

ALMANAC
OF THE EASTERN REACH

2823 AI



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For Colonists, Explorers, and
Curiosity- Seekers

32nd Edition

Painstakingly penned by Hylsman Horag
– traveler, warrior, poet –
on the twilight of his eighty-second year.

This volume is dedicated to all men and women who seek glory and fortune beyond the restrictive confines of the domestic. It is also dedicated to my cat, Mangestrike, without whom I would never have survived to record my worldly findings. Rest in peace, you dear terror.

The First Almanac of 2717 AI has been brought up to modern standards as a courtesy and public service of the Hand Occult.

Annotations and corrections

As all original editions of the Almanac were written by hand, editorial changes will naturally stand out within margins or scribbled among sentences, and can easily be identified by their distinctive late Readceran script - superior in every way to Horag's shaky hand.

Pseudonymously,

- "Fyanrig," "Mabsen" and "Jynar," representing the Order of Editorial Thumbs.

Notes on the 14th Edition

~~Removed: Recipe for Durgan Hardcake~~

~~Removed: Recipe for "Traveler's~~

~~Removed: The Herbal Merits of Dank~~

~~Spore Cultivation~~ *Altered: Recipe for*

~~Stew~~ *Boiled boot leather*

Notes on the 31st Edition

~~Removed: Recipe for Durgan Hardcake~~

Notes on the 22nd Edition

*Today cited as the most contentious
pastry in the history of
Dyrwood*

Folklore of

Many scholars believe that the greatest truths are found in the mysteries of Chulgraff, the interweaving of the divine, and a general passion for getting in trouble, it is no wonder that the lands of Eora stories to sprout. While this Almanac remains a fact, the ones would advocate drawing from the repository of practical following examples for ^{At least} _{before} literal applications. Their lessons are often obscure or shrouded in our hope that the stories included herein ^{we} _{recipe.} demonstrate something of the cultural character among denizens of the Eastern Reach. It is _{out the}

The Lady of the Storm

Across the haunted ruins of Eir Glanfath, bjaw^acs (spirit winds) swirl in deadly maelstroms that can tear the soul from living bodies. Those fortunate enough to witness this phenomenon and survive to tell of it report the same: a feeling of penetrating cold, and the hollow sound of ethereal screams reaching out from the center of the storm.

One bjaw^acs was different from the others. This one swirled in languid revolutions on the Eastern moors. Instead of screaming, a mournful song - just barely audible - punctuated a woman's inconsolable sobbing. Early explorers and animancers who investigated the rogue

It was the only one of its kind that would appear later. However, the stories were determined to preserve Hogag's order of chapters. Why anyone would wish to start a practical Almanac with fairy tales is beyond our comprehension.

**bjaw^acs inevitably grew curious about the
voice in the center of the storm. Some of
them strayed too close, and their souls
were inevitably stripped from their living**

Spirit winds are to be avoided at all costs. Their impersonal attacks are as mindlessly unforgiving as they are tragic. The only palpable meaning this story imparts is that an abundance of curiosity in existence may never be fully realized, and more than enough to get an unvarying traveler killed or worse. It could also be interpreted as a teacher philosophy of soulcraft by woodsmen as one trying to find a farmer's best earth. Dyrwood settlement his spade struck a hard object. He bent to ground out, and retrieved a gourd, and retrieved a marveling at his good fortune, he took the workshop. With care he hollowed out its contents and secured the gourd to his belt as a water jug.

His wife asked how he ever afforded such a treasure. Theirs was an arranged marriage, and seldom were their exchanges of a pleasant nature. Gereth explained that he found the messenger coin on frivolities from the gourd, but his wife believed him to be lying. He grew tired the field. He grew spell. When he got up, it was to the favorable discovery he drank from the gourd as a laborer. This half the time. A powerful nausea overtook him, and strange colors whirled about his head. Gereth collapsed on the spot. When he woke up, the field was planted and watered - tasks which he had not counted on completing for days to come, and with the assistance of hired hands.

That evening, Gereth's wife caught him peering down at the gourd. When she asked him what foolishness he was up to, he told her that strange things happened after he drank its water, and that now he

hardly a story and after an eds. man's ted like was too suffer editoria a nothing. he such freedom.

when you can find it.

The next morning, Gereth stood on his porch as he readied for the day's labor.

"Gourd," he said, "with some assistance have I completed two week's toil in the span of two days. If these be your doings, let us see what we can accomplish in a third day, and I will find some way to repay the favor." The deal struck, he took a hearty swig of water.

Gereth's wife later found the gourd, but she never found Gereth. The water jug rested under the shade of her husband's favorite tree, a sip of water still sloshing in the bottom. Not only was the field plowed and seeded, but a crop had sprouted knee-high, with promise of a bountiful harvest to come. Gereth's lesson is a warning against experimentation in the gourd's more of himself with each passing day, until ^{many have verified and the story as being} ~~was left but the husk.~~ ^{everything}

~~What was the link between Gereth's strange power and the events that followed? What became of Gereth? Retellings of Farmer Gereth and the Adra Gourd seek to answer these questions. As the title implies, many~~

~~Another suggests that speak would sprouted from a tree where the man once stood, and the blacked his soul's sprouted crop until they spelled out some deceased personality (or personalities). If that is to be believed.~~ ^{As far as}

(finished in Redyan context, the act of completing a life's work).

Perhaps the greatest mystery is the fate of Gereth himself. Either the Adra Gourd

*Horag
was
naught
a surprise
short of
could be
interpreted
as a
warning.*

sip of water as an invitation for Gereth's wife to join him in a strange new existence.

No matter which version, the uncertain nature of "Farmer Gereth and the Adra Gourd" makes it one of the most popular tales in the Dyrwood's repertoire. The Eir Glanfath worship a vanished, mythical people known as the Engwithans. This is useful for any Dyrwoodan newcomers to understand, and critical for those with any intention of setting foot beyond a populated city. While not praying to the Engwithans or defending holy sites to the death, the Glanfathans bicker and debate over which of their peoples encountered the Engwithans first, given which context, which was held in highest esteem.

Did Horag ever cite his sources? Mabsen - remind me to check on this.

"nameless tale, a young Fisher Crane warrior. The Fisher Crane have a version of the story seldom heard by outsiders. Many of its concepts seem alien or enigmatic to a civilized perspective, yet reflect certain Glanfathian values worthy of note. At length, the stranger roused himself and requested water. The warrior obliged. The injured stranger. However, the Fisher Crane dialect has multiple meanings for injured warrior hesitated, as the giving of food was tantamount to offering one's bed, wife, and family weapons (the Fisher Crane have queer notions of hospitality). Since the stranger seemed ignorant of local custom, the warrior obliged, and soon the man had regained his strength.

Sound
s
famili
ar.

Could have been a Vailian. When you're Glanfathan, everything is Engwithan.

such generosity in the wilderness. He reached into his shirt and gifted the warrior a stone key that hung by a leather thong. Then he pointed to a bog, saying "There is a place beneath the reeds that has sat forgotten for too long. fiou and your family may access it as needed." He smiled and continued away, down a path that opened to accommodate his every step.

The young man related his encounter to the village, whose elders supposed that he had met one of the strange and powerful types from a foreign land, known only by legend. His story spread far and wide, achieving that highest of honors when a tale is immortalized as part of tribal history.

The Stone Bramble tribe listened to the tale with jealous hearts. They saw themselves as the chosen people, and sought to reclaim their standing by raiding the Fisher Crane village and claiming the stranger's prize.

As the first wave of Stone Bramble marauders descended upon the village, the young warrior gathered all non-combatants and fled to the ruins in the bog. He found an ancient door half-submerged in the muck. The gifted key opened the way to a labyrinthine temple beyond. The tribe took

The lady within recited a song in Hylspeak, learned from her younger years spent on a distant farm. Though the lyrics were somewhat ribald, Backalley did not know the difference, and came to appreciate the lady's obvious talent. It spread itself over the wall of the brothel like ivy, hiding in plain sight for the joy of her nightly song.

One evening, a man who was no gentleman visited the lady. Complaining of a smell, he closed the window leading to the alleyway garden. Backalley's haunches bristled with nails and chipped pottery. Its first real "emotion" was to feel threatened and territorial that an outside invader sought to keep it from the lady's song.

Backalley crept up the wall with care, maneuvering a thin tendril through a cracked board to reach in and quietly unlatch the window. As it did so, it caught the man who was no gentleman raising his hand to strike the lady. Backalley responded fast. It intercepted the blow with a limb of steaming pitch and broken glass. The man made a sound that was the opposite of song. To silence him, Backalley dragged him out to the garden, where the plants fed merrily.

~~Hardly knowing what to make of this,~~ the lady peered out her window. Backalley picked one of its flowers and raised it to her level. This was not to pay a compliment - it

throughout the city. The lady's mood improved significantly.

From this point forward, versions of the story diverge. In one, the lady and Backalley Midden hired a garbage wagon to discreetly secret them away to parts unknown. They lived together for many years in a rural cottage, taking no visitors and filling the days with song. In another version, agents of Dunryd Row grew keen to Backalley's presence and snared it in a clever trap. They took it to one of their research centers in the Defiance Bay underground, and to this day struggle in vain to unlock its mysteries. Those who speak of Backalley think of it as the city's foul protector, and anticipate the day when it will rise to their defense.

All versions share a kernel of truth, and that is what became of Backalley's garden. After a team of horticulturalists and animancers cautiously visited the stinking alley, they studied the strange flora and made a monumental discovery: that the herbs and seeds found there made a superior restorative elixir. They transplanted the garden to a controlled greenhouse and preserved Backalley's work for cultivation. To this day, Backalley Midden is credited as revolutionizing the young science of healing medicine across the Dyrwood, and the sickly or injured give thanks to it.

A Brief History of the

There is a great deal of ground to cover, but for the sake of imagination, with attention spans, address the broad strokes of the matter. It is strongly recommended that readers seek out a account of the events, see for themselves how the culminate in history repeating itself, and learn how to avoid such folly in the future. *Horrible great*

The great mess started in 2602 AI, when an Aedyran expedition *the result of* reported of mysterious ruins full of unclaimed treasure in the Eastern *too many* Reach. The Emperor ignored all warnings about the danger of native *failed* Glanfathan tribes, and *sent* sent three years into habitation, the developing *expeditions.* *is a well-* *documented* conflict known as the Broken Stone war. A Dyrwood farmer destroyed a pillar of adra standing in the path of his plow, *affliction* and a particularly *in* nasty contingent of Three-Tusk Stelgaer warriors *elderly* sought vengeance. Up to this point, skirmishes with the Glanfathans only *former* took place when Dyrwood settlers encroached on ancient ruins. These *treasure* early conflicts demonstrate how the Aedyran blend of ignorance and self- *hunters.* righteousness spoiled any opportunity for peaceful cohabitation.

Once the war came to a close, the Emperor appointed a military tactician by the name of Edrang Hadret as Dyrwood's gréf. His orders were to develop a city and keep the Glanfathan tribes at bay. Edrang succeeded, but at the cost of going over the Emperor's head to make peace with

accomplished it with an unprecedented loss of life on the Glanfathan side, but succeeded in forging a foundation for peace to come.

After decimating the native population, Admeth decided he was finished with the Emperor's underhanded ways. With the backing of his loyal erls and the cooperation of Glanfathan leaders, he launched a War of Defiance against Aedyr. The conflict spanned four years and claimed Admeth's life, but also ensured independence for the former colony, and solidified Admeth's name as a savior in cultural memory.

Squirming out from under the Emperor's thumb gave Dyrwood the space to develop on their own, particularly in the exploration of animancy. Over the course of several incidents, amateur soulcrafters seeking knowledge found it buried in the forbidden ruins across Eir Glanfath, the very sites that their former leader and savior forbade them from trespassing. The country endured three wars culminating in independence and peace with the Glanfathan people, but they were ready to compromise all for the sake of an art that was a national menace at best. There are

even whispers that a Sanitarium is being developed to treat maladies of the soul - an appropriate destination for anyone seeking to abandon their ~~...~~ and engage in

After some research, we discovered that in Horag's seventieth year, a swindler masquerading as a capable animancer, cheated him out of a sum of money and stole the affections of his unwed daughter. Before attentive readers take Horag's claims to heart, it would be beneficial to

Historical Addendum for the 2823 AI Edition

The next great upheaval to mar the face of Dyrwood sprouted from an outside, unwelcome source. To the north, the colony of Readceras came under the control of a sharecropper named Waidwen, who claimed to be the living avatar of the god Eothas. Waidwen and his cult of worshipers led an invasion force with the intention to bring a spiritual cleansing to Dyrwood. Waidwen and his bloodthirsty pilgrims carved their way south, armed to the teeth with pitchforks and sharpened stones. In spite of their unrealistic ambition, the defenders offered little in the way of resistance. The only power capable of stopping Waidwen was the Godhammer Bomb, a device of magic and science that brought unprecedented destruction to the battlefield. Visitors to Dyrwood should take caution if they happen upon a follower of Eothas. Though Eothasians are pious and disciplined to a fault, this should not encourage a false sense of security. Theirs is a history of zealotry and bloodshed, and the burden of grief they bear for their fallen patron is heavy. It is simply a matter of time before your garden-variety Eothasian shifts his or her temperament, as a locust joining into a swarm, and heralds the second coming of their mad god.

History catches up with the present in a

Politic

Although Dyrwood paints itself as an inclusive system, all of governance cut off from its roots, some traditions. The wealthy families of the most political sway. Admeth pre-Defiance years still hold subvert this system by granting his spiritual heritage this right to rule. A lowborn possessing a fragment of Admeth's soul is eligible to govern the Free Palatinate of Dyrwood.

Unfortunately, even his influence was not sufficient to deter those invested in keeping the wealthy in power. More often than not, the richest of Admeth's soul-inheritors are granted the right of rulership in an unprecedented form of spiritual nepotism. Since Admeth's heritage went out to a broad swath of citizens, Dyrwood's seven erls wrested back some control over the system. Ever since, their majority vote is the final word on a ducal elevation. Campaigning for the favor of an erl is a costly, excessive business. A commoner petitioning for the majority's esteem would have to spend several lifetimes gathering the funds for bribes alone.

The current Duc, Aevan Wolf-grin, is a possible exception to this unbalanced method of election. He originated from a frontier town and elevated to his current standing by virtue of prowess and charisma. In spite of his humble beginnings, Aevan won over the erls with his message of

Econo

Under many circumstances, recognizing the appropriate value of an object is the way to travel Dyrwood to the abundance of the world.

A capable explorer must be coming into possession of unfamiliar currency from many sources. Understanding the form of currency found in Dyrwood, and the rod by which all others are measured, is the copper pand (pahnd, "pawn"), abbreviated as "cp." Most domestic transactions take place in terms of pands.

For significantly greater exchanges, Dyrwood also circulates the golden duc. The coin gets its name from the portrait of Duc Admeth on early printings. Every duc is worth 12 pands. Locals are wont to say of an establishment: "fiou wouldn't find a duc there," with the double implication that the establishment has an ill reputation in addition to attracting customers of limited means.

Coins from the Vailian Republics commonly found in Dyrwood include the silver lusce (LOO-shay, "fish"), typically worth 3 pands, and the suole (SWHO-lay, "sun"), worth 9 pands. Rarely, wealthy people will use the oversized oble (OH-blay, "double") worth 18 pands.

Glanfathans use relatively crude (but large) copper coins called awld (auld,

Currency	Nom. Value	Culture of Origin
Copper Pand	1	Dyrwood
Copper Skeyt	1	Aedyr Empire
Copper Awld	2	Eir Glanfath
Silver Lusce	3	Vailian Republics
Silver Fenning	6	Aedyr Empire
Golden Suote	9	Vailian Republic
Golden Duc	12	Dyrwood
Golden Scilling	12	Aedyr Empire

Dyrwood's economy is primarily driven from exploitation of the land and livestock. Timber, wool, hide and minerals are the nation's largest output. Copper is found in particular abundance, as it is frequently found sharing the land with adra stones. However, much of its cultivation is reserved for Brackenbury and the development of elaborate machines that assist animancers in their art.

Vailian Republics
 Eir Glanfath

Settlements and

Landmarks

Defiance Bay is an ecosystem worthy of Asa's hub of travel and commerce, the focal point for influential factions. Visitors get Admeth's Den, where capable or Knights of the Crucible are ready to guide the right prisoners into the wilderness.

Hadret House is the former manor of Duke Admeth and his father. Lady Eydis Webb, an aristocrat of great influence and eccentricity, uses the site as the locus of civil service for the greater city. Webb seldom strays from its walls, so there are few in Dyrwood who would recognize her by appearances. The house itself is a subject of controversy, honeycombed as it is with secret passages and entrances that stretch seemingly across the city. For a municipal building, it offers little in the way of transparency.

The Brackenbury Sanitarium can be found in the city's less-reputable district. A popular bit of wisdom goes that anyone who gets lost in Defiance Bay can reorient themselves by listening for the mad screams of Brackenbury's afflicted patients. It's hardly a preferred attraction for common travelers, and for anyone unfortunate enough to consider it a "destination" it will likely be their last.

Travelers to Defiance Bay may find a relaxing spot on Anslog's Compass, a

*Added to
the 2823
AI
Edition*

the War of Defiance found it a suitable waypoint for supplies entering and leaving the city. Most critical was the part it played in delivering overseas munitions to Dyrwood without the intervention of Aedyran blockades. Rumor tells that it has seen more nefarious purposes in recent years.

The southern crescent of Pearlwood Gulf has suffered its own share of dramatic upset. A spot known as Pearlwood Bluff is renowned as one of the best sightseeing vantages in all of Dyrwood, with an inspiring view of the city and the sea beyond. Its beauty is marred by a long history of deaths and maiming that stained the grass red. Aristocrats demanding satisfaction after slights or insults from their peers often choose the spot for duels to the death. Traditionally, the combatant stricken a killing blow is invited to prop themselves up, basking in the comfort of the majestic view as they die.

In the eastern ~~territory~~ separating Dyrwood from Eir Glanfath sits the village of Dyrford. Perched precariously on the edge of a dangerous frontier, the settlement is known for a secretive and superstitious populace. They shun

Hylspeak in any form, keep rituals and practices unknown to outsiders, and may be involved in illicit activities beyond the reach of local law enforcement. Travelers

explorers. No one has ever made it within twenty paces of the outer ring before a Fisher Crane ambush party halted the perceived transgression in a wave of slaughter. Locals have suggested that magical rituals were conducted there long before Aedyrans even put their history to paper. This makes Lle a Rhemen a site of enduring interest to ambitious animancers. Since the basin sits near the broad end of Stormwall Gorge, the site is subject to flooding from heavy seasonal rainfall. Depending on what time of year an expedition party sets out for Lle a Rhemen, they may find an impressive arrangement of stone, or nothing at all.

Local

Here we

C

olonialism, warfare, rebellion, ^{go} exploitation. History sufficient that the Dyrwooder cultural ~~happened in the Eastern Reach~~ since the arrival of the Aedyrans set the foundation

exploitive people who settle there today.

On the whole, Dyrwoodans are single-mindedly preoccupied with making their fortune and expanding their horizons by whatever means necessary.

This could mean anything from opening a business upon expeditions into Erag with a ruins

in the city to unlocking

~~the horrible potential of their soul through Dyrwood's seemingly negative ritual~~ without a

Geek's and a definition section and development aspect. ^{isn't it?} the Dyrwood people in a state of ^{Another} perpetual

abandonment, the ^{Host many classic} but exploit an

opportunity for study, and anyone not currently engaged in improving their lot in life is considered wasting their time.

Though still a young nation, Dyrwood is quickly growing into the locus of all discovery and innovation across Eora.

Providing a counterpoint, some have argued that the Glanfathan tribes would be better off had the Aedyr never landed on their shores in the first place. Those who came to be called Dyrwoodans knowingly and unknowingly provoked several bloody conflicts that solidified their hold on the

region while decimating the native population. This critical reflection, while not wholly inaccurate, is by no means

example of Horac's for denial. Another ruins did he plunder in his day?

beyond scrutiny

than lift a finger for them. The solitary Fisher Crane, the nihilistic Stone Bramble, or the peacemongers of the Guided Compass off none of them possess the ~~solidity of character to hold~~ ~~unity together~~ ~~for long.~~ ~~If nothing else,~~ ~~at least~~ ~~the~~ ~~Aedyn~~ ~~zealots~~ ~~at~~ ~~gird~~ ~~them~~ ~~as~~ ~~word~~ ~~be~~ ~~each~~ expressed to make a similar claim. Under the religious sway of a sharecropper, they abandoned their government, alienated their neighboring people, and led a doomed military campaign against the jewel of the Eastern Reach. They have isolated themselves as thoroughly as a nation can, or has. Whether a fitting capstone or a cruel punishment, it is no wonder that Eothas answers their prayers with silence.

Readceras' failure to achieve even a modest degree of what they set out to accomplish in the Saint's War yielded some mixed results. Culturally, they've hit a brick wall. Forward-thinking and innovation are hardly prioritized virtues in an atmosphere where the very government is a placeholder for a god. At the same time, living under a religious shadow offers the native Readceran the sense of never having completed enough, or never being prepared enough for whatever challenges destiny holds. This internalization of virtues distinguishes the people of Readceras as some of the most diligent and

The result is a culture willing to look beyond individual desires for the good of the nation. Say what you will about Readceras, but determination of that level is a powerful force. When redirected by a higher power, those high standards and saintly work ethics manifest into something quite intimidating on the field of battle.

* Sometimes I wonder if Horag simply wrote the Almanac to weigh down his pockets with coin, and saturated the pages with the shortsighted criticism that any old man could spout in the space of an afternoon. Does he even believe in his own ranting? He just expended considerable effort blaming the Glanfathan people for their own decimation. If only we possessed the authority to cut away sections of the primary document altogether. Horag would wither and perish at seeing the desolation we would wreak on his eternally flawed life's work.

Languages and

E

Expressions

Every traveler who crosses into Dyrwood brings a tongue. The influx of commercial hunters, visitors, and accelerated the development of dialects found in languages into the

Aedyran is an evolved holdover from today. Dyrwood was under the control of the Aedyr Empire. The language fractured from its old-world roots as a result of increased exposure of overseas trade, the proximity of neighboring settlements, and a frontier culture that blossomed with Dyrwood's expansion. Most casual travelers or explorers to the Free Palatinate are expected to have a fair grasp of Aedyran. Those involved in larger-scale mercantile or military interests will find no lack of Dyrwoodan polyglots and interpreters.

Once outside of the densely-populated cities, Hylspeak grows in prominence. Though sprouting from Eld Aedyran, Hylspeak has taken on its own identity in rural Dyrwood as a language of song and folklore. Those who live in Aedyran-speaking communities can easily drop into conversational Hylspeak without even knowing it. As Hylspeak is a transitional language between Eld Aedyran and the common Aedyran spoken throughout Dyrwood, regional dialects vary in how they cleave to and from the original language. Those living within a short

“Hop y, that Rhym-aglac gjor eyen toks.” – “May the Rhym- terror (Rymrgand, the Beast of Winter) take your eyes.”

The tongue’s infectious quality has given it something of a controversial reputation. The unfortunate sufferers of a spiritual “Awakening,” haunted with the awareness of their past lives, often find themselves able to converse in fluent Hylspeak.

Casual travelers should not concern themselves with understanding the varied tongues of the Glanfathan tribes. Adventurers should hope to never catch it whispered in the wilderness, as it may be the last thing they hear before the telltale twang of a bowstring.

*I wonder if Horag took
these examples from life.*

Calendar of Events for

2823¹⁰ AF of Fonivèrno – Full Frost

The morbid celebration of the anti-harvest, furs and the submerging of an elder log in a ~~marked by a coming of ritual~~ ~~poisonably~~ ~~The logs~~ by a team of women ~~dubbed~~ the Queens of Winter.

19th of Farivèrno – End Frost

The once-celebrated log is dragged up a hilltop and beaten relentlessly into splinters by the entire community to welcome the coming of warmth. Its shards are scattered by the oldest woman in the community, dubbed the Hag of Spring. This ritual commemorates a winter occasion when early Aedyran settlers were cutting trees to build a palisade. One of the logs rolled away and froze under the ice of a frigid lake. It didn't resurface again until the day after the Broken Stone war. The community gathered to cut it free from the ice, which they interpreted as a favorable sign.

3rd of Préprima – Mhavarisen's Day

Commemorating the young Guided Compass warrior who gave her life in a valiant effort to stop hostilities during the Broken Stone war.

18th of ~~Majprima~~ – Full Growth

A popular wedding day among farming communities.

No doubt Hroeg appreciated the dual warnings against negligence and curiosity, and their cruel lesson.

1st of Fonprima

The day when planting for summer crops

Presumably to soak up the bitterness and the season.

10th of Præestu – Come What May

A rural celebration of sunlight and warmth, where all cares for the approaching autumn are set aside. Marked by day-long songs recited in their original Hylspeak.

20th of Tarestu – Changeling's Day, aka Curing

A day reserved for aggressive hunting in praise of Galawain. This is also considered a day of preparation, as the meat is traditionally salted or smoked for long-term storage.

1st – 3rd of Inauton

Early preparations are made for the harvest festival. The traditional archetypal roles are selected from among women (the Starling Maid, the Mother Crane and the Crow Queen). Men draw lots to determine their standing (the Knight of Prosperity, the Badger Prince, and the King of Fools). Volunteers organize games and contests for the festival to come.

appearances. The Crow Queen passes judgment of the Badger Prince and the King of Fools. The Starling Maid and the Prosperity Knight, aka the Small Harvest Child, and before the Babe of Tor, two is neigh. The King of Fools, always dressed as a pig, takes the sheep on a journey drawing the way, they visit a feast in the forest to Gaur (an aspect of the) leaving offerings to the gods.

The blessings of good harvest are recited in Hylspeak, and a hearty dinner is shared. Every ritual is different in

A glorified petting zoo. Knight of

A practically all but a single fine Wadwe's Legacy

18th of Tarauton – End of Reap

Prior to the standard three days of prayer and preparation between seasons, a final song of thanks is delivered in a public square. Appeals are made to Gaun to protect against misfortune, though the implied understanding is that not all may survive the winter to come.

15th – 16th of Préivèrno – The Stiff Harvest

Bells are rung throughout places of worship to mark the end of easier times, and herald the inevitable decline. Though the ground itself may freeze, this is a day for burying the dead.

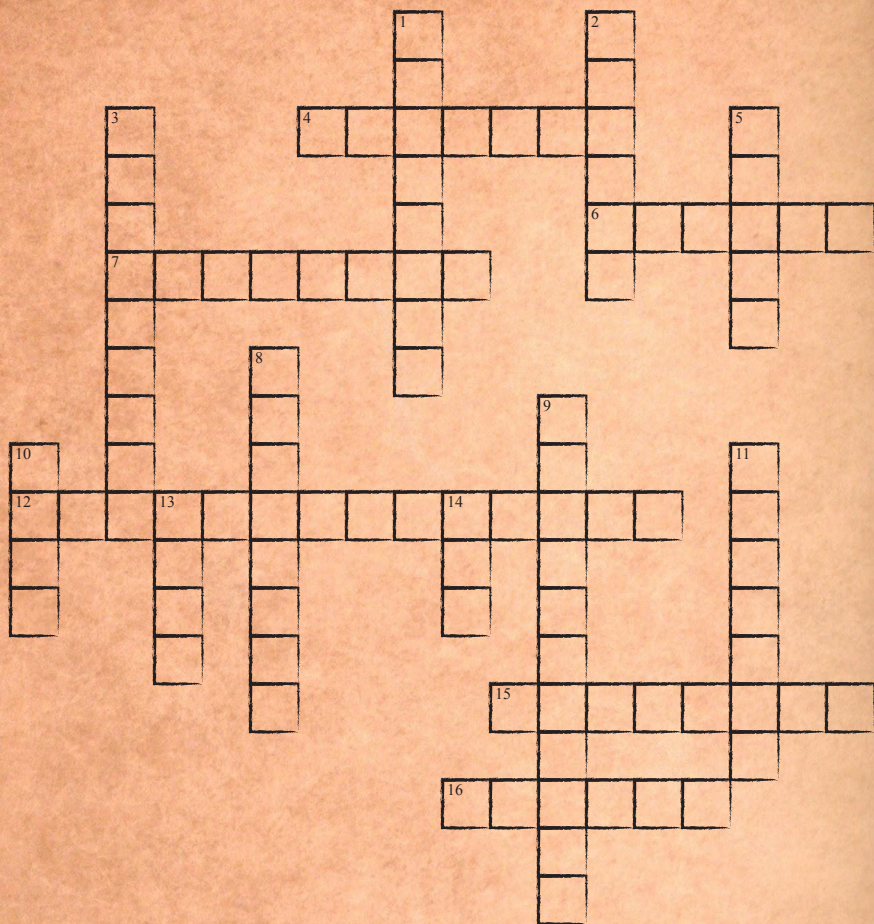
10th of Majivèrno – The Wake of Rymrgand

At the peak of the season, fires are lit with resin and the community gathers in the central hall for a storytelling competition. It is expected that the Beast of Winter has taken his fill, and moved on for the year.

This practice has fallen out of favor since the Saint's War, though some keep it alive for tradition's sake.

Puzzle

1. On his way to the Isce Ien River, Galven Rêgd killed ten Aedyran soldiers. His three officers killed seven, his twenty soldiers killed eight, and his delemgan killed five. How many Glanfathans crossed the river that day?
2. In the Engwithan catacombs, a Hound of Galawain found a stone dagger, a copper ring, and a silver helmet. As she explored further, she eventually came upon a puzzle box seated on a pedestal. She rotated its facets ten times before opening a hidden panel. A mad spirit emerged and assaulted her, shouting in Hylspeak. No sooner had it struck her than it dispersed into smoke. What saved the Hound's life that day?
3. A man visited the Brackenbury Sanitarium complaining of headaches. The animancers there studied him and discovered that he suffered from multiple fractured souls, each fighting for control over his fate. Using a device of lenses and wires, they got to work cleaning up his spiritual essence. First they cut away a number of souls equal to the years between



Across

- 4. Helper of lost souls
- 6. Mountain dwarves
- 7. Dyrwoodan tongue
- 12. Controversial pastry
- 15. Soulcrafter's trade
- 16. Galawain's hunters

Down

- 1. Horrific spider people
- 2. Purple dye plant
- 3. Deity slayer: _____ Bomb
- 5. fioung dragon, mature worm
- 8. Glanfathan city
- 9. Popular sanitarium
- 10. Spirit-channeling material
- 11. Readceras leadership: _____ Council
- 13. Defiance Bay district: Ondra's _____
- 14. Aevor's title

Historical

Much of Dywwood's weather is dictated by its coastal regions. Proximity to the sea makes the summers milder and the winters milder. The territories inland are generally cool, but other areas are less moderate.

Stonewall (at Stonewall Gorge) recently took the brunt of a deluge, and its halls were flooded for several weeks. Sites of previous Engwithian habitation sometimes exhibit meteorological anomalies, but the general lack of access to those regions hampers any definitive study.

Days	Location	Inches
116	Pearlwood	23.9
	Gulf	
145	Bael Marsh	46.7
120	Loghome	32.3
130	Cold Morn	28.7
104	Thein Bog	32.8

Historical Planting and Harvesting

In a rural context, a **D**ate is following the correct dates for specific crops. Every region has its own tradition, commerce, or sheer variation, whether based on

A team of census takers once set out to determine Bay with the farmers and homesteaders on the fringes of Dyrwood to collect this information. Maintaining records of which plants thrive under the right circumstances could prove essential to the survival of future settlements, and the task of compiling this information had never been attempted. Unsubstantiated rumors speak of the group leaving the road to exploit a perceived shortcut. They were never seen again, and the project was scrapped.

The team could have disappeared for any number of reasons. However, two pieces of evidence suggest the truth of their fate. As they set out, the team leader hired a pair of Knights of the Crucible from Admeth's Den. This might not seem damning, but a journal recovered from the leader's quarters cryptically hinted at a "profitable venture along journey's way." Therefore it is assumed, if not outwardly discussed, that the census takers found themselves on the wrong side of an Engwithan ruin, and their fate all but sealed.

Plant	Best Planting Dates	Days to Harvest (2818-2821)	Soil	Sun Exposure	Depth (Inches)	Spacing
Athmos	Préprima 15th	25-50	Sand or Loam	Full	1"	2 1/2"
Beets	Majprima 10th	40-60	Sand or Loam	Full or Part	1/2"	1-2"
Beans	Majprima 7th	45-55	Loam	Full	1"	2"
Carrots	Préprima 8th	55-70	Sand	Full	1/2"	3 1/2"
Corn	Fonprima 3rd	55-85	Loam	Full	1"	5"
Cucumbers	Tarprima 17th	35-45	Loam	Full	3/4"	12"
Dunlans	Préprima 1st	70-80	Any	Full or Part	1/2"	2"
Nyras	Fonprima 11th	60-95	Sand or Loam	Full	3/4"	24"
Squash						
Onions	Fonprima 3rd	70-100	Any	Full	1"	4"
Peas	Préprima 1st	50-70	Loam	Full or Part	1"	2"

Afterwo

It is not the opinion of this manual (or its contributors) that adventuring, exploration, or capture hunting, or any of these pages. The varying nature of these not every contingency be found in a exploration demands that that intrepid adventurers who elect to manual. Rather, these pages might approach their task better informed, and may find themselves better equipped to make intelligent choices when the unexpected inevitably occurs.

These pages represent the collaboration of a retired explorer and several scholars of the Hand Occult, many of whom know each other solely through editorial disagreement. The Almanac of the Eastern Reach makes no claims regarding the authenticity of its content or contributors. While much of the information contained herein can be easily validated, much else is apocryphal, subjective, or outdated, and therefore not to be taken at face value. The reader is expected to take no action as a result of reading these pages.

Recipe for Durgan

Hardcake 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups cornflour

(Readceran gold preferred)

2 tsp Old Mortimer baking

solution

2 tsp powdered cuttlebone (for texture)

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cinnamon (preferably Rauatai,

which is a finer grain)

Puzzle answers:

1. Only one: Rêgd, as a prisoner of war. The others were burned alive in the War of Black Trees.
2. The copper ring, as copper is frequently used to bind or harness soul energy.
3. The War of Defiance (2668 AI) minus the War of Black Trees (2652 AI) equals 16.
16 times 2 equals 32.

Plus the number of Woedica's aliases (5: The Exiled Queen, The Burned Queen, The Queen That Was, Oathbinder, The Strangler) = 37.

37 plus 7 equals 44 souls.

Crossword answers:

Across: watcher, aptapo, hylspeak, durganhardcake, animancy, hounds

Down: vithrack, vorlas, godhammer, drake, twinelms, brackenbury, adra, morning, gift, duc

Credits

Contributing Writer: Paul Kirsch

Contributing Writer:

J.E.Sawyer Design &

Layout: Craig S Grant