



SHAHZADI

THE AMIRA'S PROCESSION

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INTRODUCTION

Ten years after the near-destruction of Umberto city, the nation's young regent *Caliph Umba-Ertan al-Ertan* has publically announced his intention to marry the *Amira, El-Rayhim Dra El-Naga* - an anthropomorphic shard of a dead god from the jungle once called the Green Scar.

The Green Scar was once a lush rainforest, but industrial tycoons from the nation of Chalcedon started a war that reduced much of the scar to ashes, and sundered it's gods. The Amira is one such deity; reduced to a fragment of her former self, she has embraced her humanity and returned the caliph's affections.

A rival aspect from the Green Scar also walks the earth, but has seen the Amira's marriage in the face of the mortal's actions as heresy. She intends to stop the marriage and obliterate the Amira's mortal form; to do so, she has made a pact with the *Hashhashin*, a cadre of sadistic dream-demons.

Though she has given no sign of seeking revenge, the nation of Chalcedon also fears the wrath of the Amira should she formalise her alliance with the desert nation of Umberto. Though they send smiling

ambassadors and lavish gifts, who is to say what steam-powered agents already move in the shadows behind them, waiting for the time to strike?

The marriage is due to take place in a few short days and preparations are in full swing. Right now, the Amira and her dozens-strong retinue (including the party) cross the desert. But as evening falls, the sandstorms begin, and the party begin to realise a shadowy operator has just made their move...

GETTING STARTED

*You're part of the bodyguard for the **Amira**, princess of the Green Scar, who intends to wed the young Caliph of Umberto city. You're a few days away, but making good time. It's early evening, and the camp has just set up for the night. Your camel snorts gently as it takes in water from a cool oasis.*

You feel a chill across your back. The wind picks up. You hear a shout, then another. Robed figures wielding daggers seem to form from the dust ahead of you, faces covered by leering golden masks. As they approach, you see their daggers are drenched in blood.

What do you do?

QUESTIONS

- How did you join the Amiras' envoy? (Who was your sponsor? Or: Whose token did you kill so you could take their place?)
- The Amira has promised a lot of money and some unique information as reward. What might that info be relating to? (Remember: the Amira is a goddess, and knows many mortal secrets.)

IMPRESSIONS

- Gently rolling dunes
- The harsh cold of a desert evening
- Stinging, whipping, sandy gales
- The Amira's menagerie, fantastical and mostly escaped
- The Amira's pavillion, delicate and under shadowy siege
- Wizards' tents filled with delicate wonders
- Mercenaries and their camps, numerous and diverse
- A scowling, female face half-spotted in mirrored surfaces
- Gold-hued assassins fading in and out of the sands
- Stashes of vital food, water and equipment
- Umberto city, faintly visible on the horizon past the sandstorm

THINGS THAT MIGHT GET IN THE WAY...

1. A gaggle of terrified

slaves: *Horde, Intelligent, Organized, Bare hands (w[d4] damage), 3 HP, Close Instinct: to serve or flee* One is guaranteed to be holding the charred remains of a roast pheasant.

2. An escaped monster:

Large, Organised, Talons (d8+3 damage), 8 HP, 1 Armour, Close, Reach, Forceful Instinct: to take revenge on it's captors Use a random creature from the bestiary of your choice, like a griffin or manticore.

3. A wizard's misfiring

experiment: *Trap, Etheric discharge (2d4 damage), Close, Reach, Near* The first effect - skin turning blue, arms falling off, horrendous coughing fits or the like - will strike a terrified slave first; when the next experiment goes, the same effect will happen to whichever party member that fails to dodge or counter it.

4-5. Mercenaries, possibly

traitorous: *Group, Intelligent, Organized, Trusty blade (1d8 damage), 8 HP, 1 Armour, Close Instinct: to do what they're paid for* Whether they're traitors or not, they may think you're a traitor too.

6. Hashshashin:

Horde, Intelligent, Organised, Shotels (d6+2 damage) 3 HP, 2 Armour, Close, 1-piercing Instinct: to escape the dream-world They're mostly here to kill the Amira, but are sadistic and easily distracted.

DANGER: GETTING TO UMBERTO

STAKES

Will the princess reach Umberto alive?

Will the party uncover Fariba's intent and identity?

Can Umberto city send help?

Will the Hashshashin escape their confinement?

Will the wedding be delayed, or cancelled?

IMPORTANT KNOWLEDGE

Certain magics allow a viewer to project themselves and others across space using reflective surfaces. (The Amira is very vain, though only someone close to her would likely know this.) In order to conduct the ritual, the perpetrator is probably in or near the city.

An old Umbertoan fairy tale:
"Mind the shadows of your dreams, for there the djinni lurks unseen!"

MAGICAL ITEMS

Intended wedding gifts for the happy couple:

Gnomish Sorbet: A jar of icy, pink, slush that smells like strawberries. If eaten, recover D4 HP but get a brain freeze (-1 INT forward.) If allowed to melt, consuming it has no benefits.

Albrecht's tower: A huge conch shell, designed to send communications to another identical shell beyond the horizon.

Thaumometer: A Chalcedon device designed to measure latent levels of magical activity. When you use it, roll+INT: On a 7+, you detect magic in the area (see the wizard's detect magic spell.) On a 10+, the device retains enough power for (at least) another use.

Albrecht's wedding bands: Two small shells, set into rings of white gold. When you wear one, you will feel the heartbeat of whoever wears the other one, and always be able to sense the direction and distance the other wearer is from you.

Eovald's tooth: An unadorned blunt knife with a human tooth embedded in the tip. Any creature with a soul that takes damage from this weapon finds themselves inordinately hungry for Mirkasan mead - take -1

to WIS until you drink it, and be aware drinking this strong liquor may have it's own side-effects!

Muaz'dib, the saviour of the desert: (3 uses) this jar of fine blue spice is said to be collected from the calcified husks of the greatwyrms that once roamed the desert. When you take a pinch and either mix it into your food or snort it, the GM will tell you a grim portent - something that is likely to come to pass, if you and your allies do nothing.

PEOPLE

THE AMIRA, DRA EL-NAGA

A demi-goddess among mere mortals

Once, Dra El-Naga walked the emerald groves of her native Green Scar, a god among mortals. The tribes gave her worship and in return she gave life and death.

Then, the invaders from Chalcedon came with their steam-ships, buzzsaws and etheric resonators. The Green Scar burned, and though the invaders were driven off, there was little left of the jungle to save.

Most of the gods were destroyed outright, their followers scattered and their homelands ruined. Some survived, by strength or raw cunning, and Dra El-Naga was one of these. Before her final doom, she shattered her own essence into dozens of semi-mortal shells. The self-styled Amira is one of these - there are others (see below) but the mortal is not aware of them yet.

Though much reduced, the Amira still holds much of her old power and beauty. Further, her humanity has granted new feelings - curiosity, and the

capacity for love. It's this last emotion that has brought her - and a small army of devoted followers - to the gates of Umberto city, for what promises to be the wedding of a lifetime.

THE GUARDIAN, ODI-FASSA BACCAN

A northern lord of simple pleasures

When the six hundred red-robed bazouks of Shustar ambushed the Amira on her first expedition to Umberto, only two figures made it out alive: the princess herself and a barbaric mercenary named Baccan. It's said this was the event that convinced the demi-goddess of the strength of mortals and drove her down the path she walks today.

Since that day, the Amira's bodyguard has always consisted of a range of worldly mercenaries, paid in coin. Nearly 50 have been called into service for the royal wedding, including the barbarian who saved her life all those years ago.

Returned to the Amira's most faithful service after years of adventuring, Baccan is dressed in an awkward mix of practical battle-gear and silken fripperies. A simply-wrought iron battleaxe rests across his shoulders.

Though his lust for battle and

physical wealth makes him a strange companion for the powerful Amira, none can deny Baccan has that most expensive of skills, offered so rarely for sale: trust.

Baccan: *Solitary, Intelligent, Organised, Terrifying, Messy, Forceful, Huge Axe (1d10+4 damage) 16 HP, 1 Armour, Close Instinct: protect the Amira*

THE SPURNED, FARIBA DRA EL-NAGA

A dark reflection of the Amira's desires

When the goddess known as Dra El-Naga shattered her essence into mortal form, each facet became it's own individual. "Fariba" El-Naga is exactly this. But where the Amira's reflects the goddess' former passion and hope for humanity, Fariba represents the opposite - the goddess' contempt for humanity and capacity for great bloodshed.

With all the pride of her former godhood, Fariba finds herself both hating and loving the Amira. Struggling with her newly-discovered emotions, she intends to destroy her "lost love", absorb her essence and return once again to the lands of the gods. But are her pacts with the *hashshashin* a move too far?

THE DEMON, ZAAR-SCHRAIAZ

A dream-demon from ancient yore

The *Hashshashin*, dream-demons of Umbertoan folklore, are said to make you fall asleep at a glance. Zaar-Schraiaz, first among their kind, is an arbiter of mortal oaths.

For generations, the Hashshashin were contained by blood vows made by a cabal of the pharohs of old, passed down through the generations. Fariba, eager for revenge against mortal kind, has personally killed all but one of these pharoh's successors, leaving only the caliph and one other individual before the pact is broken for good. In return, Zaar-Schraiaz has offered his troupe's support in ensuring the royal wedding never comes to pass - a task that Zaar-Schraiaz and his sadistic djinni greatly relish.

Zaar-Schraiaz: *Solitary, Intelligent, Organised, Terrifying, Shadow Khopesh (d10+2 damage) 12 HP, 2 Armour, Close, Ignores Armour*
Instinct: to see his brothers to freedom

Hashshashin: *Horde, Intelligent, Organised, Shotels (d6+2 damage) 3 HP, 2 Armour, Close, 1-piercing*
Instinct: to escape the dream-world

When you meet the gaze of a Hashshashin, roll+WIS. On a 10+, if you faltered for a moment, it cost you nothing and no-one saw it. On a 7-9, someone (the hashshashin or an ally) saw your fear - they may doubt your resolve against the darkness from now on. On a miss, the Hashshashin takes advantage of your hesitation right now.

If you have survived an attack by a hashshashin's blade, until the dream-demons are banished the GM may use the following moves against you in the future:

You're sure someone close just insulted you (though they claim to have said nothing)

You are promised great power in your dreams, if you hinder the child of two nations

A gust of black wind obscures your vision

Your wounded foe takes on the appearance of a loved one

THE CALIPH, ERTAN AL-ERTAN

*The young lord of Umberto,
awaiting his betrothed*

We will talk more about the young caliph, waiting with baited breath in the royal palace, in the next volume. For now, it's worth saying:

His life growing up in the castle has left him intelligent, but a little naive;

Though kind-natured, he will have the head of the one responsible for the Amira's death (or possibly the heads of those who failed to save her!)

He is intensely proud of what his people have accomplished in the last ten years and they in turn love him. Under his and the Amira's rule, Umberto may be set to enter a new golden age of prosperity - if she's still alive...!



EPILOGUE

If the Amira is killed, what revenge do the party intend to take? What price will the hot-blooded Caliph put on all their heads?

While the attack was underway, what actions were the agents of Chalcedon up to? (Choose one, or roll)

- The assassination of Templar Oderic Vitalis, envoy from Mirkasa
- Reclaiming the last intact royal puzzle cube, hidden deep in the catacombs of Umberto
- Theft of an untested gnomish spectral-hook en-route from Zarrakech
- Framing a vocal faction from the Green Scar for the destruction of the malachite mines
- Welcoming a colony of ant-warriors from beyond the Wurmsteeth mountains
- The poisoning of seven prominent nobles from around the world, as a show of good faith to Reiner Cheapfields - heir to the Cheapfields industrial empire...

A man wearing a white turban and a white robe with a red sash is sitting on the ground in a dark, cavernous space. He is surrounded by several large, earthenware pots and a wooden barrel. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, golden light illuminating the man and the pots. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a cave or a well.

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THE WELL OF ALL SOULS

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THE WELL OF ALL SOULS

INTRODUCTION

Read the following to your players:

The caliph went into the Well of All Souls alone, though to a man his court begged him to stay. But the young lord, ever hungry for more knowledge, took to the depths of that ancient dungeon. That was a full week ago, and none who have gone after him returned.

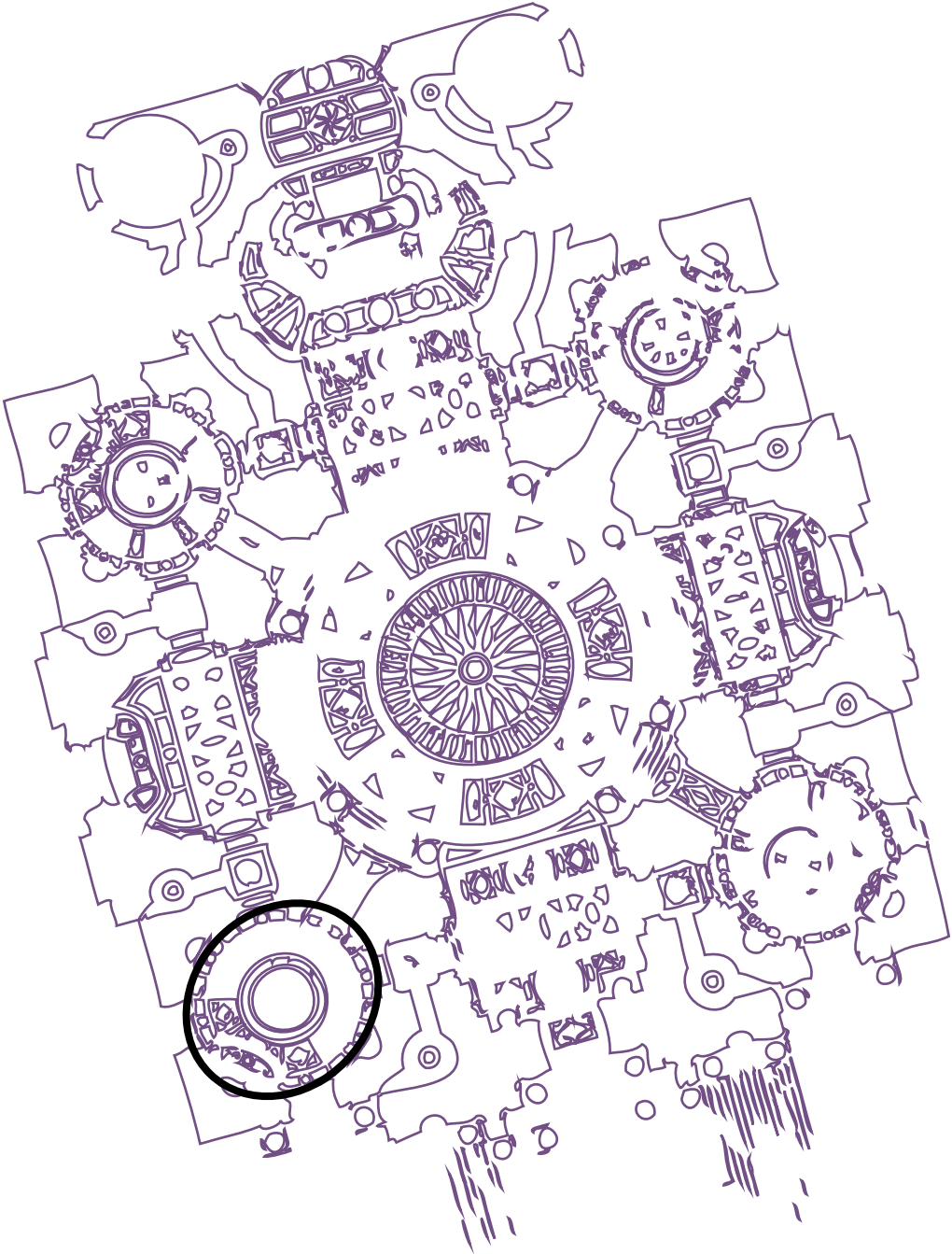
When you went, you found the entrance unguarded and descended the hundred steps to the main chamber unopposed. But then the earth shook, and the hundred steps were no more. There may be other ways out through the catacombs.

The caliph was nearby, locked by himself in a nearby study. He's lucid, but when he think you aren't listening he's mumbling something about 'twisted shadows' to himself. You don't know anything about that, but aren't keen to find out. [Show them the map, and mark their position with a red circle.] What do you do?

GETTING STARTED

Offer the party the map at the start of the adventure - they start out in the circled region. Point out the map is out of date and will need revising on the fly, then give them a red marker, and encourage them to travel as they see fit and annotate the map.

When they travel to a new location, choose something that best suits the pacing of your adventure (see *locations*) and let them annotate the map.



About the Well

What do the players know about the Well? Let them spout lore or do their research rolls, then tell them something of the following:

- It was constructed millennia ago, during an unrecorded period of Umberto's history.
- Although vague, it's construction coincides with the end of the sorcerer dynasties, *and pre-dates the first recorded instances of incursions from the Infernal realm.*
- No-one knows how deep the central well goes, or what lies at the bottom. It is a *place of power* for magic-users.
- Records state *at least two demonic incursions originated from this region in the past.*
- The sheer sandstone and omnipresent dust filtering down makes climbing extremely treacherous.
- Beyond the area mapped lie endless catacombs and natural formations below the desert. These have never been mapped in full, *but are suspected to extend for leagues around - possibly as far as Umberto city itself.*

THE CALIPH'S SANITY

The following mechanics are based on Graham Walmsey's excellent Cthulhu Dark, which I can't recommend enough. Grab a copy ASAP from thievesoftime.com.

Having lost himself in his pursuit of ancient knowledge, the caliph's darkest secrets have been made manifest within the twisting halls of this ancient dungeon.

When the caliph is first encountered, he will be keen to join the party and anxious to leave. Place 1d6 on the table - this is the caliph's *sanity* die.

When the caliph is exposed to horrific creatures or situations, roll the sanity die. If you get higher than the caliph's current sanity, add 1 to the score. When the caliph's insanity reaches 6, he goes irrevocably insane - any attempts to calm him down will fail and he will actively attempt to head towards (rather than away from) any monsters he sees from then on.

Although he can be wounded, the caliph can't die. (If the caliph ends up in a situation where death seems inevitable - falling down a pit or something - play it out as normal, then have him reappear the next time the party rests, seemingly no worse for wear.)



The caliph's sanity is set to (or reset to, if exposed to a lot of horror already) the number of times the party has rested. Sanity can't go any lower than this amount - the more you rest without finding an exit, the more agitated the caliph will get.

When you attempt to calm the caliph down (slapping him in the face or resorting to reason) roll+WIS. On a 10+, he's reduced to the number of times you've rested right now. On a 7-9, you calm him momentarily, but don't reduce his sanity. On a 6-, his sanity is *increased* by 1 right now, instead. This move has diminishing returns - for every time you've tried to calm him down, take -1.

CREATURES

Silica

Burning, entrapping, corrupting

A red sandstorm, seemingly without source or wind, that explodes violently from several locations throughout the complex. Exposure to the storm will result in a painful, burning sensation; affected skin will remain chalky and brittle and the nerves numb, causing -1 DEX until thoroughly cleaned and purified (requiring a lot of water and some kind of *cure disease* spell).

While encountering other hostile creatures in a room containing clouds of silica, whenever a party member takes damage it will take an additional 1d6 damage, ignoring armour.

Sentient creatures consumed by the silica (especially adventurers or hirelings) will be encountered later as *Barzakh*. If the caliph himself is consumed, he goes insane right away and will reappear as a monstrous creature (see *Israfil*.)

Ain Ghazal

Huge, invincible, ponderous, omnipresent

Similar in appearance to a huge human male. Most of his skin

is dry and cracked, like old sandstone - some parts almost look like they were made from bricks. His forelimbs are grossly oversized - he drags them behind him, causing a distinctive grating noise when nearby. His face is hidden behind an Umbertoan death mask, *one usually reserved for royalty. The caliph last saw a mask like this on his father's deathbed, after the siege of Umberto.*

He attacks with his arms, using ponderous overhead swings. Traditional attacks may deal some damage, but magic will have little to no effect. Although invincible, a few significant physical attacks will cause the creature to retreat and summon a storm of silica; when the storm subsides, Ain Ghazal will have disappeared. If it gets the chance, it will capture the caliph instead of harming him, carrying him into a silica sandstorm (see *Israfil*.)

Barzakh

Lost, reminding, entrapping

One or more familiar figures, unable to communicate other than through sighing and wailing. Their skin is a mottle of jet-black burns and parched white calcium. Their clothes and equipment are covered in dust and molten pitch, and oversized iron hooks pierce their skin.

If attempts at communication are made, these hooks will rattle ominously; if attempts are continued, cold-iron chains will spring from the walls, entrapping and ripping the creature apart gruesomely.

They will attempt to use whatever abilities they had in life to immobilise their prey; once captured, they will summon a wind of silica to finish the job.

Mural

Byzantine, non-euclidean, magical

A lanky, malformed human figure wrapped in a straight-jacket apparently constructed from many different kinds of magic scrolls (paper, velum, even flayed skin). The creature is unadorned below the waist, it's flesh emaciated and rotting. It's head and neck are missing, replaced with one of several floating stone runes.

The runes are in ancient Umbertoan - either "knowledge", "cannot" or "save". The caliph knows ancient Umbertoan, and may comment on these words even if the PCs don't. It might be seen as a reference to Ain Ghazal's magic resistance, or the fact the caliph's obsession with learning about demons cannot ultimately save him.

Murals roam the halls whispering half-formed secrets beneath their breath, If observed, they will say one or two words the party may recognise (like *caliph, Umberto, Baphomet* or one of the party member's names.)

Although not initially hostile, if a party member touches, attacks, or lingers in a Mural's presence for too long it will shriek a random spell (perhaps *magic missile, fireball, mirror image, darkness, shadow walk, or sever limb*.) Studying or scavenging a Mural's corpse will uncover a scroll containing the spell the Mural cast (or a random one otherwise.)

Israfil

Boss, maddening, terrifying

The creatures in this dungeon were all born of the Caliph's psyche, representing his repressed emotions. If the Caliph is killed or captured by these creatures, it can be seen as him succumbing to his own madness, and the architecture will start to change rapidly to reflect that.

The ground will quake, shifting walls and floors downward (leading the party back to the centre of the dungeon.) Screaming and grating can be heard from behind the walls, representing what's left of the caliph's sanity.

Barzakhs and *Murals* will be found chained to walls, tortured constantly (reflecting how these creatures - akin to the adventurers and his palace viziers, respectively) failed to save him. And in the centre of the well squats an obscene creature, an obscene hybrid of the *Ain Ghazal* and the caliph himself. Defeating this creature will put an end to the madness, but it's unlikely to be easy.

Israfil shares *Ain Ghazal's* general body and oversized arms, but it's body has become bloated and stuck in the centre of the well, seemingly trapping it. It's head has been replaced

with the torso, arms and head of a human figure, similar to the caliph, garbed in torn and burned silks. It's upper arms are unadorned; it's fingers constantly flicker with eldritch signs, casting spells (like the *Murals*) at any adventurers in range. The head is covered with a golden death mask, but this one has goat-like horns on it's temples. The face looks like the caliph's, frozen in a rictus of hatred. The lower arms will lash out with surprisingly fast backhand swipes at anything attempting to strike it up close. Unlike it's previous form, magic and other attacks will deal damage as normal - it simply has a lot of health. If it is reminded of the caliph's life, like being shown an image of Umberto city, the creature will hesitate.

Israfil will also deal additional damage equal to the caliph's sanity at the time of his capture or death.

If destroyed, the structure will appear to topple, plunging all the party members into unconsciousness. When they come to, they will find the area exactly as it was when they entered, and the stairway out restored. A golden death mask bearing the features of the caliph (see *Magic Items*) lies nearby.

LOCATIONS

The well is the only location whose position is clearly defined. Use the map attached, and whenever you come to an appropriate spot pick a location from the list below:

Places of rest

When you think the party and/or the caliph deserve a break, they locate one of the following (or similar)

- A room with a partially collapsed ceiling, exposing sunlight from out of reach
- A hall filled with soothing, gently ringing bells
- A high space, easily scaled, off the ground

There's a 50% chance of finding D6 adventuring gear, ammo, or rations in each location if someone spends some time searching.

Each time the party rests, the caliph's sanity is set to the total times the party has rested.

Places of mystery and horror

To keep the party on their toes, be sure to describe in detail the nature of this place. Even before the corruption became active, this place was a great source of mystery, linked to a dark period of the nation's past.

The Well seemingly shifts around of its own volition, has become populated by monsters overnight, and driven the caliph half-insane. The answer is the caliph himself, delving into barely-understood knowledge uncovered in this area, has turned the location into a reflection of his own psyche.

The creatures and strange locations are being influenced by his own psyche, and these areas should draw light on that. Let the party examine them at length and draw their own conclusions.

- A perfect replica of one of the corridors from the palace in Umberto city, complete with sounds from the palace
- Sounds of a soothing male voice from behind a locked door. If the door can be opened, it leads to a chamber containing a magic item.
- A wall of hieroglyphs, explaining in ancient Umbertoan how *the free people stole the power of magic from the hands of gods and pharaohs, with the help of the realm of fire.*
- A single *Mural*, plodding down a darkened corridor in the party's path
- One or more *Barzakhs*, chained together

- A constant curtain of Silica protecting a magical prize on the far side of the room
- A lost adventurer (see *the first party*) in the midst of being corrupted into a *Barzakh*
- The first encounter with the *Ain Ghazal*, in a cramped location
- A stone-floored room, the floor gouged with a series of continuous twin marks - *apparently scored by the big hands of the Ain Ghazal, for reasons unknown*
- An apparent escape, only to be destroyed by the *Ain Ghazal*

Many of these are likely to test the sanity of the caliph (see above) - not to mention the party members!

CUSTOM MOVES

When you take damage from Silica, roll+DEX. On a 10+ you avoid getting too much of the stuff on you. On a 7-9, take -1 DEX forward. On a 6-, take -1 DEX ongoing. These effects are cumulative.

When you defend others from the Silica, roll+CON. On a 10+, choose one: you take damage, or take -1 DEX ongoing. On a 7-9, both. On a miss, both and whoever you were defending

may get some on them, though they won't take damage. (See "when you take damage from Silica..." above.)

When you're busy with something or someone else, roll+WIS. On a 10+, you hear the scraping of Ain Ghazal's knuckles from a specific direction. On a 7-9, the scraping noise echoes around - the GM will tell you one or two ways Ain Ghazal could come from. On a miss, Ain Ghazal bursts through a wall or floor and attacks immediately!

MAGIC ITEMS

Death mask of the Caliph

An incredibly lifelike golden mask modeled on the features of the (now former) Caliph of Umberto.

Wearing this mask will earn the hatred of Umbertoan royalists (like the palace guard or court of viziers) and the respect of his detractors (such as those of the infernal realm.)

The Blade of Misplaced Rot

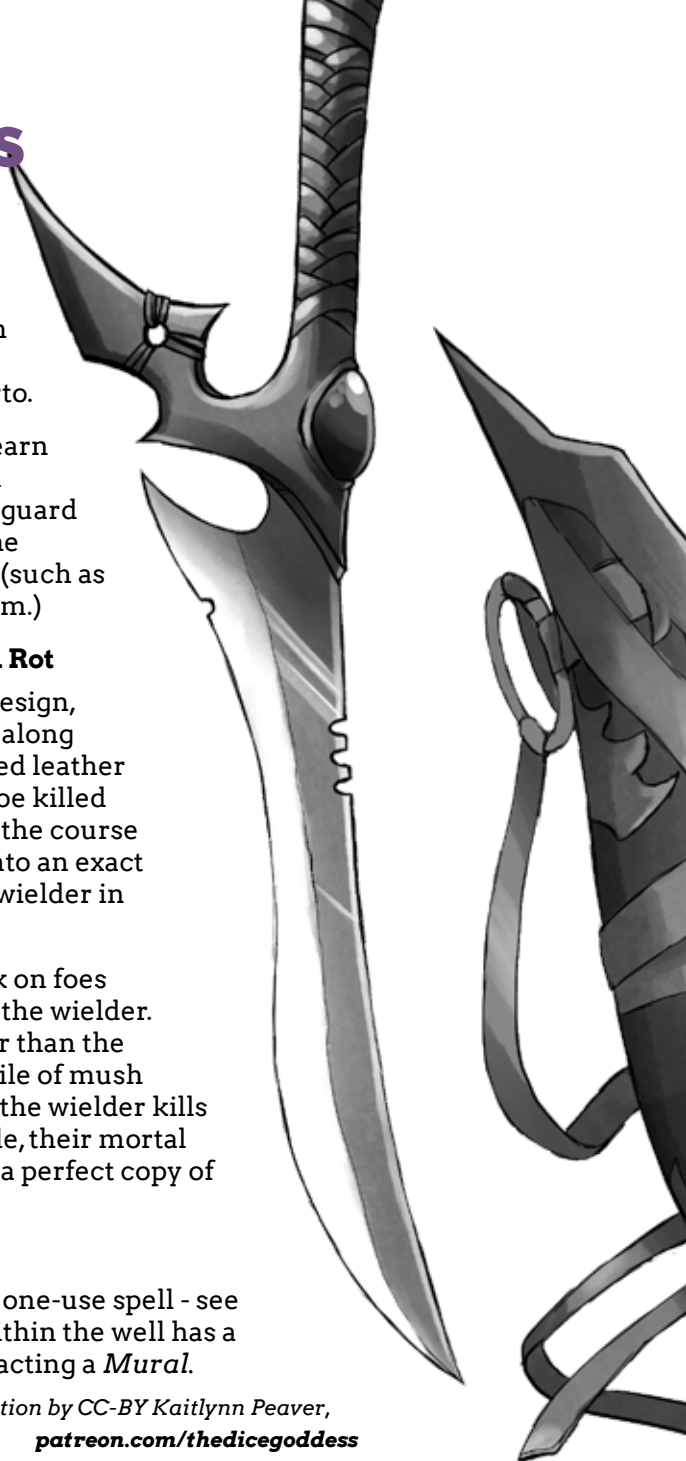
A scimitar of unknown design, inlaid with bronze runes along the blade and a copper-red leather handle. The corpse of a foe killed by this weapon will, over the course of about 24 hours, turn into an exact duplicate of the sword's wielder in every respect.

This effect will only work on foes roughly the same size as the wielder. Corpses larger or smaller than the wielder will melt into a pile of mush after around 24 hours. If the wielder kills themselves with the blade, their mortal remains will morph into a perfect copy of the blade instead.

Discarded scrolls

Each contains a random, one-use spell - see *Murals*. Using a scroll within the well has a one-in-six chance of attracting a *Mural*.

*Beautiful sword illustration by CC-BY Kaitlynn Peaver,
patreon.com/thedicegoddess*



THE FIRST PARTY

The following can be used as a basis for sample characters for one-off adventures, or as NPCs found amongst the dungeon. If the latter, at least one or two of them will have already been killed and turned into Barzakhs.

Lethe

A haggard human from a nearby village who took to adventuring after hearing the whispers of succubi in his sleep. His bald head is pockmarked with tattoos and signs of self-mutilation; his wild eyes periodically flash crimson, even in total darkness.

Figgus

A goblin, and a rogue. Scars criss-cross the right side of his face, telling a tale of high adventure - and poor luck. An impressive cloak woven from the pelt of a dire bat helps to make him look bigger (or in the right light, smaller) than he really is. When faced with combat, he wields a unique dagger shaped in the manner of a fishes' skeleton.

Moreth

A fae witch and sociopath - if a rosebush and a woodpecker had a baby, it'd look something like Moreth. Many an innocent has gone missing in her hunt for the best reagents and spells. (What relation she has to *Mareth*, the Chalcedon god of death, is unknown.)

Vladimir Wildheart

A bold, brash halfling duelist. Loves gaudy clothing, stealing his friend's wives, and sexual innuendos. A dab hand with the rapier - and his swordplay's not bad either. Woof!

Siegfried Gelnney

Square-jawed, handsome, silver-haired, and stoic. Siegfried has, to date, learned the true names of over sixty demons and personally banished three. Has tutored the caliph on more than one occasion on the ways of demonology.

Jake Kilden

A swarthy captain of men, never far from his oversized *zweihander*. A series of horrific circumstances left him yearning a glorious death, but due to his prestigious skills, he is yet to find an opponent skilled enough to oblige him.



BESTIARY

Silica: Trap, Red Storm (d6 damage) Close, ignores armour **Instinct:** to suffocate

Ain Ghazal: Solitary, Large, Intelligent, Terrifying, Crushing hands (d10+3 damage) 16 HP, 3 Armour, Close, Forceful **Instinct:** to entrap **Special Quality:** Resistant to magic

Barzakh: Group, Terrifying, What they wielded in life (d8 damage) 6 HP, 1 Armour, Close **Instinct:** to immobilise

Mural: Solitary, Hoarder, Intelligent, Organised, Random spell (varies), 10 HP **Instinct:** to alarm

Israfil: Solitary, Huge, Intelligent, Terrifying, Random spell (varies) + Crushing hands (d10+5 damage) 24 HP, 3 Armour, Close, Reach, Near, Messy, Forceful **Instinct:** to highlight it's madness

QUICK-START RULES

ROLLING DICE

When you attempt something risky, roll 2d6 and add an attribute modifier.

(The GM will describe the risks before you roll, and pick which attribute to use.)

A **10+** means it happens, without complication. A **7-9** means it happens, but not quite as you would have hoped. A **6-** means you mark experience and the GM describes what happens next (you're probably not going to like it.)

DUNGEON WORLD

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LaTorra & Adam Koebel.

MAKING A CHARACTER

You have a name: perhaps Aventail, Bascinet, Morion or Schynbald.

You have six attributes: STrength, DEXterity, CONstitution, INTelligence, WISdom and CHARisma. Each has a score and a modifier. Assign these scores to your stats, in whichever order you like: 16 (+2), 15 (+1), 13 (+1), 12 (+0), 9 (+0), 8 (-1).

You start with hit points equal to your constitution +6 (usually, at least 14.)

You deal D6 damage. You start with an old blade and shortbow, a handful of arrows (3 ammo's worth) and leather armour (+1 armour.) You also start with 5 *rations*, 5 *adventuring gear* and coin equal to your charisma +6.

You have an alignment. If you fulfil your alignment at least once per game, you get bonus experience at the end. Pick one of the following statements to describe your alignment:

- *"I will defend those weaker than me."*
- *"I will defeat a worthy opponent."*
- *"I will spur others to significant, unplanned decisive action."*

Finally, you have a homeland. Or if you prefer, you don't, and you get this move:

At the start of a session, the GM will ask you about your homeland: why you left, or what you left behind. If you answer, mark XP.

A WORLD IN CONFLICT



The world is an ever-changing thing. Today's monsters are tomorrow's trophies; nations rise and fall, and no king rules forever. But never forget the actions of a single adventurer may one day change the fates of nations.

Several decades ago the mountain gnomes sought asylum in the hinterlands of **Mirkasa**, home of backwards farmhands and devout templars. While gnomish technology and pious discipline have made this nation greater, threats from beyond and within continue to harass it's people.

If you grew up in Mirkasa, then when you are struck by lightning or magical force, hold 1. Spend hold, one-for-one, to deal +hold damage.

When an army from Chalcedon invaded the **Green Scar**, the entire island nation rose up to drive them out. But despite their best efforts, the rainforests burned. Most of the land's former glory is lost; the land's magic has been all but exhausted and many of it's gods are dead.

If you survived the burning of the Green Scar, you start with FAITH equal to your wisdom. You may spend 1 faith at any time to turn a 6- result into a 7. Faith cannot be recovered; when it reaches 0, what remains of your gods is lost with it.

The sands of **Umberto** are brutal, mysterious and beautiful. It's said there are more ancient terrors beneath the sands than anywhere else in the world, and it's people are constantly vigilant against suspicion from without and demonic incursions from within.

If you grew up in Umberto, you count as a "place of power" for the purposes of the move Ritual. Be warned: taking full advantage of this may risk your physical, mental or spiritual well-being.

Chalcedon was a green and pleasant land, now in the midst of an industrial revolution. Fog-shrouded factories sprawl across the landscape, spewing raw etherium into the atmosphere. Foppish nobles bicker over politics and status, while the downtrodden mutated workforce plot revolution.

If you grew up in Chalcedon, then choose an element: earth, wind, fire or water. You are resistant to the harmful effects of that element, but weaker to it's opposite.

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