

TO THE KEEPERS OF THE PENTAGON WHO RECEIVED THIS BOOK

Looking at the turmoil surrounding the Pentagon the last year and a half, we have decided to gift the means to manage the lands surrounding the Pentagon to you yourself.

These pages within this book of Peoples and Lands gives you the instructions needed to manage your lands and people. The Cartographicus will give you the power to see the lands and people under your care and the mandate receptacle will give you the ability to communicate with them. And do note that they are now under your care, whatever happens if you choose to remain near the Pentagon, is your responsibility.

THE LANDS

These are the descriptions of the lands currently under your care or relevant to you.

Valley of the Pentagon

Whitestone Shore

Calm hills

Valley of the Cat

Healthy oak woods

Hills of rain

Waveless creek Riverlands

Eztli's Beginning

Hidden Cove

Russet peaks (Brown Mountains)

Reed depth

Capital of Tlaloc

New Reikswaltdorf

VALLEY OF THE PENTAGON

Reported to the Tlatoani, Ik'Tili by: the Xochime scout Zaldra

This was once an unremarkable valley, part of the Valley of the cat and the Healthy oak woods. However 3 years ago the wise tlatoani of the Tlakah were warned that something called “the Pentagon” would soon land in this valley. Five large, but immensely powerful, rocks. All of the Tlakah in the area left apart from me and a handful of my loyal scouts as we were tasked with describing the falling of these stones from the sky.

We watched from nearby hills as the landing of the Pentagon changed the landscape when the immense magical power used to launch the Pentagon stones bombarded the soil before the stones themselves arrived.

The aftereffects of this ghastly event are still felt by crying hills. Some of our more wise shamans say the Alachai were attacked by the strange entities and gods that were brought by the stones. My scouts say the plants and animals in the surrounding miles are of a subtly different sort than grows anywhere else on Tlāloc.

What soon showed itself is that after the stones landed people started appearing out of one-way magic gates. We were later told that every world in existence has at least one such gate that used to lead to “the Vortex” and that gate now leads to Tlāloc instead, having followed the Pentagon. Every day more clueless people venture to Tlāloc, most of them alone but sometimes in groups.

Normally these vagrants would be sent back to their homeworlds by the people living on the Vortex, but it seems now we are stuck with them. Now that the portals have stabilized somewhat, the richer ones that can pay ritualists to find portals can go home, but a lot of them stick around and become migrants of Tlāloc.

Some get lucky and get snapped up by one of the more prestigious political groups that were approved by you o wise tlatoani, but most make their way into one of the Syndicates which makes their numbers swell. In makeshift encampments bursting at their seams they get recruited into the many “peoples” that now occupy the lands in the hands of the Vortexians.

A lot of people that appear into these lands carry coins with them and are in immediate need of supplies, shelter, guidance or simply want to buy themselves into a group for protection. Folk that would settle around these parts could make use of this and become rather rich in coin.

Dit landerij is kleiner dan gemiddeld. Hoewel er dus wel minder volken op kunnen wonen is het hierdoor makkelijker om de orde te bewaken in het land en criminaliteit relatief laag te houden.

Dit landerij kan gemiddeld goed verdedigd worden tegen aanvallen vanwege bijvoorbeeld enkele natuurlijke barrières zoals heuvels, bergen, rivieren of kustgebied, ook zou een mogelijk gemiddeld klimaat dit effect kunnen hebben. De economie van het gebied is hierdoor ook gemiddeld van nature.

De huidige landbezitter is "Matteo Da Sforza" van het huis "La Familia da Sforza".

WHITESTONE SHORE

Written by: Celdric Quiltor, Adventurer.

Whitestone shore is a mostly flat grassland bordering the Pentagon Valley and the sea. Its flat meadows bear harbor to a large population of sheep, both wild and domesticated. This is why the Tlakah named it Atenco Ticetel. The humanoid population consists of the odd Tlakah clan farming village and some mixed race fishing villages.

Its valleys are crossed by two rivers, the modest Spring creek flow and the raging torrents of the walazi river. The latter is a river worth keeping your eye on, its origins lie deep in the mountains further inland, crossing many borders, at its end near the sea it splits apart forming a delta of smaller riverworks making the area quite treacherous for the unknowing traveller. The sheep of whitestone and other small mammals keep clear of this area. As it is home to one of the most dangerous reptiles, the Krocodilisk. Famously known for its sturdy hide, and rumors about men being eaten whole. The only creatures that dare venture in the delta are either flying, lying, or the Rinosaurus. The Tlakah also largely avoid the area, spare the few brave, or foolish enough to test their strength.

Other things of note in Whitestone are its ruins of a once rather large, presumably mercantile, city. Located at the mouth of the Spring creek flow. Now it is clearly uninhabited without a single soul in sight. Its descolance scares me, And I have not ventured far past its borders. But little did I see of note except the broken statues of cats and strangs glyphs unknown to me.

The place is clearly cursed for even the sheep of Whitestone, while so numerous, still avoid it.

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Dit landerij is van nature slecht te verdedigen vanwege bijvoorbeeld natuurlijke toegangswegen zoals rivieren en kustgebied, een goed begaanbaar terrein of een mogelijk ietwat milde klimaat, dit maakt het gebied echter ook goed voor cultivering en handel wat goed is voor de economie van het gebied.

De huidige landbezitter is "Armandis Arvedo" van het huis "van de Laatste Schakel".

CALM HILLS

Written by: Celdric Quiltor, Adventurer.

Some say that the Calm hills and Whitestone shore have a lot in common, but those have clearly never been to either region. While it is true that the sheep of whitestone might as well be called the sheep of calm hills. Calm hill's sheep are most certainly differently exploited by its native population. Why this might be is beyond me, the sheep look the same, bleeat the same and even taste the same.

But the few travellers I have talked to said that the local Tlakah, who call this region Yocoxca Tepemeh, revere the sheep as if holy. And that they somehow believe that a big ancient sheep god watches over them and brings misfortune to those who harm the sheep. Of course I do not believe in such foolish superstitions. It's more likely that once upon a time the sheep dwindled in number, and some chieftain with half a brain forbade its peoples to hunt more of them, and instead urging them to tame the beasts for milk and wool. A much more sound and logical reasoning if you ask me. With the amount of sheep walking these hills one could clothe an army and make enough cheese to feed a city. Even the ground is quite fertile to grow a variety of crops and one can make use of the existing flax to create whatever they can think of.

There is also a rather large river cutting through these hills, crossing it seems to only be possible at regular intervals depending on the weather and season as its riverbed is quite broad. Luckily for me it's tide seems to be on the low side allowing me to pass through its water with ease. But during the

fall its name, Whip of the hills, is probably more self explanatory. At its seaside, not a lot of interest is to be found, its pebbly shores are quite deep, and it takes over half a day on horseback to find some soil that gives life to plants, grass, and thus creatures. Fishing if done at all is likely limited to the river. Or maybe the fish too have some preposterous guardian to watch over them, at this point I'm afraid I won't be surprised. I however am afraid, to ask

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De huidige landbezitter is "Marisa al Bashir" van het huis "Silverstar".

VALLEY OF THE CAT

Written by: Unknown author, document confiscated by trade authorities.

Good tidings Jon,

You were right to send me here for some exploration. Many of the lands surrounding the pentagon are rich and bountiful and this valley of the cat is no exception. I must say I never much believed the stories, but it seems you do have a knack for this, Trésor! I'm not too proud to admit when I'm wrong. I bloody well even found some of the historical records that back up your claim about industrial exploitation of the valley. Not exactly where you pointed at the map, but close enough for me to concede. I even found a few locations that could have been quarries or claypits a long time ago. It's hard to be sure with the soft clay and the river nearby, but it makes a lot of sense from a logistical perspective to have them there.

Controlling the local river will be key in setting up our operations. The local guide called it "The soundless river" and their description wasn't far of the mark. It's a gentle meandering affair and hardly any currents to speak of. An ox drawn boat could very well serve to ferry goods upstream too. Good clay banks too, which is good for us as well. A small flat bottomed boat could get to the shore anywhere without the need for a dock and avoid centers of population. The clay and the possible minerals from the surrounding hills are bulk goods, particularly well-suited for mixing with our own transportation efforts. Best of all, there is another trade nexus in the form of a portal. I haven't yet had time to investigate that fully, but my next report will likely include an update on the portal and its destination.

We might enlist the help of the locals here. They are a peculiar lot, but they know these hills like no other. And in our business that means everything. I don't need to tell you what it would mean for us to have the cooperation of expert hunters and trappers familiar with the region. They are nomadic, like most people on Tlaloc, so I have come to believe, and but few in number. They worship cats and trade brightly coloured feathers from the birds they hunt. A clever grift if you ask me, as the birds here are docile and plentiful and the cats they so adore make excellent hunting companions.

If you come here, you might do well to turn that charm of yours on them. Make sure to greet their feline companions with the same respect you would a king. They seem to like that.

Yours,

X

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De huidige landbezitter is "Faisco Del Fuego" van het huis "Silverstar".

HEALTHY OAK WOODS

Written by: Anvil Master Haldric Hammerfist

A business contact of mine asked me to pass my expert's eye on the oak fields. It was a small favor for me, as I would pass through them on my way to the mountains. Even though forests are not my "Natural habitat", I figured that it would do no harm for me to pay some extra attention. In fact, I felt honored that my opinion was trusted in such a matter! At first sight the wood of this region seems to be of a most excellent quality. The further I went into the thicket of this forest I however more and more began to question its name. Healthy oak forest? This name is clearly thought up by some tree hugging elf. There is absolutely nothing that makes my health improve while I get stung by mosquitos and little fly things that itch in places that should never be itching. In the occasional clearing a variety of goats, stags and other grass eaters can be found.

Though hunting them seems to be nearly impossible, in the time our party trekked through these woodlands we managed to score the occasional kill. More likely and definitely more factual scenario is that the blasted creatures nimbly jump away and disappear between the trees. It's almost as if they have eyes in their necks and ears on the trees. No, if anything it's better to just chop up this forest and make a large profit in the trade of wood. To fill one's stomach one could throw some nets in the Walazi and eat fish until the end of their offspring's days. The mighty river neatly cuts this region in two, crossing it is certainly to be difficult or at the least time consuming if a bridge were to be built.

At the very least wood won't be the problem. Our team spent a few days doing the latter. One of the men afterwards reported some strange feeling of unrest. And after some careful examination of him and the trees we felled our conclusion is as follows: We have no idea, probably some tree magic. After this strange encounter we made way and trekked further towards our mountainous goal.

Dit landerij heeft een gemiddelde grote waardoor het in de gaten houden en regeren van alle volken die er wonen wel te doen is met de ambtenarij. Het land kan dan ook een gemiddeld aantal volkeren aan.

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De huidige landbezitter is "Fransiscus" van het huis "van de Wolf".

HILLS OF RAIN

Written by: Volgarius Twinkleeye, Keeper of scrolls

As my lord, the high commander of Orillia commanded, we have ventured inland with our starting position being the 5 pillars of wisdom. On our second day of travel after crossing the borders of the Hills of Rain we encountered the large river of which we were notified. The Walazi. Mighty in its currents and perilous to cross, we lost 1 horse and a cart in the process. As we continued our journey the name of this region proved to be quite apt. It started raining in heavy streams, making the ground soggy until we reached a more rocky surface. Our companionship finally had time to rest and dry our clothes after a further week of travel and an additional river crossing. At this point we also had some energy and will to do what we came here for, prospecting the land.

The rocky rolling hills of this area seem to show promise. The men, pickaxe in hand, hammered away at it for a full 8 hours in various locations that seemed interesting. The result? Not bad if I may say, three fragments of quartz and a hint of jade. Nothing actually usable but certainly enough to enhance our theory, These hills do contain precious gems!

A more worrying discovery accompanied these results however. we also encountered a rather small earth elemental scurrying about

As we ventured further a problem we did not think about became painfully obvious. This land carries no food. Not in the sense of practicality anyway, we did find an occasional bush of edible berries and there is plenty of moss to go around. But no man can live on such a measly meal. In the end we had to

steer off course to gather in the woods near the border of a large oak forest.

Having resupplied and after a good rest we continued. For our mission is not completed until we find actual usable minerals. After the savior knows how many days we encountered another river that we decided to follow downstream, until we encountered a massive fork forcing us to cross it before it became too broad. After days of travel on the other side the land became even more rocky. Here however instead of pebbles, large rocks and huge flat patches of granite. If anywhere this had to be the spot, I sent the men out once more and ordered a pit on the surface of a patch of not too hard minerals. In the end we found traces of crystal running along the walls of the rather small pit. Our tools however not being up to the task to continue and our foodstuff dwindling forced us to go back. Afterall, it's better to abort a mission than die trying.

Dit landerij is zeer groot en dus moeilijk om te regeren en lastig om alle volken in het gareel te houden met de overwerkte ambtenaren. De politieke en criminele status van dit landerij is van nature zeer slecht maar er is wel veel plek voor veel volkeren.

Dit landerij is van nature goed te verdedigen vanwege natuurlijke barrières zoals bijvoorbeeld berggebied, moerassen en junglegebied, ook zou het mogelijk een heftig klimaat kunnen hebben. Dit maakt cultivering en handel echter wel lastig wat slecht is voor de economie.

De huidige landbezitter is "Modir Blauwstaar" van het huis "Zizania".

WAVELESS CREEK RIVERLANDS

Written by: Sharona of the brass hand

One of my sisters overheard some intel about a comparatively small region that is supposed to be a natural paradise. Coincidentally I received a request to go and scout the land lying in much the same direction. My sisters and I cumulatively decided that I would not hurt to accept this request as I think they are one and the same place.

We ventured forth towards this unknown place, passing great rocky flats with lots of rain. During this we gathered as much information as we could from the incredibly rare travelers in that region. We did not gather much, but we now know its name Amolinatl Atoyaatlan.

Translating this in our tongue would mean it is called Waveless creek Riverlands. As we travelled further our goal eventually was within sight of our spy glasses. We pressed on and the next day we arrived at its borders.

The rocky flats made way for lush vegetation, with an occasional tree that seems as old as the earth it grows upon. Compared to the rainy rocks this sure feels like a paradise indeed. For the first time in weeks my sisters and I felt at peace, we made camp, had a good rest and had a toast for this discovery.

Unfortunately our rest was short lived, one of my sisters was bitten by an especially foul snake. The wound in her leg pulsing with a strange blue colour accompanied with hefty pain. We immediately tied off the leg, preventing the

assumably poisonous substance from spreading, but even then the veins on the rest of her body also changed shade a little. I sent my sisters to go and hunt for herbs that might help against this ailment as I tried to support my dear sister in the best way I could with the resources we had at hand. After, luckily, not too long a time they returned with a variety of herbs that I deemed impossible to be growing in the same area before. The herbs were fully grown, thick and fresh, excellent quality.

I managed to make a concoction accompanied with some help of my personal stash and applied the paste on the bite. I think she should be safe, but will make our further travels harder.

We scouted further and further into the lush wilderness, this time keeping out spears at the ready for snakes. Eventually we reached a river that eerily cut through the green undergrowth, making a slight sound of water flowing but seeming completely still to the eye. Even objects that should disturb the surface of the water do not seem to make waves of any kind. Clearly some kind of magic of higher power is at play here. Searching through the undergrowth we also found remnants of worked stone structures, could they have anything to do with it? I will leave it as a mystery for someone else to solve.

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De huidige landbezitter is "Donna Ofelia Chevanton Da Sforza" van het huis "La Familia da Sforza".

EZTLI'S BEGINNING

Written by: Charles Wolfsack, Knight of the Order of Darmir and light of the realm

Eztli, legendary adventurer, He started his journey of exploring these lands in the same place as I, Charles Wolfsack do write these words. Only fitting, considering my grandness and splendor. But enough about me or Eztli himself for that matter, as these words are supposed to be about this place, this region, Eztli's Beginning.

The lands here are somewhat flat with a river ending in the very sea itself. The river is called by a most wondrous name: Springs Creek. As it happens the current season is springtime which really shows in the youthful sprouts butting in the rivers resided beds. It caught my stark blue eyes' attention that some of these sprouts happened to be of medicinal quality. A coincidence? I think not, In the tales of Eztli it was already written that this land he set foot on has quite an abundance of herbs and unusual plants. It is most reassuring that this still seems to be the case.

As I peer into the distance with a thoughtful gaze, the wind caresses my hair and cheeks. I wonder what other secrets this land holds. I did hear of a legend of times past. Originating from even before Eztli set foot ashore. A legend that perhaps wasn't a legend back then, but a reality. A legend so old that its origins lie with races of past evolutions. It is a verse about a child and a flower.

Oh young one, free of spirit

Thy plucks a flower, that holds merit

Oh young one, you beware

For the flower's eye draws near

The flower's eye... what could it mean? Maybe the secrets of this verse happen to be lost in translation as have so much of the information of this ancient world. I am, however, sure that there is meaning in these words that have somehow survived from mother to daughter and father to son. So all that visit these lands should keep them in mind.

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De huidige landbezitter is "Izual" van het huis "Corpus Sactum".

HIDDEN COVE

Written by: Hanowa Canabelle, Spy mistress

In this report I write about my undercover mission in the eastern part of the cove in which the hidden part really comes out. The small river, Knives Creek. Cut deeply through the sandstone rock in this place. Over many a year a complex of caves grew here as the river cut deeper through the land. And in these caves may a thug and unsavoury bastards made their hideouts. Now forming a network of smuggling, questionable trade and cutthroat dealings. And the best part? They seem to get away with it.

I started my investigation with the one known as Dark Jimmy Joe, he seems to be a rather recent leader of one of these so called gangs. And looked like an easy target for some simple seduction tactics. And right I was, as he fell right into my trap he let me know some details of the workings in his industry and hinted that they can get away with pretty much anything as long as they pay off the right people. I guess he mostly meant the royalty governing the area with that.

Looking further at the region there are also plenty of normal folks that have so called "nothing to do" with the likes we described before. They mostly consist of settlers made up of a small number of families that do business in mining, smithing, weaving, tanning, farming and pretty much any other profession one can think of. I suppose some of the wares they produce end up in the hands of Jimmy and the likes who then make sure they end up with whoever needs them but doesn't want others to know. Of course all these people know about the smuggling gangs, but as long as they profit from their dealings they are wise enough to have a blind eye.

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De huidige landbezitter is "Ekitch" van het huis "van de Laatste Schakel".

RUSSET PEAKS 'BROWN MOUNTAINS'

Written by: Harf Longbeard of the hammer thrower clan

Me companions and I got into this word through a portal in a nearby region infested with cats. When we arrived there some bloke with a bag of gold asked us if we happened to be looking for mountains. It's almost as if he could read me mind. 'Of course we are' was the only appropriate answer in such a situation. And so it happened that he gave us some of his gold in return for a report about the Russet Peaks, to be sent to a specific address.

When we set foot on the mountains it immediately caught me eye that these peaks showed promise. Sturdy and tall, with nice slopes and a white hat, on the lower end a good rocky brown body veined with small streams that can easily be waded through on foot. An excellent place to hollow out for a colony if one is to ask me. Too bad such a decision is not mine to make but I'll be sure to pour some ale over it when we return home.

Eventually we reached the slopes of our beauty, its rocky skin caressing our feets as we climbed upwards. It caught me eye that on some surfaces a green layer of oxide was present. We halted to further inspect this opportunity. Karl Sparkplume happened to carry a pickaxe with him so the task befell to him to crack this lady's surface. And cracking she did! After only a twenty minute dig Karl encountered some proper copper ore. It wasn't much, but enough to prove my suspicions. We bagged the ore for further inspection and continued our journey onward.

After a good 5 days of climbing we reached a decent height to have a good and proper view over the landscape. It appears that the region doesn't house any notable rivers of any kind. A good thing if one is to ask me, no one likes to get wet unnecessarily. For the remainder it can be said that on the lower levels some minor forms of population exist. Mostly human folks farming the lands and hunting the occasional beast. A boring life if ya ask me, nothing beats me anvil and a gorgeous glorious mountain like the lady we stand on now.

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De huidige landbezitters zijn nog altijd de Tlakah, specifiek het huis "Obsidian Serpent".

REED DEPTH

Written by: C. Zoldic, dictated by Fierce Leaf

We arrive through big forest, large oaks, good place. On way we saw deers, stags, goats, other friendly forest beasts. Fierce Leaf was in good mood. Place called Reed Depth. Less good

place, but not bad. Lot of flies, stingers, parasites, most hateful. But place is not bad. We walk, walk into place. Ignore flies, stingers, parasites. We see river, large, strong full of life. Fierce Leaf knows its name. River called, Tears of Aldornus. We cross river, most treacherous, very careful, all made it. All is good swimmer with corpse of trees.

On rivers backside we saw it, Large wavy fields, all flowing in wind. Plant known as reeds. Fierce Leaf never seen amount of reeds before. Bigger than biggest. Writer, Zoldic says reed good for writing. Fierce Leaf not knowing. Feels odd.

We went on, through reed fields, marshy, wet, pace was slow. Then stopped. We tied floater, heaps of reeds. Rope we had. Floater was good, we explore water. Big lake, sweet water, good for thirst. Lake large, water so far Fierce Leaf sees. But danger! Water creature made of water bites floater. Maybe hungry? We not know. Scared waterling by hitting and noise. Now we safe, but leave water. Too much risk. We back, back through reeds, back to solid earth. Also less stingers, better. We see Mammoth, we silent, in awe. Fierce Leaf sure this is sign. Must tell others when home, mammoth great luck, strength, wisdom, ancient.

We return with others, not now, later. We all see mammoths, all strong, all wise. Good for group, strong group, protect weak.

We return now. Many nights in reeds. Too many. Skin hurts, return now. Home.

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CAPITAL OF TLALOC

Written by: Tenoch, venerated Tlakah wallshaper.

The city of Tenotchtitlan is the only Tlakah city that seems unaffected by the curse of the Tlakah. It is the only place in the whole world where my services are needed. The city walls of Tenotchtitlan are my pride and joy. The Ziggurat emperors had it built generations ago and it is my job to keep them from falling ill and to report any strange influence on the city walls directly to the highest Ziggurat who will tell it to the emperor himself.

You see, for generations we thought these walls would surely fall, just like any other form of buildings we try and build. Some quake of stone or dance of fire would consume them and drive the inhabitants of the city mad or sick or dead. But so far it has not happened yet.

Still, many tribes that pass through here do not linger long. Why tempt fate? But it is a good place to rest weary bones and to trade in goods and tales. It is located nicely in the center of the continent and can thus be reached easily by the tribes in the southwest and the tribes to the northeast, and unless they want to go north past the mountains, or even more foolings, over the mountains itself, most travelers would travel in sight of the great city when going to one part of the continent to the next.

Dit landerij veel kleiner dan de meeste landerijen. Hoewel er dus veel minder volken op kunnen wonen is het hierdoor zeer

makkelijk om de orde te bewaken in het land en criminaliteit zeer laag te houden.

Dit landerij is van nature slecht te verdedigen vanwege bijvoorbeeld natuurlijke toegangswegen zoals rivieren en kustgebied, een goed begaanbaar terrein of een mogelijk ietwat milde klimaat, dit maakt het gebied echter ook goed voor cultivering en handel wat goed is voor de economie van het gebied.

De huidige landbezitter is Keizer "Spriet".

NEW REIKSWALDTDORF

Told by Hagan, sailor of House Akton, docked at New Reikswaltdorf:

“New Reikswaltdorf... eh, what a name. Sounds like someone sneezed into a map. Typical Vortexian behavior, if you ask me—always makin’ things sound grander than they are. We used to just call it “Iron Sea”. Simple. Honest. Now they slap ‘new’ on it like a fresh coat of paint’s gonna change what it really is: a damp patch of swamp at the edge of the world.

Still, I won’t lie—I’m glad my brother don’t have to work them bog iron mines anymore. Filthy, toxic things they were. Eats a man from the inside out. Lucky for him, the Emperor gave the land away to some Vortexian—said he owed a favor or somethin’. Can’t believe that’s true. Imagine tradin’ half-dead bogland to pay a debt. But here we are. The new lord’s either mad or lookin’ for a short life. Chaos is just over the river—literally. They call it *Snake in Water*, that river. Winds through the swamps like a serpent with bad intentions. It’s a fine trade route, though—important to Akton, been usin’ it for generations. Lotta coin rides those waters.

But the land itself? Hells, it's mostly swamp and spidery rivers—half solid, half wet. You need sea-legs just to walk straight. Some pampered lord who's never seen the ocean wouldn't last a week out here. The place eats soft folk alive.

Still... these new folk, the Vortexians livin' here now, they're a decent bunch. Always offerin' food and water when we come ashore, like it's nothin'. Makes a sailor feel like someone, even if the ground stinks of rot and frogs.

What I don't get is—why's Akton sparin' ships to protect this Vortexian? Thought they were the proud defenders of Tlaloc, right? Big talk, bright robes. Let 'em prove it. Let 'em protect themselves for once."

Dit landerij is van nature slecht te verdedigen vanwege bijvoorbeeld natuurlijke toegangswegen zoals rivieren en kustgebied, een goed begaanbaar terrein of een mogelijk ietswat milde klimaat, dit maakt het gebied echter ook goed voor cultivering en handel wat goed is voor de economie van het gebied.

Dit landerij heeft een gemiddelde grote waardoor het in de gaten houden en regeren van alle volken die er wonen wel te doen is met de ambtenarij. Het land kan dan ook een gemiddeld aantal volkeren aan.

De huidige landbezitter is "Jurgen Hellborg von Altdorf" van het huis "Hellborg".

THE PEOPLE

These are descriptions of the people currently under your care.

Delafontaine Loyalists	the Monks of the Monastery of Kirwald
Rándýrir folk	Herbalists of Botanica
Entrepreneurial Refugees	Nac Mac Feegle Clan "Broken Mountain"
Hedge-mage apprentices	the Worshippers of Malsar
Hopeful Refugees	the Converted Cult
Indebted Refugees	Tlakah Royalists
the People of the Evening Sun	the Walking Skins
the Settlers Union	Kobold scavengers
the Travelers	Spider people of Lerowin
the Unfair Folk	Templars of the eclipse
Undead Settlers	Emerald bazaar
Wartorn Refugees	Ghostly settlers
Calpolli Of the Loud Spear	Marshwood Carnival
Calpolli Of the One Sided Die	Pious Pilgrims
Animistic Refugees	Khaladani Settlers
Varami of Kreod	Gevallenen van Tiartal
the Copperless	Frije Friezen
Midgardians of Heimr	Alega Survivors
the Stratmacht Federation	Vinter Jotunns
Expeditionary Force of Likama	Gray Traders
the Followers of the Eclipse	

DELAFONTAINE LOYALISTS

The Delafontaine loyalists are commoners that stayed loyal to Edgar Delafontaine, when he rebelled against the tyrannical rule of his family. Even after this rebellion cost this scion of the house of Delafontaine his noble title and noble standing, they remain loyal to his almost utopian vision of fair nobility and honourable rulers.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Yngvarr" van de Syndicaten.

RÁNDÝRIR FOLK

One might think describing a group of refugees as “desperate” is superficial, but who thinks that has not encountered this group. Hardly any refugee could be considered to be thriving, but this group has been hit harder than any. That they are still standing is a testament to their grit and sheer determination, but even the greatest mountains can be whittled down to dust and sand given enough time. Having been saved from certain death, they have now started calling themselves rándýrir folk, “those of the predator” to signify their newfound strength and position in the world.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Basto Ulvson" van de Syndicaten.

ENTREPRENEURIAL REFUGEES

A group of refugees from various worlds that have banded together because of their strong entrepreneurial spirit.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Zorah" van de Syndicaten.

HEDGE MAGE APPRENTICES

The "Royal" College of Hedge Magic has always had a peculiar style of teaching the arcane arts, or "hedge magic" as this guild likes to call it. It is the founding philosophy of the guild that true magic can only be taught when it is tested in the rigours of the real world, and so the guild is always looking for reputable intern positions for their many students. After all, what better testing ground is there than the frontier and it's untamed and uncivilized lands? What this group lacks in numbers and physical brawn, they make up for in arcane talent and academic knowledge.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Zak" van de Syndicaten.

THE TRAVELERS

The Travelers are a group of refugees that banded together based on their common trade of being teamsters, roadbuilders, wagoneers and riverboat crews. They share a

cultural background from which they derive their name "The travelers". While not exactly nomads, most of them have lived their entire lives traveling from one place to another, or in the very least enabling the travel of others along the trade routes and roads they helped establish and secure.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Rollo Byzoon" van de Syndicaten.

THE UNFAIR FOLK

Few could think that the fair folk would also be afflicted by the many refugees that fled their homelands. But without the homesteads and rural villages to honour the ancient pacts between the Fae and mankind, the smaller of the fair folk have grown desperate. Without milk and honey to feed them, and without chores to complete in exchange they have grown restless. The route towards the pentagon was heavy and took its toll on the small fairy creatures, but the now not-so-fair folk seeks to reinstate the ancient covenant of chores in exchange for succulent foods.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Klandox" van de Syndicaten.

UNDEAD SETTLERS

Many folkloric tales speak of the dead returning from the grave when they have unfinished business, or have a last task to complete. While it is unlikely that these tales are told with this group in mind, one has to agree that these "indentured undead" do fit the description. These undead work to repay the debt they accrued in their life so that their heirs and their

families can live on without taking on their crippling debt.
Unfinished business indeed.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Hansel Mutterberg" van de Syndicaten.

WARTORN REFUGEES

A group of refugees from various wartorn worlds that have banded together for mutual protection and rebuilding.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Haka Aamokumaka" van de Syndicaten.

CALPOLLI OF THE LOUD SPEAR

This Tlach Xochime Jkale Kulo Calpolli has been traveling up and down the shores east of the Pentagon for some 15 odd years now. They know the world well and have an easier time finding resources than the immigrants from other worlds but, as all Tlaloc, have to be forever on the move to not get cursed by the land. Their name translates to "Calpolli Mitzatzini".

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Bregor" van de Jkale Kulo.

CALPOLLI OF THE ONE SIDED DIE

This Tlach Xochime Jkale Kulo Calpolli has been traveling around or in the hidden cove area where they have extensive contacts with the ruffians that live there. As all Tlach, they have to be forever on the move but know the many lands

around the pentagon like the back of their hands. They seem to have picked up a love for gambling, almost with a religious fervor. Their name translates to "Calpolli Xayacatzinetl".

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Burre" van de Jkalen Kulo.

ANIMISTIC REFUGEES

This is a group of refugees from many worlds who have chosen not to try and journey back to their respective homeworlds after having stepped through various portals and ending up near the pentagon. They have formed a small community together as they are all believers in animism, the belief that everything has a spirit. They are currently looking for a place to settle and are rife with internal strife but potential to grow into a stable community.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Kay Arven" van de Jkalen Kulo.

VARAMI OF KREOD

These strange looking people have a Jkalen Kulo lifestyle, respecting and communicating with Alachai and hunting Sai-Domnu but don't seem native to Tlaloc. They also seem to lack a concept of personal property and don't seem to talk all that much amongst each other, as if they have some magical way of talking in each other's head.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Theodore Gaion" van de Jkalen Kulo.

THE COPPERLESS

The Copperless didn't choose their own name, instead it is more of a vulgar slang used for merchants that are so terrible at making deals that they always seem to lose money on it. These traders have been banned or have fled from the home world of Tiartal for exactly the reason one might think it would be. Not being able to pay their debts, unforgivably bad products, human trafficking and worse. They have gathered in their misery on Tlaloc in hope of finding some kind of a future, any future better than being a slave. And while they might be terrible merchants, they can still prove useful in more simple tasks.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Leif Haraldsson" van de Tiartal.

MIDGARDIANS OF HEIMR

Looking for better pastures and being sick of petty border disputes on the side of Utgard these folks have abandoned their homes in search for a new future. Most of them have a farmers background or come from a family that lived in such communities. But among them is the occasional expert to teach the others new skills. It can be said that they are quite motivated to create a new settlement as long as they don't have to fight and are able to stay and build on their community for a while.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Ezariel" van de Tiartal.

STRATMÄCHT FEDERATION EXPEDITIONÄRY FORCE OF LIKAMA

The Stratmacht federation originates from Likama with their headquarters located in Durzir on the continent of Mikil'eyan. Its council consists of those who have made a name for themselves their world spanning trade network. Emissaries of the Stratmacht Federation have visited the pentagon and the vortexians on numerous occasions. Now seeking to expand their network and connections in Tlaloc a expeditionary force is sent to investigate, consisting of a core of specialists with their families and a group of workers.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Hallion von stratmacht" van de Tiartal.

THE FOLLOWERS OF THE ECLIPSE

They call themselves the followers of the Eclipse, among them those that are faithful to the gods in the temple of the eclipse. Not praying to a single deity, but to the pantheon of thrones as a whole. They seem to come from various places, outcasts who needed purpose in life. Royalty in search for a more simple existence. Merchants who lost everything and needed an escape. Somehow these folks found each other, creating a community to live and prosper together.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Roofrich G Corvus" van de Tempel of the Eclipse.

MONKS OF THE MONASTERY OF KIRWALD

Kirwald is said to be a dark place filled with gloomy trees within these woods lived gloomy farmers with gloomy wives and gloomy children. Even their cows seemed to look somewhat odd. They had to flee when fires broke out, turning their woods to ash. And flee they did towards a monastery of stone. However not even the monastery was protected well enough against such heat and soot. They claim the great father of the monks sacrificed himself to open a portal leading the gloomy farmers and other monks to the safety of Tlaloc.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Baine" van de Tempel of the Eclipse.

HERBALISTS OF KARTORZA'S BOTANICA

These strange looking folks have a very secluded style of living in a place with lots of unique flowers and plants with a lot of valuable properties. They are mostly herbalists and therefore have a keen knowledge of how to work with said plants. Their area was being influenced by a corrupted spirit with as result that they were slowly starting to go crazy. They have come to the vortex to escape their fate. Because of that experience they will have difficulty working with people that deal with spirits.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Vaer LaMaisson" van de Tiartal.

NAC MAC FEEGLE CLAN "BROKEN MOUNTAIN"

This hearty folk mostly has red hair and wears kilts. They seem to swear a lot and are cultivating a plant called "Heartmoss" which will help you to stop bleeding as fast from otherwise killing wounds. It's rather strange to see that very few women have been noted amongst their ranks and it is rumoured they can talk to the animals of Tlaloc.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Rhiannon" van de Tiartal.

TLACAH ROYALISTS

This old group of people is utterly loyal to the Tlakah Emperor, currently the non-Tlaloc native "Spriet". After Spriet was crowned Emperor some Royalists left and the group is considerably smaller then before but it is still a very much respected and experienced group of Tlakah citizens. They don't mind residing on land directly controlled by the Emperor while being represented by the Emperor but like all Tlakah they are beholden to the curse and have to travel from land to land. Traditionally however they reside within Tenotchtitlan where the curse doesn't seem to affect them, so far.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is uiteraard Keizer "Spriet".

KOBOLD SCAVENGERS

Considered a pest in at least some societies and a severe nuisance in most, kobolds aren't exactly considered a

welcome sight in many civilized lands. But despite their low status, few can deny that the kobolds have a knack for scrounging and have a strong affinity for magical and mechanical contraptions. While their wanton disregard of property laws often gets them in trouble, their rumored close kinship to dragons is often enough to get them out of it as well.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is “Kareem” van de Syndicaten.

SPIDER PEOPLE OF LEROWIN

These large intelligent spiders hail from the world Lerowin. They prefer to reside in cave systems and are handy builders, artisans and hunters. Despite the toxic fumes this race produces which tends to kill other beings that stay in their caves for too long, they are trying to build trade relationships.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is “Azuma” van de Tempel of the Eclipse.

THE EMERALD BAZAAR

The emerald bazaar is famous for its exotic goods and extraordinary trinkets. The caravan has traveled far and wide to collect these strange and wonderful wares, offering them for a fair price to any community they visit. It is said that at the emerald bazaar anything can be bought or sold; anything you could wish for can be had for the right price.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Emir Thamon" van de Syndicaten.

GHOSTLY SETTLERS

Many folkloric tales speak of the dead returning from the grave when they have unfinished business, or have a final task to complete. While it is unlikely that these tales are told with this group in mind, one has to agree that these "indentured undead" do fit the description.

These undead are ghostly apparitions, haunting similar locations as where they would have plied their trade during their life. Their lack of a physical form is more than made up by their tireless working and newfound abilities common amongst spirits, shades and poltergeists.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Finn Wannaka" van de Syndicaten

MARSHWOOD CARNIVAL

Step Right up, step right up! Everyone's a winner with the Marshwood Carnival in town! Meet the amazing flying gnome brothers, the true masters of the trapeze! Fearless both, but even they dare not eat of the alchemical fire from the famous and absolutely mad doctor Feuersucht! Too exciting for you? No worries good people, we have Beasts tamed and wild, exotic and familiar. Come closer, petting is a ha'copper extra though!

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Chogor" van de syndicaten

PIOUS PILGRIMS

Noone really knows where or when the pilgrimage started, and even the exact god or even pantheon its founders worshipped has long been forgotten. Those details do not matter though; all those that wish to devote themselves to the journey are welcome. Many flock to the pilgrimage to rid themselves of past sins and have a chance to start anew. Those that have found absolution along the way are free to leave and resume their life's journey alone.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Gwydion" van de Syndicaten

KHALADANI SETTLERS

The Khaladani were a proud and powerful people, before a great calamity befell their world. They all scattered in small groups over the multiverse when they tried to flee the dying world they once called their home through a prismatic and malfunctioning portal. Many did not survive the shattering and dispersion of both their world and their culture, but some banded together and resolved to rebuild their once-great empire.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is "Aki'va" van de Syndicaten

GEVALLENEN VAN TIARTAL

The Fallen of Tiartal are mostly lowlifes of times past who were promised redemption and pardon by council in exchange for aiding "The Creator" in his experiments. Having only recently been released from their temporal prison with their emotions in shambles.

They have banded together and seem to be exceptionally distrustful of scientists in general, however still being human they mostly want a good place to live out their lives. Some of them still blame Tiartal for their rotten fate of being thrown in a place in with they know nobody but themselves

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is “Gunnar Lauen Kjetilson” van de Tiartal

FRIJE FRIEZEN

The “Frije Friezen” are a hearty bunch that worship their ancestors through masks they carry with them and have a strange way to pick their leaders. The woman lead the group during peace and the men lead the group during war. They seem hellbent on making sure they remain as free as possible and also to help others be as free as possible.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is “Hylke” van de Jkalen Kulo

ALEGA SURVIVORS

Alega was once a shardworld just like Tlaloc. This world was destroyed by the forces of Chaos led by a creature named the “Keymaster” in an attempt to enter a mythical “vault” that housed artifacts of immense power.

At the time the conflict concluded most people of Alega were already lost to Chaos. However a few remaining survivors where led to safety on Tlaloc before the world was destroyed. They are now trying to rebuild their culture on this strange world.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is “Valhir Vendricson” van de Syndicaten

VINTER JOTUNNS

The Vinter Jotunns are an ancient and reclusive people of ice giants, known for their immense stature, frost-blue skin, and silent, solemn presence. They hail from a realm of endless snow and howling wind—a frozen world far from the warmth of the sun. Where exactly this world lies, they do not say. Ask them, and you will be met with a long silence or a change of subject. Their past is theirs alone, locked in ice and sorrow.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is “Lisana Coldheart” van een onbekende groepering

GRAY TRADERS

The Gray Traders are a curious and ever-moving people—a loose collective of merchants, scavengers, and resourceful wanderers who rarely stay in one place for long. Their ranks are made up of all kinds: sharp-tongued humans, clever halflings, silver-eyed elves, and even the occasional odd creature with unknown origins. What binds them together isn't blood or heritage, but a shared obsession with trade, survival, and the art of the deal.

Wherever the Gray Traders arrive, things quickly become chaotic—markets bloom overnight, strange goods change hands at impossible speeds, and local economies either collapse or flourish, sometimes both. They are known for turning trash into treasure, making deals that seem foolish until they inexplicably work out in their favor. Entire villages have been transformed after a visit from a Gray Trader caravan—sometimes into thriving trade hubs, other times into

bizarre places where everyone owns ten left boots and no right ones.

Despite the mayhem, there's a strange kind of progress that follows them. Roads get repaired, new goods become available. They operate on a mix of instinct, luck, and uncanny timing.

De huidige volksvertegenwoordiger is “Yuvonjun” van een onbekende groepering

HOW DOES THE BOOK AND THE CARTOGRAPHICUS WORK

This book receives information from various magical forces all over the world. Throughout the world there are entities bound by magic and mortal scouts that know how to send information to this book are hard at work to keep these sorts of books updated. Usually these books come with a large map of the area that is updated in the same manner, called a Cartographicus. They remain in the hands of prominent Ziggurat members that want a clear and accurate picture of the world in front of them.

MAGICAL UPDATE OF LANDS

When explorers wish to become famous by telling tales of the lands they cross they send their descriptions of these lands into the magical currents that flow straight to all these books and etch themselves into the pages. You can read about the lands in your care on these pages. If your book is relatively new it might only hold information about lands closeby. But in time the pages of the book will be filled with vivid descriptions of the whole world.

MAGICAL UPDATE OF PEOPLE

In the same manner a short description of the many communities that dot the lands are gathered. These communities and military units might move around and the location will then, in time, be updated on the Cartographicus. Do keep in mind that such a move might not be visible on the Cartographicus for some weeks. You can physically move the pieces of the Cartographicus around to plan ahead for the future, but the Cartographicus will occasionally snap back into its current position all on its own. It won't do that if you are in the middle of planning something.

ISSUING A MANDATE

You can give instructions, orders or advice to people far away with the help of a magical receptacle that is supplied with the Cartographicus. These people will only listen to you if they want to of course. Some things might decrease the effectiveness of your orders so you might want to avoid them

- Managing multiple people or lands at the same time will also greatly decrease their effectiveness. It's better to delegate such tasks to somebody you trust.
- Personally, doing things your people disagree with might make them distrust you and find a different representative or disband.
- Giving special instructions might decrease the effectiveness of your orders if your personnel or people need to divide their attention.

Giving orders to the personnel on your land as a landowner

If you are a landowner you have a small group of personnel that helps you run your land from day to day.

These are the people that gather the taxes on your land and use those taxes to maintain building projects and standing armies. They have a handful of guards and possibly a magic user or two in their ranks but they can't do much more than keep the basic peace between the communities on your land.

They also keep an eye on your lands for you and will report any invasions, raids, civil disputes, spies, tax dodgers, strange magical phenomena or other things of note to you if they are aware of them.

You can tell them to increase or decrease the taxes on the income of the people living on your land. Many of the lower castes choose to pay in goods or labour to the building projects. Any special components, plants or excess coins will be given to you as a landowner.

You can also tell them to start a new building project or expand an army. Do note that they will not start on the next orders until the previous orders have been completed or all the taxes are expended. So giving 2 (or more) such orders only works if there is a good chance the first orders will be completed.

Giving advice to your people as a representative

If you are a political representative of a certain people you can give them advice based on the current political turmoil amongst the Vortexian landowners and other people's representatives.

The people that have chosen you as their representative expect you to behave in line with what they would like to see in a political figure.

They will report happenings or troubles or wishes their community has to you.

You can advise them to migrate and settle on a different plot of land, advise them on if they should maintain a militia not paid for by taxes but from their own excess funds and if they should try and grow their numbers or not by recruiting people from different worlds.

Any special components or plants or excess coin they find they give to you to do with as you please, unless those get claimed as taxes by the landowners.

Giving orders to your armies as a military commander

If you are a landowner that has a standing army paid for by taxes or if you are a political representative of a people that have a militia or if you are a military commander that has been given command of a military unit you can give orders to that unit.

There are some basic orders you can give:

The unit can defend a specific land from rebels, raiders, occupiers and spies. You can also give orders to halt any armies that are trying to pass through your lands or give specific exceptions to this rule if you trust the military commanders of those armies.

A unit paid by taxes can try and spy on the people in the land you own. This might root out rebels or tax dodgers but will

make it harder to at the same time defend the land and the people might not like it. Militia will of course somehow never find rebels or tax dodgers amongst their own people and might stop tax paid armies from finding them too.

The unit can try and explore or spy on a different land. This will give information on the landowner, the strength of their armies and militia, how hard it is to invade the land and which people are living on that land. Your scouts might get found out though by defending armies. Which might lead to conflict.

The unit can raid a different land. They will try and steal resources and supplies which will help maintain your armies and build projects. They will give any special components, plants or excess coins they find to you.

The unit can try and occupy a piece of land. They will try to oust the personnel of the current landowner. This might take a long time so the current landowner might call in allies to defend the lands. Your unit needs to be victorious in two consecutive seasons before the land becomes yours. While occupying a land they will live off that land and won't require additional upkeep.

A military unit can grow in numbers if a landowner devotes additional taxes (more than needed to maintain the army) or if a people devote resources (more than needed to maintain the militia) to it.

Militias maintained by the people won't venture into other lands without a friendly army backing them up and even then will only go to a neighboring land, but armies maintained by taxes can raid, occupy or defend lands anywhere. The further you send them though, the larger the chance of them encountering an army that stops them halfway. Make sure your allies know when you move troops across their lands so they can give permission to their armies to let them through. Be wary of your fellow landowners though. Many have used the excuse of troop movements to spy on or even raid other lands.

Make sure you trust however you give permission to cross your borders with military units.