Miálan – The Haven

Introduction

For some time now, I have had the idea of creating a Tolkienesque fantasy world. I thought of it for two reasons: I wanted to revive and rework my old Nedthera concept, which was heavily based on Game of Thrones/A Song of Ice and Fire, and I wanted an excuse to write a fantasy language to go along with it, similar to Quenya.

I first posed the idea to a friend I frequently worldbuild with, but he loudly ignored my proposals and brought any and all development on the project to a halt, simply out of disinterest. Disillusioned, I put the project on reserve, and turned the language for it into a personal language.

That did not stop all work on it, though. Four months and a revision of the language later, while it is still a huge, useless hunk of junk, I am confident enough to present a draft of what the world is supposed to be like, and how existing high fantasy can be fitted onto the world, such as Dungeons & Dragons.

World and Races

Miálan, as it is known to Men, is the ecumene of this world, hosting all the known life on Earth. What lies beyond, separated by swathes of deadly sea, is a void they call Rupláton, which is said to be inhabited by orcs, dragons or krakens, depending on which fraudster you consult. Several have tried to sail to it, but those that returned did so out of cowardice after a day.

The main magical force of Miálan is the Divine Arts, or in the tongue of Men, Véilen. Véilen exists as an independent entity, yet can also be controlled by the organisms it creates. There is no god for Miálan, only Véilen, though in prehistory it has been wrongly associated with the presence of gods.

Evolution happens much the same way as on our Earth, but all humanoids are created by Véilen. I say humanoids, because Véilen has created hundreds of kinds of human-like creatures, each

with moderately distinctive looks and traits. However, since the rule of Tamaro and the foundation of the Hordes, six realms have dominated Miálan.

The three bigger realms are that of Man, the Horned and the aforementioned Hordes. As each of these races is perpetually dissatisfied, it is hard to imagine a war without them.

Men

Men are our humans, though they come in the varieties of bronze-, silver- and obsidian-haired. Bronze-haired Men inhabit the Western Plain, or Netáinin, enclaving a pocket of silver-haired Men in the hills of Vocáilon. The obsidian-haired Men are believed to be half-breeds of the Horned, and are united as the Rámuno in the south of Netáinin.

All Men like to pretend that they are vigilant and honourable, yet often fall victim to the lowest of their own indignities and suffer defeat because of it. The mercantile Bronzes pay exorbitant prices for commodities, if they ever allow themselves a time of peace. The Silvers and Obsidians are masters of Véilen, but keep it among themselves in fear of persecution.

The Horned

The Horned used to refer to a multitude of races with horns, but today it is one race with two varieties, red- and green-skinned. Red-skinned Horneds are the variety the Rámuno came from, and live on western side of the Karakh mountains, which split Miálan in half. On the other half are the green-skinned Horneds.

The Horned are known for their seeming joy in life, acting on a whim and getting others to join in. Their dissatisfaction, therefore, stems from the struggles of life and a desire to overcome it. The Reds are hedonists, eager to join any adventure on the condition that they will not be hurt, and the Greens are agents of chaos, who often become brave enough to perish.

The Hordes

The Hordes are a single, collective variety of near-perfect warriors. Living in the East, ranging from steppe to fertile islands, they are naturally armoured like reptiles, and they know since birth how to ride a horse, or how to wield a weapon. Their strongest warriors become the Hordes' Emperors, and they serve for life.

The dissatisfaction that drives the Hordes is achieving perfection. To a Horde, no single action is ever enough to become perfect. It is their duty, therefore, to dedicate their lives, as well as the lives of their offspring, to achieving it. This involves perpetual training and a complete elimination of individuality, even for Emperors, among other things that benefit the Horde.

The three smaller realms are that of Dragons, Dwarves and Mystics. The races in these realms lack the dissatisfaction that drives the bigger three, and have thus thrived in peace.

Dragons

Dragons are exiled from their birthplace by the Hordes, yet they enjoy a comfortable existence on the Salawan Isles and the north bank of the Jahal. Dragons come in all shapes and sizes, as well as in all the colours of the rainbow. They are capable of flight, though it is a far cry from a regular dragon's ability to fly.

Dragons could easily defeat anyone in combat. However, out of a refined moral principle, they choose not to, under any circumstances. As such, they detest war for its very nature, choosing instead to trade with, marry into or generally work together with other races. In fact, they even show a liking for other organisms, using Véilen to converse with them.

Dwarves

Dwarves are men of the mountains, created to endure rough surfaces and sneak through small crevices. They were driven southeast by the Horned, into the smaller Paratokht mountains, but have since then come to love their new homes. Most have had their ginger hair turn bronze from the ash and soot in their mines.

Dwarves are simple minds, mining for the joy of mining and abandoning their use of Véilen in favour of their own hard work. When they are done, they enjoy a good, full glass of craft beer to drink with their mates. War drives them out of their routine, and Dwarves will try to restore that routine by swinging their pickaxe at any non-Dwarf.

Mystics

Mystics are the masters of Véilen who survived the Hordes' conquests. They have used the woods of Camarion to their advantage, hiding from their many potential destroyers. They resemble elves in their face and in their voice, though they much prefer to dress as wizards and witches as we know them.

Mystics are a strange but wise race, acting as oracles or encyclopaedias of Véilen. As they are too concerned with knowledge and the manipulation of the natural world, most are unfit for combat and are the first to die in an offensive position. Combat-ready mages do exist, but they are far and few between, and it would be unwise to enlist one for a petty war.

To conclude this section, I give you a map of all the realms within Miálan:
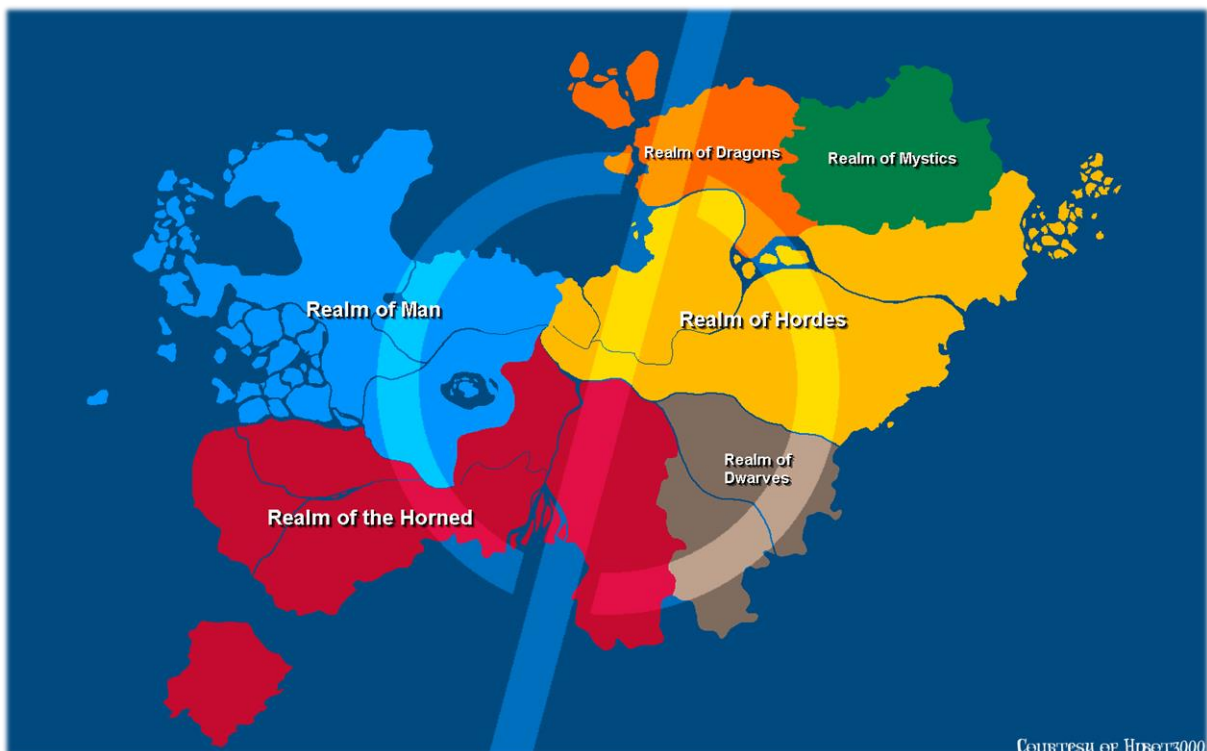
Language

Regrettably, to date, I have only ever completed a single language for Miálan: Netáinun, which means Plainish when translated and is otherwise known as the tongue of Men. Full documentation for it can be found in my website's conlangs directory, though in this document I will provide some backstory for it.

The first version of the language, then known as Atásatin ("language"), developed 1800 years ago in the southeast corner of the realm of Man, what was then the sole area within the realm. Once the whole Western Plain was conquered by Man, they dubbed themselves and their language Nítanu.

The language became standardized as Netáinun by King Amóskon the Great, the last ancient ruler of a united realm of Man. This standardized version was based on the dialect spoken in his home region of Ciánin, the land between the two major archipelagos of the Plain. It became the official language of all the Western Plain, and the language was exported as well.

Their writing direction was originally top-to-bottom, left-to-right. However, King Amóskon rotated the script so that it went right-to-left, top-to-bottom instead. This rotation was done for two reasons: it was more intuitive to read for the horizontal eyes of all humanoids, and older documents would remain almost entirely legible.

This history, however, was 700 years ago. The King died with no one to succeed him, and the power vacuum prompted local lords to take full control of their regions. While the usage of standard Netáinun was still a requirement in royal courts, local dialects took hold among the populace, and the standard variety was mostly forgotten about.

The vulgar Netáinuno are mostly mutually intelligible, with the exception of Ramáunun, spoken in the southern archipelago and the northwest fringes of the realm of the Horned. There, it has undergone assimilation into Hornedish, inheriting many of its words and sounds and displacing more traditional Plainish lemmata.

Overlays

Miálan is compatible with most fantasy environments, as I allow a reasonable amount of flexibility for the looks and features of races. For this document, I will overlay two major systems: Tolkien's legendarium and stock Dungeons & Dragons. I am not an expert in either of these two systems, so you may adjust them.

Tolkienesque Miálan

The realms of Man and Dwarves remain mostly as they are, though Netáinun is replaced with Westron. Elves supplant Mystics and proper dragons supplant the humanoid ones. The realm of the Horned may be incorporated into the realm of Man, in which case they may be supplanted by hobbits, or the realm of Hordes, where orcs may supplant them instead.

Véilen is governed by the Valar and Maiar, who may reside offshore, in a Heaven or in one of the realms while disguised. The only exceptions to this are Morgoth and Sauron, who may create Mordor instead of the realm of Hordes. Normal legendarium history may apply to Miálan and override my own history.

Dungeons & Dragons Miálan

This time, the realm of Dragons/Dragonborn also remains mostly the same, along with aforementioned realms of Man and Dwarves. Similarly, elves supplant Mystics, and a half-elf minority may settle in the realm. However, the realm of the Horned may now only be inhabited by half-orcs and tieflings west of the Karakh, and by gnomes east of them.

The realm of Hordes is a no man's land in this scenario. You can do two things with the realm: either you turn it into the realm of Adventure, filling it with monsters and mixed settlements, or you partition it among custom races that you decide should be in the campaign. What you choose is up to you, who I presume is the Dungeon Master.

Afterword

I still have a lot to construct, such as a definitive history of Miálan and the five other languages. However, I feel as if this current iteration of the scenario is finished to the point of presentation to the world. It was long overdue anyway, since I had nowhere else to publish this scenario and I would not be able to develop it further otherwise.

If you are interested in contributing, or simply want to use this scenario for individual or friend group applications, please e-mail me or send me a message via Discord. The watermarks were put there for a reason.

Until then, *cóyon kéreno num siaván.* *(Many riches and goodbye.)*
- Áiboton3000