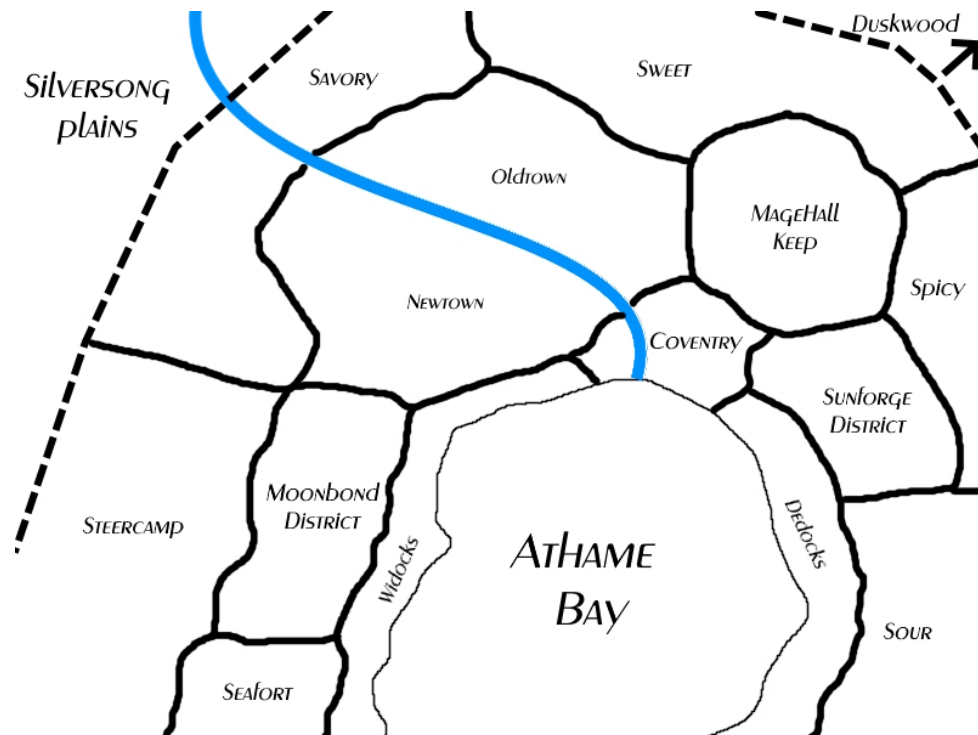


Greymalkin Cove (Cozy Witch Project)

Nestled on the eastern shore of the sun-dappled continent of Antillia, Greymalkin Cove has serenely watched history pass over, through, and past it for over a thousand years. When the Old Empire first came to Antillian shores a thousand years ago, it placed a wizard's tower at the summit of Megalith Hill to keep watch over the bay -- and the village already harvesting the alchemically-powerful kelp that grew there. Even then there were witches, skilled in alchemy, spirit-wrangling -- and other arts, best not spoken of too openly. Their presence ensured that the Imperial foot trod lightly in those parts, when she dared to trod at all.

When the Old Empire receded back over the seas five hundred years later, the village was now a town, poised to become a city. Precisely who had conquered who in the intervening time is the question; certainly Greymalkin Cove's rulers felt no link to a distant land that none of them had ever seen. The city has joined and left many alliances, federations, and associations since then, but remains itself. It is known for its alchemy, its trading fleets, and most of all, its witches. It seems that every tidy neighborhood has its own witch, or alchemist circle; there is even an entire district (Coventry) that teaches witchery and its associated discipline. From the outside, Greymalkin Cove is peaceful, comfortable, and at peace.

From the inside? Well. People are people, even when they're also witches.



Basic Flavor

The default setting is: Europo-American large town, small city, circa 1800-1900 AD. The streets are clean and feature plenty of greenery, the houses are well-scrubbed and comfortable, and the populace is bustling. There are dentists, a (fairly comical) police force, and properly functioning sewers. Their technology is mature Victorian, with heavy steampunk and alchemical overtones (and a remarkable lack of soot). Greymalkin Cove does not have its own brightly-colored zeppelins, but the occasional one shows up. Maenad witches have revolvers and bolt-action rifles, but that's for varmints on the Silversong Plains. Of various types.

Themes and Limitations

The central tension of Greymalkin Cove is that it is an excellent place to live, and it is ruled over by a Council who intends to keep it that way, no matter what. They would much rather have known, manageable problems than new and exciting ones, and consider rashness a serious social flaw. Couple that with an almost instinctive refusal to take seriously the opinion of anyone under thirty, and you get serious roadblocks to change. The Council is very open about this, note. Their mantra is, "It works," and they are notoriously hard to persuade that something else might work better.

- **Keeping the peace / Fleeing conflict.** Greymalkin Cove is technically under the protection of the Maenad Nation, a collection of semi-nomadic cattle herders who do vast circuits of the great grasslands of eastern Antilla. Families of Maenads have settled in the new district of Steercamp, acting as a bridge between the two cultures. The Mistress of the Council ruling Greymalkin Cove decreed that there must be no unseemly conflicts between the two groups, and the High Queen of the Maenads has done the same. When conflicts come anyway, because some things are worth fighting over, it must be kept quiet.
- **Fixing the broken / Restraining the rebellious.** Greymalkin Cove works. Streets and neighborhoods look out for each other, make sure that nobody is forgotten, and finds a place for everyone. The trouble occurs when someone doesn't like the place they've been given.
- **Preserving magic / Stopping change.** Witch-magic is considered the pinnacle of magical development in Greymalkin Cove (other regions of Antilla disagree). There is a lot of lore and spells the town's witches are expected to learn, and most of it is solidly useful. It's only reasonable to not distract students (or coven members) with new theories or practices that haven't stood the test of time yet, surely?
- **Finding new things / Minimizing their impact.** Greymalkin Cove is the center of a trade network that brings in rare and exotic items from all over the world. The city is happy to resell them at a good price, too. Actually using them themselves? That's a different story. Why rush the issue?

Adventure possibilities

- **The Maenad Nation.** The Maenads are themselves witch-led, and were never under the old Empire's sway. Maenads consider Greymalkins to be stuffy, clever, rule-bound, reliable, a bit scaredy-cat, and alluring. Greymalkins think Maenads are hot headed, imaginative, touchy, intuitive, overconfident, and alluring.
- **The Widocks.** The Dedocks are host to the respectable trading companies and guilds, the ones who have no trouble following the sensible rules and traditions of Greymalkin Cove. And why not? Those rules and traditions *work*. The Widocks are more *flexible*. Smuggling is not officially permitted in Greymalkin Cove, although the authorities are careful not to look too closely at anything that's just temporarily in the town, on its way to somewhere else. Other kinds of, well, *crime* also flourish there. So does a general spirit of rebellion.
- **Coventry.** It is *the* school for witchery and alchemy in Antilla. Foreign students of all sorts attend there. It is also a place for nigh-continual hijinks, escapades, and the occasional shenanigan. The Council is patronizingly indulgent about it, as long as things aren't taken too far. Many students seem determined to discover just far *is* 'too far.'
- **Duskwood.** The forest northeast of Graymalkin Cove is a place that is *different*. The people that go there are *different*, and the people who come back are *different*. Different. Dangerous, perhaps. *Desirable*. Many schemes and agitations in the town have a Duskwooder involved somehow. They are seen as agents of Chaos in a place that thinks Chaos should feel the obligation to be better-behaved.
- **Your neighborhood.** There's always something going on. People who aren't witches usually need help from people who are, even if sometimes they don't know it. It's rarely all that much to do, either. Just think of it as... smoothing out the rough spots. Just remember: if people start calling it 'meddling,' you may need to back off a little.

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