



STORMANIA

A DUNGEON WORLD ADVENTURE

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READ THE FOLLOWING TO YOUR PLAYERS...

A battered fishing rig crests the waves, carrying you and it's tired crew to your destination.

A pinprick of light wavers on the horizon - the first sign of civilisation you've seen in a week. It's another moonless, starless night. By your count, the sun last set three days ago.

You dock, but your destination brings little comfort. The dockmaster's teeth are as rotten and uneven as the jetty you now stand on. The distrust in his voice is obvious as he tells you of the island's sole boarding-house.

Several hours later, your passage has left and you're peering through the boarding houses' greasy windows. Witchlights on the horizon suggest a honeycomb of caverns below the island's surface. You've heard rumours of what lies within them and are eager to discover the truth for yourselves.

Ready your supplies, choose your path, and venture into the wilds of Stormania - the Eclipsed Isle.

How did you all help get the boat into berth? Describe your actions, then roll+Whatever the GM tells you. On a 7-9, something of yours was lost beneath the waves. On a 6-, you went overboard - delay travel for a day while you recover from your cold, or head out straight away and feel *shaky* (-1 DEX).

The peasants here are suspicious, but basically harmless. If one or more of you cares to *Spout Lore*, on a 7+ you recall this island was named for Stormare, the giant-lord who tried to cheat death. On a 10+, you know this isle is notorious for attracting pirates, vampires, rogue wizards and any who would learn the secrets of immortality.

The boarding house charges 2 coin/night for a bed, breakfast and a tankard of ale. It also sells bundles of salted fish (5 uses, 3 coins, 1 weight) spelunking gear (5 uses, 20 coins, 1 weight) and bandages (3 uses, 5 coins, 0 weight). Other common supplies can be found in town; rarer supplies might be found on one of the boats.

WELCOME TO STORMANIA

The heroes have travelled north, to the frozen shores of Stormania, during one of it's infamous extended solar eclipses. During these twilight months, the party will discover what outcast wizards, forgotten covens, desperate pirates and strange beasts make this place their home - and what they get up to when the sun sets.

Eons ago, the giants of Jakabol exiled one of their own to Stormania for delving into the mysteries of life after death. The outcast, Stormane, carved himself a kingdom of winding catacombs within the frozen mountains. In time, his secluded research bore fruit, though many of the finer details have been lost to the ages.

The greatest part of his findings were inherited by his apprentices, who became the vampiric court of Githrali. The rest of the formula - the secrets of true eternal life - is said to exist on carved stone tablets hidden deep within Stormania.

THE ECLIPSED ISLE

Stormania lies approximately 150 leagues north of Mirkasa, close to the world's north pole. Through some quirk of magic

and geography, the island is prone to frequent and extended eclipses, lasting weeks or months at a time. The half-light brings all kinds of strange creatures out; wild nocturnal beasts, cursed adventurers linked to the darkness, and travellers arriving to conduct forbidden rituals. The locals have learned to keep their doors bolted when the sun sets, and with good reason.

Most of the island is made of ice-capped mountains, sloping down to a windswept valley of frozen grass and a few scant forests. Long ago, Stormane hollowed out the mountains into a series of catacombs. Many of these have been demolished and rebuilt over the years, but dozens more still exist deep below the earth, unexplored.

WHO LIVES THERE

Three factions claim ownership of the island, though their stakes are tenuous at best. Coldshore is the island's only harbour, and the closest thing outsiders will find to civilisation for many leagues around.

To the east, the Red Skerries are the base of a roving bands of corsairs, the Varyag - who frequently strike out to raid nearby shores.

The court of Githrali to the west consider themselves the

'true heirs' of the giant lord's work. Each of them have taken Stormane's incomplete ritual, becoming immortal at the cost of consuming the blood of the living.

USING STORMANIA IN YOUR OWN CAMPAIGNS

Although Stormania is tangentially linked to my previous adventure *Jakabol*, it's really designed as a stand-alone location.

If one of your players has access to the *ritual* move, it can be useful to keep an isolated magical location like Stormania in reserve: "You want to conduct

a ritual to raise every dead soul from here to Umberto? Sure, no problem! So you've heard of this island where a giant necromancer used to live..."

Alternatively, Stormania might be a good place to kick off a new campaign. There's a glut of places and people to explore, and a host of potential fronts that might help start your heroes off with a bang!

Or, of course, take any of these individual ingredients and mix and match as you see fit. Go nuts!



STAKES

- Will Stormane escape the island?
- Who will control Stormania?
- Will others learn the secrets to eternal life? What will they do with this knowledge?

QUESTIONS

- What happened to the last adventurer that went to Stormane's rest?
- What makes the route to Githrali so hazardous?
- How does the court of Githrali choose new thralls?
- How have Githrali and Coldshore reached a tenuous alliance?
- What kind of plants and minerals can be found only in the petrified forests of Stormania?
- What prize have the corsairs stolen from the Githrali court?
- What kind of rituals can only be carried out during an eclipse?
- What do the stories say Stormane did to his giant brethren to become cursed?

AREAS

- Stormane's rest, where Stormane was last seen alive
- Githrali, a renovated series of catacombs and home to the vampire court
- Coldshore, the only harbour and home to civilised(-ish) folk
- The Red Skerries, a series of tiny islands and home to corsairs
- The catacombs, halls of stone and ice carved by a single giant over centuries, now home to ghouls and half-things
- Frozen tundra and copses of green-grey trees
- Omnipresent, chilling winds
- Glittering witchlights in the oppressive twilight

REWARDS

- Secrets of eternal life
- Relics from the time of giants
- Tools of vampire destruction
- Stolen plunder from years of pillaging

FACTIONS

THE COURT OF GITHRALI

By the time Stormane left the lands of the living, he had already gained a following of smaller mortal folk. At some point after his departure, they completed an incomplete version of their masters' work. This granted them something akin to immortality while also turning them into nocturnal, blood-hungry creatures. Frequently the court fills out their numbers with unwilling 'recruits' from Coldshore and beyond.

Githrali Thrall

Horde, Intelligent, Organized

Dagger (d6 damage) 3 HP 1 Armor

Close

Lady Githrali

Solitary, Intelligent, Organised

Giant-sized sword (b[2d10] damage) 12 HP 1 Armor

Close

The Sinnertwin, Lady Githrali's nasty secret

Solitary, Terrifying

Bite (d10+1 damage) 16 HP 1 Armor

Close

THE VARYAG CORSAIRS

In times of old, the *Varyag* were what the people of Jakabol called pirates and outcasts. These corsairs, mostly fleeing the Mirkasan authority, have found a new home on Stormania. Although several attempts have been made to clear them out, the Red Skerries have proven too hazardous.

Varyag Corsairs

Group, Intelligent, Organised

Spear (d8 damage) 6 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach

The Kraken

Solitary, Terrifying, Aquatic

Tentacle (2d6 damage) 26 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach, Near

SO WHO IS STORMANE?

Here's what we definitely know about Stormane:

He was a giant from a long time ago (when giants ruled the north from their homeland, Jakabol.)

He was cursed and exiled to the island of Eclipses by his kin for devling into forbidden lore.

He lived alone on the island for a long time (by giant standards). He renamed the island Stormania and carved out a home for himself from the island with his bare hands.

By conducting rituals under the shadow of many eclipses, he came close to discovering the means to eternal life. It's quite possible he succeeded.

He disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Most of his work was lost in the catacombs of Stormania.

His mortal agents were only partially successful at replicating his work, becoming the vampires of Githrali.

Everything else is up to you!

You could play Stormane a few different ways:

He might actually be dead - "living on" through the research passed down to his apprentices.

He might be a vampire like his followers: his skin faint, spectral and drawn tight across his features, still searching for the final piece of his puzzle.

Perhaps what he thought to be true immortality was incomplete, and he has been forced out of hiding to seek a cure to his failing body.

Perhaps the ritual worked and he disappeared to find a means to break the curse and return home. He might appear as he truly did in life - twice the size of a human, all wolf furs and grey beard (think Odin from Norse mythology.)

If still alive and active, Stormane has the following stats:

Solitary, Large, Intelligent, Organised

Staff (d10+3 damage) 26 HP 1 Armor

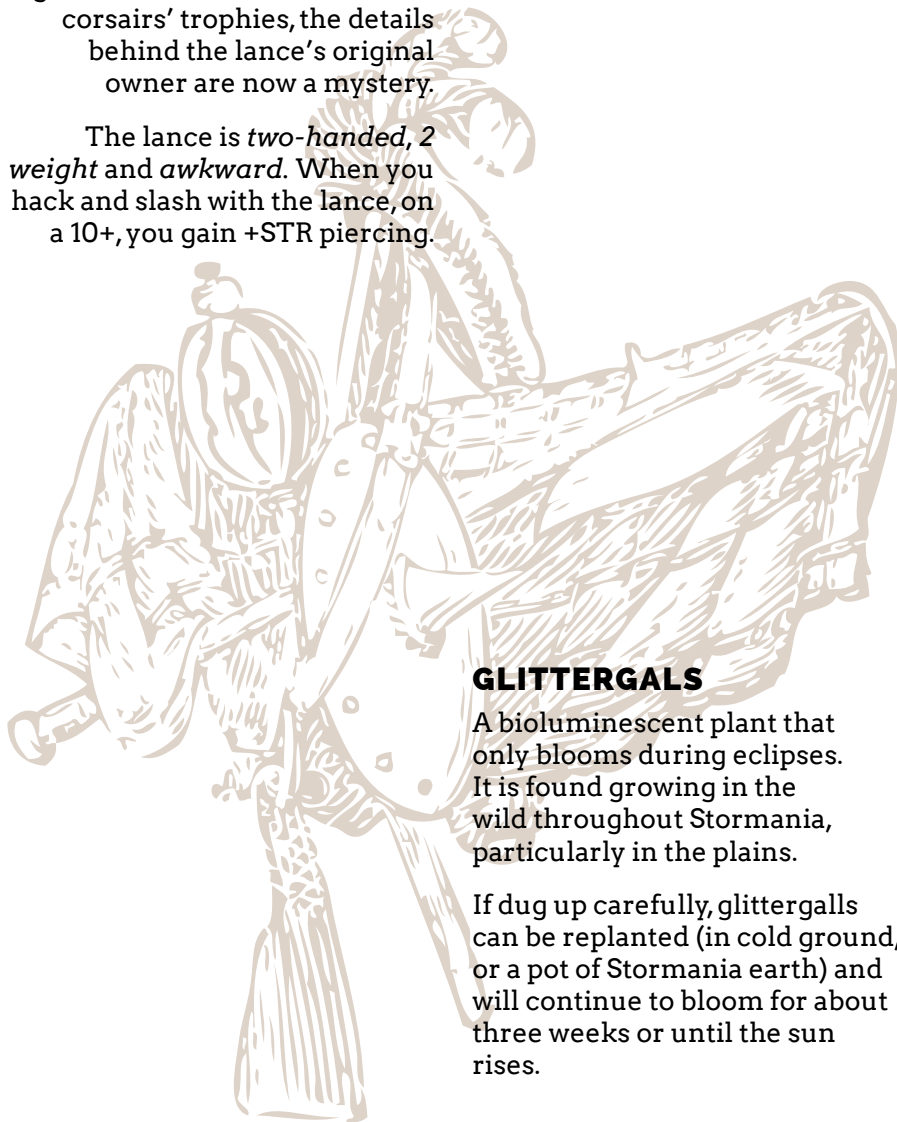
Close, Reach, Forceful

REWARDS

THE WYSON LANCE

This trophy was claimed by corsairs several generations ago. As is often the case with the corsairs' trophies, the details behind the lance's original owner are now a mystery.

The lance is *two-handed*, *2 weight* and *awkward*. When you hack and slash with the lance, on a 10+, you gain +STR piercing.



GLITTERGALS

A bioluminescent plant that only blooms during eclipses. It is found growing in the wild throughout Stormania, particularly in the plains.

If dug up carefully, glittergalls can be replanted (in cold ground, or a pot of Stormania earth) and will continue to bloom for about three weeks or until the sun rises.

STORMANE'S REST

Stormane's Rest is the tallest and northernmost mountain on the island, and the last place it's said anyone saw the giant Stormane. The catacombs below are the hardest to reach, but the most numerous and best-preserved.

LOCATIONS

Pantries and kitchens from when the giant still needed to eat

The library, the largest area by far, with countless tomes and notes chiselled into rock from memory

The exhibition hall, where Stormane once held 'court' for his apprentices.

The pens, where the wild creatures Stormane captured for his experiments have gotten loose and interbred in the long, dark years.

The half-finished halls, leading into and out of the natural structure of the mountains

The seat, a crude throne built on the mountain's peak in a moment of madness.

Getting to Stormane's rest from Coldshore directly is a five-day *perilous journey*. It's likely travellers will encounter vampire hunting parties and wild wolf-packs along the way.

Note all the locations listed are giant-sized; the shelves and tables should make the PCs feel small.

Sound carries in the exhibition hall, likely attracting the attention of anything in the pens below.

Experiments look like a cross between a direwolf and an anglerfish (the lures on their heads are frequently mistaken for *glittergals*.) They hunt in packs, do d8 damage each and have 6 HP / 1 Armour.

A coven of vampires once set up camp in the half-finished halls. When they feasted on the blood of the experiments, all but one of them became sick and died. The last one is delirious and feral from the blood-thirst, but learned great truths before succumbing.

When you sit in the mad throne and survey the stars above, roll+CHA. On a 10+, you may ask one question of the stars and they will answer honestly. On a 7-9, they will still answer, but will leave out something critical. On a miss, the stars are not aligned tonight, but you gain an idea into when they might be.

COLDSHORE

A fishing village formed from human settlers from Mirkasa. It's people are isolated, but determined to defend their land against any threat.

By default, Coldshore is Prosperity *Poor*, Population *Steady*, Defences *Militia*, Resources (*fish, wood*) and has an *Oath* to the nation of Mirkasa.

Choose one problem:

- Coldshore has an agreement with the court of Githrali, supplying 'food' when asked in exchange for protection: -Population, +Prosperity, Oath (Githrali)
- A corsair has a grudge against the people of Coldshore, and raids are becoming more frequent: Blight (raiders), Need (Defenders), -Prosperity
- The eclipse has brought an influx of travellers passing through: Personage (a famous wizard or explorer), Lawless

Coldshore Militia

Group, Intelligent, Organized

Spear (d8 damage) 6 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach

People of Coldshore

Klaus, Carl, Erik, Johan, Gustav, Vera, Anna, Ronja, Klara, Rebeka, Hrovat, Kralj, Turk, Fischer, Wyss

Common Goods

- **Salted fish**
(ration, 5 uses, 3 coin, 1 weight)
- **Spelunking gear**
(5 uses, 20 coin, 1 weight)
- **Bandages**
(3 uses, *slow*, 5 coins)
- **Pot of Glittergal bulbs**
(50 coins, 1 weight)
If kept safe and tended, will bloom in 2 or 3 days.
- **Archeology tools**
(5 uses, 20 coins, 1 weight)
While exploring the giants' ruins, if you closely examine a surface, expend one use of the tools and take +1 forward to your next *Spout Lore* roll.



STORMANE'S
RIEST

GITHRAU

COLDSHORE

THE RED
SKERRIES

STORMANIA, THE ECLIPSED ISLE
150 LEAGUES NORTH OF MIRKASA

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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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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