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Duchy of Irolo

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Roleplaying Synopsis

Irolo is a land with a weak, unstable government and many power blocks. It resembles renaissance Italy in terms of government and lifestyle, although its roots are germanic. The Irolans are less enlightened than the Italians were, however, and tend to be a little more bizarre. The power politics and minor conflicts amongst Irolo's component states make the land prone to court intrigue and mercenary activity - the lords are always looking for hired swords to perform some sort of mission against their neighbours

The Lay of the Land

Irolo's terrain is much like Ambria's, but somewhat more hilly. It is also somewhat drier, except along the coast. Rain and stormy weather are common in the vicinity of the Grey Bogs. Irolo, being further south than Ambria, is warmer, and snow is rarely seen except near the Grand Range. The men of Irolo are somewhat shorter than their Ambrian neighbours and darker in complexion. Hobbits are fairly common in the north and Centaurs from the Horse Wilds occasionally settle in eastern Irolo. Wild creatures are fairly common, and cattle raids by gryphons of the southern Grand Range are not unheard of.

Life in Irolo

Irolon society most closely resembles renaissance Italy; the land is divided into dozens of city-states, with little or no central government. As such, local laws and customs, the economy and state of the military can vary greatly from province to province. A few general rules hold true throughout all of Irolo, however. The peasants are loyal to their lord first, and to the Duchess second. Life amongst the common folk is generally good, although recent political unrest is beginning to change this. The Irolons are fond of festivals, and seem to find excuses to make new holidays every year. Harvest Festival is usually the largest of these. Life is not as pleasant among the upper class, however. Certainly they enjoy a finer lifestyle, but there is a great deal of political and economic rivalry. Both diplomacy and trade in Irolo are complex duels of wit and skill, and only an Irolon can hope to grasp all the subtleties of an encounter. Religion in Irolo is very intricate. The Irolons maintain variations on the rituals, one for each month. Many of the Irolons, particularly those of the upper class, place a great deal of belief in the idea that the month of one's birth influences one's fortunes throughout life (much like Astrology). Magic is more accepted in Irolo than many of the more orthodox nations. The only wizard of note residing in the land is Markoth the Undying, a reclusive lich which has driven all living inhabitants from the Grey Bogs. Magic items are fairly common, but are rarely very powerful.

Places of Interest

Alasrenoa:(pop 450,000) the capital of Irolo. Alasrenoa is a large, well-defended trading centre. The royal palace, a fairy-tale castle of high towers and steeped turrets, is on a low hill at the centre of the city. By order of the Duchess Lorelia, every building is required to fly the Irolon flag, making for a festive (or ridiculous, depending on your point of view) sight. Count Flavio, a thin, rat-faces man has been empowered by the Duchess to make nearly all of the decisions necessary to keep the government working. **Torleo**:(pop 150,000) A meeting of many roads. Torleo is set in the middle of a great plain. It is partially surrounded by a wall which was begun in the days of Rauko, but was never completed after the Empire's fall. **Lantern-Town** (Laternestadt): (Pop. 80,000) This town is located at the end of the Great North-South Road. It gains its name from the many lanterns which hang outside every night, intended to scare away beasts and monsters from the Horse Wilds and Drakor Mountains. It is the home of many barge captains who carry goods up and down the Rauko River. Being so near the monster-ridden Drakor Mountains, and so far from Alasrenoa, the inhabitants of Lantern-Town are very capable, rough-and-ready sorts who consider themselves somewhat independent of Irolo. **Scrubrush Downs** (Gestr++pp H++gel): These low hills are barren of trees, being covered only by

scrub and grasses. They are frequented by shepherds and not a few bandits. **Greenwater** (Gr++nwasser): A slow, smallish river which winds down from the Halfling lands of the Thimblebark forest. It is remarkable in the fact that its banks are the only place in the Western Shores on which Tobacco can be grown. **Breezewood** (Brisew+ñlder): This forest of ocean pine is cool and pleasant yearround. **Grey Bogs** (Graus++mpfe): This fetid, fog-shrouded swamp is home to Markoth the Undying, a lich and necromancer of great ability. Markoth moved into the bogs over two hundred years ago, and proceeded to drive out all living creatures within. Since then, anyone wandering too close to the bogs has disappeared. Rumor has it that Markoth is using the bodies to create an undead army. Most Irolons pray to their gods that these rumors are not true.

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