

THE GOST CITY OF B ARAKO

A CITY AT THE CENTER OF AERETH

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he pleasure palace of Barako rises above the Bleak Shores atop enormous stone pylons. The gloomy palace and golden domes are lit by a thousand lanterns fueled by rendered flesh. Within the city, hellish figures dart and

whirl about in the flickering light, prostrating themselves before Aghartan masters to sounds of a cacophonic, alien symphony played by lamenting slaves. The City of Choruses is never silent, the eerie and horrific songs sounding across the shores and heaths long into the night.

The city is approached by a winding stone staircase rising from the rocky shore to a pair of high bronze gates. The stairs are set with mighty stone braziers that are filled with oil and lit every "dawn." As dusk falls and the waters of the great Inner Sea roll in, the braziers are extinguished and vanish beneath the waves, step by step.

The towering bronze gates have been worn smooth from centuries of nightly assaults. Though battered, dented and scarred, the gates remain in good repair. During the brief daylight hours, the portals are drawn open by teams of slave giants in harness, permitting the crimson-bannered warriors of Barako to march down to the heaths, and then hauled closed again at dusk.



