

[Antti Luukkonen](#), [Fantasy](#), [Horror](#), [Neutral](#), [English](#), [Short](#)

And we have reaped the crops the gods have sown

In a city of endless darkness and living nightmares, some rare souls dare to dream.

The Brass City is the center of the world. Its gloomy mazes conceal within beings from all the planes of existence, from every nook and cranny. On the banks of the rivers of blood that flow in the shade of its sky-reaching rust towers, workers of the flesh gardens and bile mines can rest, dreaming of oblivion, before returning to their endless toil.

Unknown to many, deep in the shadows something is stirring. An imperceptible movement with aim no lesser than the destruction of the whole city. Only madmen would put their hopes on such causes, for the Brass City is eternal.

Grains

- There is always new strangeness to bump into.
- Suffering is a blessing.
- The City is eternal.

Crimson Katerina

Katerina has worked as a chaplain at the Church of Pure Flesh for as long as she remembers. Whether she even has any past beyond that, only the Moonfog prophets might know. At least she hasn't been lonely. Over her long career she has met folks from all the walks of life and formed several deep friendships that'll last many a lifetime.

Despite having a life of stability and meaning, a powerful longing for change has taken root within her heart. A desire to see the spider gents and machine madams torn down from their heights, to the same level with everyone else. Rumours of late have spoken of something great going on in the shadows. Katerina has firmly decided to be a part of it.

Traits	
3	A strong web of friends Her closest ones mean the world to her and the feeling is reciprocated.
2	Chaplain of Revered Agony Katerina wields a considerable amount of influence in society, especially towards those below her.
2	More aware than others She has never been one to close her ears, even when lowering her gaze.
1	Conviction No force or fate can turn her aside when she has chosen her course.
Burdens	
1	Lost memories Some things are best left forgotten.
1	Secluded There's a lot to the normal life that Katerina is a stranger to.

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