

The Town of Dunmaris

Dunmaris was once a thriving hub in the heart of the region for those who dreamed of a prosperous life. But times have changed, and what was once a thriving city has become a place of constant struggle against hunger and despair.

The land around it is hard, dry, and unforgiving. Crops barely thrive, and the few vegetables and root crops that do grow are stunted. The wind blows dust and ash, remnants of ancient fires and the decline of the region itself.

Life in this region is a daily struggle. Families survive by scraping the bottom of barrels, cooking thin porridge with what they can find. Game is scarce, and what little meat is obtained must be shared among many. With no other options, the inhabitants rely on bartering with the coastal villages, exchanging what little they have for salted and dried fish, just enough to stave off starvation.

The days are long and hard. The smell of rust and mold permeates the alleys, and the markets no longer vibrate with life—only the murmurs of weary people trading the bare minimum needed to make it to the next day. Children play with straw dolls and bones, while the elderly stare at the horizon, as if waiting for something to finally put an end to this cycle of misery.

Points of Interest:

1. Bleu Tower - Once the heart of Dunmaris' defenses, the Bleu Tower housed the local militia, men hardened by hardship and the duty of protecting the city. Its walls were once a symbol of strength and order. But the tremors changed everything. The tower cracked, its top collapsed, burying some of the guards who lived within. Now, its mutilated shell rises like a silent tomb.

2. Old Market - Once the commercial heart of Dunmaris, full of merchants and artisans. Today it is a desolate wasteland where weeds grow between the cracked stones. The shacks rot, and the wind carries the echoes of a vibrant past. No one trades here anymore.

3. Blacksmith - Peter has always been a man of few words and a gruff temperament, but his forge keeps Dunmaris standing. With calloused hands and a frowning gaze, he works tirelessly, forging tools, weapons, and horseshoes for the few who still resist in the city. He does not believe in miracles, only in iron and sweat. Despite his grumpiness, his forge has become a crucial point in the rebuilding of Dunmaris.

4. The Tired Boar Tavern - Within its soot-blackened walls, the smell of bitter ale mixes with despair. Here people drown their sorrows, while old songs try to drown out the stories of what lurks outside. The flickering candlelight barely dispels the shadow of misery, but for a few hours, the regulars pretend the city is still alive. For many, drinking here is not a pleasure—it is survival.

5. The Sleepy Roaster Inn - Before the earthquakes, an old rooster perched on the roof of the tavern would crow at odd times—at noon, at dusk, but

never at dawn. Over time, it became a joke among the locals, and the establishment took its name. Today, the bird is gone, but the tavern remains, serving meager food and a bed for weary bodies.

6. Stable - Once vital for housing horses and storing equipment, it shows signs of neglect. Its cracked wooden walls support a worn roof. Broken buckets and dusty harnesses accumulate in corners, while the smell of manure and old urine permeates the air. It still serves to protect animals, but lack of care has compromised its functionality, reflecting the neglect of its owners.

7. Chapel - The small chapel stands as a quiet refuge. For some locals, it is a sanctuary of hope on difficult days. Here, they seek comfort in the quiet, bring offerings and whisper prayers. His simple and austere presence reminds them that, even in adversity, there is a place to find peace and renew strength, uniting the community in times of pain or uncertainty.

8. Oswin, the last Dwarf - The humble home of Oswin, the last dwarf of Toren, is located in the southern part of the city, which was chosen for its "abundance" of resources, essential for building his equipment resistant to the toxic environment of the forest. Suspicious at first, the dwarf reveals himself to be a loyal and friendly ally to those who earn his trust. His manual skills and ingenuity have made him a fundamental part of the community, which depends on his inventions to survive. In addition to repairing tools and machines, Oswin inspires hope, showing that, even in desolation, it is possible to rebuild. He waits patiently for people willing to help him in his mission to restore what was lost, dreaming of the day when he will no longer be alone in this arduous task.

9. Miss Cleuza Inn - A welcoming refuge amidst the chaos, run by Cleuza, a woman with a toothless smile and a big heart. Her strong temperament keeps order, while her friendliness captivates everyone. Even surrounded by despair, Cleuza laughs out loud, spreading lightness and resilience. Her tavern is more than a place to drink and eat; it is a symbol of perseverance, where strangers become friends and life, despite its hardship, still deserves a toast.