

**From town to keep to city to world to plane, they are the dream: a company of adventurers whose pursuits shall echo down the ages.**

**To some, they are vagabonds; to others, they are heroes. But to most, they are known as...**

## **THE NEVER BEEN KINGS**

# NEVER BEEN KINGS

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A Dungeon World Adventure Series by Joe Banner

## THANKS TO MY PATRONS:

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# ABOUT THIS BOOK

This adventure was originally designed to be played with the Dungeon World system. It will probably work fine with the system of your choice, especially if it involves things like *“an intelligence modifier of +3”* or *“a cave full of goblins, their teeth filed to vicious points.”*

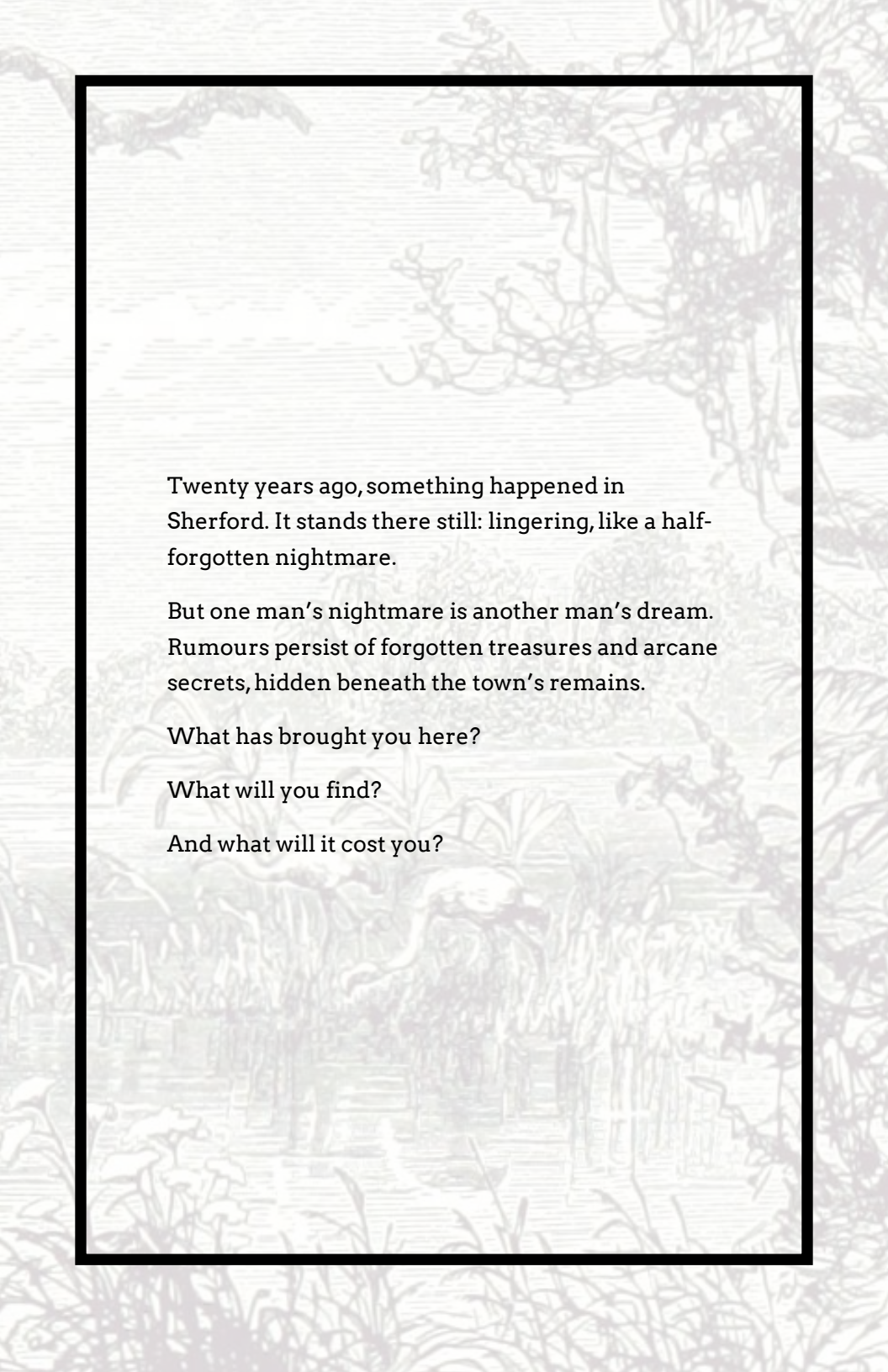
## INTERNET RESOURCES

You can grab the game from [dungeon-world.com](http://dungeon-world.com), or get advice at the **Dungeon World Tavern** group on Google+. I'm happy to chat about my adventures old or new as well - you can find me at [joebanner.co.uk](http://joebanner.co.uk).

## CREDITS

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Twenty years ago, something happened in  
Sherford. It stands there still: lingering, like a half-  
forgotten nightmare.

But one man's nightmare is another man's dream.  
Rumours persist of forgotten treasures and arcane  
secrets, hidden beneath the town's remains.

What has brought you here?

What will you find?

And what will it cost you?

The background is an abstract composition of various geometric shapes, primarily triangles and polygons, in shades of dark purple, maroon, and deep red. The shapes are layered and overlapping, creating a complex, low-poly aesthetic. The overall color palette is monochromatic and rich in texture.

# **DOWNSTREAM OF A DEAD TOWN**

# BACKGROUND

Once upon a time, Sherford was a popular place. It's position on the river meant it saw a lot of trade, while the nexus of ley-lines below it drew a lot of attention from hedge wizards and other sorcerous types.

The doom of Sherford began with the interest of the dragon Demophon. Although his kin cared little for the knowledge of mortals, Demophon - a mere whelp at eighty years old - had developed a morbid fascination into alchemy. Unfortunately, in spite of his 'hobby' the dragon had no more empathy for men, elves, dwarves and the like than the rest of his kin.

Twenty years ago, a failed experiment of Demophon's destroyed the town. The arcane fallout blasted the houses, polluted the river and, worst of all, turned the survivors into half-dead monsters.

Demophon felt no guilt. Though his experiment was technically a failure, he was quite satisfied with the results. He continues his studies today, relying on his draconic strength to keep any roving undead at bay.

As for the townsfolk, most lost their minds twenty years ago and are little different from any other zombies. The few who retained any self-awareness still search desperately for a cure for their curse. Unfortunately, the townsfolk - lacking in academic knowledge, even in life - often cause more harm than good with any potential 'cures' they do find.

# A NEIGHBOURING VILLAGE

*If you're not a fan of starting in the middle of the action, or want to give your players time to prepare, start them here.*

Give the village a name (perhaps *Painswick*, *Blanche* or *Hawksford*, or something relevant to your players.) The village is sparsely populated and defended, but has a tavern, blacksmith and (unusually, for such an out-of-the-way place) an arcane vendor selling simple reagents. By foot, the village is a day-long **perilous journey** away from Sherford.

If the party needs an NPC to send them to Sherford, the arcane vendor (a nearsighted halfling named Geblin) will ask them to deliver a package to his client, Demophon. In return, he's willing to offer an original copy of *the Codex Vicarious*, a tome said to contain the names of several elemental dragons (or whatever filthy riches will appeal to your players.)

## **RUMOURS ABOUT SHERFORD**

*Roll+CHA: On a 10+, tell two; on a 7-9, tell one; on a 6-, tell one, but exaggerate or distort it somehow: "Sherford is home to many zombies, and some have the eyes of demons."*

- \* Sherford's townsfolk are all zombies.
- \* The only thing still alive in Sherford is a mad wizard.
- \* There's magic below Sherford, powerful and ancient.
- \* They say Sherford can be saved, but no-one can agree how (faith, magic, killing the lead zombie, etc.)

# A FEW MILES DOWNSTREAM

*Unless you're in a hurry, start the game here.*

The players are travelling on a filthy canal barge to deliver a magical reagent to their target, a man(?) in Sherford named *Demophon*. *What is the reagent?*

- \* A criminals' head, wrapped in silk
- \* An icy gem that makes the bearer appear dead
- \* The town deed to Sherford, a strip of cursed land

Without warning, crude crossbow bolts fill the air. The barge starts to drift towards the west bank - the ferryman has taken an arrow in the sternum and his considerable bulk is slumped bleeding over the tiller. What do you do?

**Mystery crossbowmen:** D6 damage, 6 HP, 0 Armour

*Instinct: to secure important supplies*

- \* Capture the boat, take no prisoners
- \* Reveal their undead nature

**If the attackers fail to stop the party,** any survivors will slink off and inform the others at the village temple. Unimpeded, the boat will reach Sherford in under an hour.

By foot, it's a three-hour perilous journey across either silted-up, muddy land (west bank) or fallow, dry farmland (east bank.) Walking in on either bank is a perilous journey - substitute days for hours and rations for adventuring gear.



# SHERFORD: EASTERN SIDE

*If the party have made their way to Sherford by boat or you're running a shorter game, start in the town square. If they've walked in from the east bank, start them at the entrance.*

East of the river lies Sherford's old town square along with a host of abandoned buildings. Only the most mindless undead (see **Gurge, the former priest**) roam here - they fear seeing some reminder of their former lives.

## THE TOWN SQUARE

Next to a rotten dock that barely takes the parties' weight lies the town square. No-one's been here in a long time - the cobbles are choked with weeds. The town is hemmed in on three sides by empty houses; the bridge to the western side and the river on the fourth. If someone searches the discarded market stalls, they'll turn up D4+WIS adventuring gear. If they ask about other items, tell them anything perishable went foul decades ago and all the ammo seems to have been used up ("the fletcher's cart has been conspicuously turned over..")

## THE ENTRANCE

Rotten wooden stakes border the town on all sides - they can be snuck through or forced, although doing so doesn't help the party much. The road from the north-east is open and unguarded - a sign hanging from one pin welcomes visitors to Sherford, with a crude relief of a sun and bridge.

## OTHER BUILDINGS & IMPRESSIONS

- \* The blacksmith's house, defensible at a pinch
- \* The *Stoney Rose*, an abandoned tavern
- \* A rotten mill opposite the bridge, liable to fall apart
- \* A stable filled with rot and horse skeletons
- \* The occasional crippled zombie, easily put down
- \* Signs of a magical calamity (witchlights, ghost echoes, three-eyed crows, etc.)

## GURGE, THE FORMER PRIEST

A fresh-looking zombie in simple religious garb (though spouting lore or discerning realities may reveal something about him that's twenty years out of date.) After the curse, he used the last of his sanity to cast *Turn Undead* on himself. The result drove him mad and made him a pariah from the other townsfolk. *Instinct: to find release*

### **Solitary, Divine, Construct**

Ravenous bite(b[1d8] damage) 12 HP 1 Armour

- \* Cast corrupted prayers through decaying lips

**When you are bitten by Gurge**, roll+CON. On any result, other than dealing damage nothing happens (though feel free to add "...yet", especially if they roll low.) Though Gurge's teeth are sharp and rotten, this should be the first sign to the party this isn't a regular zombie plague.

# SHERFORD: WESTERN SIDE

*If the party walked here from the western bank, start them at or near to the temple entrance.*

The stone bridge is slick with rain and moss, but solidly built. Easily spotted glinting among the moss is a silver heart-shaped locket. Inside are two paintings of a man with intense eyes and a sickly-looking woman.

Two structures dominate the western side: the temple to Mareth, and the reeve's old house on the hill. Both appear to be lit from within. From the bridge, it takes about 15 minutes brisk walk past more derelict homes to reach either. Unlike the eastern side, the area is mostly clear of weeds, though the buildings are still rotten and derelict.

# AREA ENCOUNTERS

For every 10 minutes the party are on the western side, roll 1d6 and count down the list to find the encounter. (Mark an encounter off once resolved.) If any of the crossbowmen survived to report back, roll twice and take the lower result.

- A dozen bloated and damp zombies (*horde, D6 damage near, 6 HP 1 Armor*) appear from the direction of the riverbank. They will try to drive the party towards the temple, vomiting inky black water at them. If any player is doused in the black water, roll+CON. On a 7-9, they will feel a chill in their bones even in the middle of a summer's day until cured by magical means. On a miss, the chill leaves their teeth chattering and limbs knocking, making them *shaky* (-1 DEX) until cured.
- The party member with lowest wisdom sees a spirit dressed in wizard garb on the road ahead. Roll+WIS. On a 10+, they may ask one question of the spirit before it dissipates. On a 7-9, the spirit answers nothing before lunging at the party member. On a miss, the spirit was a harbinger of doom - roll again on this table.
- The corpse of a dead adventurer with an iron chestplate lies in the rubble of a half-collapsed building. Play up the definite possibility it's a zombie - but it isn't. The corpse has been stripped of weapons and ammo, but a pouch of halfling pipeleaf (6 uses, 0 weight) is still intact. If someone wants to take the armour, they're defying danger (probably with strength) not to have the rest of the building come down.
- A half-mad undead in torn clothing will speak two or three lines of explanation to the party before lapsing into nonsense ramblings ("the reeve on the hill didn't protect us, we keep him safe in our house...")

- An undead hunter with a crossbow and mud-stained, but intact clothing will hail the party. If the party asks more than a few questions of him, he'll suggest returning to the temple for answers. If they fail to answer or attack, he'll defend himself.
- Bells can be heard chiming from the direction of the temple, calling the undead home for the day. Any zombies that hear the bells will be instantly quieted and, if still able, will ignore the party and start shuffling towards the temple. The bells will continue for about an hour, after which the effect ends.

# THE TEMPLE OF MARETH

The temple is run down, but well lit - the fires are more to keep away the dark than the cold. If the bells aren't ringing by the time the party gets here, they will start just as they approach. No-one will stop their entry, but they will be coldly directed to Charon (standing at the altar overseeing her people's return) if they have any questions.

**If you hold the icy gem that makes you appear dead**, you will be taken for a townsfolk provided you don't draw attention to yourself. If you fail to prove you're a town member (by answering a question about the town incorrectly, for example) your disguise will be revealed.

## CHARON, THE REEVE'S WIFE

Charon's husband (the man with intense eyes from the locket) was the town Reeve. After he died, She kept the townsfolk together. She is fiercely protective of the town, but coldly indifferent to the plight of others. *Instinct: to save her people*

### **Solitary, Arcane, Construct**

Fine Crossbow(b[1d6] damage) 15 HP 1 Armour

Near, Far

- \* Conduct a ritual incorrectly, with terrible consequences
- \* Rally undead forces

**If you offer the locket to Charon**, she will be very grateful to whomever returned it. The locket could definitely be considered leverage if someone wanted to parley with her.

**If you offer the item to Charon instead**, she will offer the party free passage and whatever might interest the party in return for the deed or the gem. (She will make a show of checking the legitimacy of the deed first, but doesn't actually have the knowledge or the means to do this.) She doesn't recognise the criminal's head, and has enough corpses besides.

**If someone brings up Demophon**, Charon will explain who and what he is and honestly offer whatever she can for the alchemist's head, which she will subsequently use to complete a ritual (see Epilogue.)

## HAIL MARETH

Sconces line the walls either side of the temple. One or two still have a few scrips of paper, quill and inkpot next to them; the inkpots are filled with blood. A rotten hand lies in one sconce; another is stuffed with bloodstained scrips listing grandiose tales of simple deeds ("My toil in the stone fields lasted three days and one, and I cleared six hundred and sixty six weeds in your name, thrice blessed and twice cursed.")

**If you refill an ink pot with a few drops of your blood**, lose 1 HP but take +1 ongoing to all CON rolls until the next sunrise.

**If you dedicate a recent selfless act to Mareth by writing it on a scrip**, whoever you helped the most with the act will find themselves immune to exhaustion and disease for a week.

# THE REEVE'S HOUSE

The Reeve's house is the only building that shows any sign of care and attention. The gate is open and the front door is unlocked, but some unknown force keeps the undead away.

The party will find themselves in an entrance hall, well-swept and furnished. Most of the ground floor rooms are tidy, but unused. Before the party can do much searching a voice from upstairs (Demophon) will politely ask them up to his laboratory.

Demophon is a young red dragon with a basically humanoid form. His top half is a brilliant red; his lower half is still covered with half of his previous molt, like a jumpsuit cinched around his waist. A wealth of spectacles and similar crown his head and he stands hunched over his studies. When the party enters, he will motion at them to drop the package on the table and leave without moving away from his work.

Although he isn't one to receive guests regularly Demophon doesn't have anything against the party personally. The party are free to rest in any of the rooms on the ground floor, refill their packs from the charred meat in the pantry, or ask a few questions relating to Demophon's work.

**If you have experience with the arcane or alchemy**, when you study Demophon's work roll+INT. On a 7+, the GM will describe what he's working on at the moment; on a 10+ you notice a flaw in his work. If you mention it to him, he will be honestly grateful to your assistance, and may ask you more questions on the subject.

**If you bring up the zombies or Charon**, Demophon will show indifference to the creatures and their plight unless the party offers something useful in return for his help (see epilogue.)



**If the party lingers too long or demands payment,** Demophon will dismiss them with a 'tip' of 2D4 dragon scales, harder than steel and about the size of an orc's thumbnail. (They might be considered currency for dragon-kind, be turned into potent arrowheads, or sold as uncommon reagents to an arcane vendor.)

**If the party threatens Demophon or keeps him away from his studies,** he will insist they leave. If they don't, smoke will begin pluming from his nostrils and he'll draw himself up to his full height (about 10 feet.)

**If the party attacks Demophon or his equipment,** he will shake the last of his molt free and wantonly attack the players.

**Solitary, Terrifying, Cautious, Hoarder**

Bite (b[2d10] damage, 4 piercing) 16 HP 5 Armor

Close, Messy

**Special Qualities:** Elemental blood, Half-finished experiments

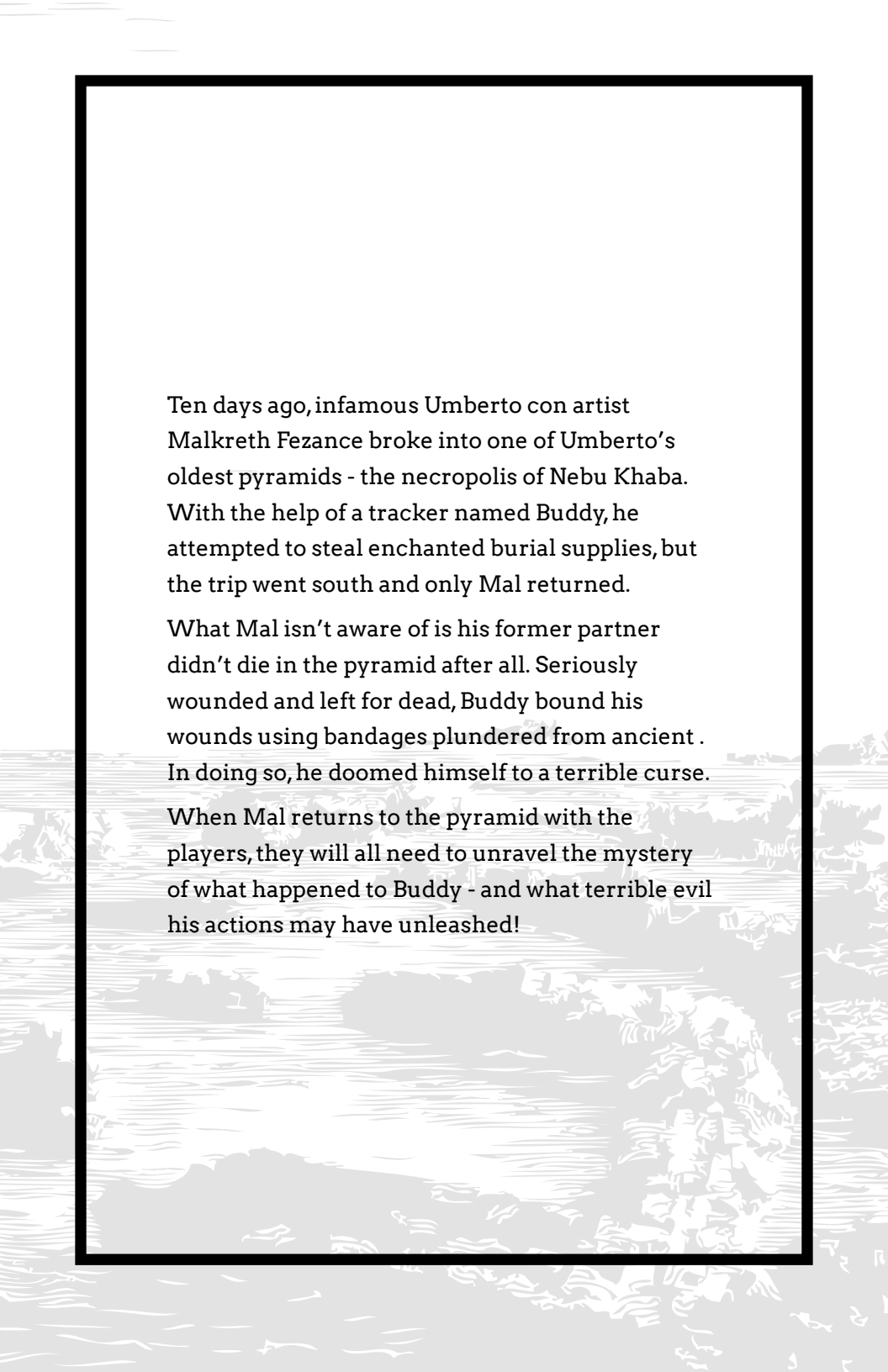
# EPILOGUE

**If the party deliver the item and escape Sherford unscathed,** word will reach their employer of the job complete. In the future, the party may hear of an undead town

**If the party offers their services or something of real interest to Demophon in return for curing the townsfolk,** Demophon will be open to negotiation. Recreating the experiment and curing the people will take Demophon 3D6 days, minus the INT of anyone who stays to help him with his work. If no-one stays to help, he will lose interest after about a week and cure only about a tenth of the population.

**If the party brings Charon Demophon's head,** she will use it in a poorly-understood ritual that should reverse the curse. If someone with an understanding of rituals spouts lore, they will learn it is the right ritual but Charon won't perform it correctly; on a 7-9, it needs two more conditions as defined by the GM, on a 10+ it needs one. (See the wizard move ritual for more on conditions.) If Charon completes the ritual without help, everyone and everything present (quite possibly including the players) will be twisted into a hellish chimera of stone and undead flesh, with Demophon's head on top. This hellbeast will spend the next several months ravaging the countryside until someone comes along to stop it...





Ten days ago, infamous Umberto con artist Malkreth Fezance broke into one of Umberto's oldest pyramids - the necropolis of Nebu Khaba. With the help of a tracker named Buddy, he attempted to steal enchanted burial supplies, but the trip went south and only Mal returned.

What Mal isn't aware of is his former partner didn't die in the pyramid after all. Seriously wounded and left for dead, Buddy bound his wounds using bandages plundered from ancient Egypt. In doing so, he doomed himself to a terrible curse.

When Mal returns to the pyramid with the players, they will all need to unravel the mystery of what happened to Buddy - and what terrible evil his actions may have unleashed!

The background is an abstract, low-poly geometric pattern. It consists of numerous irregular polygons in various shades of purple, from deep indigo to a lighter, dusty purple, and some hints of blue. The shapes are layered and overlapping, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is a textured, modern aesthetic.

# THE TOMB OF THE GOLDEN CHILD

## GETTING STARTED

**If this adventure is a one-shot or to kick off a campaign,** tell the players they've been hired as bodyguards and explorers by Mal, start asking questions and give them half a day to gather supplies in the Umberto markets.

**If this adventure is part of a campaign,** tell the party whatever special item or knowledge they are currently looking for within the tomb, along with their share of Mal's relics.

## GETTING THERE

It's four days' perilous journey to the pyramid and Mal intends to leave this evening, whether the party are ready or not.

If the journey takes too long or the party fails to scout the area correctly, they'll find a cadre of guards on their tail - they want to arrest Mal on suspicion of Buddy's murder. They will definitely pursue as far as the pyramid, but might fear to follow the PCs inside.

**Mounted Guard:** D8 damage reach; 6HP 1  
Armour; Instinct: to uphold the law

# QUESTIONS

**Bard**, go ahead and use your Bardic lore on the necropolis of Nebu Khaba.

**Cleric**, what foul heresies did Mal say about your deity? Why didn't you kill him there and then?

**Druid**, what vision of danger have the spirits shown you?

**Fighter/Barbarian**, how have you gotten on the wrong side of the Umberto city watch? What might clear your name?

**Paladin**, what is your quest? How have Mal's actions endangered their very soul?

**Ranger**, your pet did not want to enter the necropolis. How did you finally convince it to do so?

**Thief**, what fanciful poison did you acquire in the Umberto market? (Whatever it is, it's 1 use, touch.) If you had to escape the town guard to acquire it, mark experience.

**Wizard**, something in the pyramid - you're not sure what yet - is a place of power. What ritual do you intend to complete on it?



# BREAKING & ENTERING

The necropolis of Nebu Khaba consists of half a dozen ancient pyramids. Mal will lead the players to the top of the smallest one, where he'll reveal a partially eroded block uncovering a steep shaft into the complex.

**If the players spout lore about the necropolis**, they will recall most of the pyramids - tombs dedicated to the oldest lords of Umberto - have been partially excavated. However, only one of the chambers has been explored in this pyramid; the rest of the structure is sealed behind a thick obsidian slab.

It's a grueling 40-minute descent down the slope and doing so without dropping or falling is defying danger by enduring. On a 6-, the unlucky PC falls down dragging anyone beneath them along, and the party lands in the chamber with a loud and undignified thud. If they didn't drag anyone down with them, they sprain their ankle (D4 damage, and they can't run quickly until they next make camp.)

## THE CANOPIC CHAMBER

At the bottom, the party finds some kind of preparation chamber. Stone slabs were piled high with jars of oil and blessed wraps, but the jars have been emptied and the wraps torn to pieces. (There's about 3-uses worth of bandages left, which Mal will pocket if no-one else does.) Directly below the shaft is an week-old ominous red stain. Blood-drops lead to the nearest table, then a flight of stairs; other corridors lead up, down and out of the room. A dull glow can be seen from one; the air feels fresher from another.

As the party take all this in, a clatter will echo from the far side of the room. The culprit is a pretty black cat with a collar made of bandages. Catching the cat without making a loud noise or



scratching oneself is defying danger. If the collar is removed, the cat will turn to dust. Inspecting the bandages will reveal they're similar to the ones from the table: impossibly old, treated in some kind of resin, and inscribed with hieroglyphics.

The first time there is a loud noise (the cat meowing, for example) there is a noise like stones tumbling and the sunlight from the shaft disappears. Half the ladder falls down the gap.

## **WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?**

The party are free to explore the pyramid however they see fit. If they follow the blood-drops, they will find themselves at the hall of the golden child first; if they follow the glow, they'll find the furnace first; otherwise, they'll end up wherever you feel like putting them.

All the chambers are linked by corridors covered in more hieroglyphics describing the story behind the golden child. Several items are also left on reverential display here (see useful items.) If the items are disturbed, the hieroglyphs studied, or the party simply takes too long, have the most obvious culprit roll on the table on the next page.

Once the party have explored a few of the chambers and been forced to roll on the table a couple of times, tell them they hear a dull tolling, as though from a massive bell, then silence. Buddy's just died trying to fend off the priests, and now the spirits possess his remains (see fronts.)

**D8****Result**

- 1** Two blocks slide into place and start to slowly come together, trapping the party. *What do you do?*
- 2** The PC becomes deliriously thirsty. They will consume D3 rations' worth of water, then retch the contents onto the floor, becoming *weak* (-1 STR.)
- 3** The PC can only speak and understand ancient Umbertoan from now on.
- 4** Anything mundane and metal in the party's possession transmutes into copper.
- 5** The party discovers a bronze puzzle with four troughs for different liquids. If solved, they will unlock the vivarium (see *The Vivarium*.)
- 6** The PC suddenly remembers the life of one of the buried priests. (See *the priest's influence*.)
- 7** The PC hears a scratching behind a wall. Roll+WIS. On a 10+, there's a slave's skeleton behind the wall; on a 9- there is nothing. On a 6- the noise doesn't stop until they leave the pyramid.
- 8** The PC with the highest STR feels an intense, searing pain on their shoulder. An glowing purple Umbertoan sigil has been burned into their flesh. Someone with a spellbook can translate it into a random level 5 wizard's spell after 24 hours' study.



# LOCATIONS

## THE THRONE OF THE SPONSOR

One of this room's walls is sheathed in a wall of half-melted silver and gold coins, with gemstones embedded within. Several of the gems have come loose and lie on the floor. Also embedded within the wall is the "sponsor" - a humanoid skeleton with eyes made from rubies.

If someone attempts to leave the room with a gem, the eyes will blaze red and the gems will turn into guardians.

**6+ Gem Elementals:** D6 damage close; 4HP 2 Armour;  
Instinct: to collect a tithe (of coin or blood)

- \* Rapidly form from the party's collected treasures
- \* Bring a tithe to the throne to be absorbed

If someone attempts to communicate with the sponsor, he will demand an offering (a coin or some material wealth) placed into the wall, where it will quickly take hold and melt in. For each separate token left (different currencies are acceptably different to each other) the sponsor will answer a question to the best of his ability.

## THE BLESSED SLAVES

A tomb filled with half-wrapped mummies, in ornate but simple (carved stone) tombs. A skull rolls away as the party passes through, but the wrappings around these slaves drain life, not sustain it - the slaves are long dead. If the wrappings are removed, the skeleton turns to dust.

If you take and use any of the bandages yourself, roll+CON. On a 10+, they snap and turn to dust, proving useless. On a 7-9, they hold, but heal no health yet - roll again in a little while (in a scene or two, say.) On a 6- the magic starts to take effect - the player suffers D4 damage and is cursed with weakness (-1 STR) until blessed or healed by magic.

## THE VIVARIUM

Sealed behind glass walls deep within the pyramid is a tiny oasis. Magical lamps cast a sunny yellow light on the abundant plantlife and a pool of gently rippling water. The glass is difficult to break, but not impossible; alternatively the doorway may be unlocked (see random encounters.)

Sealed inside is a gigantic crocodile, once the young king's prized possession. It has grown large in it's lord's absence.

**Sobek:** b[D10+2] damage close messy; 12HP 2 Armour; Instinct: to gorge.

- \* Consume something utterly
- \* Block an opening or exit with it's bulk

## THE HALL OF THE GOLDEN CHILD

Lain with great care and reverence on an obsidian plinth at the end of this vast room is the mummy of a small child, a gold mask upon his head. Armoured forms sit silently in sconces around the dais.

**If a PC discerns realities or spouts lore**, they might see the damp wrappings glistening beneath their armour; this might mean they are treated with whatever that liquid was in the jars - possibly some kind of afterlife-sustaining resin?

Incidentally, though the wrappings around the armoured forms glisten, the golden child's ones don't.

If the golden child is approached or spoken to, nothing happens. The child, like the slaves, is dead as dead can be. If his resting place is disturbed or the mask taken, the child will collapse into dust.

Nothing may happen yet beyond a dry whispering chuckle in the wind, but make no mistake - the PCs have just unwittingly unleashed an ancient demon back into the world of the living!

## THE FURNACE

A great furnace blasting waves of heat appears here. This has been stoked with more of the bandages and oils that Buddy burned in his madness. Some scraps still remain; if anyone tries to sift through them (Mal will, if no-one else does) one of the priests will take control of the tatters: an elemental-like creature made of a mix of the stoked hot coals, and tatters of enchanted bandages.

**Furnace-priest-thing:** D10 damage close, fiery; 12 HP 1  
Armour; Instinct: to return to the land of the living

If one of the party members has remembered the life of a priest, they will recognise him dancing within the flames.

When killed, the charred remains of the creature will never fully cool. They can be used to stoke a fire, communicate with the infernal realm, and probably other interesting things too.

## THE SACRED ALTAR

A great bronze bell hangs in the centre of the room and two pits descend in opposing corners. If the party arrive here later, they'll find Buddy's remains. Unless they ring the bell immediately, the priests will complete their possession and strike out at the living.

**If the bell is rung**, Buddy and anything undead will be stunned for as long as the bell tolls, but everyone in the room roll+CON. On a 10+, you can act as normal, but won't be able to hear anything for a day or so; on a 7-9, you can't act either unless you find a way to cover your ears; on a 6- the tolling is enough to leave you shaky (-1 DEX) even if you do plug your ears.

If the players get here early, there might be a shred of Buddy's humanity left to talk to. The minstrel will try to get him to explain why he destroyed the priceless artifacts, which may interrupt the player's attempts to talk to him. Before long, the priest's influence will take over fully and the players will have to talk to them instead (see fronts.)

## THE OBSIDIAN DOOR

Piled up against this solid obsidian block lies the last of Buddy's supplies: D6 adventuring gear, D6x10 coin's worth of gems and 2D6 ceremonial wraps. An empty jar of canopic oil also lies nearby. If the party get here quickly, Buddy might be here too; probably weeping at his failed attempts to escape.

Although the door is inaccessible from the outside, there's a series of concentric locks built into the door on this side - it looks a bit like an ancient calendar. A plaque below the locks reads "the child's first and last wish is our release."

The answer is the golden child's birthday; someone might know this because it's a holy date in the Umberto calendar, or for some other reason of their own devising.

## **THE OLD DIG**

Beyond the obsidian door lie the priest's tombs, but this area partially collapsed decades ago. It's been thoroughly examined by archeologists and whatever was left was picked clean by tomb robbers. The eight priest's coffins still lie here, though they have been empty for years. (One of their bodies may be on display in an Umbertoan museum.)

Blessed sunlight trickles through a passageway beyond the tomb chamber. From here, the party (and possibly Buddy, whether he is still himself or not) can escape into the Iron Desert.

From there, it's just a four-day perilous journey back to civilisation...



# FRONTS

## **BUDDY'S FAILED ESCAPE**

Buddy fell from the shaft and broke his arm during the original descent into the pyramid. On hearing his screams, Mal fled and left him for dead - but Buddy survived. Lacking bandages and water, he dressed his wounds with the sacred wrappings and drank the canopic oil in a desperate attempt to survive.

But the combination of the cursed wrappings and his injuries have left Buddy in a state of half-life. His life almost at an end, the priest's influence (see below) will soon be too much for him to survive.

- \* Buddy gathers his supplies at the obsidian door
- \* Buddy fails to open the obsidian door
- \* Buddy flees to the altar room and rings the bell a final time
- \* Buddy dies

**Doom:** Whatever remains of Buddy's humanity is stripped away, replaced by the priest's malign intelligence.



# THE PRIEST'S INFLUENCE

After sacrificing the golden child to seal away a demonic incursion, the priesthood were ritualistically buried in these tombs themselves. But decades ago their tombs (in the old dig) were uncovered and pried open. Since then, the priests' spirits have roamed the pyramid, unable to escape and driven mad by their imprisonment.

Poor Buddy, his body already half-transformed by the necrotic energies of the wraps, is the perfect vessel for the priests to escape into. If they do, it is unlikely to bode well for the living.

- \* The priests attempt to possess Buddy's body
- \* Buddy dies, his body taken over by the priests' souls
- \* The newly-made liche-priest opens the obsidian door
- \* The liche-priest flees into the desert to plot revenge against the living

**Doom:** The people of Umberto suffers the liche-priest's wrath.

**Buddy, possessed:** B[D10] damage close, forceful; 16 HP 2 Armour; Instinct: to escape the tombs

- \* Hex, curse or constrict a foe
- \* Use a hidden passage of the temple
- \* Summon the restless dead

**Armoured Guardians:** D8+2 close; 6 HP 2 Armour; Instinct to protect the dynasty

**Skeletons:** D6+2 close; 6 HP 0 Armour; Instinct to silence the living

# USEFUL ITEMS

Mostly found resting on bone plinths among the tombs...

**Samite Spyglass:** (1 weight) An accurate, clever device for scanning the landscape. When you use the spyglass to survey the horizon (when discerning realities or scouting, for example) take +1 forward.

**Local map:** (1 weight) A leathery map of the Iron Desert. When on a perilous journey, the lowest result your party can get for the trailblazer is 7-9.

**Blink stone:** (0 weight) A delicate purple gem of ancient Umbertoan design. Look into the stone and it will show you the closest place of relative safety. Shatter the stone and you will be transported to that place.

**Mubarak's Cane of Close Encounters:** (close, stun, 1 weight)  
The magi lord Mubarak had an unconditional fear of the poor, and used this wicked cane to ensure they kept their distance. (All the good it did when they poisoned his wine.) Attacks made with the cane deal no damage, but will stun for a few moments - see the Ranger move Called Shot for ideas.

**Arrows of the Asp:** (3 ammo, 1 weight) Each arrow is a fragile, magically sealed casket containing a dozen horned vipers. If struck by an arrow, the initial attack does -D6 damage but the target is quickly swarmed by the venomous, biting snakes.

The night is long and your campfire burns low. Though this spot is well-defended, there's evidence someone before you put up a fight here - and lost.

What did Lord Varkas of Varkas Keep do to earn the Count of Otranto's displeasure? What has the Count promised you for Varkas' head? Did the previous campers leave anything of interest?

A solitary cry echoes through the trees, followed by a long howl. The pines start shaking violently, though there's little wind to trouble them. Nearby - but which direction? - a twig snaps.

What do you do?

The background is an abstract, low-poly geometric pattern. It consists of numerous irregular polygons in various shades of purple, from deep indigo to a lighter, dusty purple, and some hints of blue. The shapes are layered and overlapping, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is a textured, modern aesthetic.

# THE WOLF OF OTRANTO



**Barbarian:** Why is **Illyria** important to the count? And to you?  
When did she go missing?

**Bard:** What sordid tales did the drunk man in Otranto reveal  
about the count? (Also, never forget your bardic lore...)

**Cleric:** Why do no gods watch over Kazakov?

**Druid/Ranger:** What happened to all the wolves in Otranto forest?

**Fighter:** You came here once before, to claim a magic chalice.  
What did the chalice do, and how did you lose it?



**Paladin:** When the errant knight Sir Walpole returned from his quest here, how was he... changed? What did it take to bring him down?

**Thief:** Your fence can fetch a great price for an expensive tapestry that once hung in Varkas Keep. What does it depict?

**Wizard:** Why is the moon always full above Otranto?

## THE LORD & THE COUNT

For over twenty years, a feud between Varkas and Arkya has simmered. Arkya coveted rulership of the Otranto vale from the Varkas family; when Lord Varkas was found to be infected with lycanthropy, Arkya's voice was the loudest at casting the family out.

In the years since, Arkya's role in the messy affair has left him guilty and paranoid. He wishes for an end to the whole thing, but his pride

and fear of Varkas' vengeance

have made him cowardly.

Whatever recent crime

Varkas has committed,

it's finally given Arkya the

excuse to put Varkas and his

kin to the sword once and

for all.



While Varkas may have gotten

older and slower, he has not been

idle. Having spread his curse to a score of outcasts and traitors over the years, he and

his 'court' spend their days

plotting Otranto's downfall

- or at the very least, in

Varkas' eyes, the count's.

While Varkas' feral blood

makes him savage, his

wits are still sharp and

his manners impeccable.





He is rarely alone, but will not attack the players immediately if they don't threaten him. Indeed, if they show willing he would be more than happy to offer them power and a role within his organisation in exchange for the count's head.

## ILLYRIA

Where Illyria features into all of this is one of those Dungeon World-y "play to find out what happens" sort of questions. As GM, ask the players and see what comes of it.

Originally, I had it in mind she was Varkas' granddaughter and Arkya's betrothed; by the end of the playtest game, her lineage had only been implied, but regardless she was the only one still alive to rule Otranto!

Regardless of the player input, be sure to treat her as a real character with her own desires rather than a simple damsel in distress. She is ambitious and not particularly afraid of Varkas or the count - why?

*Portraits by Jeff Preston, <http://team-preston.com> Used here under a CC-BY 3.0 license.*



# OTRANTO

Otranto is a settlement in the southern lowlands of Mirkasa.

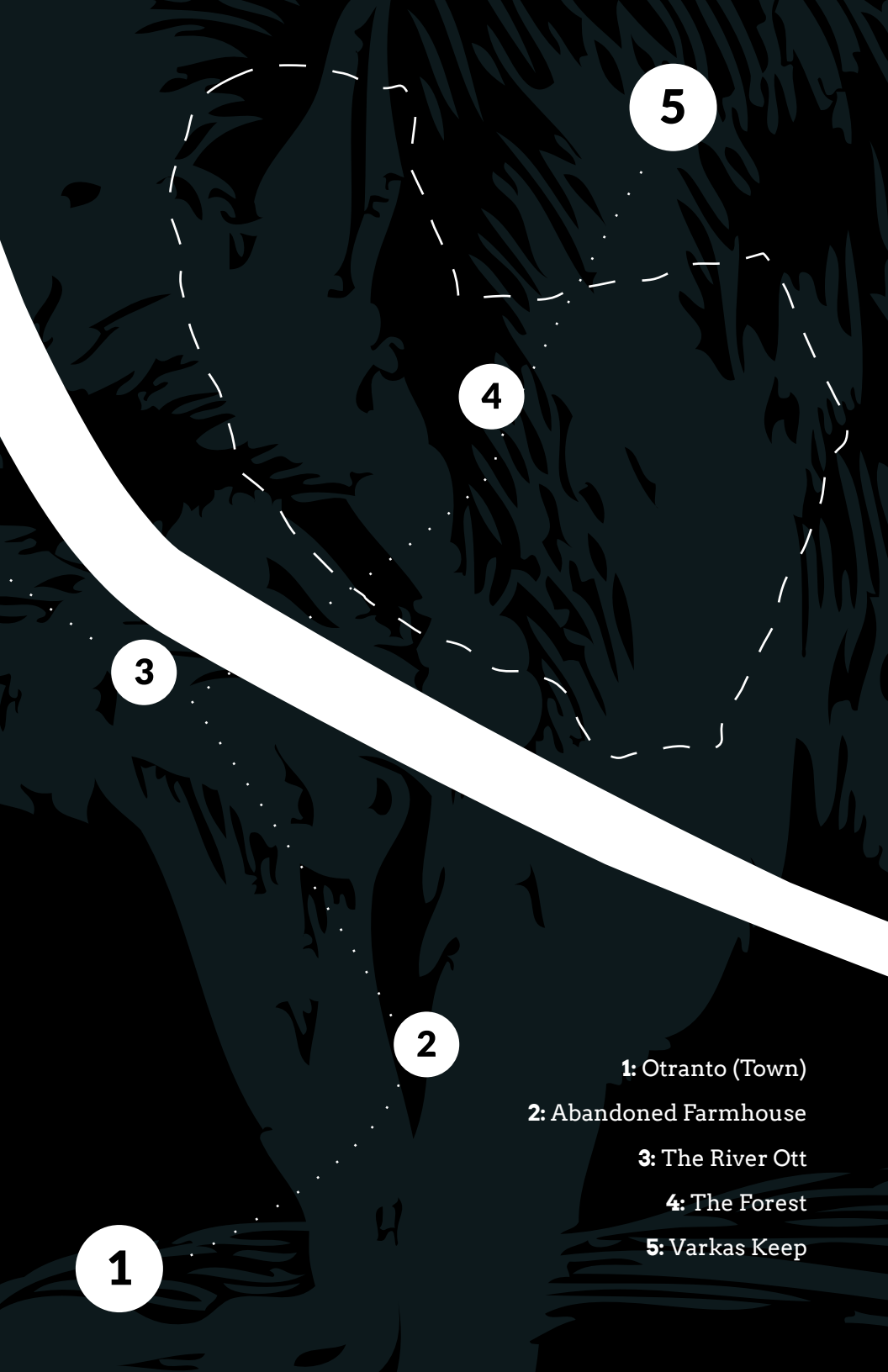
Despite favourable living conditions, the region is widely considered cursed - strange beasts stalk the forests and no matter the time of year the moon appears full in the sky.

Until a few decades ago, Otranto was ruled by the Varkas family. When the current Lord Varkas was discovered to be a werewolf, he and his family were driven out.

By default, Otranto is Moderate, Steady, Watch, Resource (furs & lumber) Personage (Count Arkya) and Blight (Lord Varkas). In addition, choose two:

- \* The next-closest town is Sherford, no less than a week's travel away: Trade: Sherford, +Market
- \* Otranto has direct links to the capital by magical or other means: +Prosperity, +Defences, +Trade: Nosjad, +Market
- \* The town is a popular meeting place: +Population, +Lawless)
- \* The elves keep a community here to study the moon: +Arcane, +Elven
- \* The region lies close to the country borders: +Defences, Emnity (A steading across the border)

The route from Otranto to Varkas Keep is a five-day perilous journey.



**3**

**4**

**5**

**2**

**1**

**1:** Otranto (Town)

**2:** Abandoned Farmhouse

**3:** The River Ott

**4:** The Forest

**5:** Varkas Keep

## ABANDONED FARMHOUSE

If you've played a few games of Dungeon World already, this farmhouse is a great place to bring something in from a previous campaign. If this game is a one-off or you're just not feeling imaginative, here's a few ideas from some of my previous adventures:

A 'family' of sentient undead (see **Downstream of a Dead Town**) fled along the river and wound up here. The father is mostly feral, but can be calmed down by the wife or child. The child is the only one with an intact throat, and thus the only one who can actually talk to the party.

The family will only attempt to harm the PCs if they pose a direct threat or threaten to give away their location to others (e.g. witch hunters.)

A half-starved crystalline man who escaped **the Quartz Monolith** has been here for a few nights. Most of the rusty farming equipment is strewn around, half-eaten. If the party can offer a steady supply of 'food' (rich metals and expensive stones) and can find a way to communicate, the crystal man will be happy to join them. (I'm thinking he's a gentle giant like Groot from Guardians of the Galaxy, but feel free to play him up as more fearsome as you see fit.)

Shapeshifters continue to infiltrate the countryside even now, months after **the Planarch Vault** was breached. Be sure to play up the 'abandoned' nature of the farmhouse, and the constantly moving furniture. Though vicious, the shapeshifters are isolated and weak and will attempt to scare the party away over engaging in direct combat.

## THE RIVER OTT

The river flows quickly through the region, and this bridge is the only ford for miles either way. If the party are gearing up for a climactic final battle with Count Arkya or Lord Varkas out of town, this is the place to set it.

## THE FOREST

This is where the game begins, with the players already on their way to Varkas Keep on the orders of the count. The forest is deep, dark and dense, with nothing but the whispering of the wind and the occasional muted howl.

**Demi-wolves:** Horde, Intelligent, Organised, 4 HP 0 Armour, Dó damage (claws)

**Climb a tree effortlessly / Dive onto them from above / Fight over them / Inform their lord**

**Instinct:** to claim fresh meat

# VARKAS KEEP

The old keep overlooks the forest and most of the Otranto region. Even from a distance, the disuse of the keep proper is clear - the whole building slumps at an awkward angle. After Lord Varkas turned, most of the staff were killed or fled. In the years since, Lord Varkas and his army of outcasts have expanded the catacombs below the keep and lurk there, plotting their revenge against the town.

The front gates lie rotting off their hinges and any searches of the upper levels reveal they've long since been abandoned and ransacked. A heavy trapdoor in the lower levels, usually guarded by 2-3 wolfmen, shows signs of regular use and leads into the catacombs.

If the party explore the hill around the keep, they might also find a smaller, secret passage that leads them straight to the Giant's Sleep (see below.)

## THE CRYPTS

Directly below the trapdoor is the Varkas family crypt. Lord Varkas regularly keeps this area in good condition - he may be a tyrant, but he was raised to respect his elders. The area is a fine example of gothic architecture, with conspicuous skeletons everywhere. There is little of material wealth left here - anything not moved by the Lord has been picked clean by the Demi-Wolves already.

**However when you examine the tombs**, roll+WIS or +INT (your choice.) On a 7+, you learn something about the Varkas family. On a 10+, you also avoid desecrating something you shouldn't have.

## THE ENTRANCE HALL

The freshly-carved halls below the tombs are crude, but sturdy. If the thief is here to claim a tapestry, it will be hanging here as a mockery of cultured living.

Beyond the “entrance hall” lies the main dining area and several other small warrens, mostly used for sleep.

## THE DINING HALL

A wide gallery of sorts has been carved and filled with a variety of furniture reclaimed from the keep above. A wide trestle table housing 7-12 senior demi-wolves takes up the centre of the room, with Lord Varkas at the head of the table.

Varkas will be happy to hear the party out if they speak, keen on some interesting sport for once. If they threaten him directly, he will give his men the order to attack.

**Senior Wolfman:** Group, Intelligent, Organised, 8 HP 2 Armour, D6+2 damage (jaws)

**Follow orders / Give in to savagery**

**Instinct:** to keep their lord amused

**Lord Varkas:** Solitary, Intelligent, Organised, 12 HP 2 Armour, b[D8+2] damage (Cleaver)

**Engage in polite discourse / Show his feral side / Let others do his dirty work for him / Rend something limb from limb**

**Instinct:** to take back what’s rightly his

With the exception of the two rooms below, use this move for exploring the warrens:

**When you explore the wolfmen's warrens and quarters,** roll+WIS. If you don't smell of fresh blood (IE you haven't been injured or got blood on your blade yet) take +1 forward. On a 10+, the warren's occupant isn't here - you claim D4+WIS in adventuring gear, poultices, rations or ammo (you may mix and match as you see fit.) On a 7-9, the wolf is in their warren, asleep. On a 6-, they aren't asleep!

## THE GIANT'S SLEEP

A10 foot wide and tall helmet lies here, apparently designed for a giant. An inscription below it reads in ancient gothic: "Otranto's leadership shall pass to it's true owners when they return to claim their seat." Nesting inside it is a ogre-sized werewolf, apparently fully feral.

**Full-wolf:** Solitary, Intelligent, Organised, 12 HP 2 Armour, D8 damage (jaws)

**Open a hidden passage / Bark a challenge**

**Instinct:** to claim fresh meat



# FRONT: THE FATE OF OTRANTO

## CAST

- \* **Lord Varkas**, formerly of Otranto, a tyrant and werewolf
- \* **Arkya**, the current count of Otranto, formal and ill-suited to warfare
- \* **Illyria**, an ambitious woman closely linked to the count
- \* **The Demi-wolves**, Varkas' company of outcasts and traitors

## DANGER: THE WOLFSMARCH

Lord Varkas grows tired of his empire of dirt, and the younger wolves grow ambitious. In three moons' hence, the Demi-wolves will march upon Otranto, put it's people to the torch, and claim it for themselves.

**Type:** Hordes - Barbarians

**Impulse:** To grow strong, drive their enemies before them

- \* Varkas is challenged by younger subordinates
- \* Varkas' wine runs out
- \* Varkas leads the Demi-wolves south
- \* The gates of Otranto are broken
- \* The count is killed by Lord Varkas

**Doom:** Chaos - Lord Varkas' reign leads to blood and ruin as the demi-wolves grow powerful enough to harass the region.

The background is an abstract, low-poly geometric pattern. It consists of numerous irregular polygons in various shades of purple, blue, and magenta, creating a faceted, crystalline appearance. The colors transition from deep purples and blues on the left to lighter, more vibrant purples and magentas on the right.

# ON CRYSTAL THEWS

## **BACKGROUND**

Once, this land of gentle fields was stained black with the blood of demons. But the Arelim order, hunters of the foul and profane, put the monsters to the torch or trapped those too powerful to destroy within their great stone sepulchres. Their task complete, the order disappeared into the mists of history... for the most part.

More recently, a family of crystalline entities fled here following their escape from the Quartz Monolith. Feeding on the corrupted minerals below one of the sepulchres, the creatures were warped into blood-hungry monstrosities - a terrifying blend of earthen elemental and necromantic fury.

The crystal-kin have been striking isolated settlements for some time, but as their hunger has increased, they have gotten all the bolder. The eldest of the village elders has made an ancient petition to summon the Arelim once more... but all they have managed to find are the PCs!

Will they be enough?

# QUESTIONS

- \* How did you come to hear of the old man's summons? What prompted you to answer?
- \* **Barbarian**, normal weapons won't be enough to stop these creatures. What do you intend to use instead?
- \* **Fighter**, what could you fashion from these monsters' skin?
- \* **Cleric**, the Arelim put a stop to the monsters in this area once before. Where are they now?
- \* **Bard**, use your *Bardic lore*... also, what tales have you heard of the Quartz Monoliths? Where did they come from?
- \* **Druid**, Are the crystal-kin from this earth, a plane beyond, or somewhere else?
- \* **Ranger**, Do crystal-kin have crystal animals? Or plants?
- \* **Thief**, What might be left of value in the old tombs? What valuable gems often encrust a crystal-kin's hide?
- \* **Wizard**, a tomb of the Arelim is likely a *place of power*... but what happened to the last wizard that tried to use one?



## **TRADITIONAL INTRO**

The town elder has treated you like lords since you arrived. You sit across from him now, discussing the threat to his people: “blood-soaked monsters of stone and crystal”, he claims. (That’s a new one.) But your meeting is interrupted by the blacksmith. “My boy, they’ve taken my boy!” He cries.

The blacksmith’s house looks like it’s been hit by a train. There’s a few hours until dawn, but the townsfolk are keen for you to follow the monsters’ trail right now.

What do you do?

## **IN MEDIAS RES INTRO**

Crystal-kin, you can handle. Vampires, sure why not. But crystalline vampires? That’s a new one. The village elder led you here, to this broken sepulchre; standing guard, a blood-soaked creature of copper, quartz and gravel. Spitted on one of the titan’s crystalline shoulders is the blacksmith’s son. The monster’s spotted you, and he’s pissed.

What do you do?





# THE MAUSOLEUM

Once an innocuous hillock, the monsters have used the earth-bending abilities to carve a new home for themselves beneath the tombs. In doing so, it looks like half the sepulchre itself has been thrust out of the earth. The largest of their kind, a savage creature named Feronite, currently stands guard.

## GETTING THERE

*A three-day perilous journey from the village (perhaps Nooksbark, Ennet Bend, or Curland.)*

## IMPRESSIONS

- \* A hill, where there wasn't one a month ago
- \* Broken architecture, jutting out the ground at odd angles
- \* Conspicuous bloodstains everywhere
- \* A strangely wrought tunnel, heading underground

## FERONITE, THE GUARD

A mass of bloodied stone, ores and gemstones. He was a warrior once, but all that matters now is the blood of the living.

**Instinct:** Need more blood!

**Solitary, Terrifying | Bloodstained rocks (d10+5 damage, forceful) | 10 HP, 3 Armour**

- \* Drain their life force
- \* Return from bloodstained soil
- \* Break them apart





# THE ANTECHAMBER

Nestled within the sepulchre is what's left of the final resting place of thirteen Arelim warriors, and with them, a dark secret. After all, vampiric infection was a working hazard for these vampire hunters... so what did they do with their brothers and sisters who turned?

## GETTING THERE

- \* Via a bronze-and-pewter lock inscribed with sigils of warding
- \* A fissure in the ground, ripped apart as though by massive hands
- \* Through a man-sized passage carved out of the mountain, leading to a hole beneath one of the coffins

## IMPRESSIONS

- \* Half a dozen ornate coffins, some bent open
- \* Arcane locks of bronze and silver
- \* A strange hissing or tapping from one of the coffins
- \* A great fissure in the ground, providing a way down

## QUESTIONS

- \* Where are the other six coffins?
- \* What became of the other occupants?

## CUSTOM MOVES

**If you spout lore**, you recall thirteen coffins once rested here.

Records differ as to whether these coffins held the Arelim orders' most vile foes, or their greatest warriors.

**If the coffins are ignored**, the next time the party passes the antechamber the coffins will have been smashed open, apparently from the inside.

### NURIEL, THE FALLEN HUNTER

If one of the coffins is approached, the PC may hear a scratching or tapping from within. This coffin contains Nuriel, the first to be turned and interred here. Though he's gone without blood for centuries, if fed a little blood he can be reasoned with. He only speaks in low gothic, but is aware he needs time to feed and recuperate over waging a battle with the living.

**Instinct:** To return to the lands of the living

**Solitary, Terrifying, Intelligent, Cautious | Elongated claws (d10+5 damage, piercing 2) | 10 HP, 1 Armour**

- \* Retreat into darkness
- \* Make a deal or pact
- \* Regain strength from drinking
- \* Spread the curse to others

# THE BLOODIED CAVERN

The rest of the vampires the Arelim hunted down were burned, their ashes thrown into this great pit, without ceremony. Over the years, their remains mixed with an underground stream and the tainted mess has slowly seeped into the lower caverns. It was this mixture that turned the crystal-kin when they stopped to feed on the rocks in the area.

## GETTING THERE

- \* A passageway carved - or sculpted? - from the raw stone
- \* Through a fissure in the old stone leading to shallow stream

## IMPRESSIONS

- \* A blasted entrance/exit, leading down
- \* Ancient stone shaped like hot wax
- \* A pool of blood-red water, best avoided
- \* A rumble or roar from deep below

## CUSTOM MOVES

**If you drink tainted water**, you become sick (-1 CON) until cured by a chorus of Arelim Hospitallers (or a force of similar potency). Drinking at least a pint of blood from the living will also protect you for 1+CON days, or until you next feel sunlight.

**If you touch tainted water with your bare skin**, roll+CON. On a 10+, it leaves you feeling dizzy but otherwise whole. On a 7-9, the next time you feel sunlight you take D4 damage.

# FORCE BEGETS FORCE

Dozens of fist-sized crystals hang at head height. Inscribed somewhere in the crystalline language are the words “force begets force.” Sections of the cavern have been partitioned with rude slabs of glassy crystal. Several weakened villagers, cows, and other things with blood from the area are trapped in each section.

## GETTING THERE

- \* Via a glassy, transparent surface weak enough to shatter
- \* Along a damp, sliding slope, filled with corpses that tried to get out
- \* Through an underwater passage of (hopefully) clear water

## IMPRESSIONS

- \* Beautiful bioluminescent light
- \* A strange stillness in the air
- \* The muted whimpering of the captives
- \* A cow carcass, drained of blood
- \* A still-living villager, now a thrall of the crystal-kin

## CUSTOM MOVES

**If a glass surface is shattered (by brute force,** magical means, or whatever) anyone with a spiritual connection to the earth (including dwarves, druids or crystal folk) will feel like someone just walked over their grave.

**If a crystal is knocked,** it will start swinging side-to-side like a pendulum. The crystals don't really follow the rules of physics; although light as air while still, when moving they become much heavier than their momentum suggests. A crystal that has swung back and forth a few times will deal greater-than-expected damage to whatever strikes or attempts to stop it's movement. After a few dozen swings, being hit by the crystal is like being hit by a sledgehammer.

**If one of the crystals is carefully plucked and brought into contact with the wall,** it will turn into a harmless, faint yellow gas for as long as the crystal is in contact with it. (It should go without saying that anyone holding a crystal should be really careful about keeping body parts out of the wall.)

**If dropped,** the crystal will fall to the ground like a ten-ton weight and shatter. Every few weeks, one or two fresh crystals sprout from the ceiling and grow down.

# A CLEAR CAVE

Neither the bloody water nor the vampires have made their way into this section of the caverns yet, though a few tell-tale lamps have started to bud.

The only other occupants of this cave are a troublesome nest of Water Beetles. The water is only dirty here, but if they move (or chase someone) to a cavern with infected water, the party might have a problem...

## GETTING THERE

- \* Through cold, wet corridors of natural construction
- \* Past a collapsed passage that may seem, at first, to be a dead-end

## IMPRESSIONS

- \* A clutch of water-beetles, playing in tainted water
- \* A strange stalactite formation, naturally formed over centuries

## WATER BEETLES

Naucoridae Subterraneus. More of a nuisance than their pyromaniac cousins, but they do tend to nest around tainted sources of water, where their abilities can best keep predators out of their domain.

**Instinct:** To harass

**Horde, Small, Hoarder | Waterspout (0 damage, near) | 3 HP, 0 Armor**

- \* Burst from a source of water
- \* Spray water at intruders
- \* Spread infection

# WHAT REMAINS

The walls slope down and around in awkward shapes, trapping the bodies of several crystal-kin ranging in size (from halfling to ogre.) All of them show signs of vampiric infection, but appear to be in a state of torpor.

## GETTING THERE

- \* Via a rapid descent through the bottom of the cavern, requiring some feats of dexterity
- \* Through a tightly-enclosed, claustrophobic passage
- \* Through a geomancer's lock, requiring no small amount of arcane knowledge to open

## IMPRESSIONS

- \* Frozen, horrid shapes of crystal-kin in great pain
- \* The passage of someone with powers of geomancy, in great fear for their life





# THE TRAPPED CRYSTAL-KIN

These monsters in varying states of vampirism sought to turn the last uninfected member of their group, the Shaper. Though he managed to trap them all in this cavern, he may not have yet escaped infection...

**Instinct:** To spread the curse

**Group, Terrifying | Claw (d8 damage, messy) | 10 HP, 2**

## **Armour**

- \* Inflict an infectious wound
- \* Break free
- \* Start a cave-in

# CUSTOM MOVES

**When you edge your way past the outstretched hands,**

roll+DEX. On a 10+, something snatches at you but you avoid it. On a 7-9, something grabs you - leave behind whatever was grabbed and go free, or remain trapped. On a miss, something grabs you and breaks free of it's entrapment.

**When you closely examine one of the crystal-kin,** roll+WIS. On

a hit, you learn something new about the vampiric curse or the crystal-kin species, your choice. On a 10+, both.

# THE NEW WARREN

A great cavern, mostly filled with cool water. An 'island' of crudely shaped rock sits in the centre, with a narrow, uneven bridge forming the only crossing.

## GETTING THERE

- \* At the end of the passage of remains
- \* Via a loooong drop, from the bloodied cavern

## IMPRESSIONS

- \* A chilled cavern, far underground
- \* Sculptures molded from the raw earth, getting increasingly erratic
- \* No bloody carcasses to be seen

## THE SHAPER

This crystal-kin, once a geomancer helping forge his people's homes, was the only one who didn't eat the cursed earth. Infected relatively recently after fleeing his brothers and sisters (see the Remains of the Others) he continues to resist the curse but is fighting a losing battle.

**Instinct:** to cure himself

**Special quality:** Shape rocks like soft clay

**Solitary | Geomancy (d10+5 damage, far, piercing 2) | 10 HP, 1 Armour**

- \* Make something from the earth
- \* Resist infection
- \* Give in and feed

