

Vaults of Pandias

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Locations of the Great Waste:

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Many points of interest abound for travelers of the Great Waste. Hidden treasures, fallen kingdoms, obscure ruins, and natural wonders await the adventurer willing to seek them out. Lost in long forgotten texts or passed down through oral tradition and spoken of in hushed tones by desert dwellers, these sites hold some of the greatest anomalies in an otherwise barren land. To name a few...

The Winding Canyon:

In the Eastern part of the fractured lands known as the Burning Waste, is a vast wound carved in the sandstone of a surrounding mesa. This rift is over four hundred yards deep and approximately four miles long, surrounded by an unclimbable sandstone outcropping. At least this is how it appears from the surface. Yet within, the canyon is bright and airy, and would be a welcome respite from the searing heat and noxious gases of the Burning Wastes if not for one obstacle...its inhabitants. Spiders...thousands of them. Webs inside the canyon reach from floor to ceiling, trapping birds and insects of all sizes. Local nomads steer well clear of the area, for the spiders are extremely venomous, and large even for giant varieties. Those foolish enough to stray nearby end up cocooned within their webs, and many desiccated corpses, along with their possessions, litter the canyon. Deep within the chasm; however, lies the true gem of the canyon, and the ultimate reason adventurers brave the arachnids. A perfectly preserved temple, dating from the times when the Nithians colonized much of the Great Waste. Now inhabited by the largest of the spiders, including some planar spiders that escaped, passing through the portals once maintained by the temple's priests. When the Nithians were eradicated by the Immortals, the wards weakened one portal, letting the planar spiders through. Other portals' wards remain, leading to unknown dimensions. The temple's existence is hinted at in various texts within the fallen kingdom of Josta, and some ancient Hulean tomes.

The Sleeping Forest:

Upon the Silt River banks a natural wonder of the Burning Waste is found. A forest of tall trees, and one of the few woodlands in the Great Waste, implausibly found in one of its most inhospitable areas. The woodland is comprised of rare Jarna trees, which need little water to survive. In fact, only needing water roughly once a decade. During dry spells, only the center of the tree remains animate, allowing the rest of the tree to lay dormant. The same is also true of several plant varieties in the region, which withdraw beneath the surface most of the year, sending shoots and stalks above the surface for the duration of spring and autumn rains. A time of plenty for the region, many tribes rush to take advantage of the forest's bounty. The forest's entire growth cycle may be as brief as a few days if the rains are few, or last weeks during plentiful years. The roots of the plants burrow deep in search of water, and it is rare for a Jarna or plant to die completely, even if grazed down to the roots by hungry herds or harvested by enterprising nomads. Jarna seeds ripen throughout the wet season and are highly prized for their medicinal qualities, in addition to many of the other xeric plants, which are dried to preserve them. Conflicts in the region are common when the rains come, being such a short time to gather ample quantities before the forest reverts into dormancy once more.

Bitter Waters:

In the central Plain of Fire, with water scarce, any source is valuable, no matter the peril's present. One such source is Bitter Waters, an area of volcanic springs. Water from these springs tastes foul, and gases the pools give off are toxic, but the Urduk have found wrapping turbans around their faces gives time enough to retrieve some of the precious water before the vapors affect them. Nevertheless this is the least of the pools dangers, for the volcanic springs are home to fire salamanders and elementals. Yet centered amongst various springs lies an area of mud pots, reputed to have astonishing medicinal qualities. Those brave enough, and possessing means to approach, nonetheless warn of the area's most dangerous inhabitant. Emerging from the depths of a lava pool, gurgling within the mud pots interior, a powerful Efreeti armed with shimmering brass scimitars, confronts all who enter his domain. Adventurers powerful enough to defeat him, tell of invitation and escort to a majestic bronze city hovering on the edge of the Plane of Fire. If one is willing to believe such a place exists. Nevertheless a few stalwart explorers have returned from the springs bearing magical treasures of immeasurable worth. Still, Bitter Waters is a stop of last resort for travelers lost in the desert, when all other alternatives have been exhausted. Actually getting to the water though, can prove as deadly as the lack of water itself.

Hidden Springs:

Concealed along a series of palisades separating the Plain of Fire from the North Desert lies an unlikely water source. Beneath these hogback rifts an underground aquifer draining the North Desert becomes trapped against a fault's lower plate. Water rises through this fault and is forced into a horizontal fissure channeling the water to the surface. Dribbling over a rock outcropping into a natural sandstone basin, the spring's water is cool and clear, cleansed by underground mineral deposits before climbing to the surface. Although the spring cools the air around it, heat from the nearby Forge pushes the cool air further into the badlands where it rapidly dissipates, making its detection virtually impossible. Hidden Springs exemplifies its name well, trickling so slowly it evaporates in the desert heat before traveling anyplace far, and shielded by a large basalt boulder, which completely conceals it from the neighboring desert. Travelers able to find the spring are well rewarded; however, for although the quantity issuing from the spring is small, it remains constant and apparently inexhaustible.

Kesret Oasis:

One of three Great Oases of the Great Waste, Kesret is a paradise in the otherwise infertile Sind Desert. Consisting of a series of pools, which contain exceptionally pure water, surrounded by an extensive palm forest. The oasis is nearly ten miles long by eight miles in width. At least three Urduk tribes are camped there at any given time. During spring and autumn caravan seasons, Kesret is a major stop on the east-west caravan track. One permanent structure remains at Kesret, a ruined fort, legacy of an ill-advised attempt by Sind to expand its influence westward. Minions of Hule are currently rebuilding the fort. Intended as a garrison for the one hundred ogres and three hundred orcs occupying the oasis. Clashes between desert tribes and humanoids are common, yet the Hulean commanders tolerate these petty brawls so long as they prevent larger outbursts of violence from the bored and idle humanoids. Lately, Kesret has experienced an increase in traffic as ore caravans wend their way to the oases before heading West to Hule. From out the barrens, glimpsed wandering the desert beyond the Forlorn Mounts, strange troupes now frequent the oasis, evidently observing Hule's growing presence. Thus far, Hulean commanders and their charges have shunned these silent spectators. The Master is reluctant to confront these desert wanderers, until revealing their true objectives. Whatever the purpose, their presence has made an already anxious situation at the oases markedly apprehensive.

The Twin Oases:

The other two Great Oases of the Great Waste are often called The Twins, although in fact they are almost one hundred miles apart. To the Urduk they are known as Yat (Northern) and Ardat (Southern). Named after legendary brothers said to have first led the Urduk people to the waste.

The Northern oasis is the smaller, containing a lake one hundred yards in width, surrounded by olive trees planted by some unknown caravan master. Essentially a watering stop for travelers heading South or West, no one lingers here for any length of time, normally just a day's rest before pushing on to the larger Southern oasis. Ardat, to the South, rests within a shallow valley, and is nearest the Great Waste gets to a permanent settlement, being a great meeting place and trading center of the desert. The oasis is a vast, deep lake, nearly a mile across. Fed by springs deep underground, and surrounded by a verdant forest of nut, date, and palm trees. Many Urduk are shocked or amazed the first time they lay their eyes upon Ardat, not believing that so much water could rest in the desert. Tribes visiting camp under the forest trees, coming to rest and replenish supplies, and trade and treat with other tribes. South of the lake is a flat expanse which serves as the Great Market. Here one will find most goods the Great Waste has to offer. From Hashtun carpets and Baktari cloth, to Ankaz leather armour, Landar swords and spears. Also in residence are several merchants from the Known World, most noteworthy several Ylari brothers of the al-Shek merchant house. On the Eastern bank lays one of the true wonders of the desert, Djaea's Sanctuary. She is the Immortal most commonly venerated by the Urduk. Constructed of pink marble, it rises majestically out of the surrounding palms, its entrances an open invitation to all. The interior is spacious and bright, lit by a series of clerestory windows cleverly placed throughout, capturing the magnificent sculptures and murals. Almost on the opposite bank work has commenced on a new structure. A temple dedicated to Bozdogan, funded by Hule's nefarious Master. His missionaries a common sight at Ardat, often found in the Great Market, or visiting the tribal camps, flushing out possible converts or adversaries. Upon a summit of the surrounding hills extensive ruins survive, and examination by passing merchants reveals features similar with other sites from a time when Ardat was not an oasis, and the entire region more temperate. Scholars debate whether the ancient inhabitants are somehow linked to the Urduk's ancestors, perhaps suggesting they were not always nomadic. The Urduk scoff at these rumors, ruins being a thing of the past. If they held truth, how could they fall to ruin?

The Golden Fields:

Distinct from the more southerly Konumtali Savannah, The Golden Fields stretch North to South directly East of Slagovich. Sparsely wooded hills slowly rise from the level expanse of grassland, gradually increasing in elevation before falling to the coast. The Golden Fields, so named from the colour of the sun-bleached grasses covering its slopes, give the entire region a vibrant yellow hue. Immense inselbergs and majestic ebony trees spot the horizon, stretching skyward over the bordering savannah. The Golden Fields are also known for its roving packs of wild dogs, highly prized by the Urduk as hunting and guard dogs. Rivalled in size only by the elven cooshee and mastiff breeds, to capture and train them is a hazardous task. Gathering in large packs, and growing to enormous size, enables them to compete with the larger predators of the neighboring savannah. Encountering small nomad parties is not uncommon, as the Urduk wisely hunt them in smaller groups, the mongrels obviously aware of man's threat. The landscape is also commonly traversed by tribes relying on livestock for survival, as grazing in the area is superior to the majority of the Western waste.

The Master's Fist:

An imposing edifice wrought of black gneiss perched on the pinnacle of a rocky tor guards the entrance to the Great Pass. The Master's Fist was built almost one hundred and fifty years ago during Hule's previous attempt to spread its influence eastward. Occupying the gateway, a shield against incursions along the pass, the fortress allows the Master's forces to enter the Great Waste. The fortification also serves as a considerable obstacle against nomad invasions into Hule proper, though this has become of lesser importance since the subjugation of the great Menket nation. Presided over by Pasha Kemel Akana, a mage of modest power, he is one of the Master's key agents in the Great Waste. Rock quarried in the Black Mountains was hauled down to build the stronghold, composed of a massive main keep surrounded by five soaring towers... the Master's Fist. The central tower is tallest, and a beacon is constantly lit atop to guide his forces out of the wastes, and into the pass. As the last major supply depot for armies trekking eastwards, it additionally functions as an armoury, which outfits the steady stream of troops traveling out of the Great Pass. The facility includes extensive barracks, although scores remain in disrepair, as the keep has been abandoned and re-occupied numerous times. Currently they house around one thousand humanoids, and five hundred of the Master's elite janissaries. Beneath the barracks, the tor is riddled with caves, and the remnants of two earlier fortresses built on the same site, each constructed on top of the previous structure, creating many small, hidden, and cramped chambers. Some contain great riches, others horrific monsters. The human garrison mostly avoids these caves, although some humanoids, migrating South out of the Black Mountains to fight for the Master, prefer them to the barracks as accommodation. For whatever various reasons travelers arrive before its gates, all must pass through this versatile fortress, standing as an impregnable bastion of the Blacks for nearly thirty years.

The Chimney:

Centered in the Plain of Fire is an area of tablelands and open valleys. At its heart lies a basin known as the Valley of Sky. Within the valley a towering chimney dominates the skyline. This slender pillar rises three hundred and eight feet above the valley floor; vestiges of a prehistoric volcanic shaft that pressed through the surrounding sediment of bentonite and sandstone. Surrounding this basalt skyscraper, mounds of red soil buttress the structure's base. Blocks of bentonite protrude through these surfaces, delineating the treacherous edges of a crude staircase. Upon these square bulwarks rest a contrasting array of sandstone boulders. Wedged between these stone motifs lay sheltered crevices. Through these clefts, protected from the blowing sands and desert heat, are bright and spacious caves. Sheltered spaces among the jumble of rock, more than a true caves, with plenty of light filtering through the triangular spaces, formed where the rounded edges of sandstone meet the flat surfaces of bentonite. Encompassing this earthen heap, in the midst of the valley's swells and gullies, is a curious succession of devices fixed atop bamboo poles. Common assumption states these objects mark tribal territory or camping sites within the valley. A more scholarly view suggests the apparatus are instruments of magical or scientific design. Returning travelers testify many of the contraptions move over time, yet no group or individual claims responsibility. Attempts to expose the architect of these quixotic esoteric arrangements failed fruition. Local Urduk tribes assert ignorance regarding the gadgets, or why they are moved. Permanent dwellings are absent everywhere in the valley, and little sustenance is present anywhere in the basin, making prolonged occupation unfeasible. Despite the lack of water anywhere in the valley, The Chimney is still a well-known stopping point, providing relief from the tribulations of travel, or safe harbor against relentless sandstorms. Seen beyond the surrounding mesas, the sharply sculpted chimney is a familiar landmark, designating the midpoint of desert crossings.

The SandLord's Shelter:

Within a mammoth limestone dome, the sculpted interior forms a great concavity, resembling an enclosed stone amphitheater. Subjacent to the surrounding badlands the dome is an unremarkable feature on the horizon. Within this drum the SandLord conducts an arcane court, administering his subjects. No sentient being has returned to recount what rites transpire; however, his hidden presence manipulates all movement over this quarter of the waste. Countless passageways are known to exist, leading to the subterranean caverns of Graakhalia, as Graakhalian have come upon patrols of his shadowy soldiers, giving incredible accounts regarding their nature. Upon the surface, excavated in narrow gullies, corridors lead to the edge of the badlands. These passageways are far too uniform to be natural formations. The regularity of angles bear resemblance to designed roadways. At the conclusion of each course is a narrow arcade ornamented with alien inscriptions and icons engraved in relief. These tall archways are capable of accommodating siege towers, yet filing out of these fissures a fleet of wheeled war machines rolls across this sector of the waste. This legion of landcraft devastates everything in their path. Manned by the Sandlord's oil-black Joblinwa servants, these minions scour the desert in menacing stone juggernauts, on the hunt for anything foolish enough to wander into this stretch of wasteland. Chief among these chariots of destruction is a gargantuan three-masted galley, cradled in a wheeled wooden and stone carriage. Corrugated metal sheathing covering the wheels appears to add additional traction over sandy flats. From the masts, lateen rigged battened sails broaden to resemble a titan's fan. Observed through a spyglass, the galley appears to possess a stern gallery shaped like a chambered nautilus, and although Joblinwas seem to comprise the bulk of its force, tall formless figures operate the fighting deck. Dubbed Partitioners by some unknown adventurer, these shadowy spectres resemble no known species. Able to marshal all these forces, the SandLord's most unusual aspect may be his indifference towards subjugation or conquest. Nearby witnesses, unable to decipher the mysterious motivations behind his methods, watch his Joblinwas swarm the waste, a pestilence interested only in obliteration. Seeking no communication with the surrounding world perhaps renders the SandLord as one of the most perplexing presences of the Great Waste.

Asp's Lair:

On the Plain of Fire's rim a series of badlands holds a large natural cavern occupied by Asparadispeixillies, an enormous blue dragon. She roams over her vast territory soaring from this perch, which covers the entire Northern Waste, sweeping down upon tribes without warning. Commonly known as Asp, or Aspex, her name roughly translates to "The close kiss of mourning divides the thousand plains." Supposedly in reference to young newlyweds of the Jaculi and Dar tribes, who were to unite the countless Urduk tribes, until Asp unceremoniously slaughtered them. Her close kiss a bolt of lightning. Since then, some tribes have even begun to preempt her attacks, leaving offerings hobbled outside her cave, but this is extremely ineffectual, as she is just as likely to devour the emissaries as the offering. On one occasion she ate the tribute bearer, flying the offering—a horse—back to its tribe unharmed, even unbelievably leaving the saddlebags intact. Passages delving deep beneath the Plain of Fire link with Asp's lair; however she ceases to show interest in these, as many times exploring the tunnels, polymorphing into smaller form, she was unable to find quarters large enough to resume shape. Finally finding such a cavern, Asp blundered into a mold colony reverting to true form, barely escaping before she asphyxiated. In addition the Graakhalian, engaging in numerous confrontations with Asp upon the surface, once witnessed her change. With the Graakhalian aware of her ability to assume alternate form, she is wary of shape shifting beneath the surface. Caught in alternate form an encounter could prove fatal. She will; however, willingly devour anything foolhardy enough to stray into the immediate environs of her lair and sizable surrounding passageways. Soaring over her immense domain Aspex fears little. Once; however, she made the mistake of attacking one of the SandLord's juggernauts. After destroying a number of Partitioners and severely damaging the juggernaut, while taking considerable wounds herself, she wisely abandoned the attack. For several months after, his destructive dreadnaught scoured the desert in search of revenge. The following year, while plundering a caravan found leaving a ruin yet unearthed, Aspex methodically searched and found several desired tokens. So pleased, Asp absentmindedly flew off, leaving the disabled convoy for the Joblinwas. The Sandlord's juggernauts have afterwards given her wide berth. Asp senses Partitioners witnessing the act reported back to their master. The SandLord seemed consider this either apology or tribute, further infuriating Asp. Since then, Asparadispeixillies and the SandLord exist in uneasy truce. She avoids attacking his juggernauts, and he avoids the vague vicinity of her lair. Lacking possession of an extensive monetary hoard, Asp has several objects of power secreted within her lair, acquired from various ruins. Whether Aspex quests for these relics out of sheer love of power or greater purpose remains unclear. Despite intention, Asparadispeixillies presence will certainly figure prominently within the power structure of the waste throughout the foreseeable future.

The Endless Fault:

Encompassing the harshest stretch of terrain on the Plain of Fire, the Endless Fault stretches beyond the horizon, its slight curvature giving the appearance it continues without end. The curvature is so minute; it is difficult to perceive the fault's circular course without the landmarks of the surrounding territory. The area encircled by the fault is known as The Forge. Traversing this severe landscape is continually unwise. Cracked and parched, the Forge's floor is littered with firestones. Miliary karst depressions and sinkholes lay concealed by mirages. Columns of obsidian and firestone frequently protrude from the floor, and thermal fracturing is evident everywhere. No remnants of extinct watercourses cross the surface. Numerous firestones and steam vents assure the unforgiving heat persists year round. With daytime temperatures reaching over one hundred and thirty degrees, heatstroke is not likely it is imminent.

The Windswept Kingdom of a Weathered Realm:

In the Northern Plain of Fire exists evidence of a potentially advanced civilization (that was) destroyed long ago. These ruins predate many of the remains of other earlier cultures in the Great Waste. Called "The Windswept Kingdom" by the Urduk it references the entire area where the ruins are found. The "Kingdom" comprises mainly three sites. The first, evidently a small town from its size, contains only a few structures still standing. It has been cleared of monsters and treasure many times over by adventuring bands, and there is little left for fortune seekers. The second, a large fortress complex, is mostly undamaged. Presently occupied by a hobgoblin force from Hule. They keep to the outbuildings though; as many of their number entered the main keep never to egress. The local Urduk have always viewed the structure with great suspicion, refusing to enter its walls. Common legend tells of an arrogant tribal chieftain who, in spite of warnings to the contrary, sought shelter from an approaching sandstorm. Subsequently none of his people were seen or heard from again. The third and final site is an expansive city ruin spread over several miles. Its' walls are cracked and shattered, but many other buildings remain intact. Largely unexplored, and home to a host of creatures, the Urduk give it wide berth. Adventurers who have braved the ruins nevertheless tell of riches awaiting souls brave enough to explore its interior. The knowledge of ancient times is certainly of interest to scholars courageous enough to risk the remains residents, and study the secrets of its past. Despite the cities unknown urban origins the network of roads still in existence throughout this part of the desert, nonetheless advocates a sophisticated civilization once spread its dominion over the entire Northern waste.

The Sunken City:

Occupying a region of dunes, uncommon in the North Desert, the Sunken City appears ascend from the sands as they drift with the wind. During winter months, weather patterns create a fixed low-pressure cell over the center of the depression containing the dunes. Winds gradually increase through the season until cyclone force winds lift the sands, exposing an impressive spire rising from an immense dome. Glimpsed through this torrential windstorm the spire displays an open façade from which hangs a simple chime, forlornly rung at regular intervals. The dome's base never emerges above the dunes, concealing its true dimensions. Occasionally other elevated features materialize out of the shifting sands. Lower than the central spire, these objects sometimes appear quite distant from the cities hub, giving some impression of its extent. Each passing year the storm strips additional sand from the depression, sporadically catching bystanders in an overwhelming deluge of silica, thus exposing more of the city. Whether the Sunken City was adversary, trading partner, or province of the "Windswept Kingdom" remains unknown, and will persist unexplained until the passage of time brushes away the sand.

The Empty Throne:

A great mystery sits in the center of the Burning Waste, the Empty Throne. Enclosed in a section of the Burning Waste rarely glimpsed by the outside world lays an area two miles square, completely paved with gigantic obsidian slabs. In the center of this plaza rests a colossal obsidian throne. Only a giant could feel comfortable in this monstrosity. Yet even the Fire Giants shun the black mall. Absolutely no markings of any kind decorate the throne, and the entire court surrounding it. No clues endure to tell of its builders or its purpose. Few scholars from the Known World have suffered the journey to the center of the waste to investigate this megalith, but none have come away any wiser. Speculation continues to link the throne with the "Windswept Kingdom", still the throne is clearly not meant for man, and the dimensions of the dwellings and public works within the shattered city are clearly human sized. Perhaps here lies conquerors or destroyers of "The Windswept Kingdom". Known to the Urduk, the local tribes stay well away from the area, and none have ever dared enter the plaza. Nonetheless they tell of spirits seen on the plaza at night. Whether this is credible fact or just savage superstition is hard to gage.

The “Republic” of Kalan:

Approximately fifty years ago two ships ferrying slaves from the Savage Coast, bound for Thyatis, foundered off the coast of the Barren Plain during a terrible storm. While crew and guards were engaged trying to save the ship, the slaves below deck used the chaos and confusion to their advantage, overwhelming their captors and taking hold of the ship. Although they had seized command of the ship they had no control over where it was taking them. The storm was unforgiving, blowing them onto the Eastern shore of the Barren Plain, one hundred miles South of the Gulf of Josta. Remarkably, the ship drifted through a uniform break in the coastal reefs, running aground on a stony beach. Toward the South, visible on the edge of the horizon, lay the skeleton of an abandoned city. The surviving slaves and crew, none of the merchants or their guards had survived the mutiny, set out for the city. Upon arriving, a determined search of the city revealed several wells in various states of decay and disrepair. A young engineer from Slogovich, Dimitri Espanoza, bound for Thyatis City and one of its prestigious engineering academies, quickly set about repairing them. Gradually clearing a small section around the docks, they established a small community, dubbed the “The Free City of Kalan.” Espanoza was voted first leader of the Republic. Advised by a small council of eight, he has ruled wisely with honesty and impartiality through the years. Though now a hale seventy-two years old, he is concerned with the transfer of power as his retirement draws near. The citizens survive primarily by fishing from boats salvaged from the wrecks of former slavers, also constructing new small ships and boats from various shipwrecks. An excellent bay, capable of housing extensive docking facilities, lies surrounded by barrier reefs, giving the city some modicum of seaboard defense. While uniform passages once excavated through these protective reefs, allow desired merchant traffic to be guided into the bay. It was through one of these channels the original ship drifted. Deep inland wells provide the city with a constant supply of fresh water. Arid land surrounding the city, though not exceptionally fertile and difficult to till, is still capable of providing additional sustenance for the small population. The continuing process of clearing the ruins presents a challenging task, the city showing signs of abrupt evacuation. Many undead remain sealed within city structures and tombs. From texts, scavenged in the apparent municipal library, the city appears been an outlying city of the Kingdom of Josta. The city evidently fallen to a great plague several thousand years ago, eventually abandoned out of superstition, was never reoccupied. Now a growing population continues slowly clearing the ruins, making buildings still architecturally sound fit for habitation, while demolishing the more decrepit buildings, and constructing new habitations from the salvaged stones. Currently numbering some three hundred citizens as shipwrecked survivors and remnants of caravans, unable to complete the journey along the coastal trail, add to the population. Moreover, ostracized Urduk and pirates seeking safe haven have become familiar sights. The Master has yet taken notice of the city, lying close to the coast, while pirates and sea raiders, oblivious of safe passage, are incapable of assailing the city. Situated off the main migratory paths, most Urduk tribes also remain unaware of its presence. Despite a precarious situation; poised upon the sheltered bay, lying in a position of great opportunity; the Republic holds a genuine chance of survival, if it can endure the belligerent antagonistic forces surrounding it.

Seagull Island:

The Eastern coast of the Barren Plain has few features. The shoreline is mainly stony beaches, with an occasional low-lying cliff. Offshore, coral reefs and sandbars are largely uncharted making safe landing sites rare. Small islands scattered along the coast exist close to shore, though mostly uninhabited. Some are noteworthy nonetheless. One such isle is Seagull Island. Three miles long and two miles wide, the island lies fifty miles North of the Gulf of Josta. Thrusting out from the ocean at an angle almost two hundred vertical feet, with many arches, sea stacks and grottos carved into the rock by the elements. The island is home to several sizeable seabird colonies, from which it takes its name. The Sindian Plover, Common Dread Gull, and Irendian Puffin all roost along the cliff tops in numerous cracks, crevices and overhangs. The island is regularly visited by traders and occasionally pirates, as a natural spring at the base of the cliffs allows them to take on fresh water. However traders also visit the island for one specific thing...Guano! Highly prized as a fertilizer, Seagull Island is teeming with it, and many intrepid merchants think braving the cliffs, reefs, elements, and the Sea of Dread are worth it to bring back some of the highest quality guano in proximity to the Known World. Seagull Island also has another feature of note. The Quiet Temple, found on the apex of the island. Its simple form consists of four equidistant plinths, around a central altar. Whichever Immortal it was dedicated to, or who built the shrine remains unknown. No significant relics remain, and salt and humidity have eroded whatever symbols and inscriptions once adorned the structure. The name is somewhat of a joke amongst regular guano seekers, as the entire island is constantly ringing with the cries of seabirds.