



SHEER CLIFF

PART 01

“You stand on the deck of the Crusty Wanderer. A strong wind blows from the south, propelling you northwards. The crew is in full commotion, adjusting the sail and readying the ship’s cargo for offloading. Captain Crust, a portly human man with a perpetually groggy demeanor, barks an unintelligible order to his navigator, who joins him at the helm.

Lounging seals perk up as you breeze by a lone spit of rock, close enough to smell their musk and hear the bloop of the water when they roll over and slip beneath its surface.

The afternoon sun peeks through colossally fluffy clouds drifting low on the horizon. Before you looms a mountainous, towering sea stack. Its cliffside shimmers with hundreds of nesting seabirds and, from your southeastern approach, a shadowy cove reveals itself. You can just make out a vertical spiderwork of switch-back paths and structures carved into the shaded banks of the hidden harbor. The town of

Sheercliff, just as Captain Crust described it. “Five minutes to landfall!”

Grid Size: 20x33

Formats: VTT, PDF (6000x9900 pixels, 300DPI)

Variations: Original (Hightide), Original (Lowtide), Midnight (Hightide), Midnight (lowtide), Serenity (Hightide), Serenity (Lowtide) Ghost (Hightide), Ghost (Lowtide)



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