

# Narrative Writing Portfolio

---

*Samples of various game writing examples, lore design, and prose  
by Rafal Krzystyniak*

Email: [rafal.krzystyniak@gmail.com](mailto:rafal.krzystyniak@gmail.com) | LinkedIn: [linkedin.com/in/rafal-krzystyniak](https://www.linkedin.com/in/rafal-krzystyniak)  
Website: [rkwriter.free.nf](http://rkwriter.free.nf)

## Table of contents:

<b>1. Barks</b> .....	2
<b>2. Character Bios</b> .....	7
<i>I. Theoretical RPG game</i> .....	7
<i>II. Theoretical Sci-Fi racing game</i> .....	8
<b>3. Cinematic script</b> .....	10
<b>4. Flash Fiction</b> .....	15
<b>I. Burnt</b> .....	15
<b>II. Joy!</b> .....	18
<b>5. Collectible documents</b> .....	21
<b>6. Item flavour text</b> .....	24
<b>7. Location descriptions</b> .....	26

## 1. Barks

*NPC lines for a theoretical dog-fighting game set in a steampunk setting where three nations clash in a ruthless war fought on ground, sea, and air. Both the player faction and the enemy characters share an open frequency radio technology.*

*Lines are optimised for localization with easy-to-read speaker and scenario sections. Lines are kept short for readability and to aid display.*

Character	Scenario	Variation	Line	Symbols
<b>Rival pilot 1</b>	Player is spotted	1	That's the scum, get'em boys!	25
		2	The Smokers are finally here.	25
		3	Smokers on the left, boys!	22
	Flyby	1	I can smell your fear, Smoker.	25
		2	That's too close.	15
		3	Are you trying to ram me?	25
	Enemy hit	1	Stop that!	10
		2	It's gonna take more than that!	31
		3	That tickled.	13
	Player hit	1	Gotcha!	7
		2	That's how you shoot, Smoke boy!	32
		3	Just a little more...	21
	Enemy downed	1	I'm going down, someone come get me!	36
		2	He got me, that son-of-a-whore got me!	38
		3	Aaagh!	6

	Player downed	1	Got one!	8
		2	One Smoker down.	16
		3	Y'all seen that?	16
	Player companion downed	1	You're next!	12
		2	One less to worry about.	24
		3	Scored one!	11
	Enemy companion downed	1	They're picking us off, get your shit together!	47
		2	No! Not Gernord! You'll pay for this!	37
		3	Focus boys, We're getting our asses kicked.	43
	Requesting help	1	One's on me...	14
		2	I'm getting some heat, someone help me.	39
		3	Anyone free to help? I got someone on my tail.	46
<b>Rival pilot 2</b>	Player is spotted	1	The Polludian fleet has arrived.	32
		2	Enemy spotted, engaging.	24
		3	Polludians at 2 o'clock.	24
	Flyby	1	The enemy has made contact.	27
		2	That was close enough.	22
		3	Confirmed, it's the Polludian army.	35

	Enemy hit	1	Taking damage.	14
		2	Sustaining damage.	18
		3	The enemy managed to hit me.	28
	Player hit	1	Damaged one.	12
		2	I have one in my sights	23
		3	Steady now.	11
	Enemy downed	1	Going down, requesting extraction.	34
		2	My aircraft is not responding.	30
		3	Critical damage received.	26
	Player downed	1	One enemy down.	15
		2	Destroyed enemy aircraft.	25
		3	We're gaining advantage.	24
	Player companion downed	1	Polludian aircraft down.	24
		2	One enemy less.	15
		3	One destroyed.	12
	Enemy companion downed	1	Our numbers are dwindling fast.	31
		2	Lt. Woofren is down.	20
		3	Squad, remember your training!	30
	Requesting help	1	Assistance required.	20
		2	I seem to have attracted some attention. Please help.	53
		3	Requesting help. I'm in trouble.	32
<b>Friendly</b>	Enemy is	1	That's the Bermudian air force,	44

<b>pilot 1</b>	spotted		right Cap?	
		2	Cap, we're in trouble. That's the Bermudians.	45
		3	Enemy at 12 o'clock.	21
	Flyby	1	Is he trying to smash into me?	30
		2	Woah! That was close!	21
		3	Damn, I could see the white in his eyes.	40
	Friendly pilot hit	1	We're taking damage, sir.	25
		2	Cap, we're getting hit.	23
		3	This keeps up, they'll take us all down.	40
	Enemy hit	1	Take that!	10
		2	I got him, Cap!	16
		3	That's how it's done!	21
	Player hit	1	They shot the Captain!	22
		2	Someone go help! Cap's getting shot at! Me? I'm busy with this one!	67
		3	Protect the Captain, people!	28
	Enemy downed	1	Point for us!	13
		2	He's going down!	16
		3	That's gonna hurt!	18
	Player downed	1	Captain's going down, we blew it...	35
		2	No! Cap, Nooo!	14
		3	They took Cap out, we're doomed...	34

	Friendly pilot downed	1	Damn Bermudians! They shot Kole!	32
		2	We're getting shot like swamp geese!	36
		3	People, we can't let them kill anyone more.	43
	Requesting help	1	One's on my tail, someone help!	31
		2	Cap! Can you take this bastard off my tail?!	44
		3	I'm not gonna make it on my own. Please, anyone, help!	54

## 2. Character Bios

### *I. Theoretical RPG game*

*The game would be set in a world with technology from the mid-19th century. Excerpt from a design document.*

Name: Docent Geerod Lankerv  
Age: 27  
Species: Human  
Ethnicity: Pesenonian  
Home town: Orlem  
Occupation: Chief investigator at PEEL  
Height: 187 cm  
Hair colour: brown



The Lankerv family was well known across the district. They were the quiet and unassuming people that had the misfortune of bringing the worst children into the world. When Jenhanna gave birth to their second son, people expected nothing good from him, but Geerod turned out better than his siblings. Disinclined to cause trouble for fear of being labelled a delinquent, he put his curious nature to good use – he studied hard to make something of himself and to leave the cursed district behind him. It took him years, but he succeeded. As the first in his family’s not-so-long history, he earned the title of Docent, landed a job in the Ministry, where he spent a few short years studying rocks. A chance encounter with the beautiful medium Feeo Vense opened his mind to the world of the paranormal. He left the Ministry to pursue both of his new obsessions – Feeo and the paranormal. To that end, he joined the Paranormal Entity Examination Lodge, where he now resides as the chief investigator and the leader of Squad 7.

Speaks clearly and matter-of-factly, but has a tendency to talk to himself under his breath. Other characters will point this quirk out and as the story progresses, he will break this habit. His voice

is bright and friendly with a slightly Australian accent (same as that of all characters from Pesenon). His intellectual nature makes him fixate on a problem until he manages to solve it, this quirk will also be visible in his dialogue and story beats as he will, at times, disregard new avenues of thinking or topics raised by his companions to steer the conversation to his current obsession. If he gets called out on it, he will be defensive and not change his ways in this regard.

His physique fits the stereotype of a scientist, he's tall and wiry and not good with melee weapons. He will focus on ranged weapons and various inventions.

## *II. Theoretical Sci-Fi racing game*

*Driver Bios for a racing game written to establish tone and to differentiate characters. The player would control futuristic cars called Sprinters in a world-spanning tournament known as The Supreme Pro Race International, SPRInt for short.*

**Saul Kelly** – Brought up in the rough streets of Birmingham, Saul spent most of his early years running after opportunities or running away from a beating. A chance encounter with an old grizzled racer helped him refocus his fight or flight response into a whetstone that sharpened his racing instincts.

**Vic Velocity** – Actually Wiktoria Starczewska, a girl from a conservative family with a talent for mechanics and a lust for adrenaline. She left her home town of Lublin, masked her face, took up the name Vic Velocity and pushed her homebuilt Sprinter to the starting grid all by herself.

**Pedro „Ulysses” Romero** – Ulysses was never meant to race. Art is his love, music is his mistress, and the human body his first muse. When Ulysses, an artist on the brink of poverty with an ever-empty bank account, desperately needed money for his next installation, he received an email titled: "Looking for a driver. You got what it takes?" He decided he had.

**Heather King** – There is not much to do in the wide open plains of Wyoming; plains that are perfect for one thing – racing, and kids like Heather and her friends do just that. Scraping whatever resources, parts, and bits of know-how they can from the neighbouring towns and farms, they build their simple racers – their first taste of the thrill. And Heather King got hooked.

**Roopa Malik** – Coming from a long line of racers, Roopa knew she would be sat behind the controls of a Sprinter ever since she was old enough to understand it. Both her parents were racers, her first toy was a small replica of her grandfather's Sprinter, and the lullaby her dad would put on for her was the sound of a hydroionic burner.

**Ylva Snabb** – Ylva, the daughter of two Swedish scientists, won it all. Literally. Every sporting competition she took part in, she crushed; and did it all before her 25th birthday. Now she set her sights on The SPRInt and you can bet all your DigiThalers she will do all she can to win.

### 3. Cinematic script

*Cinematic script focussing on character dialogue between the protagonist – Senhil the Calm – and the bandits. Theoretical fantasy third person action RPG. Early game scene, introduction to the tutorial fight.*

SCENE

After selecting new game, the player immediately takes control of Senhil. The hulking figure of the Ursinar is covered in shadow and takes up half of the screen, blending with the shadowed forest that surrounds him. A prompt to let the player know to move forward appears and, as Senhil moves, it becomes clear which part of the shadowed image is the bearkin and which is the forest.

In the background the player can see a group of thugs, humans and elves, harassing a young woman dressed in yellow. The player moves towards the unfolding assault.

ELF 1

Missy, we just want to keep you company, really.

HUMAN 1

Yeah, we're really friendly. Don't be like that.

WOMAN

[Glancing towards Senhil]

I need to be on my way, sirs, I really do.

ELF 1

[Reaching out to the woman and grabbing her sleeve]

It's getting late, missy, this is no time for a young woman like you to travel. You should stay with us.

WOMAN

Let me go!

If the player stays idle, the elf and the woman keep struggling against each other, the remaining things keep their distance and cheer on.

SENHIL

[As he approaches the scene]

Hey, elf, you know this lady?

ELF 2

None of your business, fluffy.

HUMAN 1

Yeah, get lost or we'll help you with that.

SENHIL

[Talking to the woman]

Do you need some help, miss?

WOMAN

I'm not going to say "no".

SENHIL

You heard the lady, let her go, long-ears.

ELF 1

What did you call me?

[He releases the woman, the camera pans towards him and shows him drawing a sword.]

HUMAN 2

[Apprehending the woman]

I'll keep her here, you take the bear.

ELF 1

Gladly.

The camera pans back to Senhil and then further to its default gameplay location. As it does, Senhil's walking stick comes into full view and it is revealed that the long, 10 ft pole is capped with a hammer head. The Ursinar changes his grip on the weapon, wrapping his right arm and paw around the shaft and holding the long hammer out to the side as he takes a wide combat-ready stance.

SENHIL

You asked for this.

COMBAT

Gameplay pauses, the screen dims and a pop-up appears with a tutorial message.

"Press /light\_attack\_button/ for fast and light swings with the polehammer or /heavy\_attack\_button/ for slow and powerful hits. You can chain your attacks by pressing different combinations."

Gameplay resumes and an objective message appears in the top right-hand side corner of the screen.

"Defeat the thugs."

COMBAT SECTION ENDS

CINEMATIC:

With the three that's defeated, the camera closes in on Senhil's foot and the beaten-up enemies in the dirt. The Ursinar plants the butt of his polehammer into the dirt beside his foot and turns. The camera follows him, raising up from the floor and showing the woman in yellow headbutting the human that tried to hold her down. The limp body of the thug slides to the ground. She grins towards Senhil and dusts off her dress.

WOMAN

[Pointing with her thumb.]

Are you heading that way?

SENHIL

I am.

WOMAN

Want company?

I'm not going to say "no".

They both smile and turn towards the indicated direction,  
leaving the defeated men in the dirt.

GAMEPLAY

The duo walk along a deserted path towards some ruins. The woman is at least half the size of Senhil and she walks with a lively step. The Ursinar's gait is slow and heavy, but his one step is equal to her three.

WOMAN

What should I call you, oh saviour?

SENHIL

By my name, ideally. I'm Senhil.

WOMAN

Senhil? That sounds familiar... Anyway, I'm Irfa, Irfa tev Indo.  
But you can call me Irfa. You earned that right.

SENHIL

Have I? You seem to have managed fine with that one over there  
without my help.

IRFA

Well, you know, a gal has to know how to handle herself in a  
fight, am I right?

SENHIL

I guess.

IRFA

What brings you this way, Senhil?

SENHIL

Pilgrimage. I'm on my way to the Great Temple in Ferer.

IRFA

Isn't that the place the Ursinar High Priest resides?

SENHIL

It is.

IRFA

Hold on, I knew that name sounded familiar, you're Senhil the  
Calm, the Warrior Priest of the South.

SENHIL

That's right. I'm on my way to ask the High Priest for  
forgiveness and absolution. How about you, why are you heading  
to Ferer?

IRFA

You won't like my answer.

SENHIL

Try me.

IRFA

I'm on my way to kill the High Priest.

SCENE END

## 4. Flash Fiction

*Stand-alone short fiction pieces selected to demonstrate variety, tone, pacing and character voice.*

### I. Burnt

Yonah raised his hands to his head, wormed them into his hair, pushing the white hat off, grabbed his mane tight, and pulled it up. His arms trembled, his wide-opened eyes stung and everyone in the kitchen held their breath, hanging, waiting to see what the chef would say next.

“Burnt,” Yonah said, still holding his hair. “It’s burnt, Nilsen.”

“Yes, chef,” Nilsen, who stood right next to Yonah and did his best to be as small as possible, replied. “I’m sorry, chef.”

“Sorry? You’re sorry?”

“Yes, chef.”

“I don’t care if you’re sorry or not,” Yonah yelled. “All I care about is the burnt meat on your pan! How did it happen, Nilsen? No, don’t tell me, I know how it happened, you are an ignorant and should never have stepped inside a kitchen, let alone my kitchen. Who hired you?”

“You did, chef.”

“Don’t mock me!”

“I’m not, chef.”

“Well, I guess you’re right,” Yonah said and slowly combed his hair back. “It is my fault. I shouldn’t have let someone like you handle the meat. I should have taken care of it myself. What an idiot. OK, Nilsen, tell me how did it happen.”

“I-I,” Nilsen started and gulped. “I wanted to take a peek at our guest, chef. I left the pan for no more than five seconds, and the pan wasn’t even hot yet, I swear.”

“Oh, Nilsen,” Yonah sighed deeply and turned. “What did I tell you all in the briefing, huh, anyone?”

“That we should be ten times more careful today, chef,” someone answered from behind

Yonah.

“Exactly, and why is that?”

“Because we’re cooking for the ambassador, chef,” someone else answered.

“That’s right, and what is on the line?”

“Our asses,” the first person replied.

“And?”

“And your reputation, chef.”

“Yes,” Yonah turned back to Nilsen. “You saw the ambassador, Nilsen. Tell us, who is he.”

“He,” Nilsen stuttered. “He’s an alien, chef.”

“The ambassador is an alien,” Yonah shouted.

The chef turned with his arms stretched out and looked at his staff. All of them scuttled away to do their jobs, aside from the ones whose stations were close enough that they didn’t have to move to see Nilsen’s screw-up. Yonah turned back to the burnt meat and saw Nilsen untie his apron and take off his cap.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“I assume I’m fired, chef.”

“No, you’re not fired, not yet, You’re going to fix this, or at least help me fix this.”

“But, chef,” Nilsen said, his voice weak.

“No buts, Nilsen. You’re a moron, but I hired you, so you must be good, I don’t hire subpar cooks.”

“But, chef,” Nilsen replied and tied his apron back. “This was the only piece of the ambassador’s meat, there’s no way we could get more of it now and keep this fiasco under wraps.”

“You’re right, but I have a plan, we’ll make something else.”

“Didn’t the president request we make the ambassador’s favourite?”

“He did, but what choice do we have? Come on, you’re helping me.”

Yonah and Nilsen made their way to the well-stocked storage room of this unfamiliar kitchen and looked through their options. It was a tough choice, after all, what do you cook for a representative of a sentient race that came from a different planet? The first contact happened only a few days ago, so they didn’t have much to go on. The president’s men managed to get in

touch with the ambassador's staff and procured the ingredients for the official's favourite dish, but the aliens didn't want to share too much of their supplies. They were even more stringent when it came to any instructions.

If Yonah couldn't treat the ambassador to his favourite meal, he decided the second best thing would be to serve him Earth's most iconic dish. Looking around the shelves, Yonah started picking ingredients and handing them to Nilsen.

"What are we making, chef?" Nilsen asked.

"Something I never thought I'd make, but thanks to you, I am," Yonah said and picked up a handful of potatoes. "Take that back to the kitchen and fire up the grill. I'll get the beef."

"Chef?"

"We're making a hamburger."

With a fully staffed kitchen, they made quick work of preparing the sandwich. They toasted the buns crisp, made their own ketchup and mustard, sliced the cheese just right, and added the lettuce, a slice of tomato, and a slice of a pickle. Yonah, not wanting to repeat his mistake, grilled the meat himself. He made it a little pink in the middle, it was just right.

The chef plated the burger himself along with a basket of French fries and handed it off to the waiter. As the man left with the dish, Yonah turned to Nilsen.

"That's done. Now, pack your stuff and get out. I'll decide later if you're getting paid."

"Chef?" The waiter came back into the kitchen a few tense minutes later. "The ambassador wants a word."

"My compliments, chef," the official said bowing his head and smiling with his angular mouth. "I would have prepared my guest's favourite dish, but this was a tasty and very bold choice."

"Thank you, I'm glad you liked it, sir"

"If I may say just one thing," the alien said and extended one of his thin fingers. "I really like my meat burnt."

END

## II. Joy!

When Agnes was born, the hospital room was silent. The only thing that was heard was the shocked gasp of the nurse when she realized that Agnes, although otherwise healthy, could not produce a single sound. The years passed, Agnes grew up, and the girl's entire family learned to live with her disability.

She was a good student, good at almost everything she set her mind to, but as every teenager, she was anxious when it was time to send out her university applications. The anxiety never really subsided. Despite what her dad had told her, she knew at the back of her mind, that something had to go wrong, it always did.

It was a Saturday, a day like any other, and Agnes cosied up on her bed in her favourite reading spot, when her sister Tessa burst into the room without knocking.

Agnes opened her mouth and turned her palm up in annoyance.

“I got something for you, Nessie”, Tessa said, bouncing on her toes.

Agnes furrowed her brows.

“You’ll love it,” Tessa said and sat next to her sister with a bounce. “Here.”

Agnes’ eyes widened when she saw Tessa produce an envelope from behind her back.

“I told you, you’ll love it.”

Agnes scrambled to put a bookmark in and threw the book aside just before grabbing the letter from Tessa’s hands. The younger sister scooped up to Agnes and looked closely as she carefully opened the letter; if she got accepted, she wanted to keep the letter and the envelope pristine. She pulled out the folded sheet of paper and gingerly opened it up. The smell of the paper and ink hit her nostrils and gave her goosebumps.

Agnes wanted to read the whole letter, find out what the admissions board had to say, but Tessa skipped to the most important bit.

“You’re in!” She shouted. “They accepted you, Nessie! You’re in!”

Agnes looked at her sister and then back at the letter. It was true. She stood up and joined Tessa, who was jumping and screaming with joy. Agnes still could not believe it; she was in. Just as her dad kept saying.

She grabbed her younger sister by her hands and pulled her down, to make her stop jumping. She signed to her as soon as she calmed down.

“mum and dad went shopping, they should be back soon,” Tessa replied. “You want me to phone them?”

Agnes nodded quickly.

“Ok, let me go grab my phone.”

When Tessa disappeared into the corridor, Agnes took a deep breath and read through the letter one more time looking for a catch.

It didn't take long before Tessa burst back into the room, her smartphone in hand, and the videoconferencing app already attempting to connect to their parents. She placed her phone on the stand on Agnes' desk and pulled her sister towards it. Soon enough, mum answered and her smiling face appeared on the screen.

“Hey, Tess,” mum said. “What's up?”

“mum, guess what,” Tessa started, but Agnes signed straight to the point.

“You got in?!” mum exclaimed. “Frank, come here.”

“What?” Dad appeared on the screen. “Oh, hi, girls.”

“Agnes got a letter today, dad, Tessa said.

“You got in, Nessie?” Dad asked.

Agnes nodded her head vigorously.

“I'm not surprised,” dad said with a straight face. “I knew it.”

Agnes looked at him with one eyebrow raised.

“I'm joking, I'm extremely happy for you, baby. What about you, are you happy?”

Agnes smiled a wide smile and nodded slowly, dipping her head low.

“We're so proud of you, Nessie,” mum said. “We need to celebrate.”

“Yes,” Tessa said with a sigh. “Finally, someone is making sense.”

“I'm feeling like listening to someone sing,” mum said. “Tess, didn't Jessica's mum tell us about this new karaoke place?”

“Oh, yes, let's go to karaoke, please,” Tessa said. “I want to hear Nessie sing!”

“Tessa,” mum said, her voice serious. “You know better than to make fun of your sister.”

“I'm not, it was all just a joke,” Tessa replied. “You're not angry, are you, Nessie?”

Agnes shook her head, pointed her finger, and pretended to clear her throat.

“Hold on,” Tessa said and froze. “She's gonna do it.”

“Stop fooling around, you two and get ready,” mum replied.

Agnes took a deep breath. When she was a little girl and realized that she could not speak, she stopped even trying, there was no point. A few times over the years, she pretended to speak, pretended to laugh, but never truly did so, all she did was move her lips. Now, however, she was filled with joy to the point, she could sing, so she closed her eyes and sang.

As soon as Agnes opened her mouth, all light in the room dimmed. Ribbons of green and blue luminescence streamed out of her lips and hung in the air like curtains of light, shimmering, undulating. Agnes went through the melody in her head and the light that streamed out of her lips turned pink, then purple and blue only to circle back to green.

Tessa, mum, and dad all gasped. Concerned, Agnes stopped singing, opened her eyes, and saw the aurora slowly fade. She just knew something had to go wrong.

END

## 5. Collectible documents

*Theoretical horror game set in a small American town. The documents are meant to serve various purposes – from flavour text that helps set the scene to clues, and environmental storytelling.*

### I. A note from the protagonist's partner

Greta, I went to my mom's. She's not feeling well, so I made her some soup. I cooked too much, so grab a plate!  
Will be back in the evening.  
Love Crystal

### II. A formal letter from the city council

To the Homeowner

The Stockden City Council hereby informs you of the outstanding property tax issued for the house located at 135 Green Drive. The due date for the aforementioned tax is June 1st 2017 and the monies owed are expected to be paid in full at the Council building using form E56. The purchase of a \$3 stamp is also required.

Failure to make the payment will result in the termination of the contract between the Council and the Homeowner, eviction and seizure of the property in question. This letter serves as the final reminder.

Stockden City Council

Department of Land

Janet Dea

### **III. A flyer from a local community centre that hints at a side quest**

The first monthly poetry reading night comes to Stockden!

Are you a poet? Or maybe just someone who enjoys a good verse? It does not matter, all are invited!

Join us at the Southbridge Community Center at 7PM.

### **IV. A worldbuilding poster**

Have you seen this man?

5'9", long dark hair in a single braid, dressed casually. Spotted peeking into backyards on Green Drive, Mullard Road and Right Way.

If you see him, call the cops! You might save yourself or your neighbour from a nasty surprise.

Concerned Stockdenian

### **V. A newspaper clipping about an abandoned build site in the neighbourhood**

Ready for Disaster

Locals of the Southbridge district of Stockden were shaken awake last Thursday when the roof of the building located at 135 Green Drive collapsed in the early hours of the morning. Services arrived at the site soon after the collapse thanks to the tip from one of the concerned neighbours. As we have established, the house was inhabited by a couple, who moved in only a few months before the property damage took place. According to the

police, no one was hurt in the incident, however both inhabitants have not been contacted and are presumed missing.

**VI. A hastily written note**



## 6. Item flavour text

### **The armet of a thousand suns**

Purely decorative piece designed by the Grinnbea Brothers jewellery chain. An inferior model based on the unique piece worn by the Priestess of the Teilaea. Worth selling for profit. [No effect]



### **Salve**

Restorative. Despite its foul smell and the crunchy texture, this concoction can heal most surface wounds and bring you back to health. [Heals 33% Health over 30 seconds]



### **Polehammer**

A simple weapon that started its life as a practice piece made by a blacksmith's apprentice. Picked up by Black Grian it went on to spill blood in the Sunderance, an event that imbued it with dark karma and transformed it into a Cursed Tool. [Grants Reckless Wrath]



### **Marauder Shield**

It is said that to sacrifice one's life to shield the meek is the quickest way to gain Grace. As Tchulei used her lord's gilded buckler for that reason, the Grace she earned transferred her soul into the shield, turning the ordinary item into an Enchanted Tool. [Improves armour by 20%]



## 7. Location descriptions

*Descriptions of various in-world locations that might be found in an in-game compendium.*

**Leharia** - West of the Lower Plains of Tar lies the land of Leharia. Covered mostly by crags and rocky hills, Leharia is a difficult place to live and that is not counting the local population of Ursinar. Landlocked and surrounded by a desert on one side and hostile kingdoms on all others, Leharia offers little room for farmlands. Raising livestock is the only way one can survive in the flatter parts of the kingdom. The taller and more mountainous areas are home to the Ursinar, who built their cities in mountain tops and rule from their perch.

**Ferer** - The capital city of Leharia. It started as a loose collection of houses and dwellings built into caverns and around any flat area the mountain provides and grew into a sprawling metropolis that sits on the spine of the tallest mountain in the continent. It is home to the largest population of Ursinar in the known world. The mountain city is where the bearskin developed their spiritual teachings, marital arts, and their vibrant art.

**Tiann** - the old village that sprouted around the Great Temple of Ferer. Considered by most as part of the Great metropolis, the temple and the village never belonged to the city proper. Home to the lesser priests and the High Priest of the Ursinar, it is the destination of many pilgrims that have taken on the teachings of the spiritual guru.

**The Lookout** - an old fort that in the age prior served as the southernmost outpost of the Curten Empire of Men. An irresponsible attempt to conquer Leharia resulted in heavy casualties on the side of the humans despite the vastly outnumbered Ursinar forces. As the bearskin pushed the humans out of their mountains, they left The Lookout empty and allowed it to succumb to the bite of time to serve as a warning.