

## LORE CARD 027 “IN FROM THE WILDS”

Alson is a big, mighty city, so wild and full of mischief and color some call it a carnival. Any of the ports coming in will have people preying on the countless wide-eyed innocents from the provinces, ready to hustle them off to storytellers promising portions of the great myth or red-light districts promising other things.

But it's quite another matter to try and hustle an explorer in from their oriel delves to smell and hear the sights before resupplying at the many outfitters who subsist off these types. They'll stop at the great fountains as well, and shake their heads at the rotating towers, chuckle in awe at the statues on the flagged plazas that dance and smile. It's the same tourist nonsense as the provincials with a crucial difference.

A fortune hunter has nothing to lose.

When the Infinite Republic broke apart a generation ago, as many oriel gates were abandoned as there are stars in the sky, and it takes a mad and volatile dreamer to step into one of those lost worlds. Tucked into jungles and forests, at the bases of mountains and hidden away inside mighty cities, even submerged into lakes where the land has failed, what were long ago sparkling gates into artificial space where civilizations of the Republic thrived, are often now still sparkling and open but forgotten.

No, that smile is misleading. He's crazy. Just walk away. In a week, he'll be standing at a sizzling hole in space and sticking his head inside to see what fortunes await him there.

If you listen to him too long, he might start making sense.

