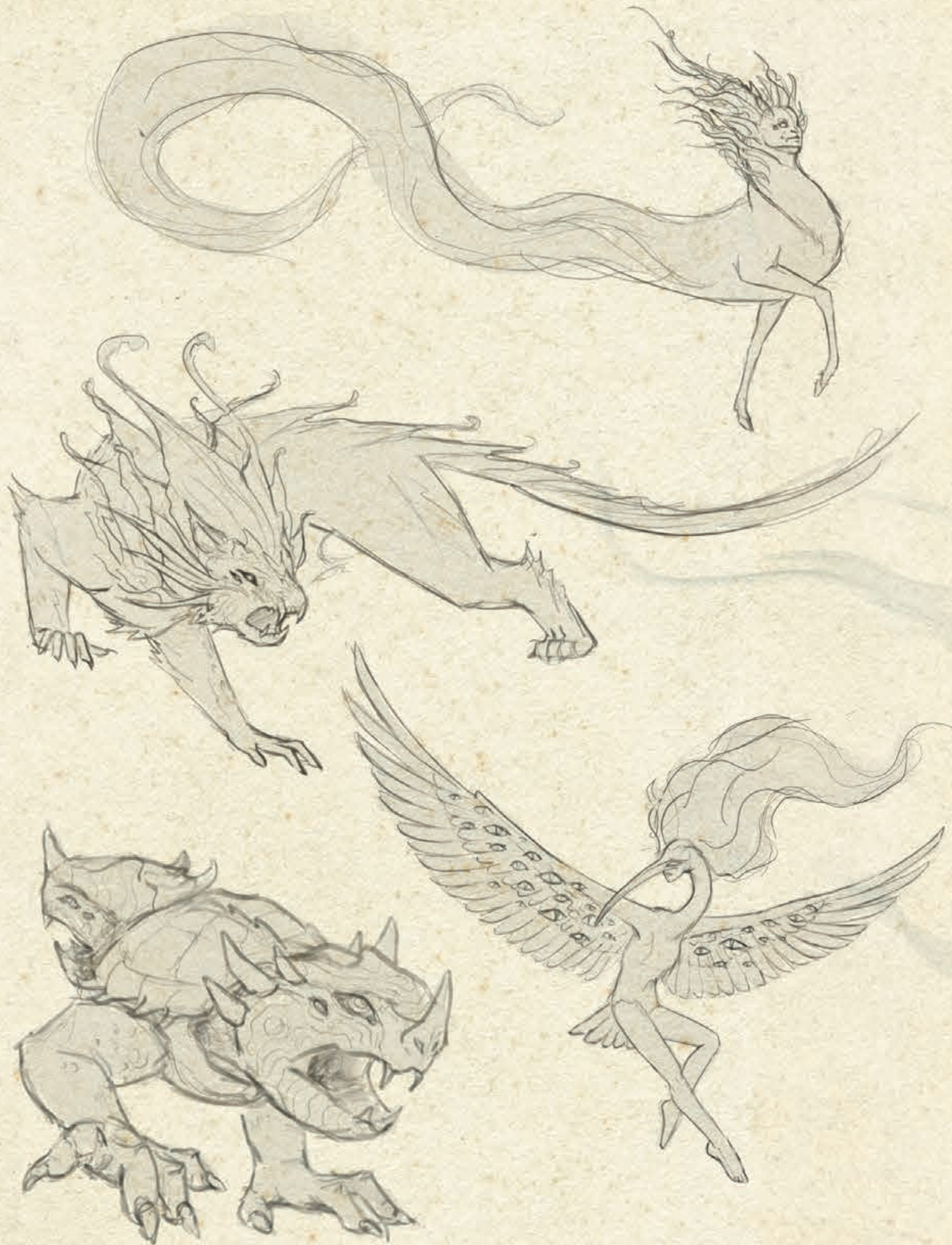
And you would be right my friend, for within the Eshtaol Forest there are uncountable spirits, or creatures of the Wraith.

They are not beings of flesh and blood, but are part of the Wraith itself, made of its magic and inseparable from it.



Spirits usually have no physical form. Although those who are skilled magic users can detect their presence. Occasionally however, spirits do choose to take on a temporary physical form; conjuring bodies from thin air.

The Wraith holds many kinds of spirits, and in greater numbers where it is the most dense. They differ greatly in their nature. Some are benevolent and wise, others are curious and mischievous, but some are deceitful and malicious.



*Carcovex spirit*







The Eshtaol Forest is one of the locations with the highest magical densities in all of Valentra. The shifts in the Wraith's density have tangible physical effects on living creatures, areas of great magical density can cause hallucinations and tremors until the body becomes acclimated. The heart of the forest however has such high magical density that humans cannot survive in it. It is said that those who stray too deep into the Eshtaol Forest descend into madness and never return.

Perhaps this is for the best, for wicked spirits dwell in the forest. Tormented creatures that feed on chaos and sorrow, creeping in the shadows of the trees waiting for some unfortunate soul to stumble into their path. To provoke such a spirit could bring merciless destruction to the world, the most ancient and powerful spirits can crumble mountains or burn entire villages.

*Asalina spirits are known to lure wanderers into the forest.*

