

EPIC STORYTELLING GAME

2
ERA
CALIPHPORT





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2

Written by Neil Gow

Proofreader: Nancy Feldman

Art by: Storn Cook (using LPG Design's Image Portfolio Platinum Edition) and Nicholas Cloister (using 'Monsters by Email')

Using characters and concepts developed by : *Jamie Angus, Becky An-nison, Martin Lloyd, Nick Reynolds and Barry Stevens*

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ERA: Epic Storytelling Game

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CALIPHPORT

Caliphport is an alternate 'Arabian' setting for ERA, using the same format as the base game. It is based in the Golden City, ruled by the Great Caliph. Within the city you may encounter the Eyeless Mages of the Obsidian Tower, swarthy thieves and brigands, beautiful harem girls, slavers and gladiators, dark-skinned assassins, Emissaries from the Djinn Court and more!

The five elements used in the Caliphport setting are:

Fire – Fire represents the strength and fury of the Legend. Mighty warriors and desert barbarians will have a high Fire. Weak-willed mages and lithe thieves will have low Fire.

Craft – Craft represents magic and the unknown forces that shape the world. Strong-minded mages and pious shamans will have a high Craft. Ignorant gladiators and corrupt charlatans will have a low Craft.

Sand – Sand represents the wisdom and knowledge of the Legend. A learned magister and a wizened crone will have a high Sand. A feckless thug or an ill-mannered sailor will have a low Sand.

Song – Song represents the presence and charisma of your Legend. A silver-tongued thief and a charming temptress will have a high Song. A repugnant warrior and a vile sorceress will have a low Song.

Wind – Wind represents the speed and the agility of your Legend. A nimble archer and a shadowy rogue will have a high Wind. A slow moving Juggernaut and a crippled Seer will have a low Wind.

A golden towered city by a sparkling harbour, Caliphport is at the same time the greatest, most affluent city ever to be built and the most corrupt and desolate place for a person to live and grow. For every courtier in the service of the Great Caliph, there are a dozen beggars, cutthroats, pirates and body slaves scraping out an existence within the shadows. In the bazaars and markets, traders from every race and nation come to peddle their wares whilst outside, children die in the gutter for the want of a scrap of bread and a mouthful of fresh water. This is a city of adventure, of unlimited potential and of cruel and arbitrary death. Welcome, indeed, to Caliphport and may your every moment be blessed by the Caliph.

Places within Caliphport

The Caliph's Palace

One of the greatest buildings ever created by mankind is the Great Caliph's Palace of Caliphport. Regents from around the world travel with their architects to view just the outer precincts of the palace and inevitably consider their own palace insignificant and destitute. Indeed, more than one King has had their own builder executed upon seeing only the Caliph's stable house! It is said that no-one, except of course the Caliph himself has seen every corner of the palace. Within the palace grounds are such wondrous buildings as the Vizier's Court - a place where the Vizier entertains his advisors and runs the business of the city - and the Caliph's own Harem, where one thousand and one women await the Caliph's pleasure. On the other hand, the maze of monsters, a labyrinth the size of a small city built on an island in the bay, filled with fantastical monsters and linked to the palace by a magical floating bridge is a wonder that no-one wishes to see too closely.

The Library of the Dead Gods

Near the centre of the city stands the Library of the Dead Gods, an edifice that has towered over the city throughout its various guises. The original use of the building was as a mausoleum for the mortal remains of the most powerful beings, usually killed by great and powerful Legends. There are dozens of corpses entombed in the Library, including the Alabaster King, the Five Faced Tiger and the Lady of Flaming Desire. Each was served by their own 'Court of the Dead', families of servants who maintained their tomb. These families have become the librarians, who have created a vast library above the tombs. Nowadays, this place of death is also a place of knowledge. There is another side to the Library - traditionally, it is considered a place of sanctuary and not even the Caliph's edict can remove someone from within its walls.

The Gladiator Pits

Second only to the great Floating Arena of Chun, the gladiator pits of Caliphport offer blood sports and other forms of 'physical entertainment' for those that can afford its prices. Situated beneath the main bazaar in the centre of the city, the gladiators battle in a vast auditorium carved from the rock itself by bound Dao spirits who now serve to

maintain the strength and stability of the dome during even the most raucous of battles. Whilst Caliphport is a slaving city, it prides itself that the men who fight in the Gladiator Pits are never slaves and they all enter voluntarily; some for the glory, some chasing the immense prizes and some for revenge, but all of their own accord.

The Slave Market

With a harbour that crawls with ships like a termite mound crawls with insects, Caliphport was bound to become a hub for the slavers of the Golden Sea. Whether they are crimson marked tribesmen of Chun, the squat tree-dwellers of the Ruins of Thrain or a shackled warrior from the Dragon Tooth Mountains, the slaves are all brought to the same place to be sold - the harbour-side slave market. This is a true hive of scum and villainy, filled with the most wretched souls the city has to offer - and no service is unavailable for a price. It is said that even the Gods come to barter in the Slave Market of Caliphport ... but surely that is just a myth?

The Golden Harbour

If the regal majesty and importance of the city is a reflection of the Great Caliph's benevolence, then the richness and luxury that many of his subjects enjoy is a reflection of the Golden Sea itself. Caliphport was built on a natural harbour with excellent tides and currents and overlooking cliffs offering a safe place for harbour lights and defences. It was a natural choice for traders to settle and meet and has grown as such over the years until no other city can challenge its dominance. The harbour is a chaotic mix of traders, adventurers, warships and fishing vessels, all jostling for the limited jetty space. Some say that the Harbour Master is the second most powerful man in the city. The Vizier ensures that those who utter those words live to regret them for the rest of their interesting, albeit short, lives.



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LEGENDS OF CALIPHPORT

Kalam; Mage, Thief, Prince

Kalam is a rogue who lives and works within the twisting streets of Caliphport. Trained by the Eyeless Mages of the Obsidian Tower, he controls magicks beyond the control of normal mages and his contacts in both the palace and the Thieves' Guild make him irrepressible. The son of the Caliph can do anything he wants when he wants an adventure!

Elements

Fire	d6	Quick with a blade
Craft	d8	A master of obfuscation
Sand	0	Never listened to his teachers
Song	d4	Filled with confidence and swagger
Wind	d10	Faster than the desert winds

Trappings

Craft	d8	The Tattooed Magic of the Obsidian Tower
Wind	d6	The High Air Spirit's Winged Slippers
Fire	d4	Shimmering Scimitar of Flame

Lore

Song	d10	Youngest Son of the Great Caliph
Craft	d8	Initiate of the Seventh Circle
Wind	d8	Caliphport Thieves Guild Rebel
Fire	d6	Whirlwind Sword Style
Song	d4	A Voice of softest silk

'Kalam! Kalam! Do not speak to me of damned Kalam! Every time a man comes to me to speak of stolen gems - it is Kalam! The merchants cry of a Djinn loose in the market - Kalam! The day my loins spawned that boy was the day a demon was thrust upon this land. However, he is my boy, Ambassador, and if he stole your Princess on the back of a Roc, then he does that with my bidding. Now begone, before I have you beheaded!'

The Great Caliph shows his parenting skills to the
Ambassador of Chun



Arrela; Feisty Escaped Slave Girl

Arrela was born and bred to be a concubine in the Caliph's harem, with golden swirls and images embedded into her skin to mark her as such. She has a rebel spirit and would never be beholden to the Caliph, finding her freedom in an audacious escape - the so-called Race of Blades. Now she hides in the Library of the Dead Gods, a hunted woman.

Elements

Fire	0	Never trained for fighting
Craft	d4	Pleasure ... or pain, beyond belief
Sand	d6	Filled with tales and lore
Song	d10	A priceless face and voice
Wind	d8	Agile and Nimble

Trappings

Song	d8	Signet Ring of the Caliph's Harem
Wind	d6	Shifting Sand Cloak
Fire	d4	Razor Edged Stiletto

Lore

Song	d10	Inlaid Golden Dragons of the Harem
Sand	d8	Trapped in the Library of the Dead Gods
Song	d6	The Race of Blades has One Winner
Craft	d4	Possessed of the speech of the Fates

"Your house is my house, Arrela"

"I thank you for it, Great Librarian. My path has been long but it has found me here. The Fates drive me and I know my higher purpose. I will never be a plaything of men again."

"In my house, no. I foresee a future though where you will have a choice, Arrela the Free, and you will choose slavery once more."

"Never. I would rather die"

"Death may not be an option, my friend..."



Syllabym the Serendipitous

One of the Scariffi, a race of serpent-people who live deep within the desert, Syllabym is a merchant prince who travels the trade routes of Caliphport seeking fame and fortune. However, a quiet life on the road is not written into his fate, and somehow trouble is never too far away from his forked tongue...

Elements

Fire	0	Why fight when you can talk?
Craft	d6	The magic of the serpents
Sand	d8	A long travelled Scariffi
Song	d10	A golden (albeit forked) tongue
Wind	d4	Slithering walk

Trappings

Craft	d8	The Scrolls of Scariffi
Fire	d6	A cedarwood casket of arcane oils and elixirs
Ice	d4	The Floating Rug of the Unknown Vizier

Lore

Craft	d10	Master serpent mage
Song	d8	Viziers's highly influential advisor
Sand	d6	Feared and respected in the merchant court
Fire	d6	Poisonous bite
Sand	d4	A proud Scariffi, seldom ignored

"The Scariffi are a strange people. They are serpents who walk as men, or at least they appear as such to the common man. I can sense the touch of the Gods on them. That is why I keep Syllabym close to my counsel.

Of course I don't trust him. Would you? He is nothing more than a common merchant after all, but he has his uses, especially when I need to remind the Obsidian Tower that they are not the only ones with recourse to magic in this city. Not the only ones by a long measure..."

The Vizier shares his views on the Scariffi



STORN

THE VIZIER'S COURT

Garsh, Half-Ogre Slave Master (Standard Threat)

Garsh was always marked to be his tribe's shaman, even though his half-blooded nature made him different from other Ogres. However, he was torn from his home and forced into the Caliph's gladiator pits at an early age. He won his freedom, only by being made the Golden City's head slaver - a position of power he now abuses regularly.

Elements

Fire	5	Ogre Strong
Craft	2	Tied to the Spirits of the Tribe
Sand	4	Raised in the Shaman's Hut
Song	3	Known throughout the Golden City
Wind	0	Lumbering Frame

Trappings

Fire	4	Chains and Manacles of Blooded Iron
Wind	3	Shadowhide Whip
Song	2	Scars of the Vizier's Cabal

Lore

Song	5	Master of the Slave Pits of the Vizier
Fire	4	Scion of the Iron Mountains
Fire	4	Champion Gladiator, freed and captured
Sand	3	A City in his debt, debts lead to power
Craft	4	Son of a Shaman, Son of a Witch

"Some people think this is the end of their lives. They are fools - this is the beginning. You have come to reside in the greatest city in all of history and your eyes - curse them for their soulless dullness - will see things that your friends and families can never imagine. And when you die - and you will - your last sight will be the glorious sun shining over the Caliph's palace and you will know Heaven. Now kneel and be branded, scum!"

Garsh explains life as a slave

Gang of Garsh's Slavers (Standard Threat)

Garsh the slave master sends his ragged bands of slavers out into the city and the surrounding dunes to bring the weak, the lost and the desperate to his slave pits. Relentless, ruthless and deadly, the slavers are feared by everyone in Caliphport.

Elements

Fire	4	Brutal thugs
Craft	0	No magic whatsoever
Sand	2	The Streets are their home
Song	2	Intimidating voices
Wind	4	Used to chasing fugitives

Trappings

Fire	3	Whips, chains and fiery brands
Song	2	Scars of the Vizier's Cabal
Craft	3	Lens of True Seeing

Lore

Song	4	Ruthless Band of Heartless Rogues
Fire	3	Masters of Pain and Anguish
Sand	2	Caliphport, like the back of my hand

Bound Gladiator Bodyguards (Standard Threat)

The arena entertains and thrills the people of Caliphport with a blood-sport that many cities no longer practice. The gladiators also act as bound bodyguards for Caliphport's richest denizens and frequently tackle the rogues that ply their trade on the packed streets of the city

Elements

Fire	5	Trained in Gladiatorial Prowess
Craft	0	Untrained in the dark arts
Sand	2	Tales shared in the dark
Song	3	Proven performers
Wind	4	Quick to dodge a thrust

Trappings

Craft	3	Magical Bindings of the Arena
Fire	5	The best weapons money can buy

Lore

Sand	3	Dragged from the four corners...
Song	2	Songs are written of their exploits
Wind	4	Escape the blade or die!

Rammus, Champion Gladiator (Elite Threat)

From the slave pits to the arena and from the arena to grandeur and riches - Rammus' journey has been nothing less than spectacular. He started life as a slave from the mountains beyond the sands and was soon recognised for his love of battle and death. Winning every battle he has faced in the arena, Rammus is now a superstar of Caliphport. Some say that he is a demigod - immortal and unbeatable. Some say he will one day lead the slaves in rebellion against the Grand Caliph...

Elements

Fire	8	Ruthless aggression
Craft	0	No truck with magic
Sand	4	Older than he looks
Song	6	The Caliph's favourite
Wind	6	Fast, but not as fast as he used to be

Trappings

Fire	6	Blood soaked iron spear
Wind	5	Sand panther-skin armour
Song	3	Vestments of the Champion Gladiator

Lore

Fire	6	The greatest gladiator ... ever!
Wind	5	Always three moves ahead of his foe
Song	5	1000 souls sent to the sand
Song	3	Rumoured to be cursed never to die.
Fire	3	Fights unlike any man of the sands...

"There is nothing I have not killed, except death itself. I have danced in the arena with men and monsters, peasants and kings. I have killed dragons and djinn, manticores and medusae. Whatever you have in your cages, Garsh, it causes me no fear."

The Grand Vizier of Caliphport (Elite Threat)

Ruler of the Golden Sea, master of the 7th fleet of the Infinite Horizon, Lord benefactor of the Obsidian Tower, Most illustrious child of the heavens, son of the Grand Vizier - may his remains never age - Har'en, his most magnificent, incandescent and glorious Vizier of All.

Har'en is the public face of the Great Caliph and is, essentially, the true ruler of Caliphport. He operates his Guard as a not-so-secret police force, ensuring that the Caliph's wishes are met ... and if his wishes are represented as the Caliph's, he is only saving his Eminence from the annoying need to think.

Elements

Fire	3	The Vizier knows how not to die
Craft	5	Spirits owe him for their freedom
Sand	6	Everything is known to the Vizier
Song	9	The most charismatic man in Caliphport
Wind	0	The old man cannot run

Trappings

Song	6	Diamond Seal of Caliphport
Fire	3	Corpulent body, wrapped in silk
Sand	5	Web of Informers and Spies

Lore

Song	8	Ruler of the Golden Sea etc..
Sand	6	Schooled by 1000 Sages
Craft	5	Warded by the Obsidian Tower
Song	3	Voice like melted gold

"Somewhere in this city, this grand and complex city, there is a golden orb. That orb, when drenched in the blood of a virgin daemonsess, will summon forth the hordes of the underworld, desperate to touch its purity and embrace it. They will tear down the towers, break the ports and destroy the Caliph's palace.

Bring me this orb ... I will keep it here, with me, for safe keeping, you understand. For this service, I will make you richer than even I can possibly imagine.

Should you survive..."

Vizier's Guard (Standard Threat)

The Grand Vizier is almost immobile, as befits his status. To project him, he has a cadre of lethal armed guards, who ride the streets of Caliphport on their devil-lizard mounts. Feared is not the word...

Elements

Fire	5	Trained warriors
Craft	0	Little use for magic
Sand	3	Secrets are their business
Song	2	Make innocent people uneasy
Wind	4	Street fighters.

Trappings

Fire	5	Combat trained fire lizard
Fire	4	Serrated swords, golden armour

Lore

Wind	3	Trained to fight fast and tight
Song	3	Blessed by the Grand Vizier
Fire	3	Strongest of the Strong, Swiftest of the Swift
Sand	2	Within earshot of every secret of the 'port





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SERVANTS OF THE NIGHT

Eyeless Mage of the Obsidian Tower (Elite Threat)

To become an eyeless mage, you must stare into the flames of the Gods, filling your mind with knowledge beyond the ken of man ... and burning your own eyes out. These insane mages, trapped in their Obsidian Tower, offer their mystical services for insane prices - in money, in magic and in mortal (and immortal) souls.

The Eyeless Mages will offer their services to anyone who can meet their price, and their patronage to those of significant power - such as the Vizier. Their main tactic is to summon spirits and creatures from the depths of the desert to do their bidding, but they are not beyond throwing a few fireballs when needed.

The Obsidian Tower lies deep within the desert and has a complex series of traps and magical constructs protecting it. It also has no door - the only people who know how to enter it are the Eyeless Mages. Within the Tower there is access to a pocket dimension, making it far more expansive than its exterior brickwork suggests. It is filled with the strange and the mystical ... but its greatest defence is the Mages themselves.

Elements

Fire	0	No need to use weapons
Craft	9	With their will, they can bend reality
Sand	8	All is known to those without eyes
Song	6	If we can treat with Djinn, we can treat with you
Wind	3	Dancing through shadows

Trappings

Song	5	Staff of the Obsidian Tower
Fire	6	Twisting Demonic Familiar
Craft	5	Dead Eyes, burned by the Gods.

Lore

Song	5	Bargaining with demons is easy...
Craft	8	Magic beyond this mortal plane
Sand	5	Student of the Obsidian Tower
Craft	5	The Word of Death on their lips

El-Nadir; Ebon Skinned Master Assassin (Elite Threat)

They move in the night, the shadow skinned assassins of Zahar, the weapon master. For the right price, any life can be offered to the Gods. The best of these shadows is El-Nadir, scarred 100 times by the Gods he raises sacrifice for. Favoured by the Eyeless Mages, he has the best arms and armour in the clan and carries the All-Seeing Eye, a magic of immense knowledge.

Zahar, the Weapons Master, brings orphans into his cabal and trains them in the darkest of dark killing arts. No way of relieving a man of the burden of his life is untouched. By the time they reach adulthood, the shadow-skinned assassins - their skins are blanched to match the colour of a dark moon - are ready to kill for hire, revenge or pleasure.

Elements

Fire	6	Every strike meant to kill
Craft	0	Magic is unnecessary flamboyance
Sand	5	Knowledge can kill as true as poison
Song	3	Reputation for death comes before him
Wind	8	Nothing but a shadow

Trappings

Wind	6	Dragonfang Poisoned Dagger
Fire	5	Dragonhide Blackened Armour
Sand	3	The All-Seeing Eye of the Golden City

Lore

Wind	8	Master Assassin of the Zahar Clan
Fire	6	Trained by the Weapon Master Zahar
Song	6	100 scars, 100 deaths
Sand	5	Standing in the Shadows of the Palace
Craft	3	Protection of the Obsidian Tower

“My name is El-Nadir. I will give you that knowledge as a courtesy so that when you pass into the afterlife you do so without questions. I will not kill you with a blade or an arrow. I will not kill you with magic. I killed you three days ago when you ate those delightful dates from the bazaar. The poison, from the red bellied rose spider, is slow working but quite... oh, you seem to be dead now. Not quite that slow working...”



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SPIRITS OF THE SAND

The Djinni of the Crystal (Legendary Threat)

A member of the Djinn Court, the Djinni - for that is his only name - was trapped in his crystal prison for 1000 years by the mages of the Obsidian Tower. Now he has been freed from his prison and hides within the Golden City of Caliphport, trapped by its runed walls. He lives swapping rumours and minor wishes, only occasionally showing his true nature and immense, if neutered, power.

Elements

Fire	0	No need for physical violence
Craft	10	A creature of pure magic
Sand	8	One of many, all seeing eyes
Song	6	Naturally charismatic
Wind	4	A creature of the air

Trappings

Song	8	Vestments of the Djinn Court
Wind	6	A Cloud Plucked from the Heavens
Craft	4	An entourage of zephyr spirits

Lore

Craft	10	'I will grant you three wishes...'
Song	8	The Awe of the Djinn Court Surrounds
Sand	8	Ancient Eyes in a Child's Mind
Fire	6	Embraced lightning, swallow thunder
Sand	4	Trapped for 1000 years, listening

"Welcome, welcome newly found friends. I am the Djinni and I will grant you three wishes. No really, I will, for I have the power to do anything. Well, anything except escape from this damned city - so find a way for me to escape, my friends, and I will grant you your every wish. After we have talked and smoked and talked some more. I love talking. Do you love talking?"

Spirits of the Sand (Elite Threat)

The sands around Caliphport are ground from the towers, walls and arches of ancient empires long forgotten even by the Eyeless Mages of the Obsidian Tower. Conjured from these sands are the soldiers of the Djinn Court - the Spirits of the Sand. Empowered by the blood of ancient warriors, memories of vengeance and Djinn magic, these dusty fighters erupt from the sand and swamp their foes with wave after wave of death ... and when they are defeated, they sink back into the sand, waiting to rise again for their masters.

Elements

Fire	8	Once a fighting elite
Craft	5	Warded by blood older than life
Sand	6	Memories of ancient armies
Song	0	Speechless and without thought
Wind	3	An unstoppable tide

Trappings

Fire	8	Arms of the Golden Sands
Wind	6	A body of sand flows swifter than water
Craft	4	Sand runes of the Djinn Court

Lore

Wind	8	Travel through the sand like zephyrs
Fire	6	Scorpion tainted poisoned blades
Sand	6	Memories of a thousand empires
Craft	5	You cannot charm that without soul
Fire	3	A dance of death in the sand.

"I saw the horde march upon the Djinn Court - their warlocks breaking open the veil that shrouds them from our eyes. Thousands of men, from dozens of countries, hell bent on destruction.

They lasted no more than the time it takes for a child to knock down their carved warriors

The Spirits of the Sand rose and took them, flayed the flesh from their bones until only milky white skeletons remained. And then they sank again, sated."

The Burning Leviathan (Legendary+ Threat)

The Djinn Court can call upon myriad creatures in its defence but the most fearful is the dread nightmare of the Efreet - the Burning Leviathan. This colossal spirit looks like a cross between an iron bull and a living volcano, towering over armies and cities. It's breath is poison, its skin burns with unnatural fire and its heart - if it has one - is buried inside a core of molten lava. When the Burning Leviathan is summoned, only death and destruction will follow.

Using the Burning Leviathan in a story is a dangerous prospect as it almost certainly will defeat any pairing of Legends if they are foolish enough to fight it. Running away - a Wind scene - may be possible but even tricking it with wits - a Sand scene - is still a tough call.

Elements

Fire	20	Elemental force of disaster
Craft	12	Forged at the dawn of time
Sand	4	Slow to turn
Song	10	The mountains quake before the Leviathan
Wind	4	Ponderous and deadly

Trappings

Fire	12	Horns and hooves, crushing the Earth
Craft	8	Poison breath that melts magic
Fire	6	Blood of fire, skin of iron

Lore

Fire	12	Unstoppable force of destruction
Song	10	Only fools stand before Leviathan
Sand	10	Legendary destroyer of empires
Fire	8	Mercy is beyond the Efreet
Craft	6	No mortal blade can breach this hide

Khan Sargon the One Handed, Ruler of the Nomads of Heaven (Elite Threat)

Khan Sargon, vanquisher of 1000 foes, lord of the unnumbered horde. It is against men such as the Khan that the city of Caliphport has built such great walls and paid so many ransoms over the years. The Nomads of Heaven possess extraordinary magics allowing the whole horde to travel vast distances through the violet heavens. It is said that the violet sky covers more than one world.

Khan Sargon's left hand is missing, cut off by one of the defenders of the doomed city of Thrain; what became of that warrior, or the Khan's emerald ring is not known. In its place he wears a silver hand, to which a bow can be fastened.

Elements

Fire	6	The Great Khan knows no fear
Craft	0	The Great Khan knows no need of spells
Sand	3	The Great Khan knows all of history
Song	8	The Great Khan knows only victory
Wind	5	The Great Khan knows no bonds

Trappings

Wind	6	8 legged horse of wonder
Craft	5	Compass of the violet heavens
Fire	5	Lance of the Khans

Lore

Song	8	Lord of the unnumbered horde
Sand	6	Wisdom of the worshipful functionary
Craft	5	Rider in the violet sky
Fire	5	Wielder of the one handed bow
Wind	3	Master of Griffins



The Horde of Sargon the One Handed, Great Khan of the Nomads (Legendary Threat)

First, you see the flags of 1000 different cities, fluttering in the breeze. Then, beneath each flag you see a mounted warrior, with bow and lance. Then above them the flying carpets on which archers stand. And whirling high above can be seen the Griffins of Khan Sargon, each one dressed with silver mail. The horde is endless, and as you look upon it you realize that a mile on either side of you are outriders - already ahead of you. Soon you will be caught within their net as have been so many others.

Elements

Fire	10	Eternal Warriors
Craft	4	Borne through magic
Sand	0	Memory lost in the violet sky
Song	6	1000 voices, raised in victory
Wind	8	Flying on the violet winds

Trappings

Fire	8	Armoured griffins of the Khan
Wind	6	Archers on flying carpets
Wind	6	Steeds from the endless plains

Lore

Fire	10	Conquerors of 1000 foes
Craft	8	Pathway of the violet heaven
Sand	6	Wisdom of the conquered lands
Song	6	Terror of the Khan
Song	4	Banners of 1000 fallen cities

ADVENTURE SEEDS

STEALING FROM THE CALIPH

The treasures of the Great Caliph are legendary - both in their value and the protection afforded them. There are, however, those that would hire desperate souls to try to steal from the Caliph. One such man is the Lord Protector of Chun, the caldera home of the Godspeakers. The Lord Protector knows that in the Caliph's possession is the Great Ark of Blood, an artefact of Chun that is said to be able to renew the connection between the rock blood of Chun and the Gods themselves. This would see Chun reborn and the Lord Protector will pay anything for its retrieval. Anything.

BENEATH THE LIBRARY OF THE DEAD GODS...

...lies the tomb of the The Alabaster King, the long-dead god who resided in the city that stood before the city that was ground by the winds to form the great white desert. White wisps of ghosts have been seen around the precincts of the Library and the Librarian has warned that the Alabaster King may be stirring. If he rises, and searches for his city, who knows what disaster may await. Dare a hero journey into the tomb of the dead Gods themselves to calm the rising King?

INTRIGUE AT THE VIZIER'S COURT

Ha'ren the Vizier likes to know everything about the Golden City and those that can provide him with the most valuable information are rewarded with treasure and position in his court. Maintaining that position is a constant battle between his advisors and sycophants. Those close to the Vizier would, for example, know the movements of the 7th Fleet of the Infinite Horizon ... information that invaders and pirates would pay vast coin to obtain. All you have to do is prove your worth to the Vizier ... how hard can it be?

CAST INTO THE ARENA

The last thing you remembered were the batons of the slavers on your skull. Now you awaken, blinking with the brightness of the sun and retching at the stench of the Half-Ogre before you - and then you realise that you are a slave and destined to fight in the arena. Can you prove yourself as a warrior? Can you plot your escape? Can you become a champion and win your freedom? Or will your blood join the thousands who have died before you? Only your sword, your wits and the whims of Garsh will tell.

RAID THE OBSIDIAN TOWER

It is said that the Eyeless Mages killed the architect of the Obsidian Tower and then captured his soul in a gem so that none could summon it from the afterlife. It is said that this gem has appeared in a treasure trove revealed by the shifting sands. It is said that the soul holds the key to opening the Obsidian Tower. It is said that there is no man who calls himself a man who has not felt the power of the Mages. It is said that revenge is a profitable business. Many things are said ... but how many of them are true?

THE DJINN COURT SUMMONS YOU

The Djinn, spirits of the air, hold their court beyond a veil of magic in the desert. When these strange beings summon a mortal, they rarely refuse. Why would the Djinn need you to speak for them with their fiery cousins, the Efreet. Why are they concerned about the fate of the watery Marids and why do these refuse to discuss the earthen Dao? If the Djinn are unable to intervene, then the source of their fears must be mortal ... but what mortal threat could scare these elementals?

THE KHAN COMES CALLING

Someone has besmirched the Great Khan of the Nomads and his heaven-striding horde! The violet heaven opens and the Horde descends upon the Golden City. Panic spreads and the Caliph calls for heroes to stand against the Immortal Army or find out what has turned the Khan to war and deal with it. The destruction of Caliphport would surely be the result of a clash with the Khan - a fate that must be averted.

VENTURE DEEP INTO THE DESERT

A caravan into the desert is always a daunting task - do you head north, towards the colder mountains that lead into the snowy tundra and finally the Dragon Tooth Mountains? Do you head east, into the intense heat and attempt to cross the badlands to the Holy City of Chun? Do you head south, where the desert meets the grasslands and the dense and deadly jungles of Thrain? Will you stumble across the Djinn Court? Or the underground city of the Scariffi serpent people? Will you succeed or will you die amidst the swirling sand?



COMING NEXT...

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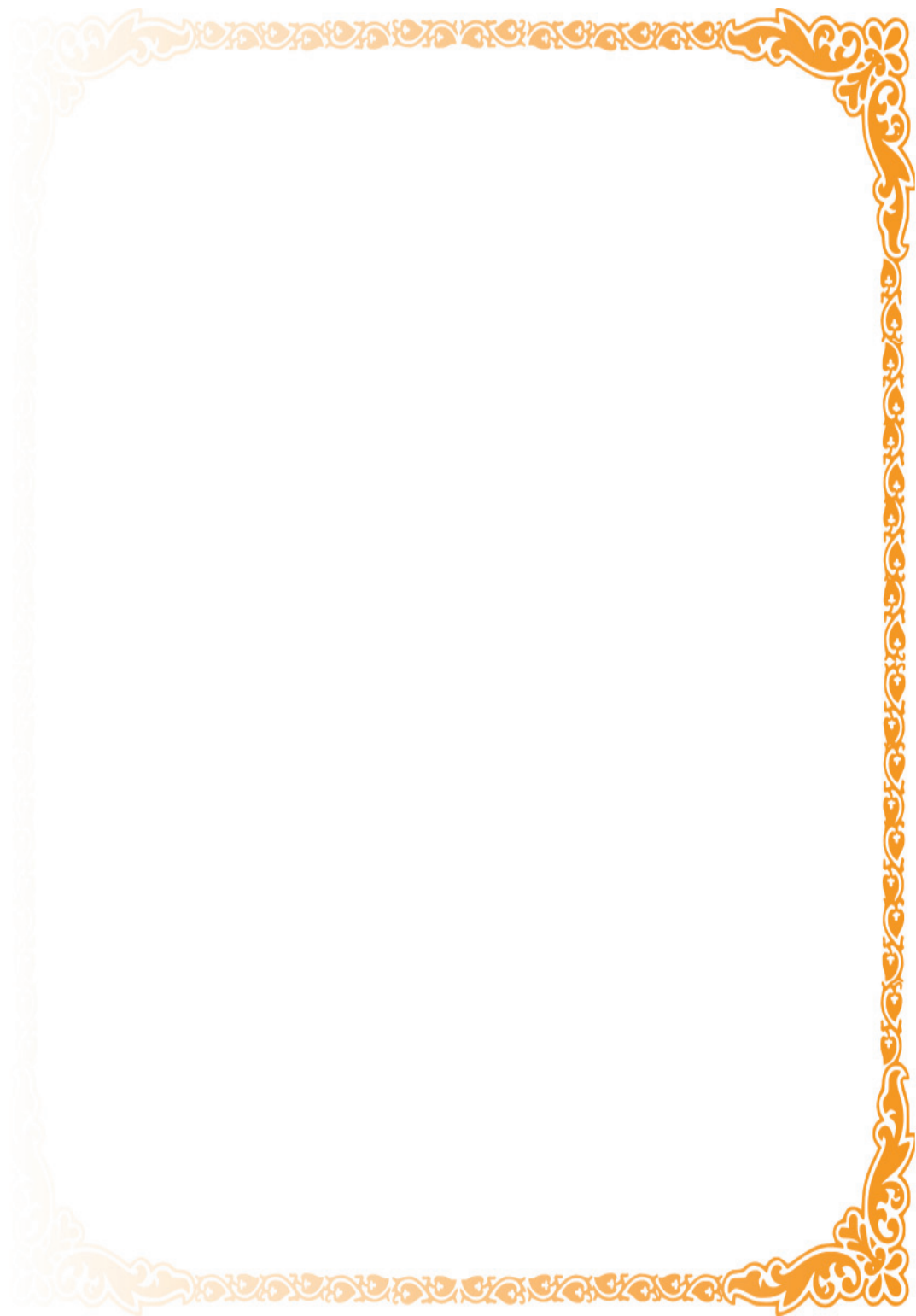
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