

# TRAVELLER'S GUIDE TO HOR'IZÔN

A TABLETOP ROLEPLAYING GAME SETTING



*Welcome, wanderer.*

*If this is your first time beyond the Edge-of-the-Maps, take a moment to breathe. You'll want to savour that first lungful of Hor'Izon air—it tastes like possibility and regret in equal measure.*

*You hold in your hands a humble collection of observations, rumours, and tea-stained scribbles from one who has walked a few too many roads, some of them uphill in both directions. This is not a map, nor a manual. It is not entirely trustworthy (but then, neither are the locals). It is merely the beginning.*

*The first thread in the great, tangled weave of this world.*

*Hor'Izon is a place where magic once hummed like a lullaby through the soil and stars, now fading like a half-forgotten tune. Its lands are vast, its peoples older than their myths, and its gods... complicated.*

*There are twin moons, multiple kinds of phoenix, and at least one tavern where the furniture files complaints. You'll get used to it.*

*So tuck this guide into your satchel, wipe the dragon soot from your boots, and step forward.*

*The world is waiting. Just don't look back too long—the past has teeth.*

## **A Glimpse of the World**

Hor'Izon is a world frayed at the edges.

Long ago, the Loom wove the world from thread and thunder, magic and memory. The gods walked openly then, the skies shimmered with wild power, and the very land seemed to breathe. Now, magic flickers, gods speak only in riddles (if at all), and the old stories—well, they've grown teeth.

It is a world of twin moons, of forgotten empires, and of civilizations built on the backs of long-dead myths. From the jungle temple-cities of Jaladhaara to the frozen hush of Drakharad's wastes, Hor'Izon is as varied as the people who scrape meaning from its soil.

Wanderers may sail past sunken cities in the Ka'Lohani Archipelago, argue philosophy in Albenthor's candlelit libraries, or trade breath for silence in the Spire of Ice. They may meet joy-woven islanders with leaves for hair, or crocodile priests who remember the names of rivers that no longer flow.

No one knows why magic fades. Scholars argue. Prophets dream. Worldforgers like myself merely nod a lot and change the subject.

What matters is this: the Threads still whisper to those who listen. And every traveler leaves a mark, whether they intend to or not.

## **The Lands Beyond the Horizon**

### **Drakharad** *The Frozen Spine of the World*

Drakharad does not hate you. It simply doesn't care if you live.

An endless sheet of ice, broken by black stone and stranger things, Drakharad is where fire freezes and the sky forgets your name. The Thurnir—ice-dwelling dwarves—carve cities from glacier walls and speak to spirits older than the wind. They say the ice remembers. They say it forgives nothing.

### **Jaladhaara** *The Land of Spice and Memory*

Where jungle vines bloom with ancient secrets and markets sing with the laughter of ten thousand voices, Jaladhaara thrums with life. Magic lingers here in tattoos, in stories passed at festival fires, in the slow-brewed drink of the Path of Renewal. Even the rain seems wise.

But do not mistake beauty for safety. Jaladhaara's oldest gods are watching, and they do not blink.

### **Albenthor** *The Kingdom of Dust and Debate*

Albenthor smells of parchment, pipe smoke, and quiet revolutions. Its capital, Caerostone, balances nobility, scholarship, and bureaucracy in a precarious dance—one that sometimes trips over its own feet. The Monarchy endures. So do its critics.

Wizards argue with economists. Thieves quote legal precedent. Somewhere in the archives, a book is reading \*you\*.

### **Talahar** *The Whispering Wilds*

Talahar is not untouched—it remembers every footprint. Vast forests, sacred hills, and hidden tribes of the People-That-Walk-Like-Mountains (who are not human and prefer you don't assume) define this land.

Colonists have come before, bearing maps and manifest destiny. The forest ate most of them. The rest learned to listen.

## **The Ka’Lohani Archipelago** *Isles of Celebration and Sea-Storms*

Golden skin, green hair, warm hearts. The Ananasi people live in harmony with the land and in joyful defiance of hardship. The sea is their home, Ka’Lohana their spirit-mother, and laughter their weapon of choice.

But make no mistake—if you arrive with cruelty in your hands, you will not leave with them.

## **Peoples of Wonder and Memory**

Hor'Izon is home to more than humans, though even they come in many shapes and stories. Here are but a few of the peoples you may meet along the road—some with warm smiles, others with very sharp teeth.

### **Sobeki**

Scaled and stoic, the Sobeki are crocodilian beings born of sun-drenched rivers and old oaths. Some are warriors. Others are priests. Many are both. They carry the wisdom of drowned temples and speak in parables soaked with teeth. When a Sobeki says “peace,” it is wise to ask \*whose\*.

### **Ananasi**

Joy made flesh. The Ananasi are tropical islanders with skin like sunlight and leaflike hair that sways even when the wind does not. They welcome strangers with food, stories, and precisely one warning. Ignore it, and the jungle will sort your remains politely.

### **Gajendra**

Towering, tusked, and full of poetry, the Gajendra are elephantine scholars and sages. Some wield hammers. Others wield metaphors. A few do both at the same time. Their memories are long. Their tempers, thankfully, are not.

### **Kinnar**

With hooves on the ground and music in their blood, the Kinnar walk as both people and poetry. Half-horse, half-harmony, they are messengers, mystics, and occasional agents of chaos. Wherever they tread, stories follow—and sometimes trip over their own endings.

### **Xochipeteca**

Jungle-born, fur-marked, and spirit-bound, the Xochipeteca are feline folk who weave magic into skin and story. They move like shadow, strike like thunder, and regard outsiders with careful curiosity. Never call them Tabaxi. Not unless you enjoy being corrected with claws.

## **A Word on Adventure**

Hor'Izon is a world shaped by choices. Yours.

Whether you're chasing legends through mist-choked ruins, debating phoenix migration routes in a Caerostone pub, or simply trying not to get eaten by something with too many teeth and not enough eyes, your tale matters.

The Hor'Izon TTRPG is built to welcome both the wide-eyed novice and the battle-hardened rules lawyer. It is 5E-compatible, flexible, and deeply tied to its own lore, while still leaving room for you to scribble in the margins.

And if you're the sort who likes stories at the campfire, not just around the table, the world lives and breathes in *\*Tales From Hor'Izon\**—an ever-growing anthology of myths, misadventures, and moments of grace.

So whether you wield a sword, a spellbook, or a well-placed insult, there's a thread here for you. All you need to do is follow it.

## **Where to Next?**

If this guide has sparked your curiosity, good. That was the plan.

You've glimpsed the frozen wastes, the jungle rites, the quiet revolutions and celebratory fires. You've heard whispers of phoenixes, patchwork gods, and a world slowly unraveling.

But this is only the beginning.

The Hor'Izon Core Rulebook opens the door to full character creation, lore-rich species, bespoke items, magic systems, and world-shaping choices. The Bestiary offers creatures both majestic and monstrous.

\*Tales From Hor'Izon\* brings the world to life, one strange story at a time. Our Patreon delivers deeper content each month.

So go on. Keep walking. The Loom is waiting.