

TERNOVIS: SEASON 1



THE DOMANI REPUBLIC



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SEASON I: DOMANI REPUBLIC

FIRST HUMANS TO REACH THE NEW WORLD

The Domani are **humans** (not possessing **any magical abilities**) fleeing their world, already claimed by Wither forces.

The Domani came from a civilization defined by:

- Maritime trade
- Great exploratory fleets
- Vast merchant vessels
- A wealthy, cosmopolitan culture

When Wither reached its final phase, their oceans turned against them – collapsing into impossible vortices that swallowed entire coastlines. With nowhere left to flee, the Domani did what their ancestors had always taught them to do in the face of death: they **sailed into the storm**.

Little did they know that the whirlpool was a portal – and this way, they **emerged on Ternovis**.

SETTLEMENT ON THE EDGE OF RUIN

They claimed land others avoided – territory scarred by a lingering Veil rupture. Young aberrations scouted the region, but the Domani did not retreat.

They:

- Cleared the land through patrols
- Converted their ships into homes and fortifications
- Established coastal districts and perimeter watches
- Trade followed swiftly. Diplomacy even faster.

Through alliances, the Domani adapted at an unprecedented pace – learning languages, customs, and magic theory despite being unable to wield magic themselves.

THE SUN AND THE STONE

Their rise accelerated with the discovery of **magic stone veins** beneath their territory. Though spells slide off Domani flesh, they learned to refine the stone into artifacts, wards, and protective devices.

Their faith centers on the **Sun** – a force of truth, clarity, and protection against corruption. Clergy and paladins from the **Order of the Divine Sun** play major roles in their society, as they are the ones who train **elite warriors**.

A GIFT AND A CURSE

The Domani possess an extraordinary trait: **innate resistance to magic**. Spells weaken. Enchantments fail. Illusions fracture. But **healing magic does not work on them**.

Domani warriors survive through tactics, medicine, stealth, ambush, and discipline. Many become rangers, scouts, diplomats, or assassins – careers where magical resilience is an advantage rather than a liability.

The **Order of the Divine Sun** now guards the greatest Veil tear in the Domani lands, standing firm against both Wither-born decay and Bright-born temptation. They are honored, loved... and watched carefully, as devotion edges toward fanaticism.



SEASON I MINIATURES – DESIGN NOTES

The **Domani Republic** miniature line was created as a love letter to **late-medieval and early-renaissance warfare**, filtered through a fantasy lens suited for RPG tables and mass-battle wargaming alike.

ART DIRECTION PHILOSOPHY

The Domani draw heavily from **16th-century Europe**, with a strong focus on **Italian mercantile republics**, most notably the **Republic of Venice**. This era allowed us to blend flamboyance with discipline, elegance with brutality.

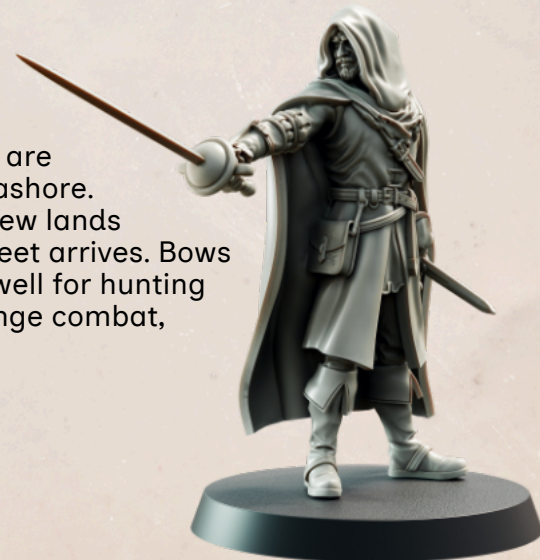
Key pillars of the visual language:

- **Armor & Protection**
 - Morion helmets evoke conquistador and naval infantry aesthetics.
 - Heavier armor is common, but richly ornamented – engraving, trims, and asymmetry tell stories of status and personal wealth.
- **Weapons & Warfare**
 - Rapier and dagger combinations reinforce duelist and musketeer vibes
 - Arming swords feature distinctive guards with hand protection, tailored to agile combat.
 - Crossbows replace early gunpowder weapons to avoid introducing firearms and their logistical complexity into the fantasy world.
 - Pike formations and war wagons reference historical Hussite tactics – practical, brutal, and tactically rich.
- **Fashion & Presence**
 - Military attire remains fashionable: flamboyant sleeves, feathers, fine-fitting leather, and carefully tailored silhouettes.
 - Even frontline soldiers are meant to look presentable – the Domani believe appearance is a weapon.
- **Other Inspirations**
 - **Dreadhounds** take visual cues from the **cane corso** (Italian breed of dog) – powerful, intelligent, intimidating.
 - The **Royal Guard** draws inspiration from the **Swiss Guard** (Vatican): ceremonial splendor paired with lethal discipline.
 - **Vulturarii** ride giant **bearded vultures** – an Italian native bird known for its eerie beauty and bone-eating habits.

FUN FACT: For more fun in medieval Italy, we recommend checking out Brancalonia, the spaghetti fantasy setting for 5e: [HTTPS://WWW.KICKSTARTER.COM/PROJECTS/ACHERONGAMES/BRANCALONIA-THE-SPAGHETTI-FANTASY-RPG](https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/acherongames/brancalonia-the-spaghetti-fantasy-rpg)

THE UNITS OF THE REPUBLIC

- **Domani Republic Rangers**
The Rangers are always first ashore. They scout new lands before the fleet arrives. Bows serve them well for hunting and long-range combat,



while rapier and parrying dagger let them defend themselves up close. Cloaks and hoods help them blend into unfamiliar environments.

- **Dreadhound Riders**

Think of these as Rangers with extra armor and a lot more bite.

Mounted on clever, adaptable dreadhounds, they excel at fast scouting, patrols, and sudden skirmishes. Their heavier gear favors crossbows over bows, and their mounts are just as useful off the battlefield as on it.

PS. You can see different horns on male and female dreadhounds.

- **Royal Guard**

The Royal Guard stands watch over the Doge (ruler) and the Republic's court, whether aboard ship or on solid ground.

They carry ornate halberds backed by arming swords for close combat. Their armor is purposefully asymmetrical, reinforced where the enemy is most likely to strike.

- **Sharkfolk Mercenaries**

Years at sea earned the Domani many allies, and none are more feared than the Sharkfolk. Each mercenary comes from a different lineage, bringing unique fighting styles to the battlefield. They are devastating in assaults and coastal raids – though once the fighting starts, keeping them in line can be a challenge.

- **Men-at-Arms**

These are the professional soldiers of the Domani Republic, funded by wealthy nobles and often brought along as personal guards. Armed with arming swords and small shields, they favor mobility and aggressive tactics. Brigandines and gorgets offer solid protection without slowing them down.

- **Domani Republic Vulturarii**

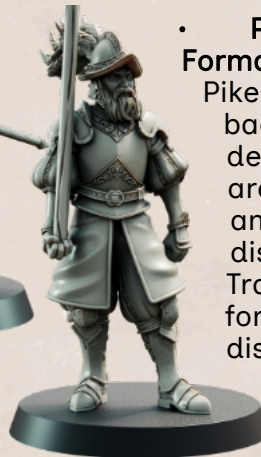
The Vulturarii take the fight to the skies. Riding giant bearded vultures, they act as scouts and rapid-response troops both on land and at sea. Lightly armored in leather, they wield lances to strike glancing blows while swooping over enemy lines.

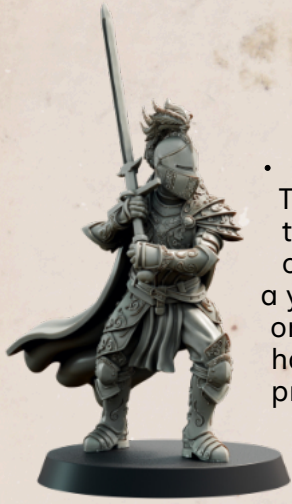
- **Pikemen Formations**

Pikemen form the backbone of Domani defenses. Their long pikes are deadly against cavalry and can be raised to discourage aerial attacks. Trained to fight in deep formations, they rely on discipline and quick repositioning to hold the line.

- **Crossbowmen**

The Republic's most common ranged troops, crossbowmen proved invaluable at sea, where they could clear enemy decks from afar. Crossbows are quick to learn and highly effective against armor, while light gambesons let these soldiers reload and reposition with ease.



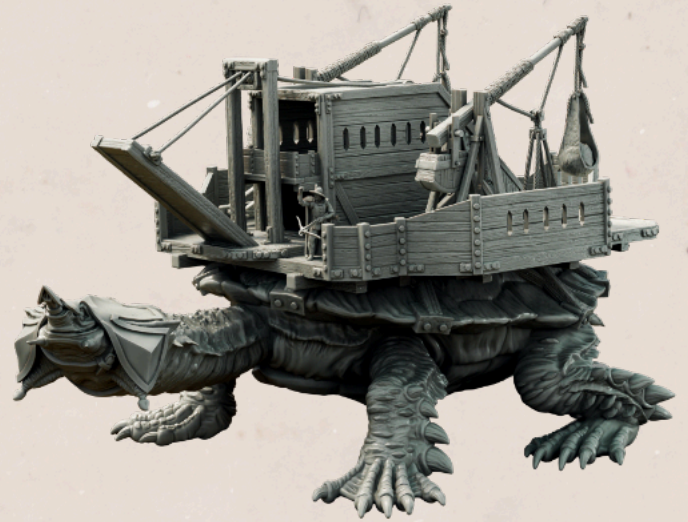


- **Domani Republic Knights**
The Knights represent both the lesser and greater nobility of the Republic. Trained from a young age, they fight on foot or mounted. Though two-handed swords aren't always practical, the Knights favor them for tradition and style – trusting their full plate armor to keep them alive.

- **Ox-Pulled War Wagons**
War wagons are quick to deploy and surprisingly versatile. Lined up together, they create instant fortifications, shielding crossbowmen and giving pikemen a safe place to advance from behind solid cover.



- **Siege Turtles**
Among the Domani's most unusual assets, siege turtles are enormous creatures tamed during long ocean voyages. They serve as mobile siege platforms, carrying heavy weapons and even acting as landing pads for Vulturarii. Unlike ships, they don't burn, don't need wind – and can turn in place when it matters most.





DOMANI CHRONICLES: ACT I – THE LANDING

The galley **La Paziienza** was never meant to survive that storm.

Rain battered her decks like gravel, sails strained and shrieked, and the sea rose in heaving walls. Salt hurt their eyes. The wind tasted off, sharp and cold. The sea they loved became an enemy.

Commander Costo stood at the prow, his cloak glued to his armor, the morion helm gleaming under the flashes of lightning. Behind him, guards, sailors, nobles clutching railings, and one silent figure wrapped in a hooded mantle – **Father Gwyrmane**, cleric of the **Order of the Divine Sun**, unmoving, whispering guarding prayers.

Then the sea collapsed.

A vast spiral yawned before them, looking like a wound in the water, dragging waves, debris, and sky into its throat. Costo didn't order a turn.

"Hold fast!" Costo roared. *"We ride it!"*

The Paziienza plunged. The world tore.

For a second, all became blinded by the light. An unknown force pulled them in.

"Is that what dying feels like?" One noble thought, reliving sudden flashes of their family's happiest moments. But a moment later, they screamed. *"WHAT THE...!"*

New sea. Violent, unfamiliar, crawling with shapes beneath the foam. The galley struck submerged rock. Men were thrown screaming into the surf. Crates shattered. Steel vanished into water. That was when the **Deep Horrors** came.

The **brinewrack** rose first, teeth and claws sharp. **Tideborn** moved fast, attacking from the deep. **Sharkfolk** came from the surf, steel flashing, blood turning the water dark. Costo didn't hesitate.

Armor and all, he plunged into the freezing wave, blade drawn, forcing his way toward the shore as the monsters closed in. From the wrecked deck above, **rangers** found their footing on broken planks, loosing arrows into the surf with calm, practiced precision.

At the water's edge, the **royal guard** locked shields and halberds, forming a brutal line around the survivors. Steel rose and fell in disciplined arcs as they cut down tide-things and hauled the wounded toward the beach, holding the shoreline long enough for the living to escape the sea.

Steel rang. Crossbows fired point-blank. By dawn, the shore was theirs.

La Paziienza lay broken, with its hull partially buried in the wet sand. The fallen were scattered among nets, armor, and torn banners. Beyond the beach, the land stood still, watching in silence.

"It's a miracle..." Costo thought. *"But miracles tend to have the highest price."*

Scouts were sent inland as soon as the wounded were counted. Boots sank into mud. Damp soil smelled of rot and old rain. Canals cut through the land in deliberate lines, half-collapsed and overgrown with reeds. The remains of villages surfaced from the dark: stone foundations, broken bridges, doorways leading nowhere.

They were following one canal when the shapes emerged. Low. Massive. Silent.

Huge hound-like creatures stepped from the mist. Horns, thick tails, sharp eyes, yet similar to the animals they knew.

"Are those monsters... or dogs?" Father Gwyrmane inhaled sharply. Costo raised a hand to stop him, but the cleric was

already stepping forward. *"The Sun carried us through the storm. It will protect us now."*

The largest beast growled. Gwyrmane lowered his hand. Slowly, carefully. The survivors gasped as his hand touched fur instead of fangs. The beast stilled. Accepted the gesture. Gwyrmane exhaled.

"The Sun is on our side," he murmured.

"Yet it is not," Costo straightened, scanning the land. *"The soil is different. The air smells different..."*

"Commander!" someone shouted. *"The marks!"*

They gathered around a jagged crack in the ground. Deep gouges scored the stone - claw marks, far too large to belong to any animal. Costo's jaw clenched. He knew those marks. He had fought one of those things years ago, before the sea broke in two.

"So," he said at last, *"we are in a new land... Yet the cracks are here too. And with them, monsters. The same we have already seen, tearing our home apart."*

Gwyrmane nodded, squinting toward the rising sun.

"We survived one storm. We will survive another. I will go toward the light and scout what lies beyond."

"If that is your wish, go," Costo replied. He turned back toward the shattered galley. *"I stay on the shore. We sailed first, but the others will follow. When they arrive... then we begin thinking."*

"We're good at that," a soldier muttered. He glanced at the horned hounds now padding calmly beside them. *"Can we keep the dogs?"*

"What?" The commander raised his brows with a half-smile. *"They seem too big to serve as a puppy."*

"Exactly." The young man smiled confidently. *"I think... We can ride them."*



DOMANI CHRONICLES: ACT II – THE HARBOR

Years passed in sweat, blood, and salt.

More ships came, crowded with people who had already lost one home and would not lose another. **Commander Costo** brought order, turning scattered camps into a real settlement. Boundaries were set, guards posted. The landing became a true claim.

Some followed **Father Gwyrmane** inland, climbing a nearby hill that caught the first and last light of the sun. There, closer to their god, they raised a new church from salvaged stone and ship timber. Around it, the faithful gathered and trained as wardens, preparing themselves to stand against whatever evils had followed them through the Veil.

Along the shore, wrecked hulls became shelters. Shelters became piers. Piers became docks. And docks, linked by sweat and stubbornness, became a harbor bristling with watchtowers, signal fires, and banners flowing in the sea wind.

The Domani spread quickly – clever, relentless, unwilling to waste a single day. Trade routes formed with neighbors who dared to approach them. Coins flowed. Names were learned. Some were spoken to with respect. Others with fear.

The **dreadhound riders**, once a desperate improvisation, became a symbol of Domani adaptability. The horned beasts patrolled borders, escorted caravans, and fought beside infantry as if they had always belonged there. Seeing this, others began to wonder. If such creatures could be tamed, what else might serve the Republic?

Then someone asked the impossible question.

“What if we could fly?”

Above the growing harbor, the answer took wing.

The **Vulturarii** rose into the sky atop giant bearded vultures. Their vast wings cast shadows over ships and streets alike. Riders clad in leather and steel circled high above. No coastline went unscouted. No enemy approached unseen. The Republic had claimed not just land and sea, but the air, too.

Commander Costo watched it all from the harbor walls. Pride swelled in his chest... followed by something colder.

“We are hungry,” he thought. *“We claim. We rise. There will be a price. There always is.”*

He was right. Power drew attention. And the attention came with the storm.

A **Storm Giantess**, radiant and powerful, wreathed in crackling light. She laughed as lightning shattered towers, her voice echoing across the harbor like mockery.

Beauty and destruction walked hand in hand. Ships burned, and men died screaming, blinded by thunder and impossible radiance.

Costo did not retreat. He led the countercharge himself.

Pikemen braced on the docks, their boots slipping on rain-slick stone. Men-at-arms locked shields, holding the line as lightning scorched iron and flesh. Above them, the Vulturarii screamed down from the clouds, lances striking glowing skin again and again. For a moment – just a moment – it was enough.

Then the giantess struck.

Costo was lifted from the stone by a single blow, hurled broken across the

quay. He landed hard, breath shattered, sword still clenched in his hand. As the storm claimed the sky, he smiled.

"If that was the price..." he whispered to himself with blood on his lips. *"...I'm glad it was me."*

The harbor held.

A grim funeral followed. No speeches, only banners lowered, armor set upon stone, and fire consuming what could not be buried.

Command did not pass to generals or champions, but to blood and obligation. **Lord Vincenzo**, bound by his ties to the royal family, stepped forward when the moment allowed no refusal. Before the ashes had cooled, he was formally named the **Doge**, the mantle of rule placed upon his shoulders.

Vincenzo had never sought the title – but no one else dared accept it. Even as the funeral pyre burned low, horns echoed from the sea.

The monsters were coming again.

"Gods damn it," the new ruler sighed. *"We are doomed."*



DOMANI CHRONICLES: ACT III – THE SIEGE

The Domani Republic flourished. **Lord Vincenzo**, knowing little of warfare but much about banquets, began a vast campaign of alliance-building. His descendants followed in his footsteps, ensuring that the Domani were not feared, but liked. Lavish parties, grand events, and an atmosphere of luxury drew visitors from afar. They came with curiosity, and left with their coins behind.

Stone replaced timber. Markets swelled. The annual **Tutto Market** drew traders, mercenaries, and pilgrims from distant lands. Orc clans marched as allies. Dwarves hammered steel in Domani forges.

Above it all, the **Order of the Divine Sun** rose – claiming borderlands, building fortresses, and training warriors immune to sorcery and temptation alike.

Yet the Republic could never rest. The signs were clear. Another battle was near.

Pikemen drilled until their arms bled. Crossbowmen learned to reload in darkness. Men-at-arms trained to fight shoulder to shoulder without orders. War wagons were reinforced. Ox teams were hardened for battle.

“My lord.” The royal jester and childhood friend of the Doge entered the war room. The ruler patted his dog with a calm smile. “*The scouts claim that monsters are already in the nearby villages.*”

“No need to fret, Giuseppe,” the Doge replied. “*I am well prepared, as my father and grandfather were. Look at our knights. Our siege turtles. Our Orc allies are preparing beside us. No monster will harm us.*”

“*They already do,*” Giuseppe said quietly. “*Villagers are dead. Children are missing, and-*”

“*Our strength lies in appearances.*” The Doge raised a hand. “*Smile. You are a jester, after all.*”

Giuseppe clenched his fists and turned toward the window. The canal walls *looked* strong, yet cracks were visible. The cavalry *appeared* enormous, but many lacked proper training. The city *seemed* rich, but inside its homes, people walked barefoot to avoid damaging fine leather.

And somewhere, among the streets, evil walked freely.

Monsters evolved, just as humans did. Some learned to plan. Some learned to deceive, to lure with promises. And some learned how to hide perfectly.

“*If the canal walls collapse...*” the jester wondered. “*Can we still pretend they stand?*”

“*Doge!*” **General Umberto** burst into the chamber. “*The siege!*”

It happened all at once.

Cracks tore reality apart.

Siege turtles lumbered forward, vast shells carrying engines of war, their living platforms bristling with ballistae and landing space for sky-riders above.

Behind barricades, **crossbowmen** took their positions. Protected by **ox-pulled war wagons** locked wheel to wheel, they reloaded and fired with ease while **pikemen** surged and withdrew from behind the moving walls.

The enemy came in waves, but they broke themselves against discipline and steel.

Sun-blessed warriors held the breaches where the Veil bled open, while allied Orc clans met the charge in brutal, grinding melee. Through smoke and blood rode

the **Knights of the Domani Republic**, lesser and greater nobles alike, two-handed swords sweeping in wide, defiant arcs. Their weapons were impractical, yet their armor magnificent – and it was enough to keep them alive where lesser men would have fallen.

At the forefront rode **General Umberto**, trusted ally of the Doge. His helm was scarred, his banner torn, his voice dry from shouting orders. He led from the line, not the rear – steel meeting claw, discipline set hard against madness.

The harbor burned again. But this time, it did not break. Steel held. Faith held. The lines bent – but they did not shatter.

As blood ran into the canals and the sky burned with unnatural light, the Domani stood as they always had: Outnumbered. Outmatched. Unyielding.

The siege had come. And the Republic was ready.

At least, they appeared so.

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