

## World-Building Location: Hanfilarghan

The red deserts are inhospitable, a crimson ocean of sand speckled with dead plants and ambush predators. But Hanfilarghan is the exception to the cruel and unforgiving rule.

People often make the egregious error of underestimating the human race, but never pay dearly enough for the lesson to stick. The mythic voyage that founded Hanfilarghan was led by a flying sand-vessel called The Impossibility, with the objective of finding new land to conquer in the name of their kings. But it was not to be. For during their travels they all fell in love with the winds of the desert and decided to make it their home. Slowly but surely, the crew of The Impossibility turned their vessel into a massive fleet of ships, the main ship becoming essentially a floating city given the name of Hanfilarghan.

The city has architecture that emphasizes variation and soft angles, but all within the theme of modernity, rejecting the past and reimagining ancient and exotic motifs. Mixed and matched, categorizing its style can be a little bit confusing at times. But what surrounds Hanfilarghan is a desert of red sands full of dangers both visible and invisible. The Shadowhounds are some of the worst of them, a mix of the two. Incarnations of children spurned by their parents before death, according to the legends, they stalk the deserts at dusk and dawn, fast as wind and with senses thrice as sharp. No one can agree on what they look like, only their name. Many other threats roam the red deserts, such as the Bone Juyians, spirits of bone and smoke with the power to warp reality as long as someone pays attention to them.

There is a strange mix between a thalassocracy (rule by naval power), though they have no access to the ocean, a stratocracy (rule by military service and military chiefs) and a confederation, as all ships are in the union by free association and may leave if they hold a 2/3rds majority vote. With very confusing and often complicated legal codes, it has been around for only 40 years, so it being recognized as a nation is a big topic of debate.

Hardy, brave and honor-bound people, their characteristic shawls protect them from the harsh desert winds. Something quite strange about them is their Pillar Dwellers, who live on pillars, preaching, praying and fasting. These Pillar Dwellers also become monster hunters that protect communities and go into military service. They can also be recipients of prophecy.

Ritualistic dancing to commune with their gods is very important to them.

Life inside of Hanfilarghan is very busy and sometimes suffocating. A childhood that encouraged discipline and physical toughness gave way to a people that take duty as a matter of life and death, especially when they join a cadre (a unit within a crew, composed of 15 members) which is considered like an immediate family. They might experience victory or defeat, but they never cease to serve their captain, protect their crew, and drink in their free time, such is their courage, their mirth and their folly.