

የሙሉ ክፍል
RYM
THE LUTRAI



Credits

Lead Creative Designer: Ollie Canal

Story Design: Ollie Canal, Twist, AnariOtter

Editors: AnariOtter, Twist, T-Strap

Cover Illustrator: Ollie Canal

Interior Illustrators:

1. [Ollie Canal](#)

2. [Ranōa](#)

3. [Dink](#)

Cartographers: Ollie Canal, Coryn

Layout: AnariOtter

Table of Contents

Forward.....	2
Origin.....	3
Lutrai.....	5-7
Items.....	8-10
Koau	11-13
Lutrai of Koau.....	14-17
Classes.....	18-19
Coda.....	20



Copyright © 2026 by Graeme Hryniowski. All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without prior written permission, except for brief quotations in reviews or specific noncommercial uses authorized by law.



Forward

This is our first supplemental material for the upcoming Rym sourcebook, something to set the look and the layout of future material. While the art and writing which follows was originally conceived as a complement to that larger body of work, it's presented here as a sample focused on just one of the regions and cultures. It is meant more to set a precedent for the way we arrange the rest, both as a roleplaying game setting and as a book of lore.

The Lutrai are the focus of these sample pages. We hope to have a significant number of other cultures supplemented in this way by the time the sourcebook is complete. This is an offering to our Patreon subscribers and Kickstarter backers as an example of what they're helping to create. What follows is only the beginning – we have so much more ready to go, but first we'd like to have something polished.

Rym is a wide world, with many biomes and their respective adaptations, both physiological and cultural. In that vein, we would like to present the different native cultures of Rym in these contexts, and offer the storyteller a range of new possibilities for all of them. This has been a labor of love for all of us on this project. We've spent many nights putting our heads and our hearts together to create something we all hope you'll enjoy, and we hope that this will set the stage and the pace for our next steps.

From all of us here...thank you. All of you.

OLLIE
CANAL

Origin

I was a DM when I was 12. You know the one, the cliché in those movies? That was me. I drew maps, designed traps, played the villains, and got a taste for building worlds out of ideas. I read all those books with the Caldwell or Elmore covers and thought: I can do this. That's where it tends to start, a combination of envy and ambition, a little overconfidence, inattentive teachers, and a day planner with blank pages. Building your own world is actually pretty easy, but sticking with it long enough to add character and depth is where the real work starts.

A lot of the greats build their entire world, sometimes alone, sometimes with a group of adventurous friends – I was blessed with enough of these to help me populate and develop Rym and its many cultures, causes, and conflicts. I suspect a lot of fantasy authors develop this way, beginning with the structure and balance of existing games and creating their own iterations. This is the nature of creative fire – it spreads through different materials, but it's like a fire. The better the fuel, the more it tends to catch on, creating new pyrotechnics wherever it goes.

This world, Rym, is a labor of love, something I stepped away from at a young age to pursue a career in IT. This was a mistake, one which tends to leash many of us to phones or facilities, or the fortunes of others, and which drains our creativity into the solving of problems that will be back shortly. It wasn't until years later that I started to realize I'd traded real happiness for money and security. Those things have their place, but as time goes on that place starts to feel artificial, and no matter how much you can buy, or how safe you might feel, real happiness and peace of mind is easier to find in

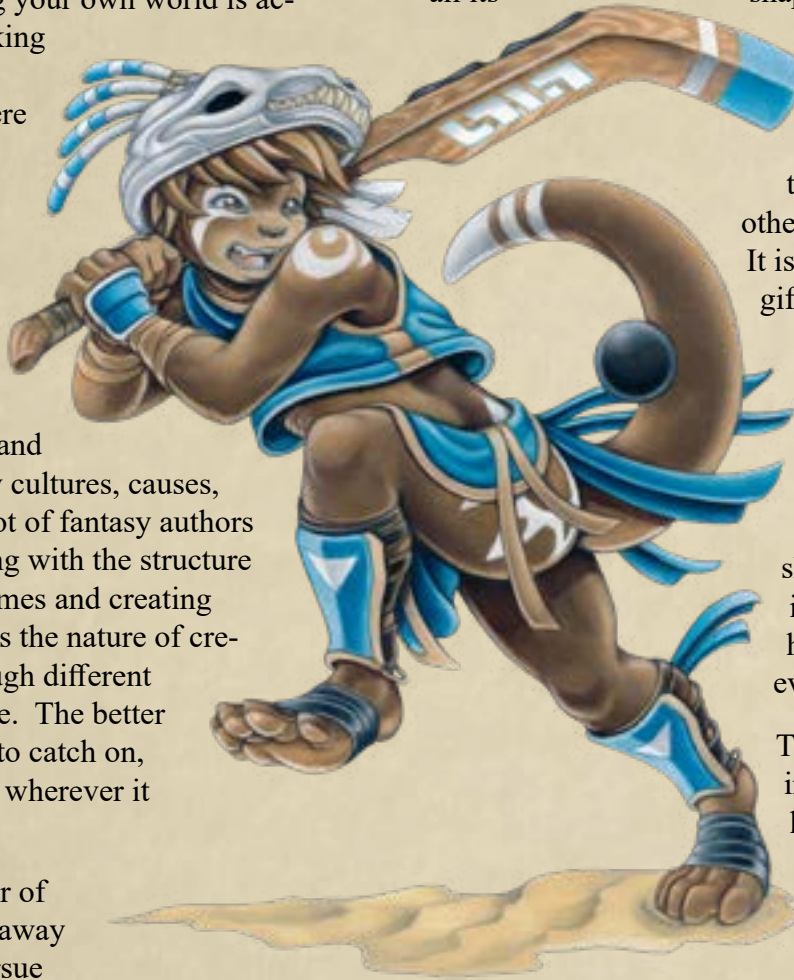
something that calls to you. That also sounds like a cliché, and you have to really live it to understand how fundamentally real it is.

Hold on to your imagination. It's more valuable than our society will comfortably admit, and the price of its development is often measured in feelings of inadequacy, or frustration, or even the mockery of those who gave it up or traded it away. Build your world, your characters, your ideals and your fears – the resume of your imagination, in all its shapes and colours. Art is a

language, and when paired with the context of writing and structure it becomes the fire that will inspire others to create their own. It is perhaps the greatest gift to spin wonder out of simple thought, to entertain and evoke with nothing but your voice and a few sticks of colour, but an even greater gift to show other people that it's possible, that it can happen, and not to ever, ever give it up.

Thank you for believing in me when I didn't believe in myself, and for joining me in this creation. To my friends, the ones who helped me back up after

impossible days, and who shared their inspiration and their time, you will see my gratitude in all that follows. You made this possible, and so this is as much a gift to you as I can make it. You helped me develop my art, my writing, and my world, and though I still have much to learn, I'm ready to take the next step. This is it.





Lutrai

Fun-loving products of the late second age, and the Creator State's flirtation with the living sciences, the lutrai were little more than help and entertainment. Once the wardens of water parks and guardians of beaches, these otter-like humanoids survived the Automatic War and escaped Axis to form their own new culture among the islands of the Cekus archipelago and the lakes of Arthandur.

Lutrai (loo-try) are small, sleek humanoids with otter-like traits, as opposed to being a direct animal hybrid. They have hair, for instance, and a generally human body type with the exception of their large tails. Their fine, dense coats are extremely short and often elaborately painted, their limbs longer and more developed for humanoid posture than earlier evolutes such as the nil and the ixis. They were given soft, friendly features by their kuil designers, who wanted a near Kuil approximate for light duty and entertainment. They're generally lean but thick in the hips due to their tails, which help them swim. They have webbed fingers and toes for the same purpose, and a second set of transparent eyelids to let them see underwater. Their natural swimming ability includes the ability to hold their breath for minutes at a time, and endure much colder water than their creators.

Society

Lutrai society is simple and easy going. They're able to derive enormous satisfaction from the simplest things, a byproduct of the scientific tampering which vastly enlarged their pleasure-centers and, by extension, the ease with which they're delighted. Most of them have an incredible lust for life and will try incessantly to get others into the same 'vibe', but have little ambition for advancement. Lutrai have a loose tribal structure in which a group of families forms a clan, which in turn form tribes, which claim the individual islands of the Cekan archipelago, or the lakes of central Arthandur. They prize freedom above any achievement, power, or

wealth, and go to great lengths to keep it. Their simple dwellings, boats, and belongings are simple to craft and replace, making it easy for them to move around or recover from disaster.

Castes

Mask Makers. Shamans who craft the masks worn by the elders and distinguished members of the tribe. Each clan will have its own particular theme, often (but not always) in the style of a frightening creature or monstrous animal. The masks are more than simple showpieces, however. Each is a complicated, articulated thing filled with little tricks and peculiarities. Some smoke with calming incense or change the voice, or play upon the fears of otherwise-fearsome predators. Their common feature tends to be large, staring eyes. Masks will also come with a mantle to blur the transition from headpiece to body. If nothing else, they make fine helmets. The masks are crafted from wood, bone, and tiles of colorful mineral and are made to last for generations. Some take as long to finish. It is considered bad luck to wear a broken one.

Painters. Lutrai paint just about anything, including themselves. They dye everything else. Paint and dye is an oft-sought commodity and most of them trade as well in pigments as they do in finished work. They perfected waterproof paint and the bleaching compound which creates exceptionally fine permanent coat-markings. Reputable painters take pride in the lengths they'll go to in order to acquire their palette of rare hues. The most skillful are typically granted the chance to add their craft to sacred places or generation-spanning mosaics. Some use brushes, some use their hands, and they will often work together to create greater collaborations. It is considered bad luck to sign one's own work, however.

Alchemists. Though they are sorely lacking in most scientific pursuits, lutrai have figured out quite a number of basic elements. Their region is rich in minerals and the forest filled with natural compounds which have been toyed with for many generations. They also ferment things. Alchemist and apothecary often do brisk trade. Alchemists learn to mix dangerous or poisonous things, essentially. They can treat wood to resist decay, or distill acid to

etch stone, turn raw latex to rubber, or even fashion crude fireworks. The craft is a dangerous one and so the elders will often decide whether or not a certain aspirant is to be trusted with the more potent knowledge. Alchemists will always wear masks designed to protect their faces from explosions. Thick hide mitts are also popular.

Apothecary. The most common sort of healer is the medicine-maker or apothecary. The high degree of skill and patience involved often makes it the domain of the old, who take three to five apprentices to gather their herbs, weave their poultices, and help care for the wounded. Most who end up in their care are hunters, and so they're particularly good at setting bones, extracting poisons, and treating wounds caused by beasts. Elder healers typically wear white masks trimmed with blood red feathers. Some are fitted with baskets filled with purifying weaves through which the wearer can breathe if disease is present. Some craft poisons for the hunters or extract rare colors for the painters, but most specialize in the sorts of herbs and compounds which banish infection, cure illness, and speed recovery.

Astronomer. Staring up into the night sky has always been popular. There's a lot to look at, and while some of their theories are hilariously quaint they have a decent understanding of astronomical phenomenon. They have figured out that the world is absolutely enormous and round, mostly just by looking at the moons, and that the moons cause the tides, that stars are other suns like their own, and that there are other planets. All this knowledge is kept by the astronomers, the lutrai who dwell in the high peaks where they claim the view of the sky is best. They don't claim to read the stars, so to speak, they mostly just philosophize about what the people are like on other worlds and how they might one day get there. Some have masks fixed with crude yet effective lenses to amplify or shade their view of celestial events. Most are thought of as cloud-headed and strange for all their otherworldly talk.

Hunter. Lutrai hunt a variety of small to medium game in addition to fishing. Some of them even tangle with sharks, though few are brave enough. Most hunt birds and lizards of various sorts using

long, multi-segmented blowguns and plain old rocks, which they learn to sling and throw from an early age. They also learn to run and climb, skulk and hide. Hunters are expected to make their own tools and their own clothes, all of which are styled to blend into their chosen surroundings. Hunters spend much of their time away from the community and enjoy a sort of rugged mystique as a result. Most young lutrai boys want to be hunters and will spend long hours honing their rock-throwing skills. The masks they wear are generally light and meant to protect the head from blows, or trick animals into thinking they're being watched by something entirely different. These masks also tend to include interchangeable mouthpieces for a variety of animal calls.

Clay-worker. Lutrai have a certain affinity for mud and clay, and made use of both in their crafts and constructions. They've got dozens of varieties, each with its own characteristics, consistency, color, and quality. They sculpt urns to store food and water, fire tiles for roof and floor, mix plasters for broken bones or burns...some have even learned to work with crude glass. Their craft is often seen as base, though none would deny its essential place within their society. Clay-workers often develop secret techniques or special kilns for their particular specialty, from common tiles and vessels to elaborate totems. Many lutrai develop some degree of skill in this craft but those who make it their living are particularly quick and efficient. It is the proverbial boring occupational future that young lutrai fear almost as much as that of the kelp-cutter.

Shaman. The shaman does not cast magical spells or brew potions – in their tongue, a better word would be 'teacher'. Their role within the tribe is that of the storyteller, educator, and historian. This tribe has several such shamans, and a head shaman to teach them. They record their tales in paint and sculpture, knot and notch. They have a great cave wall of Really Important Lessons, many of them painfully-learned, along with other important knowledge they don't wish to forget in slightly smaller script. The shaman's role is to deliver this message in interesting ways. They have their own secret language, which is really just their regular

language spoken backwards, and their own peculiar form of writing. Most will have a little knowledge in every trade and craft, but a mastery of none in particular. It isn't easy to keep a young Lutrai's attention for long enough to impart valuable lessons. Shamans wear very elaborate masks and often carry ornately-carved staves.

Priest of Cha'Huate. This is the Assembly of the Island Heart, a dedicated priesthood of sorts. They tend the half-senseless being from the Plunge, a deity in its own right and thought to be the keystone of the island's life cycle. Lutrai born with rare blue or green eyes or certain other abnormalities are the only ones selected for this role, often groomed from an early age as potential acolytes and offered in the hopes of gaining Cha'Huate's favor. These acolytes all dwell within the Cave of Living Clay, participating in a generation-spanning ritual which 'communes' with the Island Heart. This, they claim, keeps the island in a state of harmony and prevents it from exploding. They claim their incomprehensible deity can heal even the most terrible injuries, see the future, and cause earthquakes if displeased. Supplications of all kinds are welcome, and most of the order has grown fat and comfortable in their sacred cave.

Holidays & Rituals

Masking. Before a lutrai comes of age, they are expected to carve their own mask. These masks and the work that goes into them are seen as a token of the maker's skills, manner, creativity and personality. The masking ceremony brings the entire clan together, and over a long night of celebration an appropriate name is chosen based on the look of the mask – the youth has no say, and is expected to remain both silent and unmasked as their work is examined in every detail. It's a bad omen to break any mask, but this one in particular as it represents

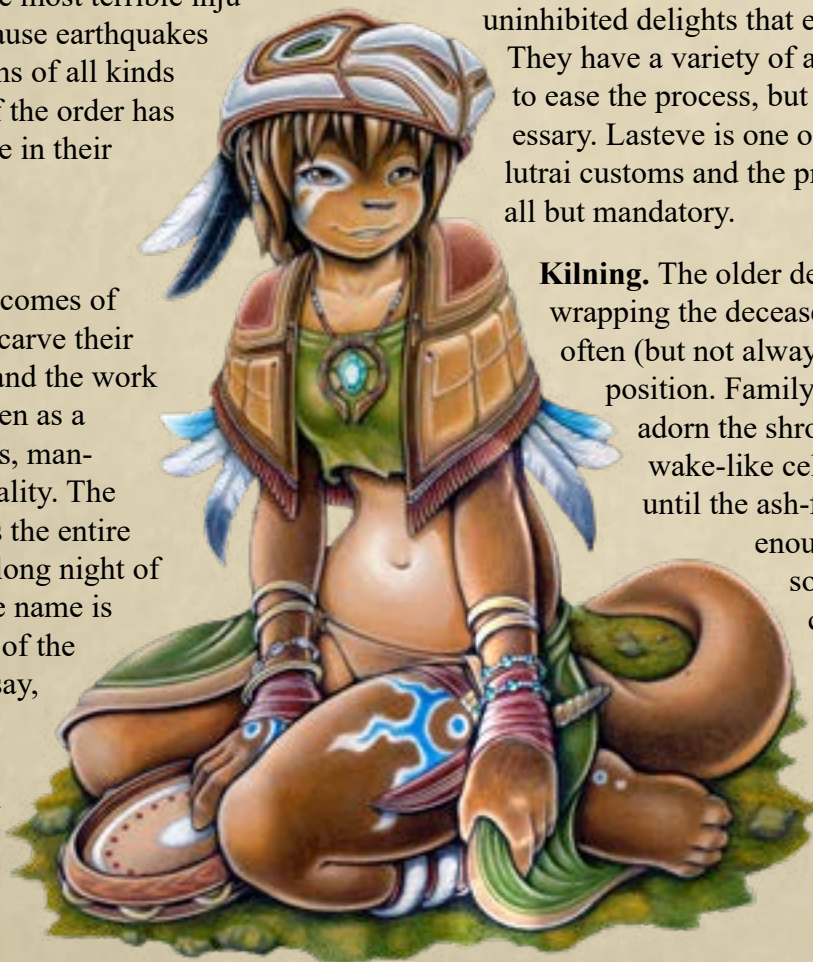
the entry into adulthood and greater responsibilities. The mask also signifies the difference between who the wearer is, and who the wearer must be.

Kitseve. Younger lutrai tend to be quite polygamous, and on one particular night of the year they all get together in some unique wondrous setting and have lots and lots of sex. The idea is to produce a generation of offspring without any concern for lineage – Clan Child is the name given to those born of this practice. All are marked from birth by the symbol chosen for that year's ceremony, and consider themselves to be siblings. The participation of all the tribe's interwoven families knits the community together at its very foundation, and while such participation is voluntary, few can resist after drinking and feasting themselves stupid.

Lasteve. For those lutrai who have time to see their end approaching, the Lasteve is their death ceremony. Essentially, they host their own funeral, bid farewell to friends and family, arbitrate their own final will, and then spend the night in an orgy of uninhibited delights that eventually kills them.

They have a variety of alchemical accelerants to ease the process, but these are rarely necessary. Lasteve is one of the few truly serious lutrai customs and the presence of the clan is all but mandatory.

Kilning. The older death ritual involves wrapping the deceased in a clay shroud, often (but not always) in a straight upright position. Family and friends sculpt and adorn the shroud, firing it during a wake-like celebration that goes on until the ash-filled clay effigy is cool enough to handle. It is then solemnly moved to the clan's Silent Grove, forming a sort grave marker. These markers stand in groups to represent the bonds once shared in life.





Items

Rym's past civilizations and cultures left behind an odd assortment of wondrous items, weapons, consumables, and other relics which could be considered 'magical' or at least misunderstood. While many settings contain ornate enchanted weapons, armor, wands, and so forth, much of what you see below is just a sample of the anachronistic oddities one might find in scavenger bazaars, ruined shopping complexes, or the hands of the misguided. Some are repurposed or inappropriately-rebuilt, and many are mistaken for something they're not.

Repurposed. These items are mostly made from components or misunderstood objects which have a new (often simpler) function in the current era. Some are cobbled together by the Arcanar Guild, though most of them are simply adopted by whoever might find them and fix them up to varying degrees. Items like this have a hybrid look, such as the Foamthrower or Springshot, combining old and new materials in a distinctly janky sort of way that allows them to pass relatively unnoticed by the Arcanar, who have lists of what is and isn't allowed to be in the possession of non-Arcanar.

Original. These are the real relics and wondrous items of the Bygone. Anything that's been preserved in complexes filled with Quiet Air, or in private collections, or even in Arcanar Guild colleges where the restoration process has been perfected. They're shiny, often garishly-coloured, and in perfect working order. Items like the Electrobike or Fiche Reader are examples of items that need to be in such a state for proper function. They may have a few cosmetic enhancements, but for the most part they appear as they did in the stores and catalogues of Rym's golden age.

Sharka

Derived from the aktak stick is the sharka, or sharkback. This is a heavy, curved lutrai machete or scimitar, serving mostly as an explorer's tool best suited to hacking through dense jungle undergrowth, vines, roots, and other obstacles. It isn't made

for use in battle though it will serve well enough as any sword might, even if it won't stand up to any swordplay against proper metal blades, shields, or armor. The heavy hardwood body is edged with obsidian chips which easily cut through vegetation or flesh, and which can be replaced or re-knapped when dulled. Anyone carrying such an implement is wise to bring along a pouch of fresh chips for this purpose, or else stone-knapping tools to apply a fresh edge whenever necessary. The sharka may be shaped (and wielded) like a sword, but it's more of a tool than a weapon. Most lutrai learn to make them at a young age, especially if they're living in rainforest settings or near to any sort of heavy flora. In a pinch, they may be used to fend off predatory fauna as well.

Like the aktak stick, the sharka is usually made of warwood or other dense, durable timber, carved and painted with a tribe or family's markings for easy identification. They aren't prized quite so much as most implements due to how easily they wear out or how easily they're made, but dedicated explorers will often put finer workmanship into their sharka so that it lasts longer or works more effectively against the local vegetation. Fighting or hunting with a sharka is seen as crass or even barbaric, though this isn't unheard of in situations where defenses need to be mustered in a hurry, or nothing else is close at hand to serve in self-defence.

Klonq

Every now and then you might land a fish that's so big that it needs a whack. Then there are the really big ones where you'll need a klonq. This is an exotic variation of the shillelagh, an immense cudgel that's used with both hands to deliver a powerful overhand smash to landed monsters or other sea-creatures. It can actually be used to klonq anything, though the traditional use is very specific, almost ceremonial, and klonqing anything else is generally considered distasteful. This hasn't stopped the occasional barbaric lutrai adventurer from using it in battle or to break things, of course, and if you see one being carried outside the boat you'd best be wary.

The traditional klonq is actually grown from warwood, carefully entangled around stones and the carved bone of a leviathan, whale, or other immense sea creature. They take many years to make, so crafters often start one out to be inherited by the next generation, or the generation after that. The process is painstaking and difficult, incorporating exotic materials and great persistence, but the end result almost always becomes a family heirloom. They may be further carved, adorned, and painted, but the consummate klonq isn't made to be pretty, merely kept in case of emergency fishing situations wherein something of terrible size and ferocity ends up flopping around in the boat and possibly risking the lives of those around it.



Suncatcher



Clerics of Kij, goddess of the sun, frequently carry stave such as these, though most are a fair bit taller. They're made of living wood, which is to say wood that's frequently festooned with blossoms or healing herbs kept

alive by the roots which grow throughout the staff's hollow, well-watered interior. The upper portion contains a number of small apertures for such plants, and an elder cleric's staff may eventually become a small apothecary of useful medicinal flora. This is often their only decoration, though others may be wrapped in beads, talismans, feathers, or other adornments depending on the owner's preferences. Such staves aren't much use in battle and are mostly carried for rituals or ceremonies of various kinds, as they're fairly fragile.

The staff's most distinctive feature is its hollow crook-shaped headpiece. This wooden crescent suspends a holy symbol with a bright crystal center, a painstakingly-polished focus which is the staff's namesake. This crystal is used to focus the light of the sun into a sharp beam which the priests use to cauterize wounds or ignite sacred fires, or simply to send flashing heliographs across great distances. Though there's nothing mystical about these functions, all are considered to be important in rituals of healing and community, and are seen as blessings of the sun goddess. The staff is simply a handy way to share these blessings and identify members of Kij's priesthood. Anyone can use such a staff.

Au'Tektan Combat Towel

In ancient times, the towel could be found anywhere there were wet people. They came in all shapes, sizes, and colours, and were typically made of absorbent cotton or the more advanced Diamond Life version, Ultracotton. Detailed here is the so-called 'beach towel', which was larger than most and which has, over the centuries, been adopted by the lutrai as a symbol of their heritage. They were often responsible for handing



out and maintaining large quantities of towels, and in the seven centuries since the Automatic War, the Life-guard Monks have kept up the tradition along with the secrets of towelmaking. The towels they produce are of such distinctive quality and vibrant color that they're unmistakable, and highly-prized.

A wise man once said that the towel is among the most useful items a person can own. The monks have taken it a step further, adapting the towel to their unique martial art and employing it in flamboyant combat maneuvers, acrobatics, and interpretive dance. In the right hands it becomes a whip, a net, a garotte, even a shield, with few suspecting its potential at a casual glance. It can be dipped in water or other substances to add even more sting to the snap. It can also serve as a stretcher, be torn into bandages, or dry people off.

Lutrai will often adapt the towel as a colorful garment, worn as a mantle, belt, sarong, or cloak. They are easily customized, and may even serve as the wearer's coat of arms, though most are stowed in waterproof leather tubes to keep them clean and dry until they're needed. It is considered very bad luck to lose any towel, especially one's own. They may be handed down but also serve as a funerary shroud. The monks make them from recycled Ultracotton donated by those who wish to acquire towels of their own. They are four feet wide, and nine feet long, and far more durable than an ordinary towel.



Koau (Ton Island)

Koau was an Edenic island paradise, a refuge of Rym's first age. It was a god unto itself, a sentient biome, a living ark which preserved countless wonders of an earlier world. Seven centuries ago, it was obliterated by an experimental weapons test fielded by the Creator State.

The island's interior, and area roughly nine miles in diameter, was consumed by the first deliberate use of the Fourth Light.

The test was successful, mortally wounding the great entity and annihilating all those who worshipped it in the same instant. The void it left behind has the look of a crater.

What you see here is Koau as it appears today, three hundred years after its re-settlement. The lutrai of the Wauwahk tribe were led here by the shaman Empty Face and her circle of devoted followers, all of whom shared the same vision of restoring the sacred island and its stricken deity. Their clans established three separate communities around the crater's interior rim.

Inhabitants

The island of Koau (ko-wow) is a culture isolated by its geography and its leadership. Under the influence of Empty Face, three mariner tribes were merged into the Wauwahnk, her own faithful following. Empty Face's apparent immortality and her influence over the island itself have convinced the elders of these tribes that she is the fallen demigod's scion. All three tribes and their elder councils dwell in her shadow, and yet for all her power she is rarely seen by her followers. Instead, there is the Assembly.

The Assembly of Cha'Huate

Empty Face's own council, those who have been brought before the dying demigod in the depths of Koau's sacred, pristine crater lake. Here they endeavour to soothe its trauma, and receive its strange blessings in return. These blessings are then passed down through each tribe's hierarchy of leadership, giving the Assembly an unspoken, over-arching influence which ties them all together. Over many generations, the structure of this very direct religion and its island terrarium has closed in on a promised miracle, the Sacred Time, in which all will be revealed.

There are some who feel there's something fishy in this arrangement.

The Wavers

There is a cargo cult on Koau, which is to say a clandestine membership of furtive lutrai whose culture and practices are influenced by items which wash up on the island's outer shores. Any sort of lost cargo tends to end up there, brought across dangerous sea-lanes by scavengers of the Axis Wasteland and lost in storms or raids around the archipelago. Sometimes, the cargo is a big box of sneakers, so for the next few weeks the Wavers will be very hard to catch. Other times, it could be a crate of umbrellas, so they'll be very dry. Obviously, the elders of the Assembly are horrified by these prizes and their associated Waver practices, and they've forbidden them ever since the day of The Big Mistake.

Most of them were exiled for that terrible incident, and so now the Wavers are more of a secret club populated by the young ones left behind. Wau is their leader, carrying a headset and radio capable of listening in on the world beyond the island and its culture. He shares this with his friends in the last year before the Sacred Time, in which the Assembly claims that all will be revealed at last.

Locations

The Florid Island

This island is a place of haunting resurrection, and a secret kept by the Assembly of Cha'Huate. They would never allow its presence to be known by the inhabitants of the inner island, given that it's the source of miracles beyond their control. Only Empty Face knows the full extent of the island's power, or more specifically, the power of the Vauzan flora which has taken root in its fertile soil. It could be that it was incorporated by the island god even before the time of its mortal wounding, or perhaps its seed fell from the heavens some time in the last seven centuries, but regardless of how it came to be, the floral structure of the island is deeply unnatural, beautiful, and carnivorous.

The druids who live here are former ayoka, for the most part, or members of the Assembly who have lost their minds under Cha'Huate's influence. Rather than leaving them in a state of mental ruin, the Assembly brings them here to be transformed by the alien flora, or simply to feed it. This is the fate of the dying, while others have the option of inviting the flowers into their minds and joining their collective garden. For some, this really is a sort of nirvana, freeing them from what Cha'Huate showed them, and letting them ease the suffering of others. In all of Rym, few places offer a more peaceful death or welcome oblivion.

The island is beyond beautiful, and its phosphorescent garden can be seen from far away, yet the Assembly and its constituents will never allow a lutrai from the inner island to tell others of its existence. Such witnesses may end up feeding the flowers of the island, or joining its silent, smiling sisterhood

The Teeth

This is what the locals call the island's highest peaks, a half-melted mountain range. From a distance, these mountains seem relatively normal, with peaks high enough to pick up a little snow. This may seem vaguely unnatural given the climate, and it is, since the Assembly use it as their lookout over island's interior crater. From way up in the peaks they're able to watch over their island community and, more importantly, the Sacred Lake. From such a high angle, it's easy for them to see any sort of trouble which might occur, anyone who might be swimming where they're not supposed to, or making a scene. Some of them have eyes like birds, and can make out even fine detail from way up here. It's a good thing they're protecting the locals, and not just making sure they behave a certain way.

Or that they don't leave before the Sacred Time. They know that some of the lutrai are uneasy this time around, owing to the trouble with the Wavers several years back. The doubts they sowed have dimmed since then, but haven't faded entirely, and those among the Assembly fear that Cha'Huate will sense hostility amidst the harmony of the Sacred Time. If any big commotion happens down within the crater, or if a ton storm begins to form over the lake, these druids will respond in small groups to settle disputes or help evacuate endangered areas. The cliffs and chasms of the teeth are filled with their ritual caves, among them the Cave of Living Clay. This is where the deities warped nightmare-spawn are brought any time they should crawl up on to the Scar from the depths of the blue hole.

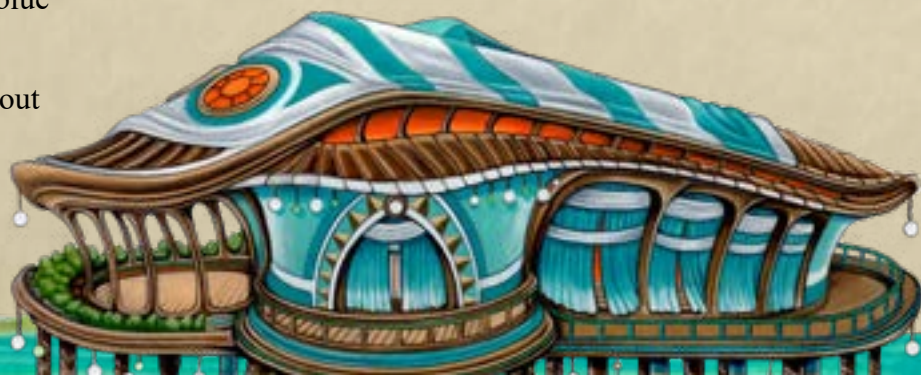
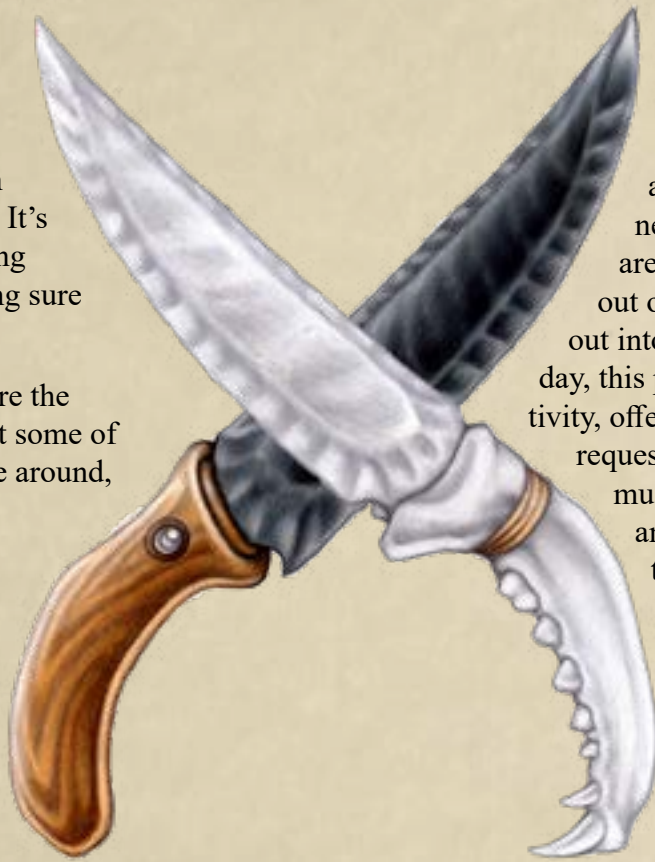
The druid caves are very difficult to reach without extraordinary means, or incredible climbing

skill. The mountains have a pushed-up, slightly deformed look to them, conforming to the crater's shock radius and suggestive of an almost divine act of destruction. At night, their odd lights can be seen by those living around the lake they've been watching for generations.

Sunline Market

Sunline is one of the three large trading markets, or tradespaces. Set between Riverheart and Whitestone, it's filled with lutrai trading their catches, crafts, knowledge, and labor. Anything can be traded here, though this particular space is known for its amazing food stalls. Swimming lessons are also given here in the central pool, which is quite large and fed from rainwater channeled down from the Brim. There are several water-slides smoothed out of the sandstone, all dumping out into the central pool. On any given day, this place is a boisterous hub of activity, offers, requests, favors offered and requested, good food, and occasional music. Performances are held here, and the beach leading down to the lake was leveled long ago to make a pitch for games of Aktak-Ru between Whitestone and Riverheart teams. It's always open, with a day and night market.

Sunline is named for the long stripe of golden sunlight which paints it during the late afternoon. The borders of the stripe are very sharp and distinctive, extending down the rise and out over the lake. It was made, an immense carved notch in the outer mountains for some long-ago ceremony which may have taken place before the previous Sacred Time, or in an even earlier era when the island was still whole.





Lutrai of Koau

The group of lutrai you'll see here are all from the same island, Koau, which is quite isolated from their main southern island chain of Cekus. The first two are Wavers, which is to say they're members of a cargo cult that take instruction from a mysterious silhouette residing in the canopy of an ancient crashed aircraft. They're not supposed to be doing this, but the elders of their village have a hard time getting them to obey instructions due to the bad influence of a few. Of course not all of them are in this little cult, but they're always looking for more to join in. They're all trying to find out what happened to their parents, who were exiled for something the cult did many years ago.



Kuwai

Though most lutrai are friendly and easygoing, there are exceptions like Kuwai here. He's a little barbarian, explosively-tempered, disrespectful-blunt, and prone to aggressively-bad behavior of all kinds. His parents were exiled from Koau just after he was born, leaving him to be raised by his mad adventuring uncle and the other orphans of the island's outcast cargo cult, also known as the 'Wavers'. This made him a very popular scapegoat, a role he embraced even as a child, uniting others as bullies often do, and giving his tribe its share of cautionary tales. Even his name speaks to this turbulence, a mangling of 'Khu-Wai', or 'destroying wave'.

Motivation. Kuwai is easily motivated, though not often in good ways. For years he was nothing but a bully and a troublemaker, and happy to live up to every bad expectation just for the attention. He changed for the better after Marteke saved his life, and learned to be a little kinder while recovering under her care. He's not quite there yet, and still likes to fight, but now he tells everyone he's fighting for good reasons and not just because he wants a free lunch. He's not quite in love with her but he likes her so much that he behaves himself whenever she's around, as if on some instinctive level. Aside from that, he can be motivated with food, sport, the hunt, and any chance to desecrate the Sacred Time.

Strengths. For all his social shortcomings, Kuwai is a phenomenal athlete and a skilled hunter. His unusual strength and quickness stem from a stronger inheritance of old wartime characteristics, something usually found in his northern cousins. He fights with the ferocity of a bear, and has a real talent for figuring out how to break things or hit people where it hurts the most. Marteke has always been his strongest positive influence and their circle of friends helped him develop a stubborn, exasperated loyalty and even the first hints of a better nature. Perhaps his greatest strength is in his sport - his slap-shots are so fast and accurate that he uses them to hunt, shooting down birds instead of fishing like the others.



Details. Kuwai is shown here with an aktak stick, or aktaka, which is used to play aktak-ru. By an astonishing coincidence, it looks almost exactly like a hockey stick, and is used in much the same way, though it also doubles as a greatclub. His jawbreaker gauntlets are mostly used while hunting anything that bites, though they're also a component of the heel outfit he wears to games. What appears to be a regular fish knife on his chest harness is actually a disguised AM-M02 monumetal combat dagger from Captain From's emergency kit. He gave it a wooden handle and traditional leather sheath so nobody would notice. His slap-shot smashes regular sticks to pieces, so his aktak is made from warwood.

Wau

Wau has the mixed blessing of a very sharp mind, and a stumbling wit. He's the youngest of the Wavers and their most dedicated leader, at least now that the rest are gone. Like the others, he never knew his parents and grew up hearing about the terrible things they did. Teased for his small size and funny words, he often isolates himself in his hood and visor, which show him fragments of the lost world from whence it came. His name is just a teasing of 'What?', owing to the fact that he talks about a lot of things people don't understand. Those who know about his visor think it might have driven him crazy. He's learned to keep to himself and his small group of friends, and to hide all of his Waver-cult artifacts in very cunning ways.

Motivation. Wau thinks he can fix Captain From's aerodyne, an utterly insane proposition given what he has to work with. It's entirely possible that the bombardier visor has been guiding this obsession, and granting him a broken understanding to which he's become utterly addicted. He craves knowledge and gadgets, and uses several of them in imitation of magic. Even his knowledge alone seems magical, as he can mix different substances to create fire or explosions, or new materials with novel properties. He's interested in very little else. Aside from Suma, one of his fellow Wavers.

Strengths. Wau's unnatural breadth of knowledge was provided by the bombardier visor. It imprints his mind with knowledge to fit any occasion, and a deeper understanding of any situation. His investigative skills are abnormally elevated, and he's able to communicate messages to his friends sub-vocally to close-caption his analysis (welcome or not). A basic knowledge of mechanics, chemistry, and physics have equipped him to craft a variety of curious items and substances, potion-pills, and fireworks. On very rare occasions, he might even take the visor off and let someone else see what he sees.



Details. Wau's got a bunch of odd stuff on him. His AM-PE2 bombardier visor is the most notable of these, though he tends to hide it under a mask or hood. The visor connects to Captain From's crashed aerodyne in some way, he just doesn't know how. He's the keeper of a cargo cult's treasure trove, or what's left of it, and so you might see him with a lighter, strange keys, or even a radio. This is his 'wizardry', just a bunch of old junk that can be worked up into unusual solutions. Unfortunately for him, it's all contraband, and so he needs to keep it hidden or it'll be confiscated or destroyed by elders who associate it with the Waver exiles and the trouble they caused. Chief among these is replica gun, an AM-P33 Autoshot.

Anari

The spiritual leader of the Merito'a tribe of Lutrai. Anari stems from a long line of priestesses dedicated to the lore of Theke the Surfborne and worship of Tropos, the ocean moon of Rym. Born with albinism, her tribe believed her to be marked by the moon itself with her aversion to sunlight. Despite being idolized by her tribe, she grew into being a very humble and caring leader. Though she doesn't live on Koau, she has friends there whom she'll visit secretly from time to time in order to trade goods from the outer world. This includes kaufi, which her tribe cultivates in profusion.

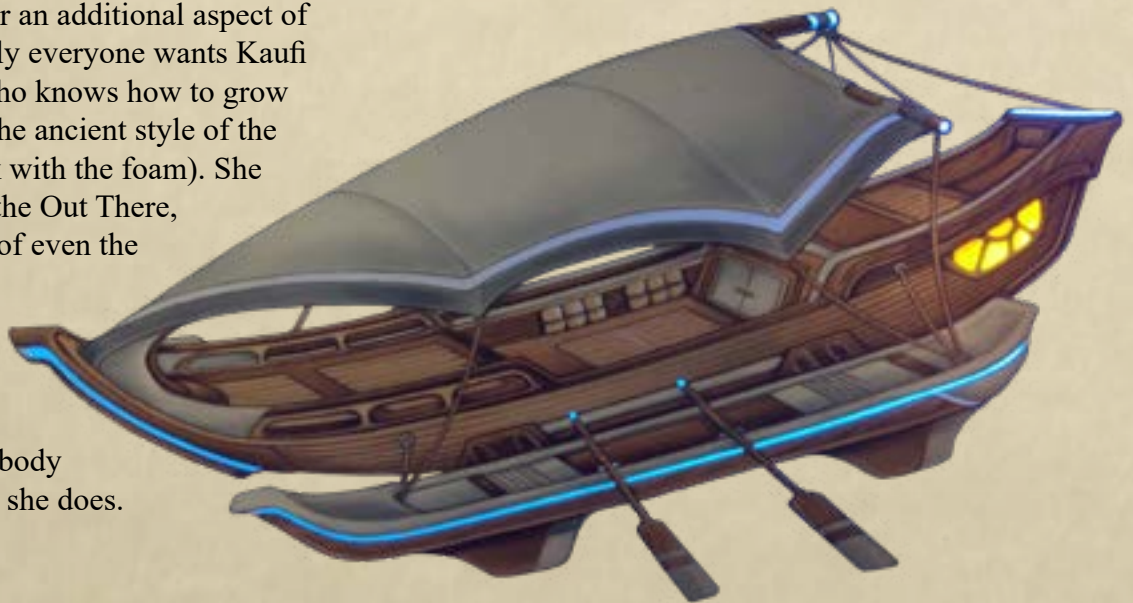
Motivation. Anari cares deeply for the wellbeing of Merito'a and has dedicated herself to improving the quality of life of the tribe. From maintaining the Healer's Pool in the bay of Akipua (the only village on Merito'a), to overseeing the trade of Kaufi (Merito'a's chief export) with the other tribes and the mainlanders. Anari is always willing to help in any way she can. She knows that the inhabitants of Koau have begun the process of cutting off the outside world in preparation for the Sacred Time, and is perhaps the only other leader amongst the island tribes of Cekus who maintains contact with traders in Morningside.

Strengths. Anari is a natural born leader, charismatic and wise beyond her years. She is able to draw power from the healing well that sits in the bay of Akipua and infuse it into the Kaufi her tribe drinks every day, keeping them fit and well (if a little hyperactive). This gives her an additional aspect of influence because absolutely everyone wants Kaufi and she's one of the few who knows how to grow and prepare it properly in the ancient style of the barista (including that trick with the foam). She also tells amazing tales of the Out There, and can keep the attention of even the most caffinated cubs.

Details. Anari doesn't keep many personal possessions, as she's prone to give them away to somebody who needs them more than she does.



However, there are a few items she keeps that she cannot live without. She is never seen without her Kaufi cup, which has been said to refill of its own accord. Her sunveil cloak keeps the daylight off her skin when she needs to be up during daylight hours, complete with sunshades to keep her sensitive eyes keen.





Classes

These are some supplemental character classes for the Rym setting, many of which are the result of the world's unique history, culture, and even geography. This is only a handful of what's in store, a sample specific to several of the existing peoples' and their cultures. Since we're starting with the lutrai and expanding over the course of the project, you're going to see those classes first with much more to come!

Dreamdiver



The Dreamdivers are bound to the ancient seas of the water moon, Tropos. This primordial oceanic Eden was the domain of the Onai, Rym's greater divinity, in a time before the First Age. The creatures which lived in these oceans were unlike anything seen today, and the memory of them persists in the dreams and imaginations of these moongazing druids. As a Dreamdiver, you may find yourself swimming with them when you sleep, coursing through the shallow tropical seas of the ocean moon and making contact with eldritch entities shaped by the ancient first gods in the time before civilization took root on the planet below. Dreamdivers are especially well known for the trance that they can enter, which allows them to blur the line between their subconscious and the real world, superimposing dreams of their ocean realm over reality itself.

Lifeguard Monk



In the Bygone, swimming pools, artificial beaches, and waterparks were everywhere. With these water features came the need to protect people from drowning, and to provide them with towels when necessary. The lutrai were perfectly suited to this role, so much so that it became their natural setting within the Creator State. The lifeguard was trained in water rescue, and to maintain a disciplined vigil from atop tall chairs, tower huts, or even aquatic vehicles of all kinds. This conditioning and its traditions persist even now, hundreds of years after the fall of their civilization. Over the centuries, they've adapted lifeguarding to the new world and even maintained some of the old parks and pools in order to train new generations. Such watery monasteries will teach the art of lifesaving, towel-fighting, and artificial respiration to those who dwell among their inhabitants and pass the certification exams.

Coda

What you see here? These are just the first steps to creating this world, and just a few samples of what we've got ready. We want to build it out around you, and give you more than you bargained for. Over the next year, we're going to fund it, assemble it, and launch it. We've got artists, writers, and musicians, and we're looking for more creatives, some backers, and a little time and support to get it all down. This sample is just our first step, and if you follow us, you'll see more. If you join us, you'll help it happen, whether as a setting for your adventures or stories, or art, or writing. Rym welcomes visitors. If you'd like to know more, please join us on Patreon or join our Discord, we'd be happy to show you what we're working on as it happens. For my existing Patrons, this is what you've helped to create. You made this possible, and from all of us gathering to work on this, we offer our sincere thanks. We're almost there.



lutraiisland



@olliecanal



ollie



olliecanal



olliecanal



olliecanal