



The Stone Glade

THE GREEN SCAR

Getting Started

For the last few weeks, you've been hearing rumours of this great jungle, the Green Scar, and the opportunities within. Though the journey was long and hard, you have persisted.

In the jungle, a smooth-skinned frogman in a blood-red cape asked you to find a heart-shaped red gem: "a blessing from the angel of the Stone Glade", he said. Meanwhile, a surprisingly intelligent half-orc at the logging camp asked for you to destroy the Glade and anything in it instead.

Either way, you're at the glade now. Standing in your path are two warty toad-guards, obsidian spears crossed to block your way. The Stone Glade lies beyond them, shimmering in the jungle heat.

QUESTIONS

- ▶ You left Brink, the last town before the jungle, three days ago. What trouble (if any) did you get up to? (If you got into trouble, describe it and mark XP.)
- ▶ **(For the divine PC)** Why do the old scriptures say this jungle is cursed? What forced (or tempted!) you into coming regardless?
- ▶ **(For the tough PC)** What sort of trophies are you hoping to bring back from this adventure? How will they bring you more glory or power back in the civilised world?
- ▶ **(For the smart PC)** How did you convince the elder to take you at your word?

- ▶ The frogman offered you some treasure, and the satisfaction of helping the “tribes” (whoever they are.) The half-orc offered you more money, and the prospect of a freehold when the logging work is complete. Whose offer tempts you more?
- ▶ It’s hard to understand the frog’s language, but one of the guards keeps saying “Dygra”. That’s the word the chief used for “angel”. Why do you get the impression there’s no angel waiting for you in the glade ahead?
- ▶ And, as always, what do you do?

IMPRESSIONS

- ▶ Dizzying canopies of sweaty jungle
- ▶ Buzzing insects all around
- ▶ An occasional, unnatural quiet
- ▶ The feeling that you’ve done all this before
- ▶ A rare glimpse of open sky beyond the canopy
- ▶ Your sweat-soaked shirt, sticking to your back
- ▶ An ancient lump of marble, half-buried
- ▶ The distant noise of buzzsaws and tree-felling, accompanied by a whiff of sawdust
- ▶ Verdant, fast-growing plantlife

Background

BEFORE TIME BEGAN...

Long ago, two ancient empires battled for control of the world. The *Tsabufoggua*, amphibian travellers from an alternate plane, waged war with marble warriors, the *Dygra*. The *Dygra* drew their power from a magical crystal, the *Heart of the Empire*, which kept the *Dygra* alive and gave them the power to fight.

When the *Tsabufoggua* learned of the Heart, they laid siege to the temple where it was stored. Overwhelmed by wave after wave of saurian monstrosities, the *Dygra*'s high priestess committed the ritual of unbinding and unleashed the power of the Heart into the *Tsabufoggua* army. The raw magical energy cascaded across the planet, spreading chaos in its wake.

Their minds warped and rendered sluggish by the Heart's power, the *Tsabufoggua* would never again unite to threaten the world. But with nothing left to power their own race the *Dygra*'s marble forms turned cold and dark, and time eroded their bodies and works as to be almost recognisable to the races that followed them. (In times to come, man, elf and dwarf would enter the stage to claim the world from the "demon-spawn of old"... but that is another story.)

The growth of the Green Scar

Though stupefied, the Tsubufoggua were not destroyed. Their descendants survived into the modern age, becoming the frogmen and lizardmen of today. The site of the Dygra's former temple became lush and verdant with life - some vestige of the Heart's former power had soaked into the hard soil. Ironically, the cold-blooded descendants thrived in the hot, tropical rainforest, only dimly aware it was the site of their races' greatest defeat. In time, they came to revere the marble ruins as sacred, and the "Stone Glade" - the ruins of the temple, existing inside and outside of reality - the place where their "goddess" judged them and found them wanting.

Cheapfields' ambition

More recently, an industrialist from Chalcedon named Obadiah Cheapfield has discovered the rich natural wealth of the jungle. With their homes invaded, the tribes have turned to their elders for answers, who in turn have turned to their Goddess for a sign. What the elders cannot realise is their "goddess" is as likely to destroy the jungle as save it!

THE BUFO-BUFO TRIBE

These diminutive frogmen are one of the more intelligent descendants of the Tsabufoggua. Fortunately for the world at large, they're also one of the most peaceful. Ignorant of their true heritage they worship the Dygra high priestess, believing her to be a vengeful goddess.

Chief Bloodcape

Though young, Chief Bloodcape has been blessed with visions since he was a spawnling. With the impending doom of Cheapfields' logging machines, the others now look to their young chieftain for answers. After days of meditation, Bloodcape believes he has seen the answer - a heart-shaped red crystal, in the hands of his Goddess within her sacred temple. The die cast, he can now only hope the PCs may succeed where others have failed.

FRONT: BLOODCAPE'S REVELATION

Arcane enemies | Chosen one

Impulse: to fulfil or resent their destiny

Grim Portents

- ▶ The Heart speaks truths to Bloodcape
- ▶ The tribes destroy Cheapfields' operation
- ▶ The tribes march out of the jungle
- ▶ The jungle is corrupted
- ▶ The Tsabufoggua rise again

Impending Doom: Tyranny

CHEAPFIELDS CONSTRUCTION

Obadiah Cheapfields is a famous industrialist in Chalcedon. If his rampant destruction of the environment went public he'd be in a lot of trouble, but so far he's been able to pay off or eliminate anyone who might let slip any details of his unethical actions.

Ogru Halifax, Half-orc captain

None of the other workers know what the other half of Ogru's heritage is, though at over nine feet tall it's unlikely to be human. His brutish appearance and lack of funds made it impossible to continue his studies into the arcane until Cheapfields himself bankrolled a scholarship into the Mage's college of Chalcedon.

While he secretly hates the destruction his workers have caused, this eloquent half-orc is well aware he's in Cheapfields' debt. Although it goes against every fibre of his being to do so, he's ordered the destruction of the Stone Glade in order to protect his workers - and avoid Cheapfields' wrath at a missed quota.

FRONT: CHEAPFIELDS' AMBITION

Cursed places | Place of power

Impulse: to be controlled or tamed

Grim Portents

- ▶ Halifax speaks out, and is duly punished for it
- ▶ Cheapfields moves to eliminate all witnesses
- ▶ Most of the jungle is cut or burned down
- ▶ Cheapfields returns to Chalcedon a rich man

Impending Doom: Destruction

THE ECHOES OF THE DYGRA

The Dygra are dead. But in the Stone Glade they live again, after a fashion. The Glade exists in several time-streams at once - past, present and future intertwine. Scenes of a civilisation at their prime bend and reform into scenes of their climactic final battle, which in turn shift into the present-day reality of overgrown ruins.

Algaia, the high priestess

In life, Algaia was, like all Dygra, a marble humanoid about eight feet tall. Magical energy coursed through her polished body like blood. The thing that still lurks in the heart of the Glade is only an echo - caught at the peak of the final ritual. Her body barely contains the energies within; power flows constantly from the cracks in her once pristine face like tears.

Though one of many caught in the Glade between realities, she alone is aware of her in-between existence. The uncounted years have taken her to the edge of madness, but her commitment to keeping the Heart out of those that would use it for evil remains unchanged.

Items

Sap of the oldest tree (1 weight)

A crude bottle wrapped in faded leaves, stoppered with a chunk of uncut amber.

⚠ When you drink the contents of the bottle, you'll fall asleep almost immediately and stay that way for d10 days. When you wake, for every day you slept your body has become a year younger. (You retain all your memories, knowledge and experience.)

⚠ When you pour the sap onto freshly broken ground, a copse of trees will begin to grow within days. Within a year, unless aggressively cleared the copse will have grown into a forest, filled with all kinds of varieties of flora and fauna.

DUNGEON MOVES

When a player misses a roll, looks to you for answers or presents a golden opportunity...

The timeline shifts

Your vision blurs and you get a strange rush of vertigo. When you collect yourself, you stand in the same place, but in a different time period; perhaps at the peak of the Dygra's civilisation, or in the middle of their final battle.

You see your past self

You feel yourself overcome by a great rushing force and fall to the ground. You come to on the temple steps and it is as

though you were never here - you can't see your footsteps in the mud. Suddenly, you spot a commotion by the treeline - it's yourself, entering just as you remember! Dare you interrupt your own timeline and literally help yourself? [This is a great move to do if a player rolls a 10+ or 7-9 on Last Breath!]

A temporal portal - but where does it go?

You find some kind of portal, suspended in the air. Looking through, you think you see a way back to the temple of the present. But the portal appears to be shrinking, and once you go through there's no way back. What do you do? **▲ When you step through a portal, roll+WIS.** On a 10+, choose two; on a 7-9 choose one; on a 6- the GM chooses one.

- ▶ You leave no belongings behind
- ▶ You bring nothing unwanted with you
- ▶ You arrive at an advantageous point and location

An echo of the ritual

From the temple altar a spear of light bursts forth, piercing the horizon. Though the event only lasts a moment, it disrupts the flow of magic in the area. **Magic-users, roll+CON:** On a 10+, nothing happens. On a 7-9 or 6-, it's as though you just made the **Cast a Spell** move. ("Choose one: You draw unwelcome attention or put yourself in a spot...") If a spell is forgotten, you may choose which one.

Don't blink!

One moment, the hall is empty. The next, half a dozen ruined statues have appeared all around you. Their weapons are raised towards you, as if to ward off some kind of ancient threat. *[As soon as the party takes their eyes off them, they attack. Obviously.]*

You're transported to a dark future

Once more the timeline shifts, but the place you find yourself in seems radically different to where you just were. Facing you is an enemy who seems eerily familiar...

DARK FUTURE: AN AGED HALIFAX

You feel a blast of frigid air as your surroundings shift to a snowy field. Somewhere beyond the snowstorm, you hear the dull *whump* of airship engines. A titanic half-orc approaches you through the flurries. Is that Halifax? He seems to have aged decades since you last saw him. (👤 *Solitary, b[d10] damage close messy, 12 HP 2 Armour. Instinct: To release his*



pent-up aggression.)

DARK FUTURE: LORD BLOODCAPE

Your surroundings melt into a foetid, fly-filled swamp. Squatting atop a mound of bones is a gargantuan toad. A blood-red crystal hangs around his neck and the tatters of a red cape hang loosely from his shoulders. He blinks his eyes at you in surprise before raising an arm covered in gold

bangles threateningly. (👤 *Solitary, d8+4 damage near, 9 HP 2 Armour. Instinct: To jealously guard his territory*)

Locations

THE GLADE'S ENTRANCE

The jungle path narrows to a point, then opens up into the glade beyond. The two frogmen - more like toads, in fact - are from a rival tribe who disagree with Bloodcape's reckless plan. (👤 *Group, d6 damage close, 3 HP 1 Armour. Instinct: To block access.*)

Although they aren't supposed to stop the party, they hope to bluff the outsiders away. Just beyond the guards, the ground is littered with frog bones and scraps of marble.

- 👁️ These frogs look like they're from a different family than the chief. Maybe they don't follow his rules?
- 👁️ You think you spot some fresh equipment (adventuring gear, bandages etc.) hidden under the bones.

THE BOGGY WELL

This was once an old well, but the ground has sunk over time. The water has seeped into the ground, marking a patch of treacherous boggy ground. Unless light-footed or particularly observant, the party will likely sink up to their ankles as soon as they step foot in the area. More bones and scraps of marble lie everywhere.

As soon as the players start moving about, they'll feel a strange rush of vertigo. The temple ruins seem to shimmer

before their eyes. From behind, frilled lizards the size of horses appear out of nowhere. Wrenched from their own time, they charge forwards, intent on breaking the siege of the temple. (👤 *Group, large, d8+2 damage reach, 10 HP 2 Armour. Instinct: To destroy those not like themselves.*)

⚠️ When you move quickly in the boggy area, roll+DEX.

On a 10+ you sink to your knees, but are able to free yourself quickly. On a 7-9, your leg is trapped, immobilising you for the moment. On a 6-, you stumble into a sinkhole, sinking up to your waist.

👁️ One of the marble shards by your feet catches your eye. It, and many of the other fragments, appear to be from statues - a hand here, a leg there. You realise these statues were mostly hollow, filled with tiny channels almost like a circulatory system. Is it possible these statues were once living beings?

THE TEMPLE

The old temple is mostly foundation and tumbled-down marble columns. Yet, the closer the party approach, the more they see the temple as it once stood. By the time they reach the steps, the temple doorway appears as solid as their own swords.

Passing through, the floor is blanketed with more bones and crushed marble. The party hears the sound of running water from the left-most passage and nothing beyond the closed but unlocked wooden door to the right. On the far side of the area is an archway, carved to look like curling roots or branches. A lattice of marble spears block the stairway leading beyond.

Standing to attention in alcoves throughout the area are several marble soldiers in various states of disrepair. One tell-tale rush of vertigo later and the party will find the statues lurching to life, the shattered remnants of the priestess' honour guard intent on keeping any intruders out of the temple. (👤 *Group, b[d8] damage reach forceful, 9 HP 3 Armour. Instinct: To defend the temple.*)

⚠️ You can definitely **discern realities** about the temple, or anything else in the area. The thing you should *constantly be on the lookout for* is the place seems to constantly shift from one glance to the next, from brand new, to ancient, to overgrown, to ruins. **Nothing here is what it appears to be!**

⚠️ When you place the first crystal in the root-like boughs around the steps, half the spears retract. You can see a marble tree beyond, but the gap is too small to squeeze through. When you place the second gem, the rest of the spears retract and you can pass through.

👁️ Maybe those 'shining titans' spoken of in elvish fairy tales are these marble statues. If so, that would make them older than almost any other species.

THE LIBRARY

Stepping through the door into the library is like stepping into the portal to the height of Dygra civilisation. Shelves of freshly-bound tomes are stacked almost to the ceiling; a view of daily life for Dygra-kind at peace goes on outside the window.

However, the marble librarian is a wreck. Her body is cracked and broken; most of her legs are missing and she hovers in

mid-air like a ghost. Nonetheless she goes about her daily business seemingly unaware of her ghost-like state and is happy to assist if asked.

▲ If someone points out to the librarian that she looks like a ghost, she'll confusedly drift over to the nearest mirror. When she sees her own state, she'll go mad with the revelation (use the *vine-dryads* profile opposite.) The library will also start to warp and collapse around the players.

👁 Around the librarian's neck is a blue heart-shaped crystal. Other identical crystals are mounted in the covers of several books. If questioned, the librarian will tell the players they are religious tokens and freely available outside. If they parley for one from her, she'll give up hers in exchange for a fresh flower from the garden.

👁 The librarian and her books can also provide a wealth of useful information on the Dygra and the Tsabufoggua (although from her perspective they're a troublesome threat, not a world-ending army.)

THE OLD GARDEN

Through a marble arch stands a beautiful garden. Two marble priestesses, green vines around their heads, are busy keeping the area tidy. A bright fountain filled with crisp, clear water splashes away in the centre.

One moment the maidens are calm, with laurels around their heads; the next, a mass of shrieking vines entangled with shards of cold marble. (👤 *Group, 2d6 damage near, 9 HP 1 Armour. Instinct: To lash out in anger.*)

⚠ **When you drink from the fountain**, you regain D4 HP and clear your head of any *sickness* or *confusion*. The maidens will let you drink, but the dryads won't.

If the players linger too long (to drink more from the fountain or ask questions of the priestesses) that's a *golden opportunity* to make a move.

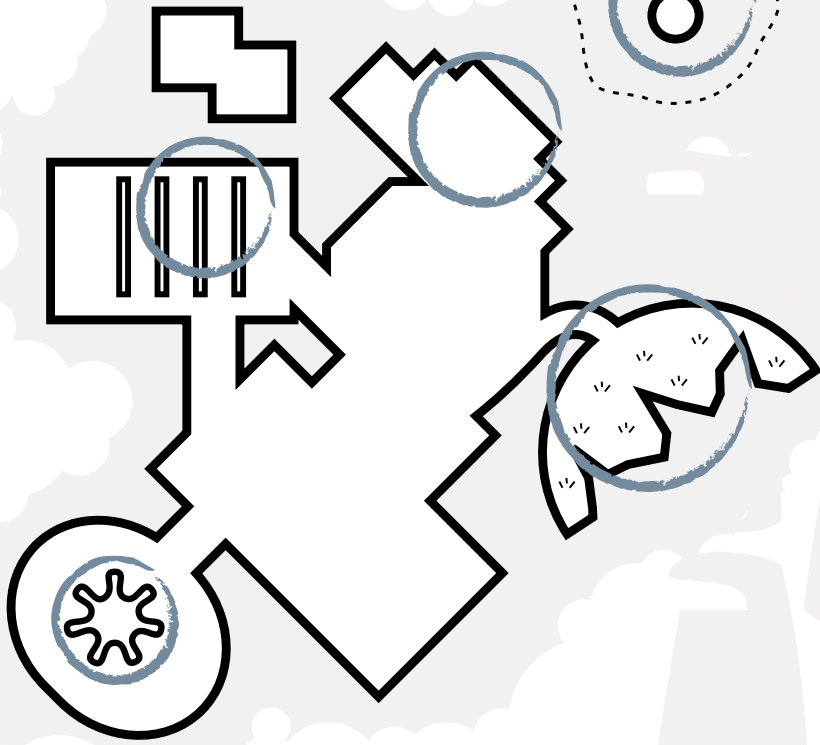
👁 Obscured by the running water, you spot a green heart-shaped crystal on top of the fountain. It would fit perfectly into one of the sconces by the altar steps.

THE ALTAR

Once the two gems have been placed in the roots, the spears fully retract. Up a final set of stone steps, the roots lead to a marble stone tree. It almost seems alive; the boughs rustle, as though disturbed by an ill wind.

Standing in prayer by the tree is Algaia, the head priestess. In her hands is the Heart of the Empire, almost pulsing with energy in her hands. (👤 *Solitary, b[d10]+2 damage reach, 18 HP 4 Armour. Instinct: To keep the heart out of the wrong hands.*)

Once defeated or appeased, the priestess will leave no trace save a larger, more ornate (see the treasure cards at the end of this section. When the hand is claimed, the party will feel a rush of vertigo as the Stone Glade turns into very mundane, empty ruins. At this point, the players are free to leave.



THE STONE GLADE

From left to right...

1. The Altar
2. The Library
3. The Temple (entrance)
4. The Old Garden
5. The Boggy Well
6. The Glade Entrance

Epilogue

▲ When you take the heart to the Cheapfields camp, roll. Take +1 if you were able to outright kill the priestess.

On a 10+, Ogru takes your information on board and rewards you appropriately. On a 7-9, a new foreman - a human mercenary with a broken nose - tells you Ogru has been 'reassigned', but he'll handle your affairs. You're rewarded, but not on the terms you agreed with Halifax. On a 6-, the camp has moved on and the area is deserted.

On any result you return to Brink to resupply. After a few days of "legal wrangling" and "holding accounts" it quickly becomes clear that the promises of land and vast riches were simply lies. Cheapfields airships are spotted hovering ominously on the horizon. You have a bad feeling about this...

*GO TO PART 2: **BRINK OR BUST!***

▲ If you take the heart to Bloodcape, roll. Take +1 if you the priestess gave up the heart peaceably. On a 7+ the chief is still able to rally the tribes to go to war together against Cheapfields . On a 10+, the hand grants enough knowledge to answer any final questions you may have, too. On a 6-, only the Bufo tribe goes to war, but they perform similarly - invested with a much darker power. Chief Bloodcape has unlocked the power of the Heart of the Empire, and the jungle will never be the same again...

*GO TO PART 3: **ABOARD THE GIRALLION!***