

Talimbar Fortress

In the silent twilight of the semi-desert grasslands, on the shores of Lake Nocbar, stands a fortress isolated from the world. A small fortified city, with thick walls and misaligned towers, resisting the advance of oblivion under the watchful gaze of the cold stars. It seems a shadow of civilization and its past glories. Situated on a little-used trade route between the powerful independent cities of Unaren and Shaddar and the Aglacacian Empire to the east in the Urtrah Desert,

This place serves as a refuge and a staging post for the few adventurers and merchants who occasionally pass through the region. In this fortress, its inhabitants bear the marks of something deeper—empty eyes, lost gazes, signs of a mental fatigue that builds with constant isolation under the scorching sun. Some say that, after weeks of solitude and exhaustion, the boundary between dreams and reality disappears, leaving people confused, unable to distinguish between dream and reality. Many end up with their minds frayed, as if their very identity has dissolved, leaving only a vague memory of who they once were.

Around the city, barbarian warrior tribes hunt, dance, and trade. Their customs are savage, almost ancestral, guided by blood rituals and devotion to unknown forces. These are people who, despite their brutality, maintain a peculiar trade with the fort's residents—exchanging furs, hardened bone artifacts, and amulets made of bone and crystal for clothing, weapons, and iron utensils brought from abroad.

Further west, hidden among the hills and shrubbery, lie the ruins of Akarthas, a lost city shrouded in mystery and legend. Its structures are made of dark gray stone, covered in dry moss, twisted trees, and bushes that partially obscure ancient, unrecognizable inscriptions. Pyramidal towers demolished by the passage of time insist on pointing toward the sky, toward ancient stars.