From the travel Journal of Haakon Selberg

The Twilight Hills is a verdant patch of rolling green meadowland surrounded on all sides by inhospitable, and downright hostile geography. To the north the Dragonfang Mountains, Empire of the tyrannical Dwarven King scrape the heavens with their razor sharp peaks. The Western border of the Hill Country is completely taken up with the treacherous inland sea known as The Emerald Depths, and deserts infested with both Yuan'Ti and Nomadic Raiders effectively isolate this region in the South and East. In the North Eastern corner sits the mysterious Red Keep where none dare venture. Rumor has it that the massive stone fortress/city was once the capital of an ancient civilization that inhabited the area, but none who've ventured there have returned to tell the tale. In fact, anyone who goes within miles of the place simply disappears. The relative isolation of this vast region of Lore coupled with its diverse, an self sufficient ecosystem have lead to a cultural and societal evolution that is unique on the continent. The area has a smattering of iron mines, massive herds of Elk, and significant coal deposits, as well as ample stone left long ago by retreating glaciers.

Though the area is rich in resources no larger civilizations have bothered conquering it as it's people are stubbornly independent, and there is nothing in the area that cannot be found in other more accessible areas. On the rare occasions throughout the ages that armies have tried they find themselves bogged down besieging walled strongholds, while light cavalry shoots arrows at them from distance. In short it simply isn't worth the effort to invade. Scattered all over the Twilight Hills are signs of ancient civilizations such as burial mounds, ruins of temples, and even evidence of large cities. The native populations largely avoid any intact ruins however, due to a strong superstitious fear of ghosts.

There are two distinct cultures that inhabit this region, the Nadaoine, and the Abolb. Though these two cultures seem to share a common origin, their evolution has taken their respective cultures in wildly divergent directions.

The Nadaoine live in an incredibly loose confederation of walled towns called Duns. Freely attacking and raiding one another, and only coming together to deal with significant threats from the outside and to trade on occasion. The population of each Dun lives lives completely inside the walls, and the areas directly surrounding the walls is farmed. The Nadaoine grow a wide variety of vegetable crops, but seem to only raise small animals such as goats, rabbits, and fowl on their farms. Most of the livestock is confined within the Dun as well, and only the Goats are pastured. Goats are tended by shepherds who sleep among them at night to keep watch for predators or thieves. When there is trouble the goats and any workers who are outside the walls are brought inside for safety. They don't have horses, due to a cultural anathema on the animal, but each Dun keeps a few Oxen as Beasts of burden. The Oxen are considered community property, and are revered as holy. They are never harmed, and certainly not slain for food. When Oxen die of natural causes they are given funerary rites identical to tribal shamen. The only other source of meat for the Nadaoine is from hunting the large herds of Elk that populate the hills.

Despite their seemingly pastoral lifestyle the Nadaoine are incredibly fierce and capable fighters. They prefer multipurpose weapons such as Longbows, Spears, and Axes. All Nadaoine citizens are trained in these weapons, and swords are virtually unheard of as they are viewed as unclean. According to Nadaoine teachings the only purpose of a sword is to kill men, which makes the weapon a thing of evil.

The purpose for this training, and the walled Duns they live in is because of the other race of men who populate the Twilight Hills as well as Yuan'Ti Raiders out of the desert, and Raids from some of the warlike clans of Dwarves from the Dragon Fang Mountains. On Western Border where the few trade Duns are located, raids by pirates, corsairs, and Deep Ones are also common.

They are a shamanistic folk who worship a pantheon of gods known as the Fair Folk. They believe that the gods are everywhere, and live within everything. The gods are secretive however, and rarely reveal themselves to their worshipers. The Nadaoine believe that evidence of the will of the Fair Folk can be seen in the occurrence of what most other peoples would consider luck. No matter whether the luck is good or bad it's the will of the Fair Folk. Each Dun has a holy man, called a Naomh who's job is to find and interpret omens and signs of the Fair Folk's will as well as pass down the teaching stories of the Nadaoine people as a whole.

Though raiding, and even small scale wars are not uncommon between the Duns, alliances are also common. Typical alliance acords between Duns involve marriages as the Nadaione set great store in familial bonds.

Their system of law is comparatively simple to other cultures in that the main legal concept is that of the Wareguild or Blood Debt. Any infraction that results in a wronged party is brought before an assembly of the whole Dun which occurs once per month. All adults are present unless they are on guard duty, and the gathering is presided over by the Dun Headman. Cases are brought before the entire body, and voted on by the entire body. If a wrong has indeed been committed the Headman decides on the Debt owed to the wronged party or the wronged party's family if they are dead. The Headman takes a portion of all Blood debts as taxes, and if the Debt is unpaid; the wrongdoer, and their whole family is banished from the Dun, and any possessions and goods are forfeit to the wronged party. Due to the unfriendly nature of the region banishment is as good as a death sentence. Anyone found guilty of a crime, and levied a blood debt may appeal the decision directly to the Fair Folk by challenging their accuser to single combat to the death. The winner is considered to be favored by the Fair Folk, and the former decision is either upheld or negated.

The manner of living and farming followed by the Nadaoine dramatically limits the population of a given Dun. When this limit is reached several nearby Duns will typically work together to build a new Dun in the area. In this case, if the communities manage to get walls up, houses built, and crops sowed before suffering a catastrophic invasion from some neighbor; peace between

the localized Duns reigns for a time. Invariably though, someone from one Dun wrongs someone from another, a Blood Debt is incurred, and fighting between the Duns resumes. It is widely postulated that if the Nadaoine could ever stop fighting amongst themselves, they could become an incredible civilization in their own right.

The Nadaoine are distrustful of magic and magic users, but not violently so. They view magic as a thing of the Fair Folk, and those that use it as touched by the Fair Folk in some way. As such they exist among the people of the Duns, but outside of society itself.

The Abolb are a purely nomadic race of people who ride horses, and follow around large herds of Elk. They are an incredibly warlike race and constantly raid the Duns of the Nadaione for goods, and slaves. They get all of their basic needs met by the horses they ride and the Elk they follow, but they see all other peoples as slaves who just haven't been enslaved yet. There are innumerable tribes of these folk scattered all over the Twilight Hills, and they spend as much time fighting one another as they do in raiding the Nadaione or repelling invaders from outside. It is postulated that if ever a strong enough leader were to unite all of the Abolb riders they would be able to sweep the whole world beneath the bloody hooves of their horses.

They use short, recurve bows, long lances, and curved swords in battle eschewing all but the lightest leather armor in order to be as fast as possible. They rarely close to a melee fight unless trapped in some way, far prefering to shoot their enemies from moving horses with their powerful recurve bows. They don't have anything resembling siegecraft, but on the rare occasions where they decide to actually take a Dun they will employ ladders to breach walls showing little to no regard for the number of losses they take in doing so.

For the Abolb any death other than one in battle is disgraceful. The leader of each band is known as the Chief, and rules solely by strength and skill in battle. To the Abolb there are only warriors, and slaves. Women are viewed as possessions to be used as the warrior sees fit. Any dispute between warriors is decided by a fight to the death, with the victor taking all the loser owned. Lesser warriors will swear loyalty to greater warriors, and this bond is only released if the greater warrior is slain.

The Abolb are a sky worshipping people who find patterns in the constellation of the stars and name them gods. They have three greater gods, and several lesser. The greatest of the gods is the warrior, followed by the horse, and finally by the dark one. All others are subject to them in some way, but are responsible for some aspect of life among the Abolb.

The Abolb have a violent dislike for anything resembling magic, deeming it a creation of the Dark One. The Dark One seeks the downfall of the warrior caste in Abolb society, and uses magic and magic users to pursue that goal. As such, any evidence of magic in Abolb society causes an immediate, and deadly response. Additionally, in most cases where the Abolb attempt to destroy a Dun it is due to there being a perception of magic users in that Dun growing in power. To the Abolb magic represents the destruction of the natural order of the universe

where the physically strongest and most able keep all others in subjugation. Their core belief here is that magic is cheating the rightful rulers of their position.

The Abolb will trade on occasion for goods they cannot either make or take by force. THey trade with the nomadic tribesmen of the desert, and the coastal Duns swapping imported goods from both cultures, and acting as intermediaries. The silk that comes from the desert is typically traded for fine metalwork at the coasts and vice versa.